

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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

Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

JUST A FAINT RAY OF HOPE.

THERE WILL BE sorrow in the hearts of the elect at Washington today. There will be anguish and unavailing regret. There will be falling hopes not unmixed with vivid fears of the future.

As announced in the veracious columns of The Journal the gifted and versatile Mr. Jefferson Myers had tendered to his great and good friend Mr. Harvey W. Scott the Republican vice-presidential nomination. Just who placed it at the command of Mr. Myers to dispose of it as he listed we are not permitted to know. Perhaps he found it lying around loose, it looked good to him and with that spontaneous generosity so characteristic of the man he placed it where he thought it would do the most good. Perhaps some one high in authority handed it to him as a gift and asked him to do the best he could with it. But the real inwardness of the transaction we are not yet permitted to know. All we do know is that it was evidently Mr. Jefferson Myers' to give, otherwise he wouldn't have given it, and he handed it out with no strings to it. He gave it up cordially, freely, even enthusiastically. He carefully explained to the general public the motives which prompted him in making the tender and to his credit he said they seemed not merely satisfactory but conclusive. He did all that could be expected of him in this concatenation of circumstances and he did it with royal heartiness that cannot be too deeply admired.

As we have intimated the news of this important tender was first given forth to the world through the capacious columns of the Oregonian. "One day was allowed for it to thoroughly soak in. Then comes a modest little announcement to this effect: 'The editor regrets that he cannot accept the vice-presidency of the United States,' tendered him by his excellent friend, Jeff Myers. He may as well now admit that the reason—for it is bound to come out in time—is that he has been tendered a higher position by his great and good friend the Mickey Doo of Japan."

Defly, yet with a bare suggestion of a receptive spirit, he once refused the kingly crown. Still on the good old Caserian principle he has yet two more refusals coming before the declination may be regarded as final and irrevocable. In imagination we see a garden of crepe stretching clear from the White House in Washington to the Tall Tower in Portland. But we should not too hastily come to fatal conclusions. Mr. Myers yet remains to be heard from; he may still have other glittering baubles to attach to his already attractive offer. He is not the man to go to market with all his eggs in one basket. He finds the Old Party of the Tall Tower just a little coy on the first approach. That was to be expected and it will scarcely disturb the equanimity of an old campaigner like Mr. Jefferson Myers. The incident cannot be considered closed until he shall have been heard from at least once more.

HARD LOT OF RURAL CARRIERS.

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIERS are the poorest paid in the whole range of the government service. Were it not for the expectation that better pay will ultimately come with the improvement of the service and a better realization of its value, men of the stamp and character of those now engaged in it would seek other and more remunerative employments. The government has so far been exceedingly fortunate in the stamp of men secured for this work and the pay of the men should be placed at figures which will justify their continuance in the service, the value of which has already been demonstrated.

At the request of The Journal, James R. Cochran, carrier No. 2 at Shedd, Or., has sent in his daily routine. It is of a piece with the routine of other carriers and embodies the salient reasons why the bill before congress increasing the remuneration of these carriers should become a law. "I arise," he says, "at 4:30 to 5 a. m., according to the time the Overland train comes along to wake me up and proceed to get my team and wagon ready for the day's trip, which takes about one hour. Then I go to the postoffice and prepare the mail which takes 30 to 45 minutes, after which I get breakfast. I am hitched up and ready to start at 7:30 sharp, with 27 1/2 miles to drive by 2 p. m. There are an average of about 80 stops to make each trip, leaving five and a half hours clear for the road, which is Oregon mud, in some places knee deep to my team.

"I get back by hard driving by 2:20 p. m., 15 to 20

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A Debating Society.

Portland, Or., Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—A great many young men in Portland would evidently be proud of the opportunity to improve their public speaking. Many of them engaged in various occupations now have no opportunity to do so. Why not get together and organize a debating society?

It is a duty every young man owes to himself to be able to publicly express his thoughts. We never know when the occasion will demand of us a public expression. A debating society is the home for this culture and improvement.

If the young men who are interested along these lines will write me, giving me their address, I will call upon them and we will lay plans to organize a debating society which will be open to every young man who honestly desires to improve himself in this art.
HENRY S. WESTBROOK,
P. O. Box 409.

A Welcome Visit.

Dufur, Or., Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—From three to four inches of snow fell yesterday morning, and it has been snowing since early dawn this morning, and now at 11 a. m. there is fully five inches and snowing a regular pour-down. The farmers are happy.

There is a deep feeling of interest being taken by our people in the war between Japan and Russia. The Journal is a welcome visitor, as it brings the latest news.

Whitney's Park of 90,000 Acres.

From the New York Tribune.
Mr. Whitney's first purchases for his park in the Adirondacks were made about eight years ago, when as a member of the Hamilton Park club he went into that region to hunt and fish. He first bought the club's holdings, cleared some titles in litigation, made some improvements, and later he improved every opportunity to extend his holdings. The park of 90,000 acres is now of great value. Scattered over

minutes late, cancel my collection mail, money orders, and feed and water my horses. I then eat my own dinner. By that time it is 3:30 p. m. After dinner I put my team and barn to clean, my wagon to oil and put in condition for the next day's trip. I get through by 6 p. m. That makes about 12 hours steady business. I have to keep four horses to do the business and look respectable. I go over some roads in Linn county that are a disgrace to civilization, which are kept out of condition on the old Arkansas theory that in winter you can't repair them and in summer you don't take it. My wife is my substitute; I can't get a man to take it. I have driven the legs from under three horses this winter."

And all of this for \$600 a year. On the very face of it it is not only an imposition, but a crime, of which no government should be guilty.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

D. R. GEORGE BRANDES' description of the Novoe Vremya (the New Times), one of the most rabid anti-Jap Russian newspapers, might very well be a description of some of our own daily papers, so aptly does the account fit.

Dr. Brandes states that Suvorin, one of its first editors, made himself notorious by the declaration that the time had come for journalism to get off its pedestal and realize that it was simply a commodity to be bought and sold like any other marketable article. In obedience to this view the Novoe Vremya drifts with the wind. "In the shortest time possible it attacks and defends the same person, generally in incisive entertaining articles. It is a well-written journal, but utterly without principle; without faith or law, and far more read than respected." In a word it is edited in the interest of the editor, or what he believes to be his interest, and not to serve the public or to advocate any principle.

The best workmen in the world, those who can be trusted and relied upon, are the men who do their work for the love of it; the man who respects his work too much to allow it to subservise base ends or to minister solely to his greed for fame or money. There be those who believe every man has his price, or that his work can be bought; his honor, or whatever you may call the last citadel of a man's most sacred feelings, can be stormed if only one be equipped with the right weapon. Men who have such a belief are themselves vile and readily bought for a price. They have no conception of the sort of men who are not to be bought, who ask no price better than the inner content with themselves when they have done the right thing, or sacrificed some material benefit for conscience sake.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

PUBLIC EFFORT should be concentrated until the problem of securing permanent improvements in the Columbia river has been arranged by congress. As matters now stand when the present sums available for the jetty work at the mouth of the river are expended at least a year will elapse before another appropriation will warrant a continuance of the work. Appropriations of this character should be continuous in their operations until the work itself is completed. They should not be subjected to the uncertainties which surround ordinary appropriations. Each year the estimates of the engineers should be accepted as a matter of course until the work contemplated is completed and turned over in satisfactory form. The public bodies of Portland should not rest content until such time as this arrangement has been effected in congress, for in no other way can the improvements be assured.

In addition to this campaign should be inaugurated in the line of permanent improvements in the channel of the Columbia river clear to the mouth. The same theory that is being followed at the mouth should be put in operation clear up to Vancouver. Dikes must be built at various points so as to concentrate the channel of the river so that it will sweep itself clean.

The Columbia is the key to Portland's future. It is on this that public thought should be concentrated and it is in accomplishing what is needed there that every atom of influence which we possess should be brought to bear. We should not wait until such time as we are confronted with a cessation of all work, but we should look ahead and anticipate. Herein may be found a great opportunity for the commercial bodies of Portland to demonstrate their usefulness and patriotism and now is the time to get to work.

MR. GORMAN'S HARD LUCK.

From the New York Sun.
Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman has lost his luck. He reappeared in the senate to collect the dejected members of the Democracy, unite them and formulate a safe policy. At last, sagacity and shrewdness were to prevail in the Democratic party. Mr. Gorman was a wise manager and an admirable opportunist. He was to do great things for his party. In common gratitude the party might be expected to do great things for him when the time came.

In three months Mr. Gorman, looked up to as the protagonist of success, has failed, lamentably or ludicrously, three times. He tried to atone the Democrats from Cuban reciprocity. They threw out the pilot. He tried to steer them away from the Panama canal treaty. They threw out the pilot. Unlucky in his expeditions into national politics, Mr. Gorman still had consolations in the Maryland Democracy. There, at least, he was master. The Maryland Democracy has just shown that he is no longer master. Instead of the shadow and sympathetic person that he wanted, his Democratic colleague in the senate is a vigorous, ambitious, rather independent man, a Rayner man every time, and elected in spite of the Gorman machine.

But Mr. Gorman is a hard man to keep down.

OREGON'S POLITICAL SITUATION.

From the Salem Statesman.
The Woodford-York complication which has arisen in Medford over the appointment of a postmaster, being the latest of a series of "recommendations" by our delegation in congress, really has its amusing aspect. Being of the same piece of so many other "recommendations" that have not materialized, it begins to look familiar. Nobody in Oregon expects the appointment of a man fortunate enough to secure the recommendation of the delegation, any more. At this writing the name of no one can be recalled who has both been recommended and appointed, except John Barrett, and he was appointed before the delegation knew it.

Helping Them Out.

From the New York News.
Immediately after the hospitals sent out a Macedonian cry for \$10,000,000 the tender headed "L" company began to drum up business for them. The crowded "L" platform is a short cut to the emergency ward.

History of Oregon's Celebrated Military Road Land Grant

H. R. Kincaid in Eugene Journal.
February 1, 1904. Justice Holmes of the supreme court at Washington handed down an opinion deciding the long-pending case between the United States and Oregon & California Land company, involving the title to about 50,000 acres of land in the Klamath Indian reservation, valued at perhaps \$1,500,000.

In July, 1854, through the influence of Senators Edward D. Baker and James W. Nesmith, congress passed an act giving to the state of Oregon alternate sections of three miles wide on each side of the road to aid in the construction of a military wagon road from Eugene City to the southeastern boundary of the state. B. J. Pengra was the mover in the enterprise, having engineered the direction of both Egan and Nesmith to the senate. He had organized a company to build the wagon road, which was to be the forerunner of a railroad. He had with him as stockholders in the company William S. Ladd, Henry Corbett and other wealthy and influential Oregonians. B. J. Pengra was secretary of the company and a member of the legislature from Lane county.

At the session of the legislature in October, 1854, the legislature accepted the land grant and transferred it to the Oregon Central Military Road company. The company employed Ben Simpson, Indian agent at Siletz, to build the road through the Cascade mountains. He brought about 100 Indians from the reservation and constructed a passable wagon road across the range. The main branch of the Willamette river, at a cost, as the company claimed, of nearly \$100,000. About a year later, the writer of this, with J. B. Underwood, L. L. Williams of Roseburg, T. D. Edwards, B. J. Pengra and two or three others, went up with Gov. A. C. Gibbs as far as Pine Point, and the governor formally accepted the road from Eugene to that point. There was never much work done on the road east of the Cascade mountains, but Gov. George L. Woods certified that the road had been completed to the southeastern boundary of the state and accepted it, which gave the company the right to claim the land. One or more Republican state conventions afterward resolved that the road had never been built, and demanded that the land should now be given to the state. There were Democratic conventions did likewise. When the railroad was built to Eugene in 1870 Pengra made a desperate effort to carry it up the Willamette valley, across the Cascades and over his land grant to a face to Mr. W. C. Whitney and his partner, Wm. C. Holladay and Ben Holladay. Ben Holladay beat him and went south as far as Roseburg, intending to cross the Siskiyou, which was accomplished by the German bondholders many years later. Pengra made another great effort to

PHOTOGRAPH OF GREAT WHITNEY.

Intimate Portrait of Great New Yorker as Drawn by "M. A. P."
From a sketch, 1901, by Hon. T. P. O'Connor.

Just 60 years old, clean faced except for a pronounced moustache—pincenez set firm on a determined nose, clear brown eyes that look direct, a high forehead with crisp, wavy hair outlining three sides of a square, such is the first impression of a face to Mr. W. C. Whitney, that great American to win the Derby (Mr. Pierre Lorillard, in 1881, was the first) and break all records at the same time.

Chat with him and he'll not use a superfluous word. Quiet, contained, interesting and interesting. Full of pleasant little bits of conversation. In business, one pricks the surface only to find the lawyer and the keen business man. Public affairs are his recreation, politics his amusement, horse-racing his hobby. By many stairs he has achieved his position. As secretary of the War and Greiver Cleveland's administration in 1885—he reorganized the American navy just in time for Santiago and Manila in 1897. As a financier he holds the highest rank in New York city. Insurance companies, theatres, banks and railroads claim him as a director. When the street is a maze of little and large, the secretary of the Metropolitan (New York) Street tramways, backing them with his capital and counsel—is, perhaps, the work of his life—next to winning the English Derby, which has given him most satisfaction.

This man who is immersed in the biggest of commercial enterprises—a brilliant lawyer, astute politician, fearless and vast financier—has had his romance—and a very tragic one, at the same time, a very pretty one. His first wife, Mrs. Whitney, the daughter of Senator Payne. Senator Payne—as most people know—was one of the first and largest owners of that huge Standard Oil trust which is now the richest corporation in the world; and Mr. Whitney received with it the wealth of a monarch. He was a widower, and then he fell violently and hopelessly in love with a beautiful woman—a Miss May, who had at one time been the fiancée of that brilliant but somewhat erratic journalist—James Gordon Bennett—the proprietor of the New York Herald.

Mr. Whitney's attachment, which had lasted for several years, was in the end successful, and he was married. And then began a second epoch of his life. To have seen the glamour passing, while it left the truer gleam; To have learned that always peace gives our petty cares release, Hushes all the idle clamor, bids the fretting troubles cease.

Better, thus, with folded hands, musing on the falling sands, Than to strive and strain and struggle—for at last one understands That the moving pen of fame writes each hour a newer name, And the scroll of all the victors goes to feed the sickle flame. It is best to calmly gaze down the pathway of the days Strewn with withered leaves of laurel, lined with myrtles and wick bays. Snows of three score years and ten may make white the heads of men. But the sunshine of the summers sparkles in their smiles again, And the glory of their years—ah, how splendid it appears When they talk of the gladness that has lurked behind their tears. Of how time, the silent thief, took the sorrows that were chief, Leaving love and light and laughter in their lifetimes' garnered sheaf!

Age—the sun rays in the west; ending the scroll of all the victors goes to feed the sickle flame. It is best to calmly gaze down the pathway of the days Strewn with withered leaves of laurel, lined with myrtles and wick bays. Snows of three score years and ten may make white the heads of men. But the sunshine of the summers sparkles in their smiles again, And the glory of their years—ah, how splendid it appears When they talk of the gladness that has lurked behind their tears. Of how time, the silent thief, took the sorrows that were chief, Leaving love and light and laughter in their lifetimes' garnered sheaf!

How Wall Street's Battle Against the President Flattened Out

Walter Wellman's New York Dispatch in the Chicago Record-Herald.
Since the collapse of the anti-Roosevelt movement in Wall Street many amusing and interesting stories concerning the methods adopted by the big financiers who were behind it have come to light. The plan to defeat the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt at the Chicago convention did not come to an end till about the middle of last month; then it was that the men who had been promoting it were forced to admit they were beaten. They were beaten simply because they found the country would not respond to their efforts. At one time in January they were absolutely confident of success. They believed in the innocence of their inexperience as political manipulators, that they had set in motion the forces which surely should result in preventing the nomination going to the man in the White House. They believed that they had started at work the railroad politicians, the pass distributors, the legislative workers of the corporations. These men had consulted the political bosses and at first there seemed to be a little management. With the name of Hanna in front, with, and with discomfit against Roosevelt apparently increasing among the politicians in many places, the New York financiers who were backing this effort fondly imagined they were assured of success. At a meeting of a board of directors held in December, E. H. Harriman announced to his fellow directors: "Gentlemen, we have that man Roosevelt beaten. He can't get the nomination. We have it all fixed up against him."

Whereupon Mr. Schiff, the head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., replied: "Just the same, Mr. Harriman, about next September we'll all be shouting for Roosevelt and throwing up our hats for him and subscribing our money to his campaign fund." It was not until several weeks later that Mr. Harriman was forced to admit that Mr. Schiff was right. Everything fell to pieces. Jim Blythe reported from Iowa that there weren't enough anti-Roosevelt Republicans in the state to give members of an anti-Roosevelt delegation to the Chicago convention. Dave Thompson and the other railroad people reported they couldn't do anything in Nebraska, so popular was the president. In the far west, where Mr. Harriman thought he was working up sentiment against the president by means of letters, etc., no actual results followed and every one appeared to be for the president. Jim Hill was not able to do much along the line of the Great Northern. United States senators and members of congress and other public men whom he thought he had full control of told him it was absolutely useless to try to struggle against Roosevelt's popularity. Plans had been made to hold Indiana away from Roosevelt, but they were abandoned.

A little discontent among the machine leaders in Illinois, but long before it came to a show-down the friends of the president had gained the upper hand, even in the machine itself. Only in Ohio did there appear to be a real and substantial bulwark against the rush of the Roosevelt movement, and that had for its foundation nothing but the popularity and the great control of Mr. Hanna. Almost no headway at all was made in New York, where, contrary to the hopes of the big financiers in the city, the governor Odell remained loyal to the president and Senator Platt behaved handsomely. Efforts were made in North Carolina through former Senator (now Judge) Pritchard, but the railroad influence in that state was not strong enough to win away more than one-quarter of the delegates. In Texas former Representative Hawley was anti-Roosevelt and with railroad help possibly a third or a half of the delegation could have been won over. California could have been won over in the far northwest and mountain states a few scattering delegates could have been won here and there.

Even if Senator Hanna had consented to become a candidate and the Roosevelt opposition had won everything it had any reasonable hope to win, it could not have secured more than one third of all the delegates, probably not so many. By the liberal use of money in the south, they might have bought up enough delegates from one-quarter to one-third of the convention, but there would have been always the danger that some of these delegates would not stay bought. Such things have been known. With the exception of the anti-Roosevelt states would have been overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. When Mr. Harriman and his friends learned these facts, or the truth had been pounded into them by their political advisers, they saw that the jig was up. This was the hour to give up the fight. The truth is that men like Harriman and Morgan and Jim Hill, giants in finance and business, and the organization of great industries have shown themselves to be the rawest of raw amateurs when it comes to playing big politics games. They do not understand it at all. They have an instinctive disregard of the greatest force in politics—the power of public opinion. Their first thought is that if you want anything all you have to do is to go out and buy it and it doesn't matter whether it is a railway, or stocks, or terminals, or delegates. It was a long time before

It is just dawning upon some of the big men in this city who have been eager to beat President Roosevelt that others may be able to play the game of capturing delegates and securing control of conventions through the employment of money and organization. A few weeks ago, at a dinner party, Mr. Morgan asked a gentleman who sat near him—one who had had a good deal to do with politics—what he thought of the nomination of Hearst, and if the Republicans should drop Roosevelt, the Democrats would surely make Hearst their nominee—we think we'll go ahead with Roosevelt." Mr. Morgan nearly choked. His face grew red, his eyes almost stood out on his cheeks.

"W-h-w-h-a-t?" he gasped; "H-Hearst—H-Hearst? Great God! Do you mean to say there is the slightest danger the Democratic party will make him its candidate?" Mr. Morgan explained the other man; he has a wonderful organization. He has managed to get thousands of politicians on his staff and to fix a large number of delegates. He has had the field all to himself—has not been compelled to face a strong movement for a popular leader, as have those who tried to defeat Mr. Roosevelt in the Republican party. It is barely possible Mr. Hearst may be able to buy himself the nomination."

Mr. Morgan had nothing to say. For quite a long time he sat thinking—thinking.

The New Yorker who is having most fun out of the failure and discomfiture of the anti-Roosevelt financiers is Mr. Speyer, the banker. Speyer has from the very first been a Roosevelt man. He stood for the president when almost every other important man in the street was using "cuss" words whenever he had occasion to speak of the White House. Speyer was the only well-known banker or financier who declared in public when the Northern Securities suit was brought that it was a good thing and that, instead of being an enemy to business and prosperity, the president had averted an era of expansion and combination and speculation which would have brought the country to one of the worst periods in its history. Speyer has stuck to it, too, and at every opportunity he has reminded the Roosevelt-phobes of Wall Street that in the end the president was going to whip them and gain the nomination, and that Wall Street would have to support him. He has not been able to play his cards as well as every stage of the game. It seems to be Mr. Speyer's turn to laugh.

VALUE OF GOOD PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

From the Salem Journal.
The Salem board of education is to be commended for ordering a special election to add more grades to the public schools.

The determination of the people of Salem to have as good schools as the best in the state is a matter of congratulation for this city. Salem can move easily do that than any city in the state because of the relatively larger number of children that are in private schools.

At least one third of the children of school age in this city are in various kinds of schools and always will be, in all probability.

Parents, who for various reasons, send their children to private and sectarian schools to that extent relieve the school district.

For this and other reasons Salem can and ought to have the best public schools in the state, and from a financial standpoint it pays to have nothing but the best.

The value of good public schools lies in stimulating the pride and the community in other ways cannot be overestimated.

Hard to Glue.
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
New York world's fair commissioners are in an acrimonious tangle over the selection of a hostess for the New York building. About the only choice a man may safely make among women is one for himself, and even then he sometimes gets into hot water.

None Missing From the Quota.
From the Nashville Banner.
A tooth weighing nine pounds has been found in Ohio. It is supposed that it was lost by a mammoth, as President Roosevelt has a full set.

It dawned upon their consciousness that there is such a thing as public opinion and that there are such things as honor and decency in politics—that every man is not for sale. They have had a rude awakening from their dream or their nightmare and plenty of observers believe their awaking to a realization of the fact that the power of money is not yet tyrant or dictator in this country. It is a mighty fine thing.

To show how ignorant of politics some of these big financiers are of all men of Wall Street are, the following story is told: At the time when he felt sure of beating Roosevelt for the nomination Mr. Harriman was asked what in his opinion would happen at the Chicago convention. He replied that the delegates should go there instructed for Roosevelt.

"Why, that won't make any difference," said Mr. Harriman, "we'll beat him anyhow."

"Beat him?" despite the fact that he has a majority of the convention instructed for him?"

"Certainly. There was one national Republican convention in which all the delegates were for John Sherman, and yet he was whipped out and Garfield was nominated."

"Do you feel sure of that, Mr. Harriman?" asked his friend.

"Yes, that is true," replied the financier. "We had a man look it up for us, and that is the way it happened. Instruction to a committee of delegates was given."

"Now listen to me," Mr. Harriman, said the other man. "I was in that convention. I was instructed for Blaine and voted for him many, many times, as did more than 200 other delegates. Over 300 men were instructed for Grant, and they stood by him from first to last. Instructions do count; in fact, they are rarely disregarded. You may not know it, but there is honor in politics. As for all the delegates being for Sherman, he had only 50 votes at most, and not one of them was a 'good heart.' Mr. Harriman admitted that he was amazed, though his face showed that without the need of putting it in words. His explanation was that he had heard something about the 1880 convention, had instructed one of his men to look it up and told him the information which had been given him. Such is the great financier in politics.

Mr. Harriman, by the way, will soon know a good deal more about politics than he knows now. He is going to the Chicago convention to play the game of capturing delegates and securing control of conventions through the employment of money and organization. A few weeks ago, at a dinner party, Mr. Morgan asked a gentleman who sat near him—one who had had a good deal to do with politics—what he thought of the nomination of Hearst, and if the Republicans should drop Roosevelt, the Democrats would surely make Hearst their nominee—we think we'll go ahead with Roosevelt."

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QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO TAFT.

"Unless Answered in Negative," Says Writer, "You Should Resign."

Washington Correspondence New York Sun.
The first letter received by Secretary of War Taft after taking the oath of office was the following:
The Secretary of War—Sir: The enclosed questions are addressed to your conscience as a public officer. Unless you can answer them in the negative you should immediately resign. From "A COMMON OR GARDEN LAWYER."
Inclosed was a patent-medicine advertisement clipped from a newspaper. Beneath a picture of an invalid patient were the following questions:
"How is your digestion? Is your stomach weak? Does it subject you to inconvenience and distress by day and disturb your rest by night? Does indigestion acquaint you with the horrors of insomnia?"
The letter was written on official war department paper, and the handwriting was that of former Secretary of War Root.

From the New York Evening Sun.
Why not leave it to the small boys of Brooklyn to decide as to whether they would prefer to be spanked at school or spanked at home? The rubber hose or the familiar slipper—which? Of course there is a difference between a teacher who would think of saying to the culprit as he laid on, "this hurts me as much as it does you," the usual complaint of parents.

Real Bad Luck.
From the Taylor (Wis.) Star-News.
Louie Rabbideau had had luck last week. One of John Lant's cows chewed the tail off his horse.