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DELIVERANCE AT HAND:—I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him. Psalm 91:15.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

In the passing of William Jennings Bryan the nation loses the greatest single moral force exercised in its councils during the present century. His place in history and in the hearts of his admirers was not a matter of chance. It was obtained by the power of appeal for human sympathy, for absolute justice and truth, fortified by his force of character, gentleness of spirit and purity of his life.

America generally gives credit for greatness only to the individual who wins in the race for preferment, political or otherwise. But this champion of the cause of political, economic and social righteousness the future will hold in esteem for effort and accomplishment. No other American ever made and left greater impression upon the citizenship of his time, except Lincoln. And no other man ever charted more definitely the political and moral firmament of the nation, and no other political or moral bearings have been so generally followed as those by him established.

Practically the writer of every platform of his party from 1896 to and including the last in 1924, he dominated the selection of presidential candidates with the exception of Alton B. Parker who was disastrously defeated in the following election. Rejected otherwise in the convention in New York, his unflinching attitude on the prohibition issue and his terrible arraignment of political and economic wrongs endeared him more than ever to multitudes of his fellow citizens regardless of political or religious affiliations.

Three times rejected for the presidency, his doctrines have been in the main, sometimes wholly, accepted by both political parties in their progress and adaptation to governmental desires and needs. He made continued errors in trying to keep years ahead of public opinion.

"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," was the type of oratory which distinguished him from others in the Chicago convention of 1896. But his sympathy for those of his fellow beings who do their part in human toil to make this nation great and his courageous denial of the right of wealth to alone dictate the policies of the American government made him the nominee of his party and its leader until Woodrow Wilson became president and consequently its head.

Mr. Bryan was the dominating force in the convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson. With strategy, brilliance and determination never before equaled in a political convention he battled and defeated the Wall Street bosses and insured the election of the popular democratic choice. And when later secretary of state he found himself in opposition to the President's course regarding war measures, instead of criticizing his superior as men of smaller mind have often done, he resigned his position and offered his services to his country in its world war struggle.

His was a courage that never wavered. He never substituted conscience for personal gain. When convinced of Truth—religious, ethical or economic, he willingly withstood every onslaught on his faith.

Millions have listened to his oratory and caught a vision of higher ideals. His messages, never lacking in humor, were dominated with a desire to interest, to inform and to help. His passionate desire for the presidency was not strong enough to swerve him from pressing unpopular issues in opposition even to other leaders of his party.

He passed away as he had lived—in the midst of planning and working for the establishment of his ideals. It was not his destiny to be President but his life, devoted to the cause of moral, economic, social betterment, inspires willing tribute.

THE MINES AT SALEM'S FRONT DOOR

The current weekly bulletin of Henry Clews & Co., the Wall Street authorities, says in its opening paragraph: "Developments in the business world continue encouraging. One of the best of them is found in the steady growth of demand for copper and other non-ferrous metals. Export figures show that copper is going abroad in larger quantities than for a long time, a fact which furnishes good foundation for the higher prices of copper stocks, particularly with the metal now around 14⅜c in this market."

Other authorities believe that the present upward course of the price of copper will be permanent, or at least long continued—

And this makes one wonder why the development of the mines at Salem's front door is not more rapid.

In the past several days, ore from the full length of both working tunnels of the Lotz-Larsen mine has been taken out and concentrated, with this result: Copper, $63.80 per ton; silver, $4.10; gold, $16. Total $83.90 for the concentrates taken from the average ore of the whole mine—

And it costs $24 to mine this ore, concentrate it, haul it to the railroad, pay the freight to the Tacoma smelter, and pay the smelter charges.

That surely looks like a profit—

And the quantity of that ore is all but "unlimited;" literally mountains of it may be taken out, in a district many miles north and south, and running clear under the Cascade range.

Any way, there is enough ore in this mining district, at the front door of this city, to make Salem the Spokane or the Butte City of Oregon.

There is room here for the operations of many mining engineers and developers.

The concentrates from the high grade ores there will show much greater values than those realized from the average mine run given above—

But the big thing is the vast extent of the region; with ores the average of which will yield profits for mining; the profits of course to be higher as mining and transportation expenses are reduced.

TAX REDUCTION PLANS

The tax program outlined by the President for the coming session of Congress calls for drastic reductions. It provides for a cut of surtaxes to a maximum of not more than 25 per cent; a cut in inheritance taxes to a maximum of 25 per cent with the adoption of a program for their gradual abolishment. A still further cut, if possible, is proposed for the income taxes to the extent of any government surplus left after the other cuts are made.

Many other plans differing from the plan of the Chief Executive, in a variety of particulars, are likely to appear also before the national law-making body. Several other plans for tax reduction are, in fact, in preparation. But however many the measures proposed, it is inconceivable that the President's efforts to accomplish tax reduction by lowering the present rate on incomes and inheritances shall be defeated.

It is too early to prophesy what if any action will be precipitated in Congress by the desire of some leaders to merge state and national inheritance measures into one national law providing for collection of all incomes and reimbursing the states according to some definite ratio. It is likely that this matter will be forced to await state legislative memorial resolution directed to Congress itself. Meanwhile preparations for initiating a state income tax measure to be decided by the electorate at the next biennial election go steadily forward.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F69

Mother Graham Changes Her Mind Twice in Two Minutes

I threw up my hand in a warning gesture to Mother Graham as she accompanied her call for Katie with a query to me concerning my little maid's whereabouts which contained the obnoxious epithet, "ape of a girl." It is an invariable practice of hers when referring to Katie, although I have noticed that she is careful never to use the words in the girl's presence. But I had heard Katie's quick footsteps in the hall outside, and feared her acute hearing would catch the offensive phrase.

I might have saved my effort, however, for Mother Graham, upon principle, never heeds a gesture or anything savoring of compulsion, from any living being, unless the necessity for it has been explained to her in words of three syllables. Two or three humiliating experiences in the presence of guests, when a warning nudge of the foot or hand was received with a fierce "Margaret, what in the world are you trying to do?" have made me exceedingly wary of her possibilities for precipitating domestic cataclysms.

I had the satisfaction, however, of seeing her register distinct embarrassment when Katie's knock sounded on the door. It was an unusually militant rat-tat-tat, at which I winched, for I feared that it signalled an outburst from my faithful but temperamental and tempery little maid.

"Do you suppose she heard me?" My mother-in-law's apprehensive voice was in ludicrous contrast to the autocratic inflections with which she had called for Katie.

An Unexpected Reply.

"I'm afraid she did," I whispered back.

"Well, go on out and settle her, then," Mother Graham, said crisply. She is never abashed more than a fraction of a second by anything. "Katie is your maid, not mine, and if she chooses to take offence at a name which describes her perfectly, the sooner she leaves the better."

The only consolation I had concerning this outrageous little speech was that it was couched in low tones, inaudible to the girl on the other side of the door. But my heart was not within me as I walked toward the door.

It was a situation only too familiar to me, this in which I had to soothe Katie's justly-wounded sensibilities after some inconsiderate performance of my mother-in-law's, and the insouciance with which the older woman shifted the burden of her verbal indiscretion to my shoulders angered me.

"I agree with you," I said coldly, "although it will be a trifle inconvenient to have her leave just now. But I imagine we can get Mrs. Ticer to come in."

"Come Back Here!"

It was a Parthian shaft, for while Mother Graham is always in a state of armed neutrality with Katie, she infinitely prefers her presence in the witchen to that of Mrs. Ticer.

Katie yield to Mother Graham a deference born of her early alien peasant training which Mrs. Ticer, who can boast as long a line of purely American ancestry as Mother Graham herself, never never things of offering.

Mrs. Ticer is always courteous, but her manner to each of us is that of one good neighbor to another. I accept it, indeed, enjoy it thoroughly, but my mother-in-law resents it, although she is shrewd enough not to show her feeling openly. But I knew that the prospect of having independent Mrs. Ticer installed as temporary housekeeper during the visit of Mother Graham's daughter and famous son-in-law, fresh from an establishment of perfectly trained maids, would be anathema to my mother-in-law's soul.

"Margaret! Come back here!" There was a distinct note of frantic appeal in Mother Graham's voice as leaving her my icy little speech on which to reflect, I walked to the door.

I pretended not to hear her, and slipped quickly out of the door, closing it behind me, before Katie could speak.

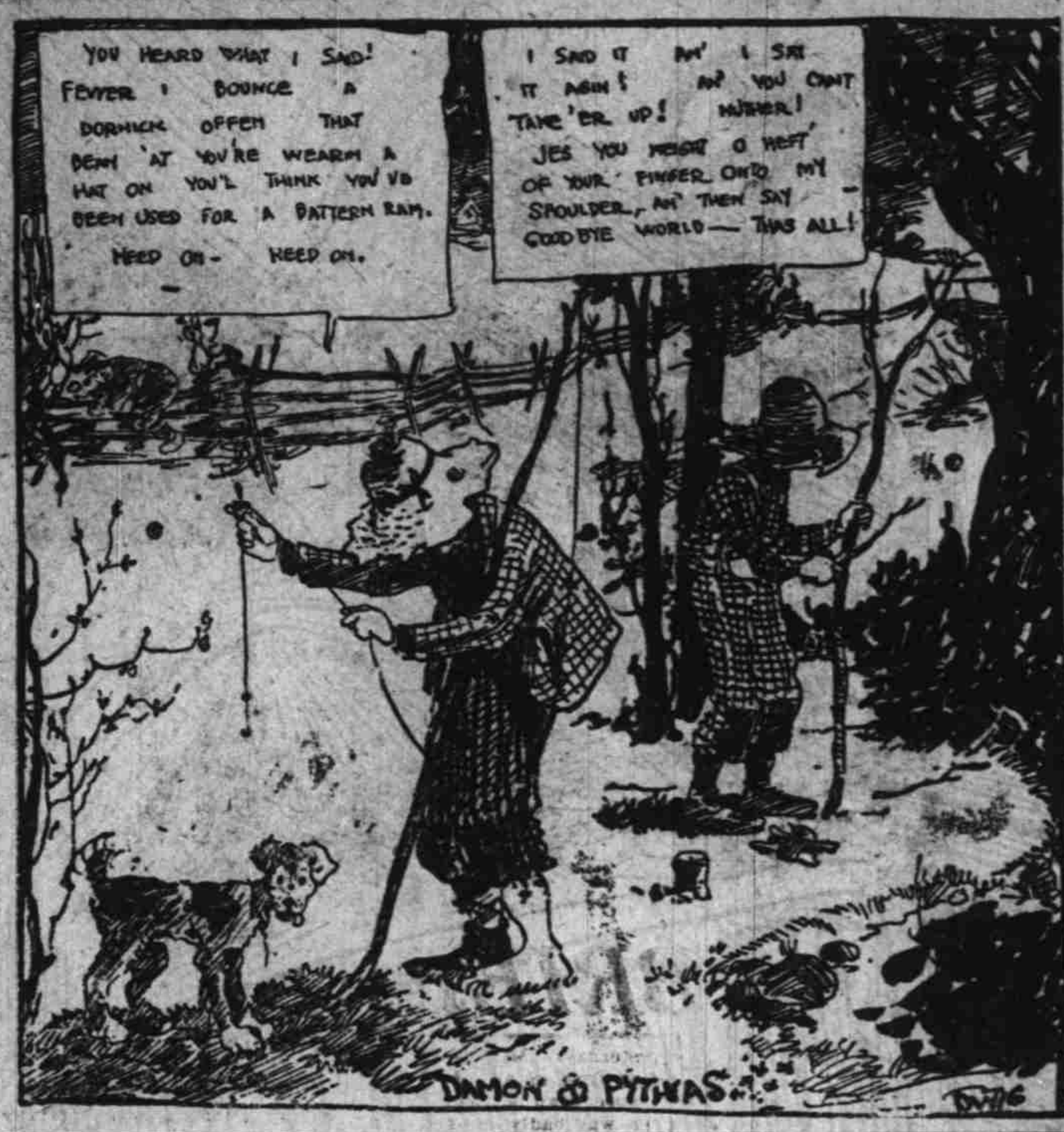
That the girl heard the slighting reference of Mother Graham was plain. All the signals of mutiny were flying from her glinting eyes and flushed face. But before she could utter the angry words which I knew were tumbling from her throat, and which, once spoken, I might find it unwise to overlook, I took her arm, and with a peremptory whispered "Hush!" rushed her noiselessly down the hall and into the kitchen.

Katie was silent and quiescent until we reached her own domain, but I knew from her tempestous breathing and tense muscles that the storm could not long be delayed unless I thought of some device to avert it.

I racked my brain as we walked into the kitchen together in silence.

(To be continued)

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



DINNER STORIES

This story comes from Dayton, Tenn.:

A New Yorker was visiting in a southern village and he sauntered up to a native sitting in front of the general store and began a conversation.

"Have you heard about the new manner in which the planters are

going to pick their cotton this season," he inquired.

"Don't believe I have," answered the other.

"Well, they have decided to import a lot of monkeys to do the picking," rejoined the New Yorker. "Monkeys learn readily. They are thorough workers, and obviously they will save their employers a small fortune otherwise expended in wages."

"Yes," ejaculated the native, "and about the time this monkey brigade is beginning to work smoothly, a lot of you fool northerners will come tearing down here to set 'em free."

They were making a drive to raise funds for an addition to the African M. E. church. Two colored sisters called on old Uncle Tom, an aged negro, who lived on the outskirts of the village, and explained the purpose of their visit and asked the aged darkey to give something toward the cause.

"Lawdy, sisters, I sho would like to help you-all along," he said, "but I just ain't got it. Why, I has the hardest time to keep paying a little something on what I already owe round here."

"But," said one of the collectors, "you know you owe the Lord something, too."

"Yes, dat's right, sister," said the old man; "but he ain't pushing me like my other creditors is."

New Opera Will Feature Tartar Annual Festival

KASAN, Russia—An opera based upon the folk songs of the country, has been composed to be a feature of the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the autonomous Tartar republic. The work, entitled "Sania," consists of an overture and three acts.

It is the first national production of its kind and required the efforts of three collaborators two years to complete it. The Eastern Musical Conservatory of Kasan has undertaken to prepare the opera for presentation during the anniversary festival.

Not Temporary Relief—But CURE

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DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus