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Still the Horses and the Stream.
What is so fallacious as an argument from an adage? Here now is the estimable Courier-Journal:

"From the European point of view the removal of President Wilson, in violation of the good old fashioned rule against swapping horses while crossing a stream, would create the impression that the removal of the President of the French Republic at this time would create in America."

The parallel is not a parallel. The President of the French Republic had nothing to do with bringing the French Republic into the swirling waters. There is no question in France of occasion or opportunity to get a stronger and safer horse.

Suppose that ABRAHAM LINCOLN had made in his first term a record of indecision, of blundering, of fatuous policy, of inability to see beyond his own phrases, of misapprehension of actual conditions and incapacity to deal with them.

Does the Courier-Journal believe that the American people, with a better horse at hand, would have hesitated for an instant to swap, stream or no stream?

A La Follette-Furushoff Testimonial.

From the far away Pizans, through a correspondent of our neighbor the Evening Post, come the latest joyful tidings concerning the workings of the La Follette legislative marine masterpiece. The narrator in this instance is Captain E. W. Barrow of the steamer Oswego. This mariner is described by the correspondent as belonging "to the best of the old New England stock of seafaring men."

Tommy King, Champion Musher.
The malcontents were kenneled for the snowless season, and Tommy King, the champion dog musher of Alaska, took a job in a store in Fairbanks, the town whose 15,000 inhabitants give it the distinction of being the largest in the Territory.

In all the crew aboard the Oswego there was not a single American citizen. Danes, Swedes, Russians, Spaniards, Mohammedans, all these were in evidence, and every man knew in this ethnological museum jock in the following section of the La Follette law, knew that he was a beneficiary under it just as much as though he were a citizen of the United States.

"Every seaman on a vessel of the United States shall be entitled to receive or demand from the master of the vessel to which he belongs one-half part of the wages which he shall have earned at every port where such vessel, after the voyage has been commenced, shall load or deliver cargo before the voyage is ended, and all stipulations in the contract to the contrary shall be void; Provided, such a demand shall not be made before the expiration of, nor oftener than once in five days. Any failure on the part of the master to comply with this demand shall release the seaman from his contract."

At every port at which the Oswego called the crew demanded their pay and went ashore. After twenty-four hours cruising among the Alaskan red and white lights sailors and firemen came aboard roaring drunk and tried to murder the steward and cook. At the Pizans they again demanded their pay under the law and started in on a prolonged drunk, coming aboard occasionally for a meal, and saving, when they felt like it, an old nose free light and riot frolic. A fireman here made a murderous attack on one of the engineers and hereafter roamed about the port, to return aboard at pleasure.

But there was one interesting variation in the rollicking La Follette festivities. A merry gang of roysters mistook a British ship for the Oswego and boarded her to the usual accompaniment of damning the officer in charge and starting a riot. The British merchant marine does not enjoy the La Follette boon, a fact which was called to the attention of the merry-makers by walloping them over the head with belaying pins and chucking them bodily overboard, to be fished out later and put under the wings of our own Law for the Promotion of Anarchy and Riot at Sea.

Commenting on his experience Captain Barrow said:
"it is as though the foreign enlisted men in our army and navy had been allowed to make the law which should govern their officers and the general discipline of the service. Here we have in the United States foreigners belonging to self-appointed unions, practically making the laws which govern the American merchant service—laws which favor the slouchers, idlers and generally incompetent, and have destroyed the possibility of all discipline, and then we ask what has caused the decadence of our once famous service and why our flag has been driven from the sea."

At Mouse Point, the coldest spot on the Yukon, where the wind, shooting down through a draw, whips the ice clear of snow, even with the light of refuge gleaming within sight ahead, the musher almost screamed. "I thought it was my last trip," he said in telling the story. "The distance didn't seem to grow smaller, and the cold bit deeper every minute. The dogs flinched a little in the face of the wind, but they kept on. Gusts of wind nearly swept them off their feet." Reaching the roadhouse at last, Tommy drove his dog team straight through the opened door, and had to dig out of his ice stiffened parka. He made Iditarod late on the 23d, sold his chickens at \$2.50 a pound, meat and turkeys at \$2 a pound, magazines at \$2 apiece, and received 50 cents each for delivery of the letters he carried. He should say that on this trip he combined the humanitarian and the speculative motives.

And the doctors told Tommy King he must never go back north. Why then was he in Seattle? Because he has to pass through Seattle on his way back north! Not the pain in his broken hip nor the solemn and all too credible warnings of the doctors can keep Tommy King away from his beloved northern country. He may never again navigate the frozen trail, but snuggled up at Fairbanks he will see the sleds come and go, and hear the stories of men who have been shooting at the records he hung up in his palmy days.

When the shriek of the railroad locomotive whistle shatters the Alaskan silences, will the North cease to call the sons of adventure? The heart of man never changes; but when the work of his hands has made over the whole face of the habitable earth, what are the Tommy Kings to do? Can they always rush on to new fields?

Democratic Mathematics.
From that well of prophecy "the President's friends" comes the prediction that "fully 30 per cent. of the Progressives will make their way into the Wilson camp."

The Roosevelt vote in 1912 was 4,119,507. Mr. Wilson's was 6,293,019. The Democratic vote, increased by 30 per cent. of the Progressive, would give Wilson in 1916 a tally of 7,528,871. That is bigger than MCKINLEY's vote in 1900, and nearly equal to those of ROOSEVELT in 1904 and TAFT in 1908; bigger by a million than BRYAN's biggest, 2,000,000 ahead of PARKER's.

In 1912 TAFT polled 3,454,956 votes. Adding to this the 70 per cent. of the Roosevelt vote modestly left unclaimed by the Democrats, 2,883,655, the Hughes vote of 1916, as calculated by "the friends of the President," becomes 6,368,610, giving the election (Democratic calculation) to Wilson by a plurality of 1,100,290.

The general and progress of this computation to a conclusion so satisfactory to its promulgators seem easily traceable. Manipulation is the process; Wilson must win by something more than 1,000,000. The new vote must come from the Moose. Will 30 per cent. make it? Yes, with 100,200 over. Very well; it is, then, certain that exactly 1,235,852 of those who voted for the Colonel in 1912 will vote for Wilson in 1916.

How much more impressive a work of Democratic imagination would it have been to fix this easily manageable plurality at 1,311,444, the exact margin by which the combined Taft-Roosevelt vote four years ago overpowered the Democratic ballots that gave the country four years of a minority President.

General TRINCO's failure to give up the American soldiers captured at Carrizal belies his words.
The Starter, to Quentin Pease.
Arrah! Precree! Precree! Precree! In their opportune moment...

Although this was said with particular appropriateness to the environment in which it was uttered, it suggests that the definition of the paramount issue of this Presidential campaign will proceed satisfactorily.

Danger From Immunization?
We have recently received two communications from readers who protest that cancer and other terrible consequences arise from the introduction of immunizing agents into the human body.

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As proof of his contention that "vaccination has never in the slightest degree aided in lessening small-pox," offered in a printed circular he sends us, he cites a news clipping that "the officers of the steamer Santurce, which arrived yesterday, report that there has been an epidemic of smallpox in San Juan, Porto Rico, where 100 cases occurred, but the percentage of deaths was remarkably small. The entire crew of the steamer was vaccinated before leaving San Juan."

It would appear from this statement that our correspondent is hoist by his own petard, for he proves that vaccination renders the hitherto fatal disease mild and that the officers of a ship regard it as an immunizing measure, all of which probably is more convincing than the charge of "criminal ignorance, vicious graft or culpable indifference" which he aims at all who differ with him.

Of the 225,000 volunteers enlisted for the Spanish-American war 108,000 applied for pensions, and pensions had been granted to 29,000 of them up to last year. The Spanish war pensioned 149,344,411.84. There has been paid for pensions to volunteers in this war, in 125 years only \$35,474,008.73 has been paid. That is, the Government has paid only 7 per cent. of the grand total of \$4,425,475,637.08 expended for pensions from the beginning—Army and Navy Volunteers.

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Having dutifully conducted his friend the novelist to a balcony seven hundred or so feet above Broadway, Artterbury did not feel called upon to point out the details of the view. He did say, however:
"Perhaps you will not care for this, since you are in the habit of professionally observing the work of men's hands."

"Not on such a scale as this," the novelist responded, looking northward to the Palisades and letting his eye follow the progress of a flag decked steamboat up the Hudson. "I shall never become a Balzac to write a Condit, nor with the upheaval of the crowds below us. Without those skyscrapers, so I suppose, the crowds produce the artist observer who soars to a great height above them and gets his perspective there."

"He repays the crowds by reducing them, in his gaze, to a dead level," remarked Artterbury. "He has too high perspective. His art consists in putting everything he beholds as nearly as possible into two dimensions and getting his perspective there."

"You are infatuated with the idea of noise, rush, restlessness, and of standing at the centre of things. You don't want to stand on the tower, you want to be almost exclusively 'the first or the last' of things. You don't want to stand on the tower, you want to be almost exclusively 'the first or the last' of things. You don't want to stand on the tower, you want to be almost exclusively 'the first or the last' of things."

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A POINT OF VANTAGE.

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THE MYSTERY OF CULEBRA.

Mr. Emerson McKinnin Examines Senator Kearns's Theory.
To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The article by former United States Senator Thomas Kearns published in THE SUN of June 18, in which he very clearly stated his opinion as to the source of the trouble at the Galliard cut in the Panama Canal, makes interesting reading.

"The removal of the earth at each side of the cut to an angle of repose for that of the material should end the trouble from slides," he says. "The trouble due to bulging or uplifting of the bottom, though it should reduce the enormous weight of material stored in the cut, would not be a relief in the formation, almost at right angles to the canal. A break in the formation is not the place where you would expect to find such a great mass of material."

The Senator is evidently not very familiar with natural gas geology. He appears to think that the gas is being constantly generated and that it is stored in caverns or subterranean receptacles. The great Trenton limestone gas reservoir of the middle West is found to be almost exclusively the first or upper fifteen feet of that limestone, or more frequently a dolomite where the gas is found. There are but few reservoirs of gas being found in the Trenton, some places three thousand feet thick. That dense stone was the storehouse for the gas, and the gas was taken out and the storehouse for the billions of cubic feet still there, probably but little of which gas has been generated in the last million years.

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THE LOST BLONDE.

Further and Stranger Adventures of the Heroic Brother-in-law.
To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Lying here in this cool and comfortable hospital bed, I have been able to give you time for reflection. All my life until now I have been proud of the fact that I was a superior person. I have admitted that it is had luck to be run over by a horse, but as for believing in general superstitions, no. However, since the blonde sister-in-law in the Grand Central Station, I had so persistently pursued me that I am beginning to be convinced that some portentous psychological phantom or to speak more vulgarly some jinx, is now following me closely.

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