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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.—Henry Ward Beecher.

AN ABSURD CLAIM

THE canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise.—Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

Such is the language on which it is claimed the United States should charge itself for using its own canal for its own domestic traffic. Back of any interpretation is the great final test of common sense.

Why, when it was going to spend $400,000,000 in building a canal and other millions in maintaining it, would the United States agree to charge herself on her own domestic commerce the same tolls that she would charge Austria, or Persia, which gave nothing, paid nothing, did nothing in building the canal? If "all nations," as used in the treaty, includes the United States, is not the United States, in building the canal and charging herself the same rates on her own commerce that she charges foreign nations on foreign commerce, discriminating against herself, or doing the exact thing Great Britain claims should not be done?

The only way the United States can carry out the spirit of the treaty is not to discriminate between foreign nations as to one another, and not discriminate against herself as to her own commerce, and this she can only do by not charging herself tolls on her own commerce.

If the United States carries her own commerce to her own ports through the canal free, in what way does that affect Persia, or Turkey, or Great Britain, or Portugal?

What spirit of justice or equity is it that claims the United States should mortgage herself for half a billion dollars for building a canal, and then let England say on what terms we shall carry through it our own commerce to our own ports?

If we are obliged to permit England or France or Turkey to use this Panama canal, built by ourselves at such frightful cost, and use it on the same terms that we use it, why are we not equally bound to let England or France or Italy use our warships on equal terms with ourselves?

There is no absurdity on the calendar to which the British interpretation of the ambiguous Hay-Pauncefote treaty will not lead, if carried to its logical conclusion.

By and by, we of the United States may be afraid to use our summer watering places or legislate for the improvement of Kokomo creek lest we "injure British interests."

THE BRITISH MINISTRY

HOSTILE critics of the progressive members of the British ministry have gone the length of spreading reports of dissatisfaction felt by Lloyd-George on the increased naval armament expenditure, carried to the length of his proposing to resign.

Considering that the time has come for the great insurance act to be submitted to the test of actual experience by thirteen million people, and that it is to be subjected to attack by every enemy of its author, and they are many, for Lloyd-George to give up office now would be indeed quitting under fire. That is the last thing to be dreamed of in connection with one of the best fighters of the age.

The rumor referred to had its base, no doubt, in the postponement of the announcement of what was to be done with the $31,850,000 surplus on the budget receipts of last year. When Germany's purposes were made plain as to the extra sum she intended spending on her navy, the English plans were announced. Towards reduction of national debt $24,500,000 is to be devoted, $4,900,000 to the navy—and this towards increasing somewhat the number of men and giving them increased pay—and then $2,450,000 is to be advanced by the treasury to the colonial office, and spent in Uganda and elsewhere in east Africa in the planting of more cotton and bringing more land there into cultivation.

These plans were announced by Lloyd-George himself, without a whisper of dissatisfaction with them, past, present, or to come.

Since the Liberal ministry took office, in 1906, no less than $382,200,000 has been paid off the national debt, from current taxation. The prime minister declared that never had the trade of the nation been more prosperous, had never been more soundly based, while the national credit—measured by the price of consols—was as high as in 1872.

Lloyd-George was roughly handled in choice Billingsgate by various aristocratic ladies at a big Albert hall meeting a week or two ago, called by them to denounce the insurance bill. He was styled a "gagger," a "guillotiner," a "tyrant," a "mongrel," a "thief," and the insurance act was called a "long lived stomach-ache." But somehow the nation prospers under his guidance of her finances, in spite of strikes and stoppages of trade.

WHITTIER ON THE ISSUE

ON this page is a poem by Whittier.

It is of interest in Oregon now. Few poets have sung as sweetly. None viewed the great problems of life with more justice or a gentler conception.

The poem is a protest against capital punishment. It was called out by a pamphlet issued by clergymen who favored the death penalty. The verses are a contribution to the discussion of that which is to be a sharp issue in Oregon for the next three months.

Whittier was convinced that the state had no right to kill. Many others believe with him.

Unconsciously, every human being is an imitator. We don't realize it, but every one of us is a copyist. We do not know it, or think about it, but every day we are trying to do what somebody else or something else has done.

There is no truer psychological principle or sociological fact. If the state kills a man, what does the ignorant, the criminally-bent man do but feel that he has a right also to kill a man?

Of course, the state presents its excuses for killing the man, but so does the criminal. The state justifies its killing, but so does the low-ordered, part man, part beast murderer. He pleads the unwritten law. He pleads insanity. He pleads self defense. But most of all, and that is his main reliance, he doesn't expect to be caught.

When the state kills a man, it sets a light value on life. It sets a widely advertised public example of the ethics of killing. When it leads a man to the scaffold and shoves him off, it publicly teaches every citizen that there are circumstances under which killing is justifiable.

The state cannot kill without making a whole crop of killings. Whittier wrote a protest against clergymen who advocate a state slaughter house. Can anybody conceive for one moment of the Prince of Peace advocating killings?

THE NEAR EAST

THE region which has been for fifty years known in the newspapers as "The near east"—to distinguish it from the orient, or the far east—has been boiling and seething with discontent, of which the Italo-Turkish war was rather an evidence than a cause.

The whole effort of European diplomacy, ever since the close of the Crimean war in 1856, has been to uphold what was called the "balance of power," and to prevent serious effort to drive the Turks out of Europe.

Four years ago the Young Turks dethroned the wretched tyrant Abdul Hamid at Constantinople, provided him with a comfortable retreat at Salonika, and installed his brother as sultan in his place.

A constitution for the Turkish empire was devised, a parliament summoned, and responsible ministers appointed. Freedom of the press, and religious freedom reigned throughout the empire.

But the Young Turks, through their committee on union and progress, held together their organization. Friction was constant between this committee and the official ministry, the majority of the parliament, and the palace party—who, together constituted a stand-pat majority at Constantinople.

This preamble brings us down to the news of the day. When Italy declared war on Turkey she notified the powers that she would limit the war to Africa, leaving Turkey in Europe alone. But she has so far found limited war a mistake. The friends of both Italy and Turkey have been hard at work behind the scenes to find terms of settlement. They thought they had succeeded, but a few days ago the Turkish ministry, sultan and parliamentary majority, all in Constantinople—stand patters all—refused to listen to the terms proposed.

At once, by a strange coincidence, the cork in the bottle of Albanian insurrection gets loose, and three regiments of Turkish soldiery are surrounded by the mountaineers, disarmed, and carried off prisoners into the mountains. So the real storm center moves from Tripoli to Salonika and Constantinople. And the old feud between progressives and standpatters is open over all the east end of the Mediterranean.

The real settlement will be made, if at all, in London and Berlin. Whatever policy Germany and Britain agree, or have agreed, on will be carried out—and this "willy nilly" so far as Italy and Turkey are concerned.

The recent news that a squadron of Italian torpedo boats had attempted to run through the Dardanelles at night but had been driven back by the fire of the Turkish forts, shows another effort to get at the heart of the enemy, his capital city. Whether this was a vigorous and real attack or only a play to the galleries it may answer its purpose if it spurs the allies of both combatants into more vigorous action to bring the long drawn out and ineffective war to a close.

THE SAN ANTONIO WAY

FEW records of civic achievement approximate that of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce for 1912.

During the year, it raised $115,000 as a bonus for the San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf railroad.

It raised a bonus of $250,000 for the San Antonio, Rockport & Mexican railroad.

It raised $160,000 for the purposes of the chamber of commerce.

San Antonio has a population of only 96,614. The figures of population compared with the figures of the chamber's collections arouse instinctively the query as to how it was done.

A consolidation of all the civic activities of San Antonio into a single organization called the chamber of commerce, was the beginning. It is a compact, united and unifying organization. Its work is centralized and focalized. The body has a head and an undivided following.

It is in position to fix a program and then throw the whole strength of the city behind it. When it determines to go ahead, it goes ahead because of its solidarity. It doesn't fail, because all its civic regiments are storming the same point of attack, and something has to give way.

It is the plan The Journal has often suggested for Portland. There ought to be at least a central headquarters for all the business organizations. If not united in one grand organization, they ought to be so closely interlocked that they could all be captained for any desired public movement. It is the way San Antonio did it.

And what San Antonio did in 1912 is a mark for any city to emulate.

EXPRESS RATES

THE interstate commerce commission has conducted a painstaking inquiry into the nature, constitution, possessions, ownerships, and business of express companies. The commission has not only published its report, but has ordered reduced rates for express business, and made regulations simplifying, expediting, and purifying their business methods.

But the new rates will not be put into effect until the express companies have had a hearing, which is set for October 9. Supposing this hearing is had, and the commission adheres to its ruling, what chance is there of this present generation getting results? The courts are open and will remain so, indefinitely.

The commission's report is a scathing indictment, especially of the graduated scale of charges made by the express companies, of which it is said:

"It is the product of years of shrewd manipulation, has no justification in the minds of the express men themselves, and is the richest example yet brought to our attention of a tariff based exclusively upon the theory that the charge should be what the traffic will bear."

The companies are so interlocked by stock ownership and otherwise that no company can be traced as independent of the others.

The demands of the commission are many. Reform of ratemaking is the first. There must be a new and simple method of stating rates by which a non-expert may know what he should be charged. Rebates by indirection, concealed in present tariffs, must be removed. Tariffs must show but one rate on same class of traffic between any two points in the United States served by the same carrier. A new and simple classification of traffic is required.

And present rates are to be substantially reduced.

The commission has done all it could. The impression left on a student is one of astonishment that so huge and high-smelling a morass should have been permitted so long to endure without an attempt to drain it.

LEST WE FORGET!

NOT many months ago a wave of public feeling in favor of international peace by arbitrational settlement of national disputes overran this country. Advocated alike by press and pulpit, it found expression in the all but unanimous acceptance by the nation of the treaties with Great Britain and France for peaceful settlement of all questions to arise between those nations and the United States. America hailed the unexpected declaration that Germany also would willingly and approvingly consider a similar treaty, binding her with this nation in the great league of peace.

Arbitration treaties had been plentiful — and of efficacy in avoiding the final and bitter arbitrament of war. But with them all there was the fatal exception of matters of national honor and vital interest. When Mr. Taft announced the absence in the new treaties of the old-style reservations, and the inclusion of disputes on every subject which the ordinary methods of diplomacy had failed to adjust, then, with general relief, it was noted that a decisive advance had been made.

But president, press, pulpit, and people alike reckoned without their host. A cloud no larger than a man's hand appeared in the political sky, taking its starting point in Oyster Bay.

The treaties had been thought out and framed by statesmen and lawyers of high repute on both sides of the Atlantic—their language had passed close scrutiny of experts in two nations. Yet a hair-splitter might make something of a point that the treaties might have automatic action and present the necessity of submission to and action by the senate of the United States in deciding in advance in each case in dispute whether the issue to be tried was "justiciable," in the language of the treaties.

There was found the chance of objection in the senate, the touchiness of the senate over its privileges being thus adroitly appealed to. It sufficed. The treaties passed—not into completion and action, but on to the shelves of the foreign offices of the nations and they lie there from that day to this.

Meanwhile the mad race in armaments goes on unchecked. Germany is to spend this year $3,596,600 over and above her normal estimate and Britain responds with $4,900,000 from her surplus of taxation. The Scandinavian states are busy. Russia expects to spend a fifteenth of $650,000,000. And Spain, and the states of the South American hemisphere are taking their places in the dance of death.

A sorry outlook, is it not?

DECORATING A PALACE

THE palace in question is the "Palace of Peace." It is set in a quiet and beautiful tract in the ancient city of The Hague. The neutral atmosphere of Holland suited all civilized nations as the place to which they might send their representatives to join in a parliament of peace, to settle differences that might otherwise eventuate in war.

Another function of the parliament was to lay down rules for future conduct of such wars as poor human nature might find it as yet impossible to avert. Humanity to neutrals, whether neutral nations or the peaceful citizens of warring peoples, was another of the intended purposes of these conferences.

Jealousy among the nations, if, as nations they were called on to provide the cost, might impede the building. This disaster was averted by the offer of Andrew Carnegie to find the large sum needed. This offer was accepted and the structure of the palace rose.

Two Hague conferences have been held, and another is approaching. The institution of these conferences is now an accepted fact.

Another use of the palace was begun. It might be the high court room of the world, where a tribunal of international judges might sit to determine causes between nations and issue their findings and decree justice. So, it was believed, might wars cease.

But the desired peace could only be assured if there were authority vested in the tribunal to enforce its decrees by common action of the powers who bound themselves, collectively and individually to provide military and naval forces to act as the sheriffs or police officers for the world. There the great plan has halted.

General arbitration treaties are in suspense, and wars continue and rumors of wars abound.

But the courthouse might be splendidly furnished and made a fitting forum for a tribunal not agreed on, under a code not formed. A magnificent frame might be provided for the picture not yet painted.

Holland, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the United States, China, Japan, Russia, Argentina, Chile, Austria, and Hungary—all have brought gifts of their noblest industries. Never was a courthouse in the world's history so magnificently equipped. But where are the laws to govern this court? Where are the judges? Who will bind themselves to carry there their cases to be adjudged? And echo answers through those vacant halls. The nations respond to the appeal by building dreadnaughts and enlisting armies.

Even the number of near great who see a resemblance between themselves and Lincoln is not so great as the number of statesmen and editors now claiming they started the fight on Lorimer.

The professional educators have decided that the little red schoolhouse is a failure. But just the same, it is the place where numerous presidents and governors got their start.

The Open Air Theatres in France.

From London Nation.

Founded by M. Albert Darmont, an artist of high distinction, the open air theatre of Champigny, 30 minutes by rail from central Paris, has for its walls the oaks, beeches, sycamores and pines of the forest; its grassy floor, seated for 2000, slopes gradually downwards to the foot of a permanent stage, with a back ground of one or two picturesque buildings. A contribution from the small towns in the Marne valley was voted to M. Darmont at the start. Among those who cooperated with him were the state secretary in the fine arts department, the parliamentary deputy for the constituency, and the mayors of the district. Every Sunday during the three summer months, crowds of people from Paris and from the country towns flock to the open air theatre at Champigny. Within Paris, Pre-Catelan has its "theatre of green grass." Aix, Aulnay-sous-Bois, Fontenay-aux-Roses, Ploujan in Brittany, are among the country places that have made their first attempts in open air theatricals. Before the imposing walls of the citadel of Carcassonne, in sight of the Pyrenees and the Cevennes, plays and pageants of the romantic middle age have charmed spectators. In the Pyrenees, fashionable Cauterets has its "theatre de la nature," with room for thousands. At Arcachon, among the pines, and in view of the sea, the mayor and his fellow citizens lately took the initiative in establishing one of the most pleasant open air theatres in France. The folk of Poitou district have followed the fashion, by erecting a movable amphitheatre of wood, with seats for 3000, in one of the municipal parks, chiefly for historical pieces acted by "local amateurs." At Courcay, 20 miles from Tours, the "Societe de la Renaissance artistique Tourangelle" lately inaugurated its "theatre de plein air," on a delightful site between the rocks and the river.

Whether in the Druidic calm of Couracy, or the roar of Parisian Belleville, the "theatre du peuple"—which even now is but in the initial stage of its development—is but one among a hundred indications—more stiking than itself—that the people is turning in its sleep, as if about to awake to a more cheerful day. Such a symptom was the vast agitation for the weekly rest. Now, said the demonstrators, when the seventh day rest was won and employers were admitting the economic wastefulness of long hours, "now, our people will have a little time for self education."

Letters From the People

Articles and questions for this page should be written on only one side of the paper and be accompanied by the writer's name. The name will not be published, but is desired as an indication of good faith.

Some Questions.

Portland, Or., July 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—One has to laugh at the conceit of L. C. Unger in his challenge to Mr. Uren and his crowd. Why bless your heart, L. C. Unger, if you don't want to pull the burnt stumps why don't you let go? If the land is any good, there are lots of folks who will gladly take it and save you all the trouble of bonding yourself or superintending the stump pulling job. You are what is called a muscle better. You know nothing about the tainted money—so-called by land hogs—of Joseph Fels. There are thousands of hard working men and women throughout the United States who are putting up as much money as Fels to secure this righteous reform. Here are a few little simple questions and if you can answer them you will do more to defeat the single tax than anything else you can do:

Why shouldn't the government take values it creates—"ground rent?" Why should the government allow the value it creates? ("ground rent") to be taken by individuals who do not produce it? Again why should the government take the values by taxes, which individuals do create? You and I don't take it because we know it would be stealing so you and I and all the others who make up the government cannot delegate to government a right we do not possess. These are only a few a. b. c.'s of the argument, but I think it will keep you guessing to make your answer dove tail with ethics and not admit the single tax is sound. HECK SMITH.

Mr. Purdy Still in the Ring.

Portland, July 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have been swindled, robbed and buried, and now must dig out.

My only way is to get my facts before the public. To do this, I must make some sensational charges in my second edition of "Sixteen Years in Oregon." I challenge the ones I refer to for a chance to prove my assertions.

Judge McGinn ordered my deed turned over to my attorney, Thomas O'Day, with instructions that Attorney Idleman could take it at any time.

I charge that the deed was thereafter mutilated for the purpose, I believe, of placing the burden of proof on me in my case. The responsibility for this mutilation I do not attempt to fix at this time.

The supreme court took this view of the condition of the deed.

WILL E. PURDY.

Poisoned Fruit.

Sellwood, Or., July 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—It would be well for the fruit inspectors to be looking after the health of consumers as well as the health of the fruits. No longer than a day ago fully a dozen persons were made very sick eating some cooked black cherries. It is the first time in a long life that the writer has ever known that such fruit would produce a complaint like cholera morbus. The cherries must have been sprayed with some poisonous spray or exposed to something equally as pernicious in the market, as to the cleanliness of the cook that can be guaranteed. SUFFERER.

That Snake Story.

Portland, Or., July 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—That crematory five foot snake jump of 12 feet high, reminds me of the eastern Oregon man who, after imbibing too freely in prohibition drug store "booze," awoke in the wee sma' hours of the night and saw his feet on the foot board of the bed. Reaching under the pillow he brought forth his trusty Colts and leveling it at his feet said, "If you're a monkey you're in a hell of a fix, but if you are not a monkey I'm in a hell of a fix."

C. S. E.

THE DEATH PENALTY

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

(Written on reading pamphlets published by clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.)

I.

The suns of eighteen centuries have shown
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head;
And he, who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in his Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now his temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest—and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread cross he bore.

II.

Yet as of old, when meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of his lot
With their dim earthly visions knew him not,
How ill are his high teachings understood!
Where he hath spoken liberty, the priest
At his own altar binds the chain anew;
Where he hath bidden to life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where he hath spoken peace, his name hath been
The loudest war cry of contending men;
Priests, pale with vigils, in his name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war banner with their sacred wine,
And cross its blazon with the holy sign;
Yea, in his name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught his lesson—to forgive!—
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;
And, with his words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim,
The image of their Christ in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment smoke, held mockingly to him!

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
The vines and olives of the Holy Land,—
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew,—
The white sown bones of heretics, wherever
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear,—
Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea washed cell,
Where with the hymns the ghostly father sung
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of hell!
The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake
Of Smithfield, and that thrice accursed flame
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
When guilt itself a human tear might claim—
Bear witness, O thou wronged and merciful one
That earth's most hateful crimes have in thy name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all revenge is crime!
That man is holier than a creed—that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring back
The cell of Venice and the bigot's rack?
Harden the softening human heart again
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
Ye most unhappy men! who, turned away
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,
Grope in the shadows of man's twilight time,
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood,
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,
Permitted in another age and clime?
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew
No evil in the just one?—Wherefore turn
To the dark, cruel past?—Can ye not learn
From the pure teacher's life, how mildly free
Is the great Gospel of humanity?
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more
Mextitli's altars soak with human gore,
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim
Of prophet utterance in the holiest name,
Will ye become the Druids of our time!
Set up your scaffold altars in our land,
And, consecrators of law's darkest crime,
Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's hand?
Beware—lest human nature, roused at last
From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,
And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,
Rank ye with those who led their victims round
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,
Abhorred of earth and heaven—a pagan brotherhood!

Land Monopoly in England.

From Detroit News.

In England 28 dukes hold 4,000,000 acres of arable land, 33 marquises hold 1,500,000 acres, 194 earls hold 5,862,000 acres, and 270 counts and barons hold 3,785,000. In Scotland and Ireland 2000 persons hold nine-tenths of the land. In some rural parishes of England laborers have vanished and the soil supports game for the idle rich. The great estates have been turned into pleasure parks for the aristocracy. Intensive agriculture would be a boon to hungry England. But the land lies idle, and the countryside stands almost depopulated.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, the holders of thes acres have stored up wealth upon which they can live in luxury without cultivating the soil.

George Ade Fables Outshined.

From the Philadelphia Record.

George Ade and Richard Harding Davis met in the grill room of the Blackstone hotel one night.

"Suppose you're writing fables about the convention," remarked Davis, addressing Ade.

"No," replied Ade. "I'm leaving those to the Roosevelt press agents."

"Well," complained Davis, "I'm a war correspondent, not a prizefight expert, and therefore can't see why I was sent here to cover this scrap."

News Forecast of the Coming Week

Washington, D. C., July 20.—National politics, both Republican and Democratic, give indication of easing off during the week, pending the notification meetings soon to be held and at which the presidential candidates will deliver their first important speeches of the campaign. In the interim the third party movement promises to keep in the glare of the spot light. During the week the Roosevelt followers are expected to hold conventions in Iowa, Alabama and a number of other states for the election of delegates to the national Progressive convention at Chicago.

A general Democratic primary will be held in Texas Saturday for the selection of candidates for governor and other state officers, members of the legislature, judiciary, United States senators and congressmen at large. The contest for the seat of Joseph W. Bailey in the United States senate has been a long and bitter one. The leading candidates are Congressman Morris Sheppard, Congressman C. B. Randell and J. F. Wolters. Governor Colquitt is a candidate for renomination and is opposed by W. F. Ramsey, associate justice of the supreme court.

Democrats of Iowa will meet in state convention in Cedar Rapids on Thursday to adopt a platform and name two candidates for judge of the state supreme court.

Hearings in the government's suit in equity to dissolve the American Sugar Refining company are to be resumed in San Francisco Tuesday. From San Francisco the hearings will shift to Salt Lake City, then to Denver and back to New York.

The city of Detroit is to celebrate its two hundred and eleventh anniversary with a monster land and water carnival, beginning Monday and continuing through the greater part of the week. Ten thousand persons are to take part in the carnival, which is to be called Cadillaqua, in honor of Cadillac, the French explorer who founded the city in 1701.

Among the conventions of the week will be the annual convention of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, which will be held in Spokane, the national convention of Gideons, or Christian traveling men, in Atlanta, and the national grand lodge meeting of the International Order of Good Templars, which will assemble in St. Paul.

SEVEN FAMOUS COURT JESTERS

Will Sommers.

The court jester, the licensed fool, or the buffoon, by whichever name it may be preferred to know him, was a personage found in the courts of kings and nobles of medieval Europe, and whose employment it was to amuse the household by witty and mirth provoking acts and sayings.

At first the office was filled by any half witted fellow whose senseless or seemingly shrewd talk was tortured by his hearers into a semblance of wit, but he soon gave place to the jester proper, and in royal retinues the office became of such importance that graduates of Oxford and Cambridge were not ashamed to fill it.

Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, Augustus and his successors, all maintained fools, and in eastern courts they were very ancient institutions. They did not appear in Europe until about the time of the Crusaders, and the office ceased to exist in most European countries about the end of the seventeenth century.

One of the most famous of the jesters to English monarchs was Will Sommers, who served Henry VIII. Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," thus refers to him:

"Few men were more beloved than was this fool,
Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule,
When he was sad the king with him would rhyme;
Thus Will exiled sadness many a time."

And that Will would frequently use his influence with the king for good and charitable purposes it would seem from another verse in the same poem:

"Only this much, he was a poor man's friend,
And helpt the widow often in her end,
The king would even grant what he would crave,
For well he knew Will no exacting knave."

Of Will's power to please the king in his moody moments, we have specimens in certain questions put, and, indeed, answered by the fool. For example, "What is it that, the lesser it is, the more it is to be feared?" which proves to be "a little bridge over a deep river," at which the king "smiled." At more foolish riddles the king "laughed," and at others we are told "the king laughed heartily and was exceedingly merry."

Will, it appears, was gorgeously costumed, for an old item notes: "For making a coat and cap of green cloth, fringed with red crape and lined with frieze, for our said fool," and again, "For making of a coat of green cloth, with hood to the same, fringed with white and lined with frieze and buckram, for our fool."

Will was not above human infirmities. He was jealous, like great men at court, and especially when a rival fool vied with him to gain smiles and moldores from the king. The tracts and plays of succeeding years found purchasers or spectators because they produced Sommers in his jests, gait, dress and manners.

Will was but scantily in favor with Cardinal Wolsey, whom he once mulcted of ten pounds. He had entered the king's private apartment, when the sovereign and cardinal were together; and Will apologized for the intrusion by saying that some of his eminence's creditors were at the door, and wanted to be paid their due. Wolsey declared he would forfeit his head if he owed a man a penny; but he gave Will the ten pounds on his promise to pay it when it was due. When Will returned he exclaimed: "To whom dost thou owe thy soul, cardinal?" "To God," was the reply. "And thy wealth?" "To the poor." At this Will declared the cardinal's head forfeited to the king. "For," said he, "to the poor at the gate I paid the debt, which he yields is due." The king laughed, and the cardinal feigned to be merry, "but it grieved him to give away ten pounds so."

Tomorrow—Chicot.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

WHERE.

O where is the man with the whiskerettes
Whose rheumatism rules the weather?
O where is the smoker of cigarettes
Who can't keep all his head together?
O where is the pilgrim who mourns and frets
Unless his mattress is made of feather?

Where is the geezer who used to own
A driving cart and a prancing horse?
Where's the gazabo who used to mourn
About the evils of divorce?
O where is the person who used to groan
On Monday morning with R. E. Morse?

O where is the woman who stays at home
While her daughter wears all her finest clothes?
Where is the fellow who used to roam
From joint to joint just to paint his nose?
Where's the optimist with shiny dome
Who's overjoyed when one hair grows?

The rheumatic guy and the sleepless gent
Are on the job till yet;
And the red nose geek pursues his bent
With the gink with the cigarette.
They're all on hand; not one has went;
You'll meet 'em all; don't fret; don't fret.