EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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A great book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth and beauty.—Theodore Parker.

LABOR IN POLITICS.

IN THE Sunday Boston Globe four prominent union labor men and a Socialist lawyer write in answer to the question: "What Right Has Labor to Enter Politics?" The first of these is Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. He says he cannot understand how any one could think of asking such a question, for, "Surely the men who labor do not lose their right of citizenship, but they have at their own will the absolute right to enter the field of politics to preserve and conserve their rights and interests as men, as workers and as citizens."

Mr. Gompers proceeds to assert that the supreme court has interpreted the Sherman anti-trust law against voluntary associations of wage-earners, making labor unions unlawful combinations, and every member liable to prosecution and a heavy penalty, and that there has been "most serious usurpation of individual liberty and human freedom by the use of the writ of injunction." It has been used, he declares, to suppress free speech and a free press. American workers, Mr. Gompers says, are not "playing politics," but "are engaged in an earnest, serious, determined contest today to secure the rights of the working people and all our people; not in some future, dim, distant day, but now."

He scorns the accusation that there is any attempt to barter, pledge or dictate to labor's vote. The Federation officials did not go to the party conventions as Republicans or as Democrats. Workingmen as such are not attached to any party, and he continues:

"The men and the movement propose to be as independent after this coming election as they are today, or have ever been. They do, however, realize that the Democratic party and its candidate have made labor's contention their own. This party stands pledged, if placed in power, to secure labor's rights. We would be recreant to our trust and the duty we owe to our fellow-workers and our fellow-citizens did we not support the Democratic party and candidate to triumph in this campaign."

Mr. James Duncan of the Granite Cutters' International union says labor has a right to enter politics and must enter politics, "Because the influence of 'the interests' is exercised on behalf of property versus humanity; because the cog or turn of a wheel is reckoned of more concern or value than human life; because the new commercialism places the importance of the worker below that of property; because more than ever money is worshipped, however acquired, and labor's productivity is expected to keep pace; because products are 'protected' beyond reason, and those who toil are on the 'free list.'"

Arthur M. Watson of the Carpenters' council places labor's right to act in politics on the ground that labor largely supports the government, and "taxation, both customs and internal, bears heaviest on the plain people." Much good for workingmen has been accomplished by labor taking part in politics, though "All progressive measures in the interests of the plain people are fought and lobbied against, and millions are spent to defeat the just and equitable claims of labor. The laborer has left the business of politics and government too long already in the hands of those who seek to exploit him and not benefit him."

Frank B. Monaghan of the Steam Engineers' union thinks that labor has no right to keep out of politics, has done so too long. It has "petitioned, begged and prayed congress for legislation to promote the moral and industrial welfare of not only its members, but of all the people, and has always been refused."

John Weaver Sherman, a Socialist, says it is not only the right but the duty of labor to enter politics and he advises all organized workingmen to vote together, but he thinks they should vote for neither Taft nor Bryan, but, of course, for Debs.

It is well that labor is thus considering and discussing politics and legislation, and decisions, and its relation thereto. Some spokesmen of labor may exaggerate, some may be mistaken; but in the main they are right when they assert that the government does not give labor a square deal. A labor party can never succeed, any more than the Prohibitionist or the Socialist party, but by largely throwing their votes in one direction or the other, as between the big parties, one of which is sure to win, labor can hold the balance of power, and can successfully demand better treatment.

THE FISHING MUDDLE.

IF OREGON has jurisdiction over the whole breadth of the Columbia river, then on the same principle so has Washington, for the dividing line between the states is the middle of the river. Then when the laws of the two states conflict—when Oregon forbids fishing in the river and Washington permits fishing in it—there arises "a pretty kettle of fish." Apparently, Washington has as much right to fish as Oregon has to forbid fishing.

In earlier times such a situation would have bred a war, and it is reported that Governor Mead has thought of sending out the Washington militia. Well, Governor Chamberlain has some militia, too, that can lick more than its size and number of any militia on earth. But it will not come to this; disputes are not thus settled these days. The result very likely will be more fishing than ever, and since it is impossible to get laws to protect the fish and conserve the fishing industry, perhaps it is just as well to let everybody fish the year round and so clean out the fish as soon as possible.

What has been needed for 20 years past are identical laws in Oregon and Washington, as to the Columbia river. So far it has been impossible to obtain such laws, and the laws that were passed were not enforced by the officials of either state. Washington was the greater sinner, because the bulk of the business came to the Oregon side, but the late fish warden of Oregon also permitted wholesale violations of the law. The present warden is trying to do his duty, but he apparently has an impossible job.

It looks as if the fishing question would only be settled by the extinction of the salmon.

DEVELOPING AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

THIRTY thousand head of sheep from the Willamette valley are being shipped this season to the Montana, Wyoming and other ranges. They are full bred and grade bucks of the long wools, going to the western ranges to be placed at the head of great flocks in those regions. These shipments are evidence of an exceedingly important industry that is unconsciously developing in western Oregon counties.

The Willamette region is the natural home of the long wooled sheep. It exceeds even the famed districts of Canada and England, its only competitors in the industry. The climatic and food conditions are so peculiarly favorable that the wool attains a greater length, while retaining an unusual softness of texture. The world's attention was first attracted to it at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, when an English manufacturer saw samples there, and at once announced its superiority, and predicted the fame that would come to the region in the industry.

What adds to the importance of the condition is that the same influences that lengthen and soften the wool produce an enormously greater carcass for food purposes, contriving a double increment for the industry. The breeders on the western plains have learned all this, and 30,000 head of Cotswold and Lincoln sheep, shipped this season, with the industry only begun, is the consequence. With farmers receiving about double the price paid for other purpose sheep, with the industry already exporting 30,000 head annually, with no other region to compete in the business, and with Australia and the orient almost certain to be ultimate bidders for these shipments, one of the material assets of the great valley of the Willamette stands out distinctly and rosily colored.

AFTER THE AIRSHIP, WHAT?

WHAT is ahead of us in this coming age of aerial navigation? The sustained flight for 74 minutes at 40 miles an hour of the Wright aeroplane at Fort Myer Saturday, sets in motion a flood of speculations. Are conditions not about to arise in which war will become unthinkable? What would it mean if every nation had a fleet of swift airships, and at the declaration of hostilities each could, within a few hours, begin dropping high explosives upon the cities and towns, upon the railroad bridges and upon the very armies of the other? With railroad bridges blown up, the mobilization and subsistence of a modern army would be impossible. Even with an army mobilized, what situation more vulnerable could be presented than an attack upon it at night from airships hurling down a cannonade of explosives from the sky above, and that without the least opportunity for retaliatory attack? How long would an army remain mobilized under the terrible stress of such an assault? Would not nations, realizing that such conditions could arise, be very dubious as to the advisability of engaging in war? Could such nations afford to expose their great cities to the inevitable destruction certain to be incident to this war in the air? Could England have warred with the Boers in an airship age, when the destruction of London would almost surely have been the fearful price? With what misgivings must the czar of all the Russias, in this dawning day of aeroplanes, contemplate the night when, a fleet of nihilist craft, laden with nitroglycerine, may fly over his Winter Palace?

With what consternation must some of our American tariff barons see visions of fleets of smuggling aircraft, sailing high above the custom houses and scattering free trade goods everywhere in competition with trust wares!

Social and economic benefits greater than any since the beginning are believed by a writer in the Scientific American to be in store for the race as a result of things that are about to be done in the air.

WOULD PERPETUATE CONFIDENCE.

WHAT a tremendously valuable thing it would be for the country, for everybody, including bankers, if when a time of depression or a stringency were threatened, everybody who had money in the banks were perfectly confident about it and would leave it there, just the same as they would do in the best of times and when the industrial and financial skies were perfectly clear.

Loss of confidence, all the wise ones say, is the main trouble; this causes millions of people to become panic-stricken and withdraw their deposits and hoard their cash. In most cases this is foolish action, but we know that most people will do just this thing. We have to look back less than a year to verify this statement. Then if some measure can be devised to give everybody confidence, to prevent them from withdrawing and hoarding money just when it is most needed in circulation, would not this be one of the most beneficial laws ever passed?

It is this result that it is believed insurance of bank deposits would bring about. It is at least a great proposition, and not one to be flung aside lightly because it happens to come from Mr. Bryan. Of course he cannot establish such a policy if elected president; he can only recommend it to congress and there is little likelihood of the next congress passing such a measure; but the election of Mr. Bryan and a Democratic house would show that the people favored such a policy and desired some such action taken to protect depositors and prevent panics. It is difficult to imagine a panic under such a law.

Tomorrow—for today is devoted to selecting schoolbooks—the work of the school year will begin. Every year the army of school children grows larger and every year, let us hope, they learn more of the right things—not necessarily more things. Many of the men and women of Portland when it will have a population of 500,000, are starting to school today.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is one millionaire whose wealth is not begrudged him by any reasonable person. If these millions were multiplied by as many millions, the sum would not balance—for no sum of money could do so—the benefit this man has been to the world.

The Taft managers will gain nothing by making a spokesman out of Terence V. Powderly. Union labor voters throughout the country have a very definite and rather well founded opinion concerning Mr. Powderly.

The Methodists are joining forces with Gompers in trying to defeat Uncle Joe Cannon, but they have a hard job on hand. People of the Danville district have the Cannon habit. But he was beaten once.

Mr. Taft is to make an extensive campaigning tour, the first Republican candidate ever to do so. He evidently realizes that he has no such walkover as Rosevelt and McKinley had.

Is there no possible way of getting that campaign opened in Oregon? Mr. Hitchcock, the situation is desperate, and a liberal remittance to the right parties is imperative.

Unfortunately for Mr. Taft, very few voters will have the opportunity to play golf with him and so conclude that he is preferable to Bryan, as Senator Bourne has done.

"Bryan, Kern and Gompers would make a lovely trio in the White House," says the Oregonian. Quite as lovely as Taft, Sherman and Rockefeller.

Our old standpat friend Shaw may contest with Cummins for the Iowa senatorship. Cummins could not ask for an easier battle or a surer chance.

The Fulton*ites won't recognize Senator Bourne as a Republican, but he thinks he is. But what is a Republican? is a hard question these days.

Small Change

How would Harvey Scott clubs do?

• •

Anna and "Prince" Helie are behaving just lovely.

• •

Foraker to Taft: "Art thou in health, my brother?"

• •

Gee! what a long time till the holidays' vacation!

• •

The Oregon hop gets but little attention this year.

• •

So Republican clubs must be anti-people clubs, eh?

• •

Shall the people rule? "Yep," says Uncle Joe; "I'm 'em."

• •

According to the almanac, summer will skidoo on September 23.

• •

Now for a week of fair weather at Salem—but we're not the weather boss.

• •

Bet Hetty Green doesn't leave a lot of worthless securities, as Russell Sage did.

• •

Now the Republican organs are printing campaign book editorials, paid-for partisan rot.

• •

A headline reads "Flee in Nightclothes." That isn't so bad as a flea in nightclothes.

• •

Senator Bourne found his way back, and doubtless realizes that there is no place as good as Oregon.

• •

Mrs. Russell Sage is planning life insurance for the poor at cost. Wouldn't that jar old Gibraltar Prudential?

• •

Perhaps the Republicans in the next house will be willing to vote for an appropriation to improve Salt river.

• •

Whether Hughes or another Republican is nominated for governor of New York, he will have a rocky road to run.

• •

How far can a woman throw? asks an exchange. If it is a man she is throwing, she can throw him clear to h—eaven.

• •

In explaining a business failure, the telegraphic report says it was due to an inadequacy of cash. That is a very common trouble.

• •

Food Commissioner Bailey has found 57 varieties of poisons in hops, or something. Is he trying to run opposition to Heinz, or Dr. Wiley?

• •

The Pendleton Tribune puts Taft's majority in Oregon at 20,000. What, so little? But Mr. Geer estimated that he would be nominated for representative.

• •

New Jersey people are alarmed over the escape of a wild man from a show. He is probably playing a game of croquet or attending a missionary society meeting.

• •

Halley's comet is coming back in sight of people on earth, after an absence of 76 years, which for a comet is a very quick return, but few who saw it the last time will see it now.

• •

This notice has been posted by the chief of police of Ocean City: "All owners of dogs refuse to pay said taxes within ten days from the time he or she shall be notified shall be killed by the said officer according to ordinance."

Oregon Sidelights

Albany now has a public library.

• •

Lakeview may have a "College of Music."

• •

Five new houses are building in Wallowa.

• •

Klamath Falls is to have a large, fine, modern theatre.

• •

Siletz farmers were just in the midst of harvest last week.

• •

Many building permits are being issued in Klamath Falls.

• •

Small boys now peddle sandwiches at the Eugene depot, as at Albany.

• •

Though there are over 200 dogs in Drain, licenses are paid on only a dozen.

• •

Prineville is to have two new bells, for the courthouse and the Methodist church.

• •

A Waldport man has 500 cords of cedar shingle bolts ready for shipment, and $15,000 worth more on his place.

• •

Five Albany men have said yes to leap year proposals, and seven more are expected to yield according to the Democrat.

• •

It is not impossible to add 5,000 people to the section between Stayton and Mill City and yet not be crowded, says the Mail.

• •

A Gervais man has a check for $42 that he said was the proceeds of three fat hogs that he had fed skim milk and actually had cost him nothing.

• •

The number of pupils enrolled in the public schools of Medford show an increase of 17 per cent over the number enrolled on the first day of last term; 734 as against 625.

• •

A hoppicker carrying a red bucket entered a deer park in Marion county and the deer attacked him and the man was nearly killed and all the velvet was torn from the deer's horns in the tussle.

• •

At a depth of 508 feet in a well drilled at Powell Buttes a flow of water was struck that now stands 30 feet deep in the well. It cannot be lowered by bailing, and it is believed a flow sufficient for all needs has been struck.

• •

The uninsulated surface of a live wire coming in contact with one of the pillars in the front of a brick building in Dallas electrified the whole of the iron work in the building and was the cause of considerable excitement and curiosity.

• •

Many farmers in the vicinity of Powell Buttes are very much pleased over the manner in which their crops are turning out the first year they have had water for irrigation. They begin to think they have the garden spot of the world, says the Bend Bulletin.

• •

Yoncalla correspondence of Drain Nonpareil: Is Yoncalla dead? Well, no. Seven or eight new dwellings, new department store, all business closed on Sunday (?), some people kicking about everything—others laughing at them. We are alive. The Yoncalla Courier is to be resurrected some day, hence look for another funeral soon.

• •

Deep sea fishing will soon be exploited commercially at Yaquina if plans now under consideration go through, says the Mail. While everything is yet in the beginning and the only active work so far has been done on a small scale, the chances for starting a big cold storage and fishing industry are so fine that many people with capital are becoming interested.

• •

Gervais Star: The hop industry is one of the most valuable in this state and yet it is virtually ruined through the machinations of dealers who have sapped its very vitals until the grower cannot and does not make his actual salt. It is nothing to these dealers that farmers are ruined; that a great industry is debauched; that barefooted children are abroad in the land. They make money and that suffices. With them it is either rule or ruin.

The Average Man.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Unless the average man is overestimated he feels that he is not appreciated.

THE AMBITION OF E. H. HARRIMAN

By Glenn Sterling in the Chicago Evening Post.

Mr. Harriman, who, with his family, is disporting himself in his beautiful new lodge on this picturesque bay (Pelican Bay, Or.), has confessed to an ambition—an ambition, in fact, which has taken possession of his masterful mind and which will give him no rest until it is satisfied. This ambition is not, as the interstate commerce commission has seen fit to state in its report on the Harriman system of railroads, to become the master of the transportation facilities of the world. Nor is it to acquire railroads and power such as no man minus a kingly crown has ever enjoyed. The ambition which the master of nearly 30,000 miles of railroad is entertaining is to have history recognize him as the greatest railroad builder of his own or any other age. There are many who will, no doubt, scoff at this suggestion, but nevertheless it is true. Of this there can be no doubt after a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Harriman.

"Some people," he said, almost pathetically, "have called me a juggler of railroads, a destroyer of competition in transportation. I think the future will show they are wrong. Will you kindly point to a single railroad in which I have become interested which is not better physically than when I secured it, or which does not serve the public infinitely better than it did before I took a hand? If your memory serves you, kindly recall what the Southern Pacific was when I became its controlling factor, and then see what it is today. Please contrast a transcontinental journey of a few years ago with the present ride from the great lakes to the Pacific ocean. Do you know what it means in dollars and cents to bring about this contract? Do you know that before I ever tried or expected to take a dollar of profits out of the system I put more than $125,000,000 into it? What I started out to accomplish was to build the very best possible transportation line from the Missouri river to San Francisco, from the gulf to San Francisco and from both points to the Pacific northwest. When I get through I think every one will admit that in so far as perfection in transportation is concerned, the west has been given the best chance possible."

E. H. Harriman at play, is a far different man from Mr. Harriman in his Broadway office, grappling with problems which would stagger a less energetic and massive brain. I have had the opportunity of seeing him in both roles, and in each he is preeminently the man of all men. When he is "off watch" there isn't a man in the world who can be a more charming companion, a more gracious host, or a more delightful conversationalist than he. Some day a writer who has had the privilege of getting into the confidence of the real Harriman will astonish an unbelieving world, which now views him as a stern, uncompromising, harsh, and ruthless man of millions and of business. It was in one of these delightful moods of Mr. Harriman, and while the great business world and Wall street seemed a dream of unreality, that he confessed to his greatest ambition. And no matter what may be said or thought of him, no one who has ever talked with Mr. Harriman doubts his sincerity.

While at his play spell in the Siskiyou mountains, Mr. Harriman is busy figuring out the last link of his railroad system to the Pacific northwest. His engineers have been telling him of the difficulties and of the cost of taking his Shasta route off the edge of the mountains and relocating it through the valleys in upper California, and through Oregon. The venture already is well under way, and when he came to Pelican Lodge, Harriman for the first time came over the completed portion of his new line through the Siskiyous. This last task will cost him at least $20,000,000, but when it shall have been spent he will know that he can haul a ton of freight from the Missouri river to Portland and to San Francisco as cheaply as it is possible for modern science to accomplish the feat by steam power. What will be the ultimate effect of this expenditure? Mr. Harriman himself answered this question tersely. "Cheaper freight rates," he said, and cheaper freight rates mean quicker development of a country's resources.

Letters From the People

Letters to The Journal should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The name will not be used if the writer asks that it be withheld. The Journal is not to be understood as indorsing the views or statements of correspondents. Letters should be made as brief as possible. Those who wish their letters returned when not used should inclose postage.

Correspondents are notified that letters exceeding 300 words in length may, at the discretion of the editor, be cut down to that limit.

Socialism's Weak Points.

Goshen, Or., Sept. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—Dear Sir: In a recent issue of The Journal I noticed an editorial in which some of the doctrines of socialism were characterized as visionary and impracticable, and it was asserted that through socialism as a whole (or socialism) might work in heaven, it would not on earth. This statement may not be the exact words used in the editorial, but it is the gist of it, or that part devoted to socialism. I was very sorry you were not specific instead of general in your statements as to its visionary and impracticable tenets, so one might put his finger right on its weak parts (so to speak) and so confound and silence its advocates when occasion offered.

Now, I'm writing this to ask a favor of you. Eugene V. Debs, socialism's great apostle and presidential nominee, will be in Portland Monday evening (14th) and there will doubtless be a large crowd out to hear him speak. For, though the papers generally seem to treat it as they did the "Penrose bill," people along the route do claim that he is receiving a regular ovation.

Now what I wished to ask is, that you will attend that meeting and when the opportunity is offered just get up before the crowd and point out its fallacies, its visionary and impracticable parts, and state clearly and concisely why it will not work on earth.

If Mr. Debs is a visionary and, with his magnetic personality and persuasive eloquence is leading thousands to accept a visionary doctrine, it should be shown up and at once.

Trusting you will do me this great favor, and thanking you in advance, I am, yours truly,

V. B. MATHEWS.

Plea for Household Pet.

To the Editor of The Journal—In a few days there will be many childish hearts very sad over the loss of their pet and playmate, the much abused but faithful and sincere friend and protector, the dog. It will not be the children who are able to have expensive toys, Teddy bears, etc. Their pets will remain in the home, but the poor children who can least afford to lose their play fellow in many cases will be obliged to give them up because their parents do not feel able to pay the tax.

There is no family so poor that they have not sufficient food to give a dog, and he in return gives his life, if necessary, to protect the family. Twice in the past few months has great protection been given to life and property by the alarm given in case of fires by dogs. The smallest dog can make a noise in case of burglary or fire, and they are quick and alert and anxious to help their own home. They seem to have been created to protect the human family, for they are the only animal I know of that will leave their own kind to follow a human master, and no other person can take their place.

I remember at the time of my mother's death the dog she had always fed left home, and the family did not see him for years. One day he passed by the home of a daughter, a few miles distant. She recognized him and called him by name, and he made his home there from that time. We knew him because he was wounded by some burglars trying to get into the grain. He drove them away, aroused the family, and they found him bleeding at the door. One eye was out, and the bullet went through his front foot also.

Is there not a more humane way to treat them by having a temporary home where they could be cared for until they could find homes where their services would be appreciated? There is no better, practical way to teach children to be kind to every living thing that God has made than to let them have their living pets and teach them to treat them right. It is very much better than to teach them to love inanimate dolls and expensive toys, which cannot respond to their affection. There should be some other way of getting revenue, as it leaves a lasting sadness to many childish hearts to part with their pets. This is not all sentiment, for the dog is a very useful animal or not, according to the treatment he receives from his master, who should in justice protect the dog by paying his tax. Even if he can ill afford to, if he can't, the kindest thing would be to find him another home.

M. J.

The Feud.

Mr. Tear and Mr. Smile
Once were neighbors for a while.
But they did not like each other
And soon found they lived too near;
When the Smile came out for playing
Then the Tear was indoors staying;
When the Tear came creeping from his house
The Smile would disappear.

So they dodged and peered about
Till at last the Tear rolled out,
And came a-creeping down the cheek
More near and yet more near.
Mrs. Nose (who saw it through)
Tells the tale I tell to you,
That Mr. Smile came bouncing out
And swallowed Mr. Tear.

—Nancy Byrd Turner, in the Designer.

Six locomotives using lignite for fuel have been placed in service in the Philippines.

Taft *and* an Income Tax

Letter in New York Evening Post.

Mr. Taft's views on the income tax deserves more attention than they have received. In his speech of acceptance he says:

"I believe that an income tax, when the protective system of customs and the internal revenue tax shall not furnish income enough for governmental needs, can and should be devised which, under the decisions of the supreme court, will conform to the constitution."

From these words we learn (1) when Mr. Taft would have an income tax enacted, and (2) what sort of an income tax he thinks "should be devised."

(1) He would have an income tax when the tariff and internal revenue taxation do not "furnish income enough for governmental needs," when enough money cannot be got by taxes on consumption. That time manifestly will never come, unless, perhaps, in the course of an exhausting war. Mr. Taft does not want an income tax now, for the purpose of counteracting in some measure the injustice of taxing heavily the necessities and comforts of life, a system which taxes the poor at enormously higher rates than the rich, which practically excuses wealth from any share in the burden of supporting the national government.

(2) The income tax which Mr. Taft favors is one that, "under the decisions of the supreme court, will conform to the constitution"; he says that a constitutional amendment is unnecessary. In the latest decision of the supreme court, which superseded all others in conflict with it, the income tax law of 1894 was declared invalid, not because all taxation of incomes is unconstitutional unless apportioned according to population, but because a tax on incomes from real and personal property is unconstitutional unless so apportioned. Besides taxing incomes from property, the income tax of 1894 also taxed incomes from trades, labor, and professional employment. This part the court did not declare unconstitutional, although the invalid parts of the law of 1894 were considered so important parts of the scheme adopted by congress as to drag down the valid part with them and make the entire enactment void. But if a tax on incomes from intellectual and manual labor were separately enacted by congress, it would undoubtedly be held to "conform to the constitution." Is this the sort of income tax which Mr. Taft would like to see passed when one is necessary? It is the only kind of income tax possible "under the decisions of the supreme court," unless the tax were apportioned among the states according to population. Perhaps the latter method is the one approved by Mr. Taft. The people should know which plan he would favor.

Taxation of incomes from labor, with incomes from property untouched, would only increase the injustice of the present system, for labor now bears more than its share. A tax on all incomes, apportioned to the states in proportion to population, would work the greatest injustice to the poorer states, in which the average income per inhabitant is but a small fraction of the average in the wealthier states. Each of these plans is so unthinkable, according to all standards of fairness, that it has been suggested that Mr. Taft must have had in mind a probable reversal of its latest income-tax decisions by the supreme court, "as it may hereafter be constituted." But this conclusion is impossible, even if we thought Mr. Taft likely to adopt the Democratic plank of 1896. He says that his income tax will be valid "under the decisions of the supreme court," not by the reversal of the last decision, the one that is now the supreme law of the land and overruled all earlier decisions not in harmony with it. His income tax must be the tax on incomes from labor, or a tax to be paid by the states in proportion to population. Which is it?

Losses at Bridge.

"Around the Bridge Table," in September Ainslee's.

At Newport I witnessed one of the most wonderful runs of bad luck I have ever seen at bridge.

Baron A., an Italian, and one of the finest players it has ever been my good fortune to meet, was being worsted in a set rubber with three second-class players. The baron and Mr. N. had been challenged by Mr. W. and Mr. F. The latter, in less than five hours' play, won 11 consecutive rubbers. They cut the deal and the seats every time. Their rubbers were, all but one of them, fairly large ones; and they each pocketed $118 at five-cent points, or a little over $10 for every rubber played. Some of the rubbers must have taken less than 15 minutes to play. I was at a nearby table and, while I was dummy, went over occassionally and watched the progress of the match. The baron played faultlessly, while I should say that W. and F. "chucked" 10 tricks in every rubber, but their cards were crowding in upon them and they could not lose.

It would be interesting to get exact figures about runs of luck at bridge. I have myself, in three days' time, won 13 consecutive rubbers, but I doubt if I ever won more than eight at one sitting. I have often heard that on one occasion, Mr. V. at the Racquet club in New York won 27 consecutive rubbers, but I am not prepared to say that these figures are correct.

Why People Like It.

From the Condon Globe.

The primary election system is growing in favor because the people wish to rule through their servants and not to be ruled by bosses. In Oregon the old convention system is dead though politicians of the old school are doing all they can to discredit the new law. The people have regained their political prerogatives and they mean to cling to them. In Washington the primary law has brought many candidates before the voters—good men who would not have entered the political arena under the old convention system.

The REALM FEMININE

The Getting of Beauty.

BY an attentive perusal of scraps of literary art which come to a newspaper desk one is forced to the conclusion that the beauty culture fad is more persistently active than ever. Sometimes a warning note comes to the effect that a woman has found out that rubbing all sorts of peculiar things into her skin makes her look older and more wrinkled than before, and sometimes one finds out (what one would suppose an infant in the cradle could foresee) that putting decoctions upon the hair to make it lustrous and dark or brilliantly golden, results in streaky, prematurely gray locks, dingy and lifeless in color, and broken and streaky in appearance.

One by one women find these things out, but as many writers have found the public appetite insatiable for this kind of stuff, and as the demand for it grows with its consuming—as other appetites, the end of the business is not yet.

But today one is informed by some one who purports to be an Englishwoman, that honey is the ideal mendicament for the skin. The honey is to be applied while the face is wet. Why any sane woman should want to put honey on her face or what possible benefit she could derive therefrom, is not stated. Perhaps the newspaper person is one of the few uninformed. Anyway, honey is the thing.

Indeed it takes only a little reading to acquire some idea of the things that are good to put on the face—for lack of other employment, probably, as the excessive virtues of these things must surely lie wholly in one's imagination.

Milk is one of them. Be sure to let it dry on the face. Rose vinegar is another that is invaluable. When you have got these two ingredients on and they curdle, try a little soda to amalgamate them. After soda, try some almond oil. But before it sinks from sight put some benzoin in some lemon juice and apply that. After this try dusting the face well with oatmeal. It is invaluable—for what is not stated, probably for pancakes.

Having the countenance in this condition, it will require scrubbing with a strong flesh brush and a great deal of hot water. After that it is well to steam it. This is done by holding the face over a bowl of boiling water—not, as some imagine, by pouring the contents of the tea kettle over it. After steaming it be sure to apply buttermilk and lie down for two hours—be sure you'll need a rest—and let the buttermilk soak in. Then get up and put on some other things.

And remember that it is only with persistence that one can acquire a good complexion. A single week's surcease of this pleasant toil will mean the ruination of your good looks. Eternal vigilance is the price of a complexion.

Of course there is such a thing as a woman's being too careless about how she looks. It is not pleasant to see stringy, lifeless-looking hair when a reasonable amount of soap and water and brushing would put it into condition. Nor does it increase one's regard for a woman to see her wrinkling her face in distressing ways when she talks and screwing up her eyes and twisting her mouth. But it is not by much rubbing and steaming and soaking and the application of 20 different creams that she is to make that face smooth and restful in its expression—but by ceasing to do the things that make it look ugly.

Nobody wants to see a woman stoop and scuffle through life when she could walk erect with springy step and give beholders a sense of wholesome vigor in looking upon her.

But if the beauty culturists would but get hold of the other end of things, the cause and not the effect, and would urge women to think restful thoughts instead of impatient cross ones, would ask them to wash their faces and then forget that they have them and go out for a brisk walk; would speak of the beauty of character which cannot help shining out of countenance any eyes when a soul is at peace with itself and with the visible creation; would tell us that to read sensible books and to converse with people who have thoughts, would put intelligence into our faces much quicker than many bowls full of boiling water, even though it contain half the kitchen stock, they would be nearer getting us onto the road of intelligent and lasting beauty.

Solomon, who, it will be remembered, had much experience and probably suffered from the beauty fads followed by the ladies of his household, said:

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

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To Wash Taffeta.

THAT taffeta launders well will be news to many who send soiled taffeta garments to the cleaner. Of course, the cleaner's is the place where all elaborate taffeta garments should go, but simple taffeta blouses and skirts or jumper or princess slips may be laundered at home with borax, lukewarm water and a pure, mild white soap. A plentiful supply of suds should be made, and the soap itself may even be rubbed directly on greasy spots, but as a rule, especially if the color be delicate, soap should not be applied directly to the silk. The garments should be allowed to lie about five minutes in the suds and then be gently squeezed and pushed up and down in the water, shaken out and put back again. Another suds should be prepared, into which the garment should go and the former procedure repeated, save that three minutes are enough to leave the garment in the second suds before squeezing.

After this second suds the silk should be rinsed in three different lukewarm or cold waters without squeezing, and be taken out and hung dripping in a shady place until dry enough to press with a moderately hot iron. The taffeta should always be pressed on the wrong side, and lined taffeta frocks should therefore go to the cleaners. Of course something can be laid over the face and the silk pressed, but this is never satisfactory. Unlined taffetas of standard colors in good qualities are the ones that bear washing. Dark blues, reds and blacks wash the best. Brown is always a tricky color, and greens are no better. Grays launder beautifully in good silks.

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The Daily Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Peaches. Cereal and Cream.
Minced Ham with Scrambled Eggs.
Brown Bread Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Jellied Veal. Tomato Salad.
Parker House Rolls. Stewed Plums.
Cookies. Cocoa.

DINNER.
Flagelot Soup.
Short Ribs of Beef, Browned.
Green Peas. Corn Fritters.
Lettuce, with French Dressing.
Apple Pudding, Foamy Sauce.
Cheese. Black Coffee.

Flagelot Soup—This is a puree of particularly fine flavor and pretty green color. Cover one cup of dried beans with cold salted water. Bring to the boiling point; drain and cover with boiling water; add salt and an inch square of salt pork, one large onion and a generous handful of celery stalks. There should be plenty of water and the beans should boil until soft (about three hours). Press through through a sieve and add thin slices of lemon.

Where Is He?

The years we spend this lesson teach,
'Tis hard to practice what you preach.
Show me the man, when things go wrong,
Who smiles a smile and sings a song!