

POLITICS OF THE DAY

"Letting Well Enough Alone."
It has become a political axiom that party-changing is up-hill work during years of plenty. Hard times are good for the "ins." Jordan is a mighty difficult stream to navigate against the winds and tides of prosperity. Jericho is a safe fortress when the gates of adversity are at rest and hushed the clamor of the mob. Yet the line separating the two conditions is often no wider than a man's hand and sometimes invisible. Hence is it that the aphorism "to let well enough alone"—the ultra-conservative doctrine of the well-to-do much in vogue with the rich—has about it an air of wisdom when it may be in point of fact most fallacious and misleading.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is a saying which might be translated to read "in time of prosperity, prepare for adversity."

Eternal vigilance is equally the price of Good Government and Liberty. It is not even a safe rule of business to leave things to take their course because they seem to be going smoothly and to make no provision for "the evil day that surely cometh." The sagacious man of business looks ahead, he puts this and that together and considers what may betide, to the end that,

the perils which have hitherto beset them, including a war of sections; but there stands before us, and right across the national highway, a public question as far-reaching, as deep and sinister, as that of African slavery itself, the irrepressible conflict of the present and the future, the issue between capital and labor. Let no man dismiss this lightly. Let no man fancy that it will adjust itself. No more than the slavery question will it down, or be settled until it is settled right; that is, until there is such uniformity of law—such equal opportunities under the law—such enforced submission and obedience to the law—as will disarm both capital and labor of their deadlier weapons. As a party force, indeed, it is but just arriving on the scene.

The Republican party can no more deal with it adequately than the Democratic party, under the old slave regime, could deal adequately with the slavery question. The Republican party represents the patricianism and wealth of the North precisely as the Democratic party of other days represented the wealth and patricianism of the South. In those old days the South ruled the country. Slavery was the keynote. In these days the North rules it. The protective system is the keynote. If the early emancipationists,

before the fall of Sumter statesmen were deluding themselves with the belief that there would be no war. We may not be on the verge of any immediate danger; but no country, no people, can be safe who have given themselves over to an organized body of expert, self-confident, and more or less corrupt, public men, destroying all healthful opposition and opening the way for the agitator and the mob.

No, gentlemen, men of business, you cannot afford "to let well enough alone," with such things hanging in the womb of time!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What the Maine Result Does Not Show.
In the exuberance of his joy at the Republicans having carried Maine—as they have done year after year with monotonous regularity and as everyone knew they would do this year as usual—Congressman Burleigh telegraphed President Roosevelt congratulations upon the "complete and sweeping" victory which, he told the President, is a "splendid omen of victory in November." The particulars given the President in the same dispatch indicate that the victory was not quite so "complete and sweeping" as the Congressman would have the President understand it to be.

He says the "returns indicate a Republican plurality of 30,000." Assuming Congressman Burleigh's claim to be about the correct figure there has been a falling off from the plurality in the September election four years ago of about 4,000. The Republican plurality on the vote for Governor in that year was 34,132. Maine this year has been thoroughly stirred up for the purpose of getting out every Republican vote possible. The effort was so far successful that large gains have been made upon the vote of four years ago, but the Democratic gains were still larger, and if it were at all likely that the respective gains would be in the same proportion in other States it would be anything but a "splendid omen" for a Roosevelt victory in November.

Mr. Burleigh says: "We have carried fourteen and possibly fifteen of the sixteen counties." There is no "complete and sweeping" victory in that. At the best it is a mere holding what had been their own right along, while the dispatch indicates a loss. The Republicans carried fifteen out of the sixteen counties in 1902 and 1900, and the whole sixteen in 1898 and 1896. The county carried by the Democrats in 1900 was by so small a margin that it hardly counted. If the Republicans have now carried only fourteen counties, which is all Mr. Burleigh makes positive claim to, there is a Republican loss.

The Republicans, Mr. Burleigh told the President, "have elected an overwhelming majority of the Legislature." No one doubts that, but Mr. Burleigh unfortunately neglected to furnish particulars. The Republican majority in the Maine Legislature has been "overwhelming" for many a year. In the election of 1896 it was 170, there being but six Democrats in the Legislature then elected. In 1898 it was 132; in 1900 it was 142; in 1902 it was 139. So far as returns have been received they indicate a gain for the Democrats in both branches. There will still be an "overwhelming" Republican majority, but an "ominous" diminution of its size. The Maine election cannot be regarded as a safe indication of the drift of the popular current on the presidential question. Neither that nor the Vermont election was ominous of the November result.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sculptor's Roosevelt Joke.
There came into the rooms of the Republican State Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, says the New York Times, a man who carried under his arm a plaster bust of President Roosevelt.

"I think," he said, "that if the Republican State Committee would order a few thousand copies of this bust, to be placed on exhibition, it would be most helpful to the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt."

He placed the bust on the mantel, and Secretary Little walked up to look it over at close range. At the base was this inscription in large letters:

"The Apostle of Peace,
Arbitration Is Better Than
Bayonets."

When Secretary Little recovered from his swoon the sculptor had gone.

Squeezing the Rural Mail Carriers.
If the plans of the Republican Campaign Committee do not miscarry, a vast sum will be collected from the rural mail carriers of the State to be used in the campaign. To every rural mail carrier in the State the Finance Committee has addressed a letter requesting \$30 to be used by the Republican campaign managers. There are 450 rural mail routes in the State, and it only requires a little figuring to show the amount of boodle the G. O. P. managers are going to squeeze out of the carriers to pile up their corruption fund.—Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin.

The Ultimate Result.
Subbubs—I suppose that new neighbor of yours was running his lawn mower when you saw him this morning.

Backlotz—No, he was feeling the chickens.

Subbubs—Why, he doesn't keep chickens.

Backlotz—No, but I do. He was planting some seeds.—Philadelphia Press.

It is said that a brick house is more durable than one of stone. A well-constructed brick house, made with good mortar, will outlast one built of granite.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Married and Single.
THE census reports note a considerable decrease in the number of births among the native population of the United States. American men and women are not so much given to marrying as formerly. Many who do marry, postpone the event until youth has passed, and for this and other reasons they rarely have large families, and very frequently no children at all.

Whether this decrease in the number of fruitful marriages among the American-born population is the fault of the men or the women has not yet been determined, but very probably it is the fault of both—if fault it be. The bachelor maid is becoming as prominent a feature in our social life as the bachelor man, and she has many apologists. But those arguments which are advanced in defense of her position are founded upon nothing noble. They are taken from an epicurean philosophy of pure selfishness, which, if widely adopted, would put an end to the nation. The condition, however, is not so bad yet as to cause alarm. There are more men than women in the United States, so that if all were paired off a great many men would have remained unmarried. The 76,303,387 people within the area of enumeration of the last census are divided into 39,059,242 males and 37,244,145 females, giving an excess of males of 1,815,097. Of the males, 23,666,836 are single, 14,033,789 married, 1,182,293 widowers, 84,904 divorced, and 121,412 whose marital condition is unknown. Of the females, 20,520,319 are single, 13,845,963 married, 2,721,564 widowed, 114,965 divorced, and 41,234 whose marital condition is unknown. But the number of those classed as single includes children and all persons under the marriageable age, so it will be seen that marriage among adults is such a prevailing practice as still to be almost universal.

The reason for the decrease in the number of marriages and the birth rate among native women might be found in the statistics regarding the working classes. There are 5,319,912 females engaged in gainful occupations other than agriculture. These millions are made up in large part of the girls and women in factories, stores and offices, and the bachelor maid usually graduates from among them.—Kansas City Journal.

The Maneuvers at Manassas.
NOTHING is so soothing to the wounds produced by the civil war as oblivion, and nothing makes them bleed afresh so quickly as the sight of a battlefield on which the visitor or his relatives once passed through the horrors of fratricidal bloodshed. When an old soldier stands on the heights of Gettysburg a profound melancholy seizes him, and, compared with the scene before him, a graveyard is a pleasure garden or a banqueting hall. It takes weeks to shake off the depression.

How anybody could project a reunion of Northern and Southern soldiers on a Southern battlefield, and, not content with that, bring them together as hostile armies and arrange for them to fight over again in mimicry the bloody encounter that took place on that spot forty years ago, is incomprehensible. It was asking entirely too much of human nature, and it was in striking contrast with the wisdom of Charles Sumner, who, pleading heartless Rome even as an example, succeeded in excluding from the Capitol so much as a picture that would recall the civil war.

The location of the maneuvers should have been in some beautiful spot, 1,000 miles, if possible, from any battlefield, and the pitting of a Northern army and a Southern army against each other should have been avoided like a pestilence.—Chicago Chronicle.

Are Business Men Cowards?
PRESIDENT ELLIOT, addressing the St. Louis alumni of Harvard, recently, called Americans cowards in that so few of them dared to stand against the crowd. He spoke with special reference to business men in facing conditions that exist among the labor unions. It is easier, doubtless, for a college president to stand aloof and say what ought or ought not to be done than to know the entire situation of affairs and then to act with discretion as well as bravery. The theories that work ad-

miration within the confines of university walls often have little application in the outer world, and especially in the business world, for which constant training and alert watching are absolutely necessary to success. It is certain that no man ever gained a high position in the commercial world without courage to face innumerable obstacles, enormous risks and perils of which the scholastics never dreamed.

The successful business man carries a weight of responsibility for himself and others which is comparable to that of an able commander of a large army. He may pause in the face of the enemy, he may right about face, he may retreat, or even come to a truce, without being guilty of cowardice. The business man need not fly into the face of labor unions in order to prove his courage to sit all over them in order to prove his power.

The object of the business man is not to display his valor or prove himself a hero. He wishes to make the best possible out of existing conditions, and many a strike has been averted and many a problem solved by the cool calculations of the keen-sighted business man.

To the mere looker-on this may seem like cowardice and the wish to avoid a fight. To the practical man of affairs it is good business sense, and ought to be commended as such.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Cost and Folly of War.
THE war in the Far East, according to the computation of a well-informed newspaper of Paris, is costing the Russian government at least \$1,000,000 a day, and the expense is increasing daily. If the war continues for years, as the experts say it is pretty sure to do, Russia will accumulate a burden of debt that will rest heavily upon many future generations.

Of course, \$1,000,000 a day is not a surprisingly great sum for a first-class power to pay for the conduct of a war. Russia has been throwing millions after millions since the new policy with regard to the Asiatic portion of the empire was put into operation. Nobody knows how much the Trans-Siberian railway has cost, but it is an enormous amount; and the expenditures on Port Arthur, Dainy, Harbin, Vladivostok and the other outposts have run into the hundreds of millions. Indeed, it was pretty well known to the Japanese as well as to the rest of the world that Russia's treasury was in an extremely bad way at the time war was declared.

But the \$1,000,000 a day is, after all, only a small part of the bills Russia has to face. Her losses of battleships have meant the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property that must be replaced, and the prospective capture of her great towns with their armaments must make the Czar's heart sick.

Considered as a plain business proposition, the war with Japan does not seem to be a very good investment. Even though Russia should win at last, she will have to defend her possessions more expensively than ever, and how many years of ownership of Manchuria will be required to make up her losses?—Chicago Journal.

Selecting and Managing Men.
MANY men mistakenly think that because they work hard and try hard they must eventually succeed to some extent. This does not follow. Some men carry on great enterprises with little apparent effort. Their success is due to skill in selecting efficient executive heads. Many a business man breaks down trying to supplement the work of incompetent heads of departments simply because he does not know how to choose the right men. A man of commanding ability does not worry himself over details. He makes out his program and then selects men who can carry it out to the letter. Indeed, it is a sign of weakness for the head of a concern to bother about little details. It shows that he lacks the insight, the business sagacity, the ability to select and to manage men who can do things efficiently.

It is a great art to duplicate one's self in another and multiply one's self many times by selecting those who are vastly superior to ourselves, but who did not happen to have had our opportunity to do the thing themselves.—Success.

DESERT SCAVENGERS.
It is probable that one never fully credits the interdependence of wild creatures, and their cognizance of the affairs of their own kind and other kinds. Mrs. Mary Austin, in "The Land of Little Rain," says that the scavengers of the desert all keep an eye on one another.

Never a coyote comes out of his lair to hunt, in the country of the carrion crows, but looks up first to see where the crows are gathering. It is a sufficient occupation for a windy morning, on the listless, level mesa, to watch the pair of them eying each other furtively, with a tolerable assumption of unconcern, but no doubt with a certain amount of good understanding.

When the five coyotes that range the Tyon from Pasteria to Tunawai planned a relay race to bring down an antelope strayed from the band, an eagle swung down from Mount Pinos, buzzards materialized out of invisible ether, and hawks came trooping like small boys to a street fight. Rabbits sat up in the chapparal and cocked their ears, feeling themselves quite safe for once as the hunt swung near them.

Nothing happens in the deep wood that the blue jays are not all agog to tell. The hawk follows the badger, the coyote the carrion crow, and from their aerial stations the buzzards watch each other.

Very clean and handsome, quite bellying his relationship in appearance, is Clark's crow, that scavenger and plunderer of mountain camps. It is permissible to call him by his common name, "Camp Robber," he has earned it. Not content with refuse, he picks open meal-sacks, flches whole potatoes, is a gormand for bacon, drills holes in packing-cases, and is daunted by nothing short of tin.

All the while he does not neglect to

vituperate the chipmunks and sparrows that whisk off crumbs of comfort from under the camper's feet.

The Camp Robber's gray coat, black and white barred wings and slender bill, with certain tricks of perching, accuse him of attempts to pass himself off as a woodpecker; but his behavior is all crow. He frequents the higher pine belts, and has a noisy, strident call like a jay's; and how clean he and the frisk-tailed chip-

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN HOLLAND.



The picturesque attire worn by the Dutch peasantry has a great attraction for artists, and the American artist shown in the illustration is evidently no exception to the rule, for he is bargaining with a determined looking peasant as to the value of the nether garment which he holds in his hands. The more patches there are the greater becomes the value from an artistic standpoint.

munks keep the camp! No crumb or paring or bit of egg-shell goes amiss. The cunningest hunter is hunted in turn, and what he leaves of his kill is meat for some other.

A man has no right to give his wife away when she boasts before company, considering that she never gives him away by looking surprised when he offers her the rocking chair when company is present.



"By direction of the President, officials will neither discuss nor give out any information regarding the annual estimates until further orders."—New York Telegram.

when the storm breaks, he shall be ready for it; so the mariner; so the statesman.

The brains of America, the genius of America, are not now in what is called public life. They are engaged in fortune-building. They devote themselves to works of construction. They are money-makers. Few men of energy and ambition, with the opportunities of the time before them, are willing to surrender freedom and affluence at home to take poverty and slavery at Washington. To men of the second, or third class therefore is committed the government of the country.

Inevitably, some of them are corrupt, whilst most of them are the merest hangers-on of fortune; here today and gone to-morrow; adrift from one election to another; ready to seize and cling to whatever plank seems likely to carry them; and, no matter whether they call themselves Republicans, or Democrats, equally time-servers and tide-waiters.

The circumstance gives a great though temporary advantage to those persons of brains and wealth who have an interest in taking, or who, for the love of exploitation and power, put themselves to the trouble of taking an interest in political affairs. The tariff lobby is an old and familiar figure in the national capital. So is the railway lobby. Hence the power and at the same time the unpopularity of the trust.

Thus far on our journey from the cradle of political infancy to whatever goal may lie before us, we have weathered the historic dangers common to all nations; the struggle for existence; the outer assault; the domestic broil; the disputed succession. We are no longer a baby in arms. We are at length a world power. The story of mankind teaches, if nothing else, that nations, like individuals, rise to their fullest stature through privation and against obstacles, that they fall through luxury and wealth.

The United States have survived all

with Clay at their head, had been listened to, there would have been no war of sections, slavery would have been put in the way of gradual extinction, another labor system would have been built up in the South, even the negro might have been got rid of, certainly got rid of as a disturbing force. But the slaveholders of the cotton States, clinging to what had become an oligarchy, would not have it. That which was a moral question, and should have been settled on moral principles, got into politics. Extremism South bred extremism North.

Even as the slave-owner claimed his rights in the Constitution of the United States does the tariff-lord claim his rights in the protective polity of the Republican party. Originally slavery was regarded at the South as an evil. It became a "divine institution." In like manner, protection was a provisional affair meant to aid our "infant industries." It has become an article of faith, a fundamental doctrine, a part of the creed, of Republicanism. Under each instance lay the same primal cause—excessive wealth, patricianism, and the arrogance of patricianism and wealth—the corner stones of the party in power. Is it "letting well enough alone" to relegate this question to the mob-spirit and the leaders of the mob the first time the winds of adversity blow, or to put it in the course of gradual adjustment at the hands of statesmen, whilst we may?

This is the question to which the business men of the country—so much preoccupied with their own concerns—should seriously address themselves.

Woe to the land when all conservative opposition is laid low, the administration of its affairs given over to a single political dynasty, the government a one-party affair, because that is a condition precedent to convulsions waiting only the day of wrath to spring.

Even now the evil day may be nearer than any man divines. Thirty days