

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

AN INTIMATE PEN PICTURE OF SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE CID IN THE HOME OF SPANISH ROMANCE.

C. S. JACKSON PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. F. CARROLL

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

A REMARKABLE REVELATION IN NEWS-PAPER CIRCULATION.

THE JOURNAL has devoted very little time to blowing its own trumpet. As a comparatively new comer in the field, just 21 months old, one year and nine months, it would have been perfectly allowable to have touted its horn just a little bit, all the more because its growth had been so great as to abundantly justify it.

The other day a jury was being selected in the federal court. The panel included men from all over the state. It was a case which aroused a great deal of interest and it attracted large audiences of intelligent spectators. Of the 17 men who were examined under oath 14 only had read of the case in the Portland papers, the other three having read of it in their county papers. Of these 14, 10 had read of it in The Journal, five in the Telegram and six in the Oregonian.

When The Journal entered the field, it came in response to a want which could no longer be denied. Both daily papers then in existence were owned by the same people. They had monopolized the field, beaten down such feeble opposition as had been attempted and, in the natural course of things, having full control in the domain of publicity, they developed into dictators from whose decisions there was no appeal. For this reason two sides of no question were ever presented to the public. Whatever the newspaper monopolists thought good to give, that they gave. Any one who incurred their enmity was decidedly out of luck. He knew what he was to expect and the got it in copious doses which made him writhe.

As time went on the conditions grew worse and the newspaper autocrats became more unbearable. They arrogated to themselves omniscience. There being no appeal from their judgment, everybody was obliged to swallow it whole and look pleasant. The abuses which thus sprang up, the injustices that were done, the sandbagging which went on day after day, above all the blighting that fell upon the city itself from a dictatorship so virulent, so bigoted and so self-sufficient, speedily passed all bounds. The outcome of it all was The Journal. All the other attempts to start opposition newspapers had dismally failed and even this was at first not looked on with too much confidence that it would succeed, although the public good will back of the enterprise has never been equaled at any time in any city in the United States.

Started originally as a simple campaign sheet, it soon became apparent that a combination of money, brains and experience, might make a great success of the enterprise. The money was speedily forthcoming and experienced men were placed in charge. In the enterprise there has already been spent \$125,000, independent of the earnings of the paper. Within its limits there is no better newspaper plant in the country. Its great Hoe press is the only color press in Oregon or Washington. What it can do is plainly shown by the edition which is sent out today. In the past year the growth of the paper in all directions has been phenomenal. This is true not only in the matter of circulation, but in the matter of advertising. The paper has already safely passed the experimental stage. It is not only here to stay, but to set a standard for itself of which all the people of Portland and Oregon will have every reason to be proud. It has shown vast improvement in the past year, but the improvement in the next year will be even more marked. Nothing that money and experience can do or suggest will be left undone to make the paper the most widely circulated, the fairest and most influential paper that has ever been printed in Oregon. Tied by no strings, a bond servant to no clique, faction or party, a kite to no man's ambition and concerned only in the welfare of the people of Portland and its great tributary region, which have never yet received the consideration they deserve, it has carved out for itself a place which no other newspaper has ever before attempted to fill.

While those employed about The Journal have realized with pride and satisfaction the great and continued growth of the paper, and while a realization of these facts is rapidly gaining ground with the public, it is nevertheless pleasing, and The Journal makes no attempt to conceal its satisfaction over the truthful if, to many, amazing show-

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Advertise Oregon in Oregon.

Condon, Or., Nov. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Much is being said and written these days about the need of advertising Oregon in the East, and almost every returning traveler from the land lying Gothamward has wonderful tales to relate of the dense ignorance discovered among eastern people concerning the Oregon country. Some people back there are said to ask all kinds of questions about the Indian and buffalo crop in Oregon; others believe that our only industry is the spearing and canning of salmon, while others insist on locating the great country "where rolls the Oregon" as a product in Western Missouri. While we can only commiserate the somewhat pardonable ignorance of our eastern friends and ascribe it to distance and lack of opportunity to make themselves familiar with the resources and general conditions of the best state in the Union, it is hard to believe, and harder still to comprehend the fact that otherwise well-informed people may be found in the metropolitan centers of the East who are quite ignorant of the New England location who is said to have described Oregon as a fishing town just north of the mouth of the Columbia river. Such, however, is the case, as the following true story will show.

Not long since, while in Portland, the writer spent an evening at the theatre. Occupying the seat next to him was an elderly gentleman whose appearance indicated him to be a man of note and education. He talked interestingly of plays and players, new books and general topics, and did not forget to express an opinion or two in regard to local municipal affairs. Altogether he was an interesting companion, and the country newspaper man could hardly repress a feeling of envy at the superior advantages the city man enjoys over his country cousin in the way of keeping himself informed on up-to-date subjects. Presently came the question, "Do you live in Portland?" "No," replied the

ing made during the trial of Malcolm Moody, when the relative circulation of The Journal and its rivals in this great Oregon region was made clear to every one who had ears to hear. That same relative showing will, too, strange to relate, be maintained in Portland where The Journal has become far and away the most popular paper ever printed in the city.

And as we said before the growth, though large and gratifying, is only well begun and the management of this paper will never rest content until it has attained a greater circulation than the managers of its foggy contemporary have ever dreamt of in their philosophy.

COLOMBIA'S LAST CHANCE.

EVEN THOSE who deep down in their hearts cannot wholly approve the species of snap judgment which has characterized our recent policy on Isthmus will lose no sleep in worrying over the ridiculous troubles of Colombia. When that petty republic believed it had the whiphand, it acted with unbecomingly swagger and insolence. Not satisfied with an offered remuneration far beyond its wildest dreams of a few months before, and which would have almost wholly gone to the benefit of its own hoodlums and very little to Panama which then, as now, formed the real element in the whole transaction, it acted on the bandit's presumption that having a rich victim at its mercy, it should bleed him to death.

From this standpoint, if no other, the sudden flank movement of the United States government must cause much satisfaction in the breast of every man who likes to see the bit bitten. The shrieks of indignation which are now issuing from the frenzied throats of the Colombians, their clamorous demands for rich, warm blood, their threats to annihilate everybody who stands in the way of their devastating vengeance, can evoke no sympathy in any quarter, though they are calculated to arouse sundry shrieks of sarcastic laughter.

The Colombians are harmless and helpless to save themselves. They can do nothing which will interfere with the program already mapped out. They are supplicants pure and simple, no matter what high airs they may assume and whatever their outward expression of inward indignation. Therefore, if they alone were to be considered, there would be no need to waste time on them. But the face of the record must be kept straight and appearances in the eyes of the world must be maintained. It is for this reason that the Colombian ambassador, if he is a man of gumption and knows how to play his cards, will be received with due consideration at Washington and may ultimately be allowed to depart perfectly mollified by a poultice of greenbacks, not directly placed in his covetous fist, but handed to his country through a private understanding with the new republic of Panama which will thus be in a position to negotiate itself into security on a basis that is none the less alluring because it is commensal.

But much depends upon whether the ambassador with plenary power has sense enough to come in out of the wet. If his wild hullohaloo which has come in shrieking reverberations from Bogota and Panama is a bluff pure and simple, and Colombia in his person really proposes to content itself with the best bargain it can make, then well and good, for he will return to his distracted country perfectly satisfied. But on the other hand, should he really be in earnest or should he happen to carry his bluff too far, then look out for squalls, in which Colombia may be expected to do most of the squalling.

GIVE THEM THE LIMIT.

A SUMMARY EXAMPLE should be made of the man who chased the Couch school girls yesterday afternoon. His act caused a sort of hysterical panic to permeate the whole school and this, in the very nature of things, will extend to other schools unless an example is made of the youth who was so fortunately captured.

We have heard rather frequent reports that intoxicated men were to be seen almost any day in the neighborhood of the schools at the hours of dismissal. Some of them have obstructed the passage of the children and in instances almost scared them into hysterics. The police should make a point of watching for such fellows and when they are found they should get the very limit of punishment that the courts can extend. Such offenses should not be regarded as of ordinary character. When they are punished with rigor there will be fewer such infractions of the peace and the school children will be a good deal freer from molestation than now appears to be the case.

Western, "I live in Eastern Oregon." "Eastern Oregon?" responded the elderly gentleman, "is the name of some where up near Idaho, is it not?" "Well, yes," replied the somewhat astonished buncrasser, "Oregon joins Idaho for a considerable distance, but I do not live so far up as that. I live in Condon, in the north central part of the state."

"Oh, yes—certainly, certainly," replied the elderly gentleman, his face brightening. "I understand. You live up there next to the Montana line."

The buncrasser grasped the chair in front and stammered himself, "Suppose," he thought, "this man is joking. He is playing me for a con game." But a glance at the other's face showed plainly that there was no joke about it. The elderly gentleman evidently felt that he had suddenly found a rather unusual trap to work, but he had cracked it satisfactorily. He had beaten Eastern Oregon. Then the buncrasser knew that in spite of his new friend's pronounced western air he was surely a power to be reckoned with. He had been a power in the East, so he observed, "You are a stranger here?" "Oh, no," the other replied, "I have lived right here in Portland for 22 years."

"What business are you engaged in?" asked the now thoroughly bewildered buncrasser. "The insurance business," was the reply. "You do not appear to be very familiar with the eastern portion of our state," ventured the buncrasser. "Well, perhaps not," assented the other. "As I said, I have been 22 years in Portland, and have about as much of it in me as far out of Oregon as Adirondack."

"Just then the curtain went up, but the next act was lost on the man from the buncrasser's land. He sat on one in a chair and the curtain fell again, and he arose, took his way to a near-by exit and smoked a strong cigar. The moral to this story is this. While it is all right to send missionaries and literature to the East to enlighten the darkened minds of the denizens of that country to the glories of Oregon's soil and climate, it is well to remember that charity should sometimes begin at home, and that a study of the rudiments of the geography of the Pacific Northwest would not perhaps be amiss as a starter. Oregonians above all other people should know Oregon. Portland should know Eastern Oregon and the buncrassers should know Portland and the coast, and the southern counties as well. And

from Illinois all the time he wants, provided he keeps his hands in his pockets while he is speaking." The house laughed, and Cannon started in bravely, under magnificent restraint for fully 60 seconds; then, in an impassioned flight of eloquence, out came his left hand, his manuscript fluttered to the floor by his right. Cox called "Time!" and the house roared. He has a trick of pulling his coat sleeves nearly up to his shoulders. As if he were stripping for a fray, and his waistcoat is generally open or only closed by the two lower buttons. His voice is raucous. He has no gift of eloquence, no wealth of classical allusion, no power to make phrases, none of that morbid sarcasm that made Reid famous and feared. But, although he has no eloquence, he is not without the power of oratory. The power of direct speech, the use of simple words, homely similes and a certain quaint philosophy convey what he has to say in such a way that no man misunderstands him. He never speaks, which he never prepared (but his facts always are), do not stand the stenographer very well; and there is so little of vanity in him that, unlike most of his colleagues, he does not revise and polish his manuscript before it goes to the printer; but, although his speeches make little impression when read, they produce their effect at delivery. That effect is due to the fact that when he talks he is more anxious to accomplish results than he is to embellish literature with copy-book phrases; and owing to the fact that his words carry conviction, men believe in his sincerity and are assured of his honesty.

Cannon is self-made, as he says, at 14 his father died, and he had to leave school and go to work. He was a clerk in a grocery store for five years, working like a Trojan and saving money. Then he studied law and became a practicing lawyer. He went into politics early and won a long-remembered election for state's attorney, by the same coup. Cannon comes of Quaker parents, to whom dancing and other amusements were anathema. For some reason, which no one has ever yet been able to explain—perhaps it was in the blood derived from the Quaker ancestor and had to come out—youth "Joe" was passionately fond of dancing, and many a night after the old folk had gone to bed the lad, togged out in his best and most un-Quaker-like garments, danced off to village dances, where he always had the prettiest girls for his partners, as his terpsichorean skill was acknowledged even by his rivals.

And then the young fellow fell head over heels in love with Mary Reed, a girl of great beauty, and of still more unusual character and intellect. But, while she smiled on him, she wanted something more for a husband than a mere dancer. When Joe discovered the state of affairs he did some serious thinking. Mary Reed's brother was the opposition candidate for state's attorney, and the problem Joe had to face was this: If he ran and was beaten, Mary would have only contempt for him, for he knew enough of women to know that, even more than men, worship success; and on the other hand, if he won, Mary would be bitter against him, for having defeated her brother, Cannon wrestled with that problem for several nights, endeavoring to find a way out of the maze, and finally came to the conclusion that success would solve everything. He went into the campaign and won, and his reward was the hand of the girl he loved and the friendship of the man he defeated. To Mrs. Cannon, who died many years ago, Mr. Cannon owed much. For years she studied together, and if today Mr. Cannon knows more about more things of practical value than any other man in Congress, it is because of those early years of his married life when the woman of his heart was his teacher.

SERMONS IN SONGS.

From the Chicago Tribune. "And I have given you a land for which ye did not labor; and cities which ye did not build, and ye dwell in them."—Joshua xxiv.

We quarrel of land and line; We bicker of work and wage; We trouble our souls with a doleful sign, Forgetting our heritage—Forgetting the hireless hands; Forgetting the desolate lands; That fared unthought through unknown lands Till the path was made complete.

The fathers—the men who dreamed, And dreaming, were strong of dare To struggle ahead to the goal that gleamed, A prize that was rich and fair. The fathers—the men who thought Of all that the future held, And hearts uplifted, essayed and sought.

All the work their dreams compelled, We pluck from the vines they set; We walk in the fields they made; We harvest their fields; and their forerunners' tread.

Are giving us rest and shade. The fathers—the men of old Who built a place for us, A country magnificent; brave and bold In their faith all glorious.

We quarrel and dread and doubt, Forgetting we only hold The comfort within and the peace without.

By grace of the men of old; Forgetting the toil and sweat, Ere the fathers of the bygone age, When cities were planned in their common lines For a future heritage.

DO NOT KNOW OREGON.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian. Here in Oregon we are apt to smile at the ignorance of Eastern people concerning our great state. This privilege we naturally suppose belongs to us, on account of our superior wisdom. Yet how many of us have even a faint conception of Oregon, its geography, climate, soil, products or resources? How many of those living west of the Cascades have anything like a true conception of the vast area across the range? It is safe to say not one in 50. To most, the Cascade range shuts off the knowledge of the things beyond as thoroughly as it shuts off the vision. If it is thought of at all, it is in an indistinct way, as a great area of desert country, covered with sage brush, and good for nothing except stock range. There never was a greater mistake. There are vast areas of high rolling plateaus, the very richest kind of soil, and capable of producing anything grown in the temperate zone. For a distance of 50 miles south from the Columbia river, the rainfall is sufficient to produce good crops as is evidenced by Wasco county, with 800,000 bushels of grain annually. Sherman, one of the smallest counties, with from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bushels; Gilliam with a million and Umattilla with five. These same areas produce splendid fruit, and lots of it besides furnishing pasture for vast herds of sheep and cattle. The country south, still of the section named, is deficient in rainfall, though

the soil is just as prolific. Here irrigation must supply the needed moisture. Fortunately there is an abundance of water for most of this area, and already it is being diverted from its natural channels by private companies, and carried to the lands most in need of it. The government has withdrawn large tracts from settlement, and though it will move slowly, will eventually supply water to millions of acres now unproductive.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

You cannot win souls in your sleep. Back-seaters soon become backsliders. He who entertains envy invites enmity. The Bible is a time card and not a ticket. Our habits here determine our habit there.

Wishes and not words are the true prayers. Silent sermons are often the most successful. Temptation is the devil's form of infunction. That which is affected can never be effective. The fever of fanaticism is not the fever of faith.

A negligent love can easily become a diligent hate. What you pray for you ought to be willing to pay for. One saint on a street car is worth a dozen in a chariot. A friend is a man with whom you can go camping twice.

God does not cease to be because he stands behind the scenes. You cannot drive a tenpenny precept with a tackhammer practice. The world needs a religion that is a passion rather than a pastime. He cannot be fitted spiritually who is too lazy to fit himself mentally.

Licking a boy to make him go to Sunday-school is a first-class way of leading him to the devil. The Best. From the Washington Evening Star. You claim to have invented the best alarum before the public? "I do," was the emphatic answer. "But your machine didn't even leave the ground."

That's the point. It never gets far enough from terra firma to risk any one's life.

Her Luck. From the Chicago Record-Herald. They say Miss Scaddeligh duke is young, handsome and clever? "That's the girl always did have such luck." "Well, he's hearing that he loves her next."

William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. Burgos, Spain, Oct. 22.—After leaving the mountains that lie south of San Sebastian the railway enters a high, dreary plateau that is almost treeless. It is asserted that there are extensive districts in Spain in which nothing exists that can be called a tree, and where thousands of natives live and die without ever seeing one. A local proverb says that a lark has to bring his provisions with him when he visits La Mancha, the district immortalized by Cervantes in "Don Quixote." La Mancha is the Arab word for desert. There is plenty of water underneath the soil and the windmills are as thick as they are in Holland, pumping it up for irrigation purposes. The landscape and that most popular of all Spanish novels, "Don Quixote," is supposed to have been a caricature of a famous local knight of those days. Don Rodrigo de Pachecho, of whom there is a portrait in the church.

There has been little change in the customs or the costumes of the people since his time. In fact, nothing ever changes in that part of the country. From the car windows on the road and priests in long black robes, and shaven hats, riding astride of donkeys, and their toes touching the ground, just as they did at the period of which Cervantes wrote. The same methods and the same customs have been used by the farmers since the beginning of agriculture. They turn up the soil with a plow called "alamo negro," homemade from the crotch of a tree, and their grain is thrashed by the feet of oxen. The halago still wears the old-fashioned cloak and broad-brimmed hat, and conscious of the dignity which his race and ancestry have conferred upon him, he considers himself the superior of all mankind. It is easy in any of the villages to find prototypes of the people Cervantes introduces to you in his stories.

The peasants are industrious, happy and independent. They are loyal to their masters and will fight for the owners of the estates upon which they live as promptly and bravely as they did in feudal times. They are a hardy race, born without blessings, living without comforts and dying with nothing to regret. Their homes are built of adobe bricks, close to the ground, and are neatly whitewashed. The floors are of mud, the beds are piled with sheepskins, the household utensils are limited in numbers and are of the cheapest material, often wood and home made. Few people exist upon less money, with fewer comforts, and yet they are happy and contented. Schools are scarce and instruction is limited to a few months a year at the parish church. Ninety per cent of the people are entirely illiterate. Few have ever heard of any country but their own. They never see a book or a newspaper, yet they are fully posted in Spanish politics, and take as much interest in the affairs of the government as if they held offices in the palace. From this class come the conquistadores, who explored and conquered Spanish America. Cortez was the son of a peasant farmer; Pizarro was a swineherd.

You can get a pretty good idea of the country from an open window, because the train moves very slowly, and stops a long time at every station, and there is little variety. You always see about the same things whichever way you look. One nearly every prominent hilltop is a ruin of castles, castles, castles, against the Moors. From the towers against the land of the castles—received its name. Leon was named after the seventh Roman legion which occupied the country before the Christian era and drove out the original owners, the Isabella the independent kingdoms of Castile, Leon, Aragon and Navarre were united under the scepter of "the Catholic King." But before their time a great deal of history was written, and this is one of the oldest lands known to man.

Burgos was the home of "The Cid," a sort of a Spanish Saladin or St. George, who seems to have been always fighting the heathen and always to have con-

quered them. He is the national hero of Spain, and appears even more frequently in romance and poetry than in history. His real name was Rodrigo Diaz de Vivara; he belonged to a family of large landowners. He lived from 1042 to 1099, and his exploits were performed in Germany, and France, as well as in his own country. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," tells his story. His sword and armor hang in the old cathedral at Burgos; his dust is preserved in a funny wooden box in the town hall, and his mare, Bayevca, which was quite as famous as her master, is buried in the patio of a monastery erected upon the spot of his tent. The horse outlived him and in his will he wrote: "When ye bury Bayevca, dig deep for a shameful thing it were that she should be eaten by curs who have trampled down so much curish flesh of Moors."

This famous charger was gifted with unusual intelligence. At Toledo they will show you a church called El Cristo de la Luz (the Christ of the Light) which was built by Alonzo, the brother of the Saviour, with real hair and beard, long and straight like a woman's switch. The story goes that when The Cid rode into Toledo one day after slaughtering many thousand unbelievers, his armor based dropped upon his knees before a Moorish mosque and would not stir from the place. The Cid knew that the mare never did silly things, hence he inferred that some sacred relic must have been upon which the stone rested, for an excavation had to be made to hold a stream of light poured out of the earth. Digging a little farther down, this extraordinary image was revealed, with a lantern beside it, which had been burning without ceasing, and no one knows how long. And it was called the Christ of the Light and the Moorish mosque was remodeled into a Christian church in its honor.

The Cid was a terrible fellow. His thirst for blood was never quenched. He killed and killed until his strength was gone, and then gave up the ghost, regretting that he could not kill more. A convent was built over his home, and there they buried Alonzo, the brother of Isabella, from whom she inherited the crown. It is deserted today, with only two or three feeble old monks to keep things in order. They get their living by raising pigs in the patio of the monastery. The monks are all dead, but there with his faithful Ximena, but for some reason or another, perhaps for the convenience of tourists, his body was removed to the town hall 40 years ago. Curiously enough the legend on his tomb in Latin is simply:

"God has promised."

Beside his wife rest his two daughters, Elvira, who was Queen of Navarre, and Maria Sol, who was Queen of Aragon, with their husbands. People generally come to Burgos to see the cathedral, and it is one of the marvels of mediæval architecture, built in the thirteenth century, and completed, although it was not finished for 800 years. Its founder was an Englishman, Bishop Maurice, and the most of the money is said to have been furnished by an English princess. It is reckoned the finest example of ecclesiastical Gothic in existence, and is lavishly decorated with carvings and mural paintings. Among other queer things to be found in the tomb of the cook of Henry III, who was buried within its walls, and the tomb of originally buried bishops because "El Doliente," as the king was called, said that he was entitled to an honorable place because he had given him so much more comfort and joy in life than any of the great men who were buried around him. Alexander Borgia, afterward the notorious Pope Alexander VI, was connected with the Burgos cathedral as a priest while he was a young man.

There is another famous church in the town called Santa Agueda, and Alexander Cid compelled Alfonso VI to take three oaths before he would allow him to ascend the throne. The first oath was taken upon a cross at the entrance, the next upon a bolt of the big door and the third upon a king's scepter at the high altar. The gospel of that day says that Alphonso hesitated until one of his knights exclaimed: "Swear well and fear not; never was a king convicted of perjury or a pope excommunicated."

And cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, Shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; But he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: Depart from me, Ye that work iniquity. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

HELPED THE CHAPLAIN OUT. From the New York Press. An army chaplain in the Philippines who chanced to be intrusted with the distribution of mail to the troops of the regiment first sent out was much perturbed on one occasion by anxious soldiers. The mail had been delayed, and the questions the chaplain had to answer became irksome to him. So he placed a sign over the door of his tent reading: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive." General Fred Grant, passing the chaplain's tent later in the day, observed to his great annoyance that some soldier disposed to be facetious had added to the sign these words: "Nor does he care a damn."

Only Her Looks Are Pierce. From the Chicago Tribune. H. B. Harriott, who asserts that American women are anarchists, We begin to believe he never saw any American women except the bearded lady in Barrow's sideshow, and we are assured that she has only the whiskers, not the disposition, of a bomb-thrower.

A Hint to Cleveland. From the Philadelphia Inquirer. Perhaps it would be just as well for Mr. Cleveland to hunt no more ducks in Maryland until the Democratic presidential nomination is settled.