

OVER-GOVERNED, OVER-DELIGHTED, OVER-FED

ARTHUR BRISBANE ON CHANCELLOR DAY.

Mr. Day, the large, heavy chancellor of Syracuse university, has again been talking about the persecuted millionaires and shedding tears of solid standard oil over their woes.

We have seen Chancellor Day at his very best and happiest. He was at his happiest, for he was looking at the little figure of Mr. Archbold, the Standard Oil man that gives Mr. Day the money.

Mr. Archbold, a quiet, concentrated little person, was holding out hopes of much larger donations to Syracuse later on.

Do you suppose that any words, any painting, any sculptured marble could reproduce the face of Chancellor Day as he listened with both ears pricked forward?

Sometimes in the west the farmer goes off to the fair and is gone all day. It is late in the evening, the sun has gone down and the moon has risen before he returns to pour the ears of corn in over the side of the sty.

Before the corn begins to fall there is lifted up a pathetic face, eagerly waiting. Unless you have seen that fat, starved face lifted toward the farmer, above the trough below, eager, patient, happy and grateful in the pale moonlight, you can't possibly know what Chancellor Day of Syracuse university looks like when he sees a rich man that is apt to give some money.

pranks" indicated disrespect for the ordinary rules of presidential conduct.

We Like the Spectacular.

"You think Mr. Roosevelt lacks dignity?"

"Since John Hay's death Mr. Roosevelt's official police has been, to say the least, unsteady. Hay was a great diplomat, and his influence over the president was singularly gratifying to national peace of mind. No other man has ever been able to manage him, and so we have fallen under the spell of a new sensation to Americans, the sensation of being governed."

"You know we are an amiable lot of people and we have a weakness for the spectacular. We have an inborn instinct for the circus and all its attending roar of wild animals, horseman-ship, athletics and seemingly respectable pink lemonade. There is something about a circus that stimulates the primitive man to go back to first principles and stop thinking. If we yield, unreservedly, to the spectacular delight of the senses there soon follows a visit of the doctor, who tries to restore the constitution."

"That's just what's the matter with our confused state of governmental system today. We need to look over our constitution, to reduce the feverish pulse of the people, to curtail their allowance of spectacular excitement, to realize that the ringmaster is doing his best to keep our passions at the breaking point of human tension."

One Man Power Rules.

"Why have we renounced the three-fold government for this most un-American policy of a one man power? Granted that a large part of the president's official obligation is to keep watch upon the speed of great private enterprises, that they do not crush the freedom of the people, yet that privilege does not extend him the right of an individual single authority over the federal sentinels of public welfare; it does not charge him with an electric fluid of unvarying righteousness, nor does it permit him to establish the degree of respect or censure we should measure out to one another as citizens in a law-abiding land."

"We are literally bullied into a state of riotous excitement against this, that and the other, by a system of commissionary investigation, by committees employed to act according to instructions which they are appointed, so ignorant are they of the industries they are detailed to examine."

"Do you think political interests influence the actions of the president?"

"In the recurring proofs of Mr. Roosevelt's contradictions of himself I find either a psychological problem that interests me or a prima facie bit of evidence that it is hard to idealize."

"Every one who reads knows that this country is, in the opinion of the president, producing an amazing number of liars. They are increasing so rapidly that we smile indulgently upon



Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University.

UPON the university heights of Syracuse, (300 feet above the level of the New York Central tracks on the main street), the quiet insulating academic voice of Chancellor James R. Day, S. T. D. C. L. L. D., chants the woodland music of the owl and its peaceful alarm wafting pleasantly on the pastoral air of Syracuse in June sounds like "too whoo! too whoo! too whoo!" shall we turn for the salvation of the strenuous, the reform of the trust-buster, the eviction of political intrigue?

We are so used to the protest of the "outraged" citizen against government oppression that we have grown callous to most forms of abuse, official or personal, writes Fendennis in the New York Times. The owl long ago became a stuffed ornithological emblem, put in the retirement of a museum—silenced by the scream of the eagle; for it is the age of the nature fakir in hot pursuit of the wild oyster—and more to follow.

Therefore it was soothing and temporarily healing to harken to the voice of the owl on the hill.

When the chancellor intimated in his address to his graduating class last week that Mr. Roosevelt was himself an undesirable citizen public interest caught fire and editorially made it warm for the chancellor.

What Syracuse Thinks of Day.

The question in every one's mind was how sincere is this man's criticism?

The fact that John O. Archbold is president of the board of trustees of Mr. Day's university seemed to throw an oblique light over the chancellor's attack upon the president's attitude toward the trusts. I asked an "uneducated" citizen of Syracuse what was the popular impression of the chancellor in his own town, and he replied that being without education himself he was of the labor party, and he thought the

chancellor was very strict with his students, very popular with the best society, but that the labor vote of Syracuse did not take his political theories seriously. Still, he contended that the university had brought a great deal of prosperity to the city. This man was a clerk in a trunk store, and as the 3,000 students of the university were moving out for the summer he was optimistic.

Has Academic Temperament.

Chancellor Day has the academic temperament. He is a clergyman, was pastor of Calvary church in New York for eight years and two years ago, at the last Methodist Episcopal conference, declined to be made a bishop because he felt that he would be more useful as the head of a big university.

"I am only a humble university president, remote from the actual conflict of things," he said, "but from a night, 33 years ago, when I heard that wonderful orator, Wendell Phillips, foreshadow the conditions that are with us now, I have been thinking, studying the shifting quicksands of public sentiment."

Physically a big man, of powerful frame, the general expression of his face, long, heavy chin, with drooping eyes and heavy, stable jaw, he suggests the courageous qualities, the definite ideals of loyalty, affection and judicial instinct symbolized in the massive head of a St. Bernard.

Getting to the point at once, as to whether the rumor that his antagonism of the president proceeded from any mercenary motives attached to his relations with the trust men who are identified with the Syracuse university, he replied:

"As a matter of fact, my relations with Mr. Archbold, who lives in Syracuse, and whose financial gifts to this university may be considered as an ex-

pression of a purely local spirit of pride in the progress of his home town, dates nearly 25 years back. We have always been close personal friends. My tenure of this office is not dependent in any way upon my opinions of trusts. If it were based on that distinction I should have been long ago in a trunk store, and as the 3,000 students of the university were moving out for the summer he was optimistic.

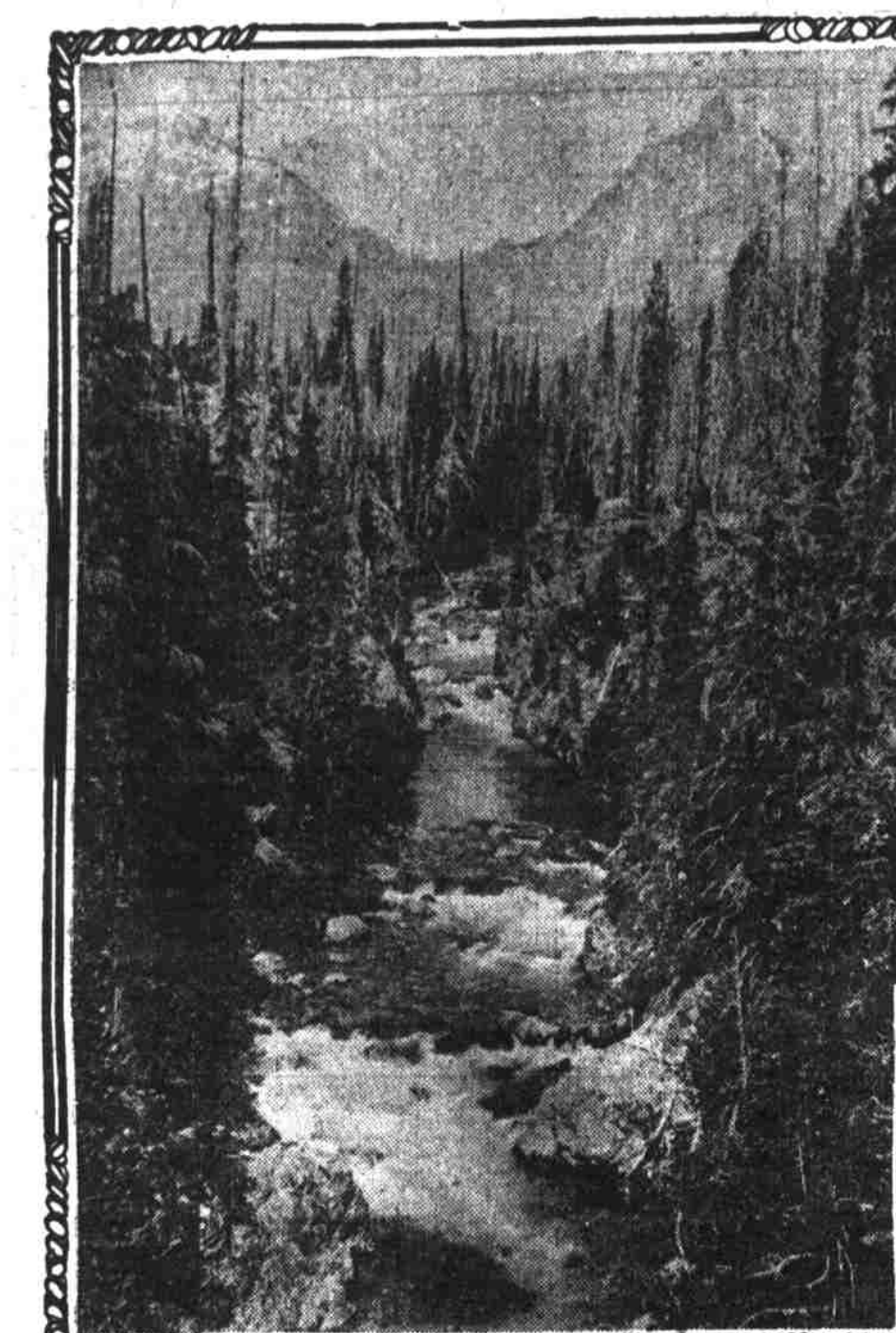
Cause of Swollen Fortunes.

It is not with the actual, the normal, opinion of public sentiment against corporations that I have any quarrel, but with the sinister intrigue of political means that are used to incite the passions of the people against individuals and their legal rights. For the high office of the president of the United States I have the most profound respect, nor would I as an American permit any disrespect to the ceremony and honor we all desire for that office, but I cannot help realizing that if Andrew Johnson had abrogated his position for self-interest, or let us say, by faults of impulse and equivocation, one third as much as Mr. Roosevelt has, he would not only have been impeached, as he was, but relieved of office. I often think when I hear men say what a strenuous, active, alert man this president is, how much better it would be if we could get a man in office who would just keep quiet and think for a year or two.

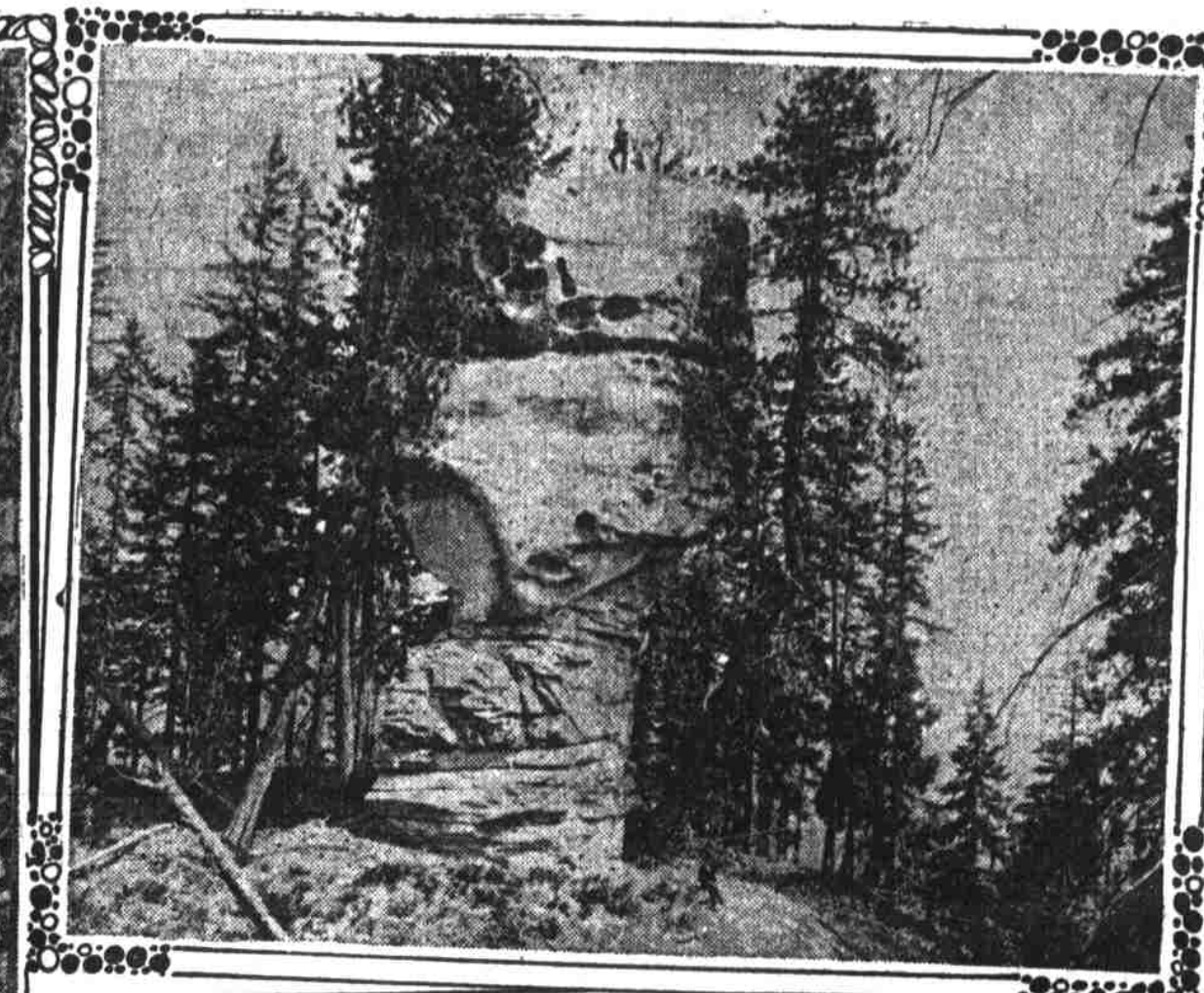
"Some one said that Mr. Roosevelt's conduct as president resembled the methods of a local candidate running for sheriff. Think of a man in that tremendous office who can't go for a horseback ride without jumping a hurdle for cameras, who thanks the engineer of a locomotive for doing his duty, who can't keep his coat tails down when he goes for a walk because he won't even allow them to keep up with him!"

It seemed as though the chancellor's personal dislike of the president was based upon the more intimate revelations of his character, as though he were passing judgment upon a delinquent campus reveler, whose "boyish

Western Kittitas County as a Summer Resort



WAPTIS CREEK, EMPTIES INTO CLE ELUM LAKE.



THE LONE SENTINEL A SEDIMENTARY SAND ROCK 75 FT. HIGH, ALL ALONE ON A HILL.



"RINK FALLS" HEAD OF HIAS LAKE

WESTERN Kittitas county, Washington, is a coming summer outing place. While the weather gets quite cold in the winter, yet it does not get disagreeably warm in the summer. This fact is becoming better known as the years go by, and the place, therefore, is growing more popular, especially with those who like to get out into the woods and away from the hum and rush of the city.

The valley of the upper Yakima, the Tamasqua, and the Cle Elum rivers team with fine whitefish, trout and steelhead salmon, while the smaller streams tributary to these larger ones also have plenty of fish in them. Besides these streams there are lakes near, Lake Cle Elum, or Tleakum, is only eight miles, Lake Kachess is 10 miles and Lake Ketchelus is only 20 or 25 miles distant.

These lakes provide the best of fishing and hundreds of people come to hunt and fish every year. The lakes are to be used by the government reclamation service as storage reservoirs for the irrigation of the high lands of the Yakima and Sunnyside countries, and already work is being done on some of them.

These lakes are not mud ponds, but are large bodies of pure, clear mountain water, fresh and cold from the melting snow and ice of the glaciers. Lake Cle

Elum, from 3 to 10 miles in diameter, is very deep. Lake Ketchelus is about the same size, while Lake Kachess is perhaps three times as large as Cle Elum, or having in the neighborhood of 90 square miles of the purest mountain water. Besides, the mountains team with large and small game, such as bear, deer, mountain goats, grouse, pheasant and quail.

As for scenic beauty, western Kittitas, Washington, is not excelled anywhere in the world. Beautiful romantic and rugged are the scenes. There is Mount Stuart, towering up 9,500 feet into air, rugged and defiant; the Hines glacier, the life-giving fountain of the lakes below; Rink falls at the base of the glacier, and scenes surpassing anything in the Swiss Alps in scenic beauty and ruggedness.

Here those on vacation can enjoy to the full the fresh ozone breezes, cooled into air, rugged and defiant; the Hines glacier, the life-giving fountain of the lakes below; Rink falls at the base of the glacier, and scenes surpassing anything in the Swiss Alps in scenic beauty and ruggedness.

Personalities of Inventors.

From the Engineering Magazine.

Of course, outside of the independent and salaried professional inventors is the great army of men who are actively engaged in occupations embracing every line of human endeavor, developing new ideas, often of great value

and just as often altogether out of their line of regular work.

An inquiry into the personalities of a few dozen inventors to whom patents have been granted during the last year shows some remarkable facts. Among them a sea captain has patented a steering gear for automobiles, while a car-

riage builder has invented a ship's cap-

tain.

A blacksmith has papers for a fishing reel, a shoemaker for a typewriter, a physician for a door lock and an under-

taxer for a hoisting derrick, and many others show just as strange deviation from their regular walks of life.

Is an Assured Fact.

And socially. No doubt the busy money-making men of Portland and the northwest will all have homes at Bayocean Park. Western people will entertain in western style at this best of western resorts. Receptions, balls, banquets and the thousands of other social innovations that make summer life so pleasant on the coast will be in full swing, fairly driving the society editor wild with the multiplicity of events.

he will be compelled to record.

Bayocean Park is not an idle fancy. It is an assured fact. For scores of years people have known of the wonderful possibilities of Tillamook bay.

Men have yearned to possess it and develop it on a grand scale, yet for the sole reason that it could not be reached save by steamer, after long hours of travel, it has remained idle. Now, upon the completion of the Pacific Railway Navigation company's line, Tillamook bay and Bayocean Park have been gathered into the Portland family by hands of steel.

E. E. Lytle, who is building the road, stated that he will complete the line from Portland to Bay City, on the eastern shore of Tillamook bay, next year. He also guarantees that the time required for making the trip will be less than 2 1/2 hours. Inasmuch as Bayocean Park is only 17 miles west of Portland, it can be reached in so short a time and is to be established upon so tremendous a scale, there is little doubt but what the arrangements that are now being worked out will mature with a striking degree of success from the very start.

"Infant Cordial" of Spain

By Professor Emil Reich.

TO the young king of Spain a son was born by the niece of his majesty the king of Great Britain. Are these present days so resplendent with light and beauty because of the smile of that royal baby? Or did the flicker month of May spread out all its flowers and perfumes to celebrate the advent of a child so propitious, so welcome to both nations? It is difficult to say.

Every one feels that there is an event both charming and important; something that appeals to the simplest heart of a mere mother in a lonely cottage, and to the over-strung statesman and diplomatist. It is so beautifully human and yet so sternly political. Some of us are important by what we say; others by what they write; provincial towns by what they do or possess. The infant of Spain is important by his very existing.

He is; that is sufficient to send a thrill of joy through the hearts of all Spaniards, of all British and of all their friends.

The purely human side of this event is indeed perfectly beautiful. Here is a young and charming maiden, not yet 20 years old, married to an able man. Alas, it can no longer be denied that youthfulness is practically a thing of the past. If May represents the freshness and joyousness of youth, then we are bound to say that May has long been canceled from the calendar of modern life. To make up the modern life-calendar now counts two Novembers.

The fact that the majority of people in any of the western nations live in large towns accounts for much in that senility and anaemic complexion of our modern youth. Goethe used to say that "youth was drunkenness without wine."

It was so; now it is sapient totality of all that spells joy, animation, or strong-reverent enjoyment. Young people do not cry any more, nor do they laugh. How enchanting to read in the papers that the young king of Spain cried with joy when the news was brought to him. He still can cry, how enviable a young man. That tear was worth more than his throne.

There is a history of tears. During the French revolution, and down to Waterloo, people cried apropos of anything sad. Napoleon, the great shed tears like a child. Now we have too little of true manhood to be able to cry. In Spain, where the vast majority of people live in small provincial towns, where sentiments and emotions are still allowed to go about in lace boleros and flaring mantillas, there are still vast and unbroken quarries of the genuine marble of manhood.

The present young king did not so much as attempt to conceal his joy at the idea of being the husband of the charming princess. This is precisely what he ought to have felt.

To marry young is a great blessing. The French have always said, "C'est la paternité qui nous sauve." How well that applies to the king of Spain. While still a boy he lost the rest of his empire in America, and his country, always on the verge of Carlist movements fought with civil war, threatened to sink below the level of Roumania. By the birth of a royal prince and heir, the Spanish dynasty, still the soul of a distinctly monarchical nation, has infused new hopes and new life into the Spanish people.

Nobody takes offense at the fact that here all judges are barristers—a thing absurd in itself, and never admitted by any other nation in Europe. In the same way the Spanish stand man a drawback at the hands of their "riders," the Catholic clergy.

To be sure, there is still a great future for the Spanish. Nobody can have traveled in Spain for more than a month without having been struck with the physical and mental strength, grace and dignity of her people. As her women unite the classical features in repose so characteristic of Englishwomen with the charm of movement of the women of France, so her men have the dignity of English gentlemen, together with the intellectual vivacity of the Italians or French.

And now that the chief power in the foreign affairs of Great Britain, the royal uncle, has joined Spain by one of those delicate touches which Nestor

would admire and Ulysses envy, there has been made for Spain that international status without which great things cannot be achieved in Europe.

On the throne of Norway, the people of which have a mercantile marine of close to 10,000 vessels, sits the daughter of King Edward. On the throne of Spain his niece and her son, the prince of Asturias, sit. Between these two wings of the western curve of Europe is France and the official "entente cordiale." Is it too much to say that in Norway there is now an entente cordiale, and in Spain an infant cordial?

It is good that family members preserve their bonds of sympathy and—resources well in hand. Because there are always peace-disturbers. It is good to know that there is a new-born smile coming from the union of British and Spanish hearts—as it were—from a marriage of Gibraltar with Algiers.

That dear little smile will do more than many a conference. It will teach the Spanish that their natural, if not yet legal, allies are Great Britain and France.

Lastly, not least, that infant is the touching evidence of the infancy of evil, doing in that the wretches who planned a cemetery for the newly married king and queen of Spain failed completely, and instead of a cemetery, there grew a garden and in it the infant flower.

CAPTURED AT LAST

After Many Years Mr. Philgilly Finally Falls to the Filter Man.

"We never had bought any filters, and, said Mr. Philgilly, 'I don't think we ever should.'

"I know there are snakes in the water and walrus and hoppers and animals and all manner of wonderful living things, but we had never seen any of these things ourselves, and we had been drinking this water with the aquatic menagerie swimming around in it all our lives, and it had never killed us, and we didn't see and signs that it was going to right away, and so we never bought any filters, though they were offered to us every other day. But the man that came along today got me. 'I have a filter here that I'd like to show you,' he said, and we told him that we didn't want any filters today, but he said he'd just like to show us this filter that he was offering, that we didn't need to buy it at all if we didn't want to, but this was a filter that he'd like to have us look at, and he was a nice, pleasant man, and we let him just to please him."

"He screwed one of his filters on a faucet in the kitchen sink, and started the water running through it, and then he said:

"Um, have you a saucer handy? a white saucer? and we handed him one, which he partly filled with water from the other faucet and set on top of one of the set tubs."

"The water turned off the water from the faucet that he had screwed the filter to, and unscrewed the filter and turned it upside down and shook it over the water in the saucer. Then he sort of casually took a big magnifying glass out of his pocket and handed it to us, saying:

"Will you just take a glance through that?"

"And we just took a glance through the magnifying glass, and there, swimming around in the saucer, was a whale as big as a house; a regular whale, jumping and darting around in the water."

"We shifted the glass away from in front of our eyes, and then the whale seemed to have disappeared, but we could see him again by getting down close, a tadpole-like little creature of infinitesimal proportions. And then we tried the glass on him again and the whale came back."

"And that was the impression that remained. We could stand for snakes in the water, and walrus and hoppers and animals and that sort of thing, small things, but not for whales, and so to this filter man we fell."

Lame on the Left Side.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Did you ever notice a lame man who was crippled on the right side?" said a surgeon.

"I never noticed."

"Well, notice the next time, and nine to one you'll find the poor fellow will limp on the left, not the right leg. In fact, 85 per cent of the lame have left side lameness. Almost nine out of ten cripples, in other words, are O. K. on the right side."

"The reason. Nobody knows."