

deal to consummate which the men who manipulated it brought on a panic which racked the country from sea to sea and crippled a million business men.

(10) Because his ego is equal to that of old Odin, and Thor never had a desire to use his club as much as T. R. has to poise the "Big Stick."

(11) Because the stalwarts of the Republican party, to which party Col. Roosevelt owes so much would rend their clothes and sprinkle ashes on their heads were he to be nominated and could give him but partial support at best—as a choice between the devil and the deep sea.

(12) Because at this time a level head, like that of Abraham Lincoln or Benjamin Harrison is needed in the presidency, not one whom the people will fear will do nothing when something should be done, not one whom they will fear will do something rash just when the utmost caution and prudence are required. And there are other reasons.

James J. Hill

HAD James J. Hill died when he was doing his most splendid work, there would have been no sending of flowers with which to dress the casket in which he was sleeping; no messages of condolence to his family unless some neighbor as poor as himself might have said a comforting word to his bereft family.

Those were the days when he was making a fight for a place among men and when his associates were the men who load, unload and sail the boats on the rivers of the old west. A rougher, tougher class than they cannot be found among all the working men of the United States, at least none could have been found when J. J. Hill, raw boy cast his lot among them and began his struggle for a livelihood and a distinct place among men. That he held his own and gained a little in those years until he found the combination which made him first a distinct figure and able to lift himself from the surroundings that had so ensnared him; and to emerge untainted and without stain, was the wonder of Mr. Hill's life.

That was when he deserved his crown of laurel; that is the period of his life which the young man who wants to succeed should study. His work in those days show what his inherent nature was. First, inexhaustible energy; second, a tireless industry; third, a clear sagacity; fourth, a mind disciplined to perfect order and system; fifth, a courage that no disappointment could dampen; sixth, a hopefulness that laughed disappointments to scorn, but more splendid than all else a nature that rude and fierce almost savage surroundings could not coarsen or degrade, but which, on the other hand, by its pitiless friction only grew more winsome and more bright.

The above is the impression which his life, seen through the field-glass of the years, presents; his words heard over the long distances of a continent give expression to.

He came penniless at eighteen from a foreign home, but the influences of that home must have so grounded him in principle, that nothing thereafter could taint his nature; he early saw that could he bring the steam-engine into service, he would have a helper equal to the services of many men and one, too, that never struck for higher wages, never shirked when on shift, and was satisfied with the simplest food.

He struggled until he in a little way gave it application on the water, then on the land, and then a picture shone out before his mind's eye of millions of people east and west that wanted cheaper bread, of millions of fertile acres ready for cultivation; and all around him hundreds of thousands of men and women who wanted homes.

Then came the thought at once that the thing to do was to make an artificial path out upon the fertile lands and that would enable the homeseekers to realize their wishes and they would supply the cheaper food and his faithful steam

engine would carry the cheaper bread to those who needed it. Then his plans centralized and he never faltered until this idea culminated into majestic fulfillment.

Thenceforth he had but to keep at work the machinery he had created and set in motion.

Then a great passionate patriotism came to him for the land that had enabled him to seize upon its opportunities and so splendidly holding all his love for his humble foreign home, with a still deeper affection he clung to his adopted country. Then men began to hail him as "an empire builder," which he was, but the title that fits him best is that of an "Industrial King," and the finest eulogy that is being at present pronounced above his dust, is that he kept his heart warm and to the end helped others while helping himself; and if the judgment angel questions him he can answer: "I did the best I could."

As To Political Platforms

THERE is an old story of a wife who once, when upbraiding her husband, reminded him of how urgent was his courtship, how he was wont to tell her that he could not live without her, how unhappy he was every moment when he could not be with her, and how he now all the time seemed indifferent if not cold.

Just then a man with a grip ran past the window before the pair, "Do you see that man?" asked the husband. The wife replied: "Yes, it is neighbor Jones, he is evidently running to catch train No. 6, which leaves at 6 p. m. and—glancing at the clock—it will pull out in three minutes." "Well, if he makes it, will he keep running?" asked the husband.

It is that way with political platforms. They are now made to catch trains of voters and if they make it their anxiety immediately ceases. So, when we read them the only safe way to consider them is to go back and consider what the records of the parties and the candidates on the platforms are?

For instance, should the Republicans this year declare for Cobden free trade and name some old stalwart like Senator Gallinger for president would any Democrat believe in their sincerity and support their ticket?

Should the Democracy declare for a protective tariff, free tolls for American coast shipping through the Panama canal, and for a fair subsidy, and guarantee continued service for ship owners who might build and sail their ships on particularly needed lines, and renominate Mr. Wilson, would ancient Bourbons be deceived or any Republican be for a moment beguiled? It would be the same way with the Progressives, the Suffragettes or the Prohibitionists, or the Peace at any Price tickets.

Platforms are like the testimony of an ex-convict. They must have corroborating testimony to be believed and the corroboration must be the records of the candidates named and of the parties behind the nominees.

It was different when they were first adopted in this country. As late as in Buchanan's time a great sacredness attached to them. Buchanan at a most critical time declared that he was no longer Buchanan but the Democratic platform, and so while president permitted a faction to organize a government within and hostile to this republic and to permit it to reduce and capture a fortress which belonged to the republic.

He forgot even his inaugural oath in deference to the platform. And that makes now and will for all time the difference in the thoughts of all Americans in their estimation of him and of Andrew Jackson.

One swore by his platform, and permitted a vast section of his country to drift into secession; the other swore "by the Eternal" that there should be no such things and there never was while he lived. Mr. Bryan running on a platform demanding immediate armed intervention in Mexico would

deceive no one any more than Col. Roosevelt running on a Peace at any Price platform would.

When the different platforms are incubated, the way to interpret what they really mean is to judge them by the records of the parties behind them and the candidates upon them.

E. E. Calvin

JUST compensation comes to some men. After more than forty years of faithful and efficient service, E. E. Calvin has been appointed president of the Union Pacific railway system, which includes the Oregon Short Line, which really is but a continuation of the Union Pacific.

He began his work when a boy; first, we believe, as a telegraph operator. Whether in the tick of the little instrument he heard a promise of honor and emoluments to come or not, we do not know, but his faithfulness to duty could not have been greater than it has been if he did. The years came and went but there was no change in E. E. Calvin save that his business stature grew and his station already advanced until now he is chief of staff of one of the world's foremost railway systems; first in command of a great army of employees, and of the transportation business of a vast section of the continent.

Of course congratulations to him are in order, but that after all is not the best feature of the appointment. It is the hope that the appointment extends to every young man who is struggling for an honored name and place against the world's sharp competitions.

When, on Wednesday last, the funeral of the late J. J. Hill was in progress, at an appointed hour, all business in a thousand industrial works stopped for a space. It did not matter to J. J. Hill. The brother of sleep had softly touched his eyes and ears and the rush and clamor of the great roaring world no longer could disturb his calm. It was as though the spirit of Industry and Enterprise had commanded silence that all the world might hear the tolling of the bell over the body of one who with no capital save that of which his own brain supplied him of energy, industry, tenacity of purpose, executive ability, courage and farsightedness, became at last not only one of the greatest of industrial kings, but a little providence to thousands of his fellows. The standing of tens and hundreds of thousands of men at salute before his open grave was naught to him, but think how impressive the act was to every youth who is earnestly working, and who while at work dreaming of the day when his work will bring honors and reward!

So we say of Mr. Calvin's promotion, while he is to be most heartily congratulated, the best feature of his advancement is the hope that it carries with it to all young men of what can be wrought through patience, earnest labor and the determination to make good to the end.

Our Shipping Record

WHEN the steamship ceased to be an experiment and it becomes certain that sea-going passengers and ocean mails and costly merchandise would soon all be carried in steam, instead of sail ships, Great Britain which had already discovered the truth that the control of the world's ocean trade meant the control of the world's finances, placed a line of steamships on the route between Liverpool and New York, and parliament voted it a subsidy to enable it to pay expenses and a small annual dividend to its owners.

They were poor little ships but they were a beginning. About the same time a few of those stately old New York merchant princes and shippers, such men as William H. Webb, Moses H. Grinnell, A. A. Low and headed by Edward A. Collins started the Collins' line on the same route, with the four steamers—the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic and Baltic, they were built on more grace-