EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning, at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....Main 250
Business Office.....Main 500

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, 150 Nassau street, New York; Tribune building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico:

DAILY.
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.
One year.....$2.00 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One year.....$7.00 | One month.....$ .65

Throw away idle hopes; come to thine own aid if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—Marcus Aurelius.

ORCHARD OF THE WORLD.

STATES, like men, are sometimes greater than they believe themselves to be, and the discovery of their latent qualities is often the result of accident. Even the warmest of Oregon's friends believed that enthusiasm had exhausted itself in the contemplation of her marvelous resources, and were content in the thought that her fertility had been thoroughly exploited.

And now comes forward Judge Cyrus Happy, of Spokane, with the statement that Oregon's winter apple industry is but in its cradle period; that with development it will do more for the Pacific northwest than the orange did for California, and that Oregon is destined to be the orchard of the whole world. Fine thought, and splendid prediction; and better than belief and prophecy is the proof that Judge Happy offers for the faith that is in him.

In an article published today in the magazine section of The Sunday Journal Judge Happy gives the result of some investigation of the apple industry, and asserts that there is a zone or belt around the world in which the winter apple is produced in perfection. This zone lies between the 40th and 50th parallels of north latitude, and embraces all of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. This is a narrow strip, whose limited area is an everlasting guarantee against overproduction of the fruit; and even within its close confines are areas on which the winter apple may not be grown with great profit. But on the favored spots orchards will be planted and will yield abundantly, with harvests exceeding in value that of many other crops combined. These lands wil become the most valuable in this country, because they will produce the greatest profit.

Judge Happy points to the care and scientific methods that have made California's orange groves the source of so much wealth, and compares these with the slip-shod, haphazard ways of Oregon's fruit growers. But the change for the better is noticeable, and the winter apple orchard of the future will be operated on a scientific basis, and from its limited confines to a constantly growing market will go the finest fruit in the world at prices that will soon put the producer in the millionaire's class.

Oregon is still richer than we thought it was.

WILL MAINE GO WET?

UNUSUAL INTEREST attaches this year to the state campaign in Maine, where the chief issue between the Republicans and the Democrats is the resubmission of the prohibition amendment to the constitution. The Democrats have adopted a platform demanding resubmission of the amendment and are making their campaign on the cry "Let Maine Be Honest."

The contention of the Democrats is that a majority of the people of Maine are not in favor of genuine prohibition; that in many localities the sale of liquors is still carried on despite the law against it; and that after having given prohibition a full, fair trial, the people should now have opportunity to say whether they desire to continue it. If the vote should result in favor of prohibition, the question would then be regarded as settled. If it should result adversely, the state would return to the old system of licensing the sale of liquors.

Undoubtedly there are many Republicans in Maine who would welcome the abolition of prohibition. Yet it seems scarcely probable that enough of them will scratch the party ticket to enable the Democrats to win. In the opinion of the political prophets Maine will go Republican, as usual.

Oddly enough in South Carolina, where a somewhat similar issue has been raised, the attitude of the two parties is reversed. The battle there is for and against the state dispensary system. Under the leadership of Senator Tillman the Democrats are championing the system, while the Republicans are contending for a more liberal construction of the liquor laws.

THE "ETON SLOUCH."

IN A VIGOROUS editorial the Boston Globe comments caustically on the prevalence of the "Eton slouch" among American boys. Says this critic:

It is a paradox, an irony of this reign of Theodore the Strenuous, that it should have become the height of fashion for young America to slouch.

Everywhere, whether in village lane or in city street, the real up-to-date youth is proclaimed by a well-studied slovenliness of bearing as he lounges lazily along.

In his shoulders there is a stoop and his walk is a carefully cultivated shamble that would fill the soul of a lifelong hobo with envy. It is not the mincing Miss Nancy step of the now extinct dude, and much less does it resemble the swaggering roll of the dead heavy swell of the post bellum period.

The dude of the early eighties, when Oscar Wilde was enthroned beneath the banner of the lily, was effeminate in the extreme, while his predecessor, the swell, assumed a masculine vigor if he had it not. The youth in style today seeks the extreme neither of effeminacy nor of masculinity; his attitude simply is that of a heavy, dragging world weariness.

The dude or the swell wouldn't have been caught dead with his hands in his pockets. But the lethargic youngster of the current period wouldn't be found alive under any circumstances with his hands out of his pockets. Even on the hottest days of this hottest summer he is not tempted from the fashion in this regard, but suffers his fingers to swelter in the farthest depths of his trousers pockets that they may be in style.

As a crown for his slouching figure he affects a slouching hat, its stray brim pressed straight up from his forehead and almost as straight downward in the back. In this carefully misshapen manner you will see costliest and softest panamas and the coarsest domestic straws, for in our democracy fashion knows no classes, knows neither race, color nor condition of servitude.

The 7 o'clock in the morning young man, with all our national adaptiveness, contrives successfully to counterfeit, even while on the way to polish up the handles of the big front door, the languorous saunter of the 10 o'clock curled darling of Easy street. And each wears on his lapel a bachelor's button as the symbol of their common brotherhood.

This "stooping, slouching, shuffling, hands-in-the-pocket fashion" as the Globe describes it, is by no means unknown in Portland. It is constantly in evidence on our streets. It is a bad habit. A slouching gait begets slouching in other things. The physical slouch is apt to become a mental and moral slouch. The true American boy throws back his shoulders, lifts his feet and shows by his carriage that he respects himself.

"As a guards officer once said to his men: 'Try to walk as if you have a sovereign in your pocket.' Perhaps you have not all got a sovereign in your pocket, but you should try to look and walk as if you had, and put a little more dash into your walking and marching."

THE PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW.

IF THE HOLDERS of public franchises in Portland refuse to comply with Mayor Lane's demand for a quarterly statement of their receipts and disbursements, some action should be taken, either by the people or by the legislature. Undoubtedly a law can be enacted which will compel all these corporations to give the desired information, for the city should have the right to exact it for purposes of taxation, if for no other reason. It matters little whether section 99 of the charter is or is not applicable to the holders of franchises granted before the charter went into effect. Irrespective of that section, the right to know the profits of these semi-public corporations is a necessary incident of the power of taxation.

We do not accept, however, the excuse that the holders of franchises granted under a former charter are not subject to the provisions of section 99. We believe that the mayor's interpretation of the section is the proper one and that it will be upheld by the courts. But if not, let a law be enacted which will compel these corporations to open their books and make known the true value of the franchises which they hold.

ENFORCE THIS LAW.

HEREAFTER the people whose criminal paths have led them to jail will, while they are guests of the county, eat the plain but wholesome fare supplied by contract. For many years prisoners at the county jail have feasted free on meals supplied by the sheriffs of Multnomah who charged the people 17½ cents for them. By expert caterers, who serve many fastidious patrons, that price was said to be rather high for the sort of food poked through the bars to the jail birds; and it has not been denied that the sheriffs made from $200 to $300 a month profit in feeding the prisoners.

Before the last election the county court announced that a change would be made, and that without regard to the man who was elected sheriff the prison fare would be supplied by contract. The power to do this was granted a decade ago, but for reasons hardly worth considering now, was never exercised.

The Journal believes the change a good one, and does not think Sheriff Stevens will be wise if he makes any serious objection to it. It is in accordance with the law, and as a law officer Mr. Stevens should be the first to see that it is made; it will remove one fertile cause of criticism of the sheriff's office, and it will save the people two or three hundred dollars a month.

For this last reason, if for no other, The Journal insists that the law be enforced.

ROOSEVELT'S LATEST APPOINTEE.

JAMES S. HARLAN of Chicago, who has been selected by President Roosevelt as a member of the interstate commerce commission, comes of good old Kentucky stock and has qualities that should qualify him well for the position to which he has been appointed. He is a son of John M. Harlan, who for nearly 30 years has been associate justice of the United States supreme court. Justice Harlan's three sons, James, John and Richard, have all gained distinction in their chosen walks of life. All of them are men of unusual stature and fine physique, and in their college days were famous members of Princeton's football team. John Harlan has been a picturesque figure in Chicago's civic affairs and has been one of the most persistent, aggressive and uncompromising foes of corruption and dishonesty in municipal politics that that city has ever known. James Harlan was for some time attorney general of Porto Rico, where he was intimately associated with Judge Hunt, now presiding in the land fraud prosecutions in this city. The courage, the energy and the grim, bulldog tenacity which carried him triumphantly through many a hard-fought battle on the gridiron doubtless appealed strongly to our strenuous president, and influenced his selection. They are qualities which should stand Mr. Harlan in good stead in his new position, for there is already abundant evidence that the railroads will not submit willingly to the new rate regulation law.

One Landucci, who finds it impossible to resist the attractions of combat, and whose frequent infractions of the law passed to safeguard the peace and dignity of the people have caused his arrest and imprisonment times numberless, is desirous of becoming a policeman. We suggest that he be sworn in, that he be sent on the cemetery walk, and that with his star and club he be given a commission to beat into sensibility the first person he finds looking for trouble.

Those sociologists who are enriching Rockefeller by burning the midnight oil to prove that the cost to the people of all necessaries has nearly doubled in the past 20 years, should permit themselves to dream only while they sleep. One of the greatest necessaries in the world, the newspaper, has not only not increased in price, but the cost of The Journal has been reduced over 50 per cent—and the value has increased 100 per cent.

San Francisco has so much cash in hand that she is forced to lend it in New York. We are glad that the people of the Bay City regard this as a sign of prosperity; in Portland we need all the money we can raise for the development of the city.

After an absence of 31 years, Professor Charles H. Frye returned to his home, handed his wife $5,000, and said "Ask me no questions." Thirty-one years. That's the longest poker game on record.

Whenever the dispatches tell of a more than ordinarily sanguinary outrage in Russia, they close with the statement that "the czar's yacht, with steam up, is lying off the palace steps."

It is just possible that much of the charm of this delightfully cool and pleasant weather is due to the temporary withdrawal of the Thaw case from the public prints.

Sentence Sermons.

We are to be what we are today.

• •

A little duty cures a lot of doubt.

• •

The truth that does not liberate you enslaves you.

• •

That alone is learning which issues in life.

• •

Who gives a litle help finds a large piece of heaven.

• •

The best protest against dirt is that which is made with a broom.

• •

Prayer is away from anxiety, but not from activity.

• •

Bearing the cross should not give you a cross bearing.

• •

You cannot know the kingdom of heaven if you have forgotten how to be happy.

• •

A narrow man is the one who most easily is twisted crooked.

• •

The piety that pulls down your face was prepared in the pit.

• •

Hardship often is the name that happiness puts on her door.

• •

The church that does not invest in humanity has no dividends awaiting it in heaven.

• •

There is more spirituality in a little song than in a week's sighing.

• •

It takes more than a sisterly way to make a saint of a man.

• •

It's a profitless task trying to lay up other people's treasures in heaven.

Moving Westward.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Official figures show that immigration into the United States during the last fiscal year was slightly in excess of 1,100,000. This is an increase of not quite 75,000 over the year previous. It shows that the movement westward of aliens intending to become American citizens, although not lessening, is not undergoing any marked acceleration. It is furthermore to be noted that in the past year 12,433 applicants for admission were sent back at the expense of the steamship companies which brought them over. Evidently the inspectors whose business it is to examine into the qualifications of incoming foreigners have not been idle. The truth probably is that the average physical standard of the aliens who have entered this country recently is distinctly above that of the populations from which they are drawn.

A Sermon for Today

BURDENS THAT CURSE.

By Henry F. Cope.

They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.—Matt. xxiii:4.

WHAT a relief to discover that the Almighty's requirements are not the same as those set up by his self-nominated representatives. The small man always has a multitude of rules—for other people. The infinite wisdom sets before man only great and broad principles for his guidance. After all, it is a much simpler thing to do right and to live a religious life than many would have us suppose. The complexities are of our making.

Religion has suffered from the people who have an itch to be regulators; they seek to escape the practice of the deeds of righteousness by devotion to the enactment of its regulations. They seek to compound with their consciences for the lusts to which they yield by excessive restrictions regarding those for which they have no desire.

These creators of burdens, these childish inventors of trivial regulations and deprivations have succeeded in turning many a heart back into the desert. Men longing for larger life, looking to the way of religion and seeing nothing but innumerable and infinitesimal legal negations, have turned away empty and disappointed.

Hearts hungry for the infinite have turned perplexed from a church that says, if you would find God and life you must put your soul into the harness that we have been making these thousand years, the harness of prejudice, prohibitions, penalties, and proscriptions; if you would be pious you must cultivate a woebegone visage, speak in a whine, and take all life as if it were a nauseating dose. Thank God there always were those who would rather go empty than get into this harness.

Religion must mean not restrictions, but enlargement; not a burden but an uplift, not less life but more. It puts on a man, not a straight jacket but the uniform of strength and hope and perfection. Its key word is not law but life. Its principle is not that of regulation by negation but regulation by the development of the rightness, the best within.

Religion, real religion in the soul of man, seeks to get out of the narrow, gravelike pew into the place where God seems to be; the spirit of worship cries out for the large spaces, the soul swings in sublime circles about the stars. Religion cannot breathe where men crowd thick in angry debate about foolish questions, it seeks to be where rustling leaves and soughing winds are breathing their adoration of a God who inhabiteth eternity.

The only safe way, the only one along which lie both happiness and usefulness, is to live out the life you have within, to be natural, to tell the truth to yourself. Don't call yourself a vile worm of the dust when you believe you are a fairly decent citizen, and don't pose for a portrait of the church window type when you know that you belong with the tricky traders in the temple.

If we but knew it, there is enough good in every one of us waiting expression both to keep us busy and to make up, and more than make up for our deficiencies in those virtues we envy. Many a man is sighing because he cannot be Saint Anthony who is doing a great deal more good in the world by just going on with his every-day business of blacksmith or merchant. Live out your present best; that is what the world needs; it will lead to the things yet better.

Honest, plain, straight, square dealing has its increment in religion as well as in business. If you want to be a better man the simple, easy, and only way is to make the most of the good you already have; setting busy the virtues we possess we soon find ourselves blest with those we had admired afar off, but perplexing our hearts with the burdensome restrictions manufactured by others, even the good we have becomes ill.

As a mattter of fact, men who are rich in character seldom have time for moral inventory; they simply go on living their best, neither knowing nor caring whether men think they are wealthy or bankrupt in the things within. No man ever loses any of his virtues by saying little about them. It is only the man who has a small stock who sets it all in the window.

THE REAL WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

By James Creelman, in Pearson's Magazine for September.

Just 20 years ago William Randolph Hearst, a tall, blue-eyed, excessively shy youth, newly dismissed from Harvard university, acquired the San Francisco Examiner as a gift from his millionaire father, a senator of the United States.

Since that time Mr. Hearst has swept over the surface of American journalism, changing its manners and methods, if not its morals, until today he owns eight newspapers, with a combined daily circulation of 2,000,000 copies, and personally controls a political movement powerful enough to twist one of the great political parties from its normal organization axis.

Why write about Mr. Hearst at all? Why not ignore him, his exulting sensationalism and his proprietary politics? Because one might as well attempt to ignore the weather.

Hearst a Living Force.

Mr. Hearst is not a force in prospect but a force in being; and, whether we like him or not, whether we regard him as the honest and unselfish spokesman of oppressed and discontented millions, or "a shallow and indecent demagogue," playing upon the passions of the people for the mere gratification of "a low and vulgar instinct for notoriety," it is not to be denied that he has come to play a tremendous part in the affairs of the American people.

He has invested $12,000,000 in his newspapers, and it costs him $12,000,000 a year to support them, every dollar of which, and more, too, he gets back from the public. Without the support of the business men who advertise in his publications and furnish many millions of his income, he would be bankrupt in six months, in spite of his wealth.

Born in San Francisco.

William Randolph Hearst was born in San Francisco, in 1863, went to the public schools and then entered Harvard university.

He was tall, strong, pale, smiling, bashful, but mad for practical jokes. He was an indifferent student, although he showed ability whenever he chose to concentrate on any subject. But he had an incurable levity, a feverish love for pranks.

He became the business manager of the student paper, The Lampoon, and made money so rapidly that the students had to have frequent banquets to keep the surplus down.

When Grover Cleveland was elected president Mr. Hearst hired many bands of music, bought wagon loads of beer, set off fireworks in all directions and raised such a red-blazing, ear-splitting, rip-roaring, all-night racket as to scandalize old Cambridge and almost caused his expulsion from Harvard. It was the first outburst of that Hearstian genius for fireworks, brass bands and hurrahing spectacularity which has startled and entertained the country so many, many times since.

An unappreciated practical joke resulted in Mr. Hearst's suspension by the Harvard faculty, and he went back to San Francisco as shy, gentle and smiling as ever.

Wanted a Newspaper.

Senator Hearst eyed his tall, handsome son gravely and stroked his gray beard.

"My boy," he said, "I assume that you are not content to live simply as a rich man's son, but that you want to get out and do something for yourself."

"That's right, father."

"I have great ranch properties which you might develop."

The young man shook his head vigorously.

"Mines?"

Another emphatic shake of the head.

"What do you want?"

"I want the San Francisco Examiner."

"Great God!" cried the senator, throwing up his hands. "Haven't I spent money enough on that paper already? I took it for a bad debt and it's a sure loser. Instead of holding it for my own son, I've been saving it to give to an enemy."

Given the Examiner.

In the end Senator Hearst reluctantly surrendered his own judgment that a newspaper was an interesting game but a "damned poor business," and his son became the proprietor and editor of the San Francisco Examiner.

San Francisco smiled at the notion that the long-legged, soft-voiced, frivolous youth, whose gorgeous cravats were the wonder of the city, and whose personal escapades had provoked the frowns of even that liberal community, was to assume the dignities and responsibilities of editorship. It was a public joke.

But San Francisco was mistaken.

Mr. Hearst threw himself into the work of reconstructing his newspaper with a vigor, intelligence and courage that astonished everybody. He brought to his task a personality hitherto unsuspected. He attacked abuses, proclaimed radical democracy, introduced a sort of typographical violence in the make-up of his paper and smashed all journalistic traditions.

Makes First Success.

The circulation of the Examiner increased by leaps and bounds. Mr. Hearst stuck to his task, working harder than any of his subordinates, seldom leaving the office before midnight. He made the members of his staff his chums and showered presents on them. He courted the applause of the crowd and invited the opposition of the hated railroad despotism and its allies. He championed labor unionism. He even got one of his women writers to pretend to faint in the street and be taken in an ambulance to a hospital in order to tell the story of her terrible experiences and expose the inefficiency and corruption of the public hospital service.

Fortune Inherited.

Before Mr. Hearst had spent $750,000 in his new venture the Examiner had been converted from a newspaper wreck into a profitable business and a recognized power on the Pacific coast. Then the humorous smile faded from the face of San Francisco, and the tall young editor with the pale blue eyes and almost feminine smile was denounced as a clever but unscrupulous sensationalist.

When Senator Hearst died in 1891 he bequeathed his fortune to his widow. It has been commonly supposed that his possessions were worth $40,000,000, and some estimates have been as high as $80,000,000. The truth is that the estate left by Senator Hearst was worth about $17,000,000.

Mr. Hearst wanted to own a newspaper in New York. San Francisco had grown too small for him. His desire to burst into the metropolis became an overpowering passion.

There can be no doubt that at this time Mr. Hearst had no desire either for political leadership or for public office. The excitement and romance of newspaper life satisfied him. He avoided political attachments and reveled in the society of newspapermen. His bashfulness was extreme and he shrank from personal publicity.

It is hard to recognize the nervously demure W. R. Hearst of those days in the WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

William Randolph Hearst and His Son.

whose name is printed in big type several times a day in his own newspapers and screamed from the very housetops by his agents.

He came to New York in 1895 and bought the Morning Journal, a cheap and amusing though somewhat discreditable sheet, published by Albert Pulitzer. He paid $150,000 for the paper, but before he reached the climax of his activities he invested more than $7,000,000 in this single enterprise, with its various editions.

At first Mr. Hearst's New York paper was bright, enterprising, full of clear pictures and striking cartoons, saucy, but without malice or ruffianism. It caught the fancy of the crowd and won friends. Its raw and abusive politics were developed later on.

The Bryan Campaign.

Mr. Hearst's great opportunity came in 1896, when Mr. Bryan was nominated for president. The New York press was bitterly antagonistic to the free silver movement and all its concomitants and the great eastern newspapers bolted the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Hearst was not a free silver man and never has been, but he at once took up with the abandoned Democratic cause and a campaign for Mr. Bryan which astonished the country by its dash and brilliant audacity. He hired the ablest writers he could get and spent money in a way to make the richest New York newspaper proprietors gasp. His expenditures were so lavish that the salaries of newspaper men on most of the rival journals were raised to keep them from Mr. Hearst; and the present large incomes of American newspaper men are to some extent due to the pace which he has set.

War With Spain.

It was in the long struggle to arouse the United States to armed interference with the cruel and bloody rule of Spain in Cuba that Mr. Hearst showed the terrific power of sensational journalism backed by wealth. His frantic and vulgar methods of attracting attention to his newspaper disgusted conservative journalists; but underlying the screaming headlines and crazy illustrations there was a note of moral earnestness that steadily made itself felt. The Journal did things. It proclaimed itself as the protagonist of "the journalism that acts."

Mr. Hearst was not content merely to print news; he felt it to be a proper part of journalism to make news.

The freeing of Evangalina Cisneros was a tremendous advertisement for his newspapers.

Remington Incident.

Frederick Remington, the famous artist, was sent to Cuba, with instructions to remain there until the war began. After a few days Mr. Remington wired:

"Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return."

The answer he got:

"Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war.

"W. R. HEARST."

The outbreak of the Spanish-American war found Mr. Hearst in a state of proud ecstacy. He had won his campaign and the McKinley administration had been forced into war. His newspapers broke into a new madness of big type and red-ink appeals to public passion. He spent $500,000 above ordinary expenses in covering the news of the short campaign. He went to Cuba himself and made notes of the fighting under fire.

Shows His Patriotism.

When Admiral Camara was preparing to move with a powerful fleet to attack Admiral Dewey in Manila bay, two American monitors with 10-inch rifles were steaming across the Pacific to the Philippines. It was a critical situation. Had Camara's fleet reached Manila bay before the arrival of the slow monitors, Dewey might have been overwhelmed. In that exciting and perilous hour Mr. Hearst sent this remarkable message to his London representative:

"Dear Mr. Creelman—I wish you would at once make preparations so that in case the Spanish fleet actually starts for Manila we can buy some big English steamer at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and take her to some part of the Suez canal where we can then sink her and obstruct the passage of the Spanish warships. This must be done if the American monitors sent from San Francisco have not reached Dewey and he should be placed in a critical position by the approach of Camara's fleet. I understand that if a British vessel were taken into the canal and sunk under the circumstances outlined above, the British government would not allow her to be blown up to clear a passage, and it might take time enough to raise her to put Dewey in a safe position. Yours very truly, W. R. HEARST."

Camara's fleet entered the Suez canal on its way to attack Dewey but the sinking of a steamer to obstruct the channel was averted by the abandonment of the expedition and the return of the Spanish fleet.

As the presidential campaign of 1900 drew near Mr. Bryan sent a message to Mr. Hearst asking him to start a newspaper in Chicago, where the radical, then the regular, Democracy was without a party organ.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Hearst, "if the party leaders will recognize the fact that I'm doing it for the party's sake and not for money."

Mr. Hearst's representatives went to Washington, and received assurances from Chairman Jones and other members of the Democratic national committee that if Mr. Hearst would print a newspaper in Chicago it would be regarded as a direct contribution to the party cause. That very day Mr. Hearst was elected president of the national association of Democratic clubs.

That was the real entrance of Mr. Hearst into practical politics. He appointed his Washington correspondent, Max F. Ihmsen, secretary of the leagued clubs, and ever since that time the organization has been, in a sense, his personal property, supported and absolutely controlled by him. In the second Bryan campaign these clubs acquired an enrolled membership of nearly 3,000,000.

Entrance in Politics.

Within 24 hours after Mr. Hearst had received word from the Democratic leaders, costly presses were on their way to Chicago, and on the day Mr. Bryan was nominated the Chicago American appeared. Since that time Mr. Hearst has established daily newspapers in Boston and Los Angeles.

He also owns the Cosmopolitan Magazine, which cost him $500,000 and pays about $70,000 a year. He owns, too, Hearst's Home and American Farm, another profitable publication; and Motor, a periodical devoted to the automobile interests.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Hearst is a vain and incompetent rich man managed by a band of clever employes—an ambition, plus a checkbook. There is no keener mind or stronger will in the country. It may be that he has misused his abilities and his wealth—that is a question about which people do not agree—but a close-range study extending over many years reveals him as the real master, the inspiration and the administrative genius of his system of newspapers and political agencies.

Appeals to Crowd.

But the crowd likes glaring publicity. It takes the silence of the rich man or corporation for evidence of self-conscious guilt, and applauds the brave crusaders who hammer them in the newspapers and on the stump.

Mr. Hearst pays $132,000 a year for the services of three men in his New York office. That is exactly the sum which the United States pays for the services of President Roosevelt and the nine members of his cabinet. The highest salary paid by Mr. Hearst is $52,000, the next $40,000 and the next $30,000. Besides this he has five assistants who receive $20,000 a year each. This makes $222,000 a year for eight captains of yellow journalism, just $100,000 more than the total income of the president and his whole cabinet.

His Big Payroll.

With more than 50 editors and hundreds of political agents working out his instructions and with 2,000,000 copies of his newspapers drifting over the face of society every day, it might be supposed that Mr. Hearst lives in a state of perpetual excitement. The truth is that he is the most placid of humans and finds plenty of time for play. It is hard to believe that this smooth-faced, soft-spoken and tranquil young man of 43 years who idles in the restaurants, lolls amiably in automobiles, and generally studies the American people from the standpoint of the vaudeville theatre, is the master-mind of a movement that keeps a large part of the nation in an uproar.

It has been said that Mr. Hearst spent more than $3,000,000 in that attempt to be nominated for president. The fact is that outside of the salaries and ordinary expenses of his regular employes, he paid out not more than $150,000—practically all for printing, fireworks, hall hire, banners, badges, music and transportation. He spent as much for Mr. Bryan.

Campaign for Mayor.

Mr. Hearst's campaign for mayor of New York was carried on without the support of any political party. He was nominated by petition, the arrangements being made by his employes, and he paid his own expenses. Mr. Odell, the New York Republican leader, informed Mr. Hearst's representative, when an attempt was made to unite the Republicans, Hearstites and the Citizens' union on a mayoralty candidate, that a legitimate campaign, supported by disciplined organization methods, would cost, without a dollar for bribery, at least $400,000. Mr. Hearst had no party and a mere pretense of organization, known as the Municipal Ownership league, yet he came within a

(Continued on Page Seven.)