

there was much talk of other candidates. On the Republican side there were Hughes and Knox and Foraker and Cannon and others. It was the same way with Mr. Bryan. There were Gray and Johnson and Culberson. And it all goes to prove that neither one has those overmastering qualities which convince the people of the United States that they were the only ones to nominate. As education has become general; as everyone reads the papers; as no one can rise very much higher than his fellow men, the distance between the real candidate for President and the ordinary citizen has been reduced.

When George Washington was nominated the sentiment was almost universal that he was the only man for the place. It was in great measure that way when Mr. Lincoln was nominated the second time but they are the only two examples in history. So nearly was Mr. Jefferson beaten by a characterless man that but for the exertions of one who had no reason to very much love Mr. Jefferson, he would have been beaten. Alexander Hamilton caused to be cast the vote for Jefferson, but he referred to it as not because Mr. Jefferson was preeminently fitted for the place, but as a choice between evils.

This nation has made wonderful improvements in all manner of things. The inventions of the last century are marvelous; the achievements of individuals have been very great in certain lines. So changed are all the methods of all the world that were any man today to be limited to the comforts which the fathers had he would think it a hardship, but, alas, there has been no improvement in the stock of men. Probably that is best. It gives more hope and comfort to the poor devils to think that the very highest have their weaknesses; that they are influenced by the same passions that the ordinary mortal is, and he gains respect in the contemplation.

Up to the treaty between Russia and Japan, or at least on the culmination of that treaty, the eyes of this whole world were turned upon Theodore Roosevelt. He possessed the most enviable place among mortals. Men said of him he had an acute intellect; he was a fine scholar; that he was a statesman in the broadest sense and that he was a man above fear and above reproach. But even he was not strong enough to bear the flattery that was heaped upon him, and in the following year he became almost a tyrant, almost a usurper, and that he has lost ground immensely is plain to everybody. He was nothing but a man, after all, a man as impatient of restraint as any poor man; a man so self-willed that when he was baffled in a little way he wanted to curtail the powers of the courts and did not hesitate to slander men who had been kind to him.

If there is any new way in which men can behave so that they will be entirely great, the recipe for that is what the world wants. But there is one comfort for men of small caliber. If they can only by any means succeed in reaching high places the sycophantic world will bow down to them and give them credit for all the faculties which they do not possess. The love in human souls for great things, the disposition to toady to power, is so great that if the highest place can be obtained there are plenty of men who will say that the getting of it was fair, that it was on merit alone, and when such an one passes away, even his faults and his selfishness will not only be condoned, but they will be held up as proof that he was only selfish for his native land and that the only reason he ever desired any honors was for the service he could perform for his fellow men.

An Industrial Chief Now.

There are worse men in the penitentiary than Joel Priest, but not so very many. There was a time when Joel was an honest reporter, but he soon outgrew that and then led public opinion

astray as an editor. Is it a wonder that so many men distrust the newspapers? But conquering that world, his impatient soul looked around and said: "Are there no more worlds?"

He caused the world to pass in review before him until finally the glare of the fame of certain Industrial Chiefs shone in on him, and he said: "Eureka," low to himself. Then continuing the thought, he added: "Me and Harriman sounds good to me. We are about the same size physically. We have both made some fame in our respective lines. Why should we not combine and take in the world? Harriman needs me. I will join him."

And so Joel will leave the overworn rut of journalism and become an "Industrial Chief." He will join his forces to Mr. Harriman's and if the two together every day perform two men's work, Mr. Harriman will be a busy man.

Joel is going to Boise to look after the Short Line's interests. It will be hard on Boise, but it will be the reformation of John Critchlow, Mr. Quigley, Mr. Foley and others that have been led astray here.

And when Joel departs, there will be a vacancy here, one hard to fill, at least hard to keep filled.

But all his friends will sigh as he departs and declare that no other church has such a Priest and they will wish him all success in his new field.

Mountain Climbing.

In the current World's Work there is a catchy article on "Mountain Climbing as a Sport." It is beautifully illustrated, too, and will doubtless catch and hold the interest of many a young reader, but after the shadows of a man's mind and body turn to the east he is not so much entertained with the sport of mountain climbing. He has been through that experience; he has seen how magnificent a mountain looks, whether from the base looking up, or from the summit looking down. Byron, who had never climbed any mountains, wrote very touchingly that

"He who ascends the mountain tops,
But finds the lofty summits rapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
But looks down on the hate of all below."

And after a man has been climbing mountain tops for forty years he begins to realize that what he finds up there does not pay for the exertion required in seeing it. This is true of everyone except the prospector and it would be true of the prospector except that he climbs mountains, not for the sake of the mountain; not for the sake of the scenery that will be seen from its top, but he is in search of that golden vein which he believes he will be sure to find the croppings of in that upper world. So he climbs mountains all his life, he subdues his physical nature to that one dream, and he counts not the fatigue; he counts nothing from disappointment. The thought in his mind is that when he finds those real croppings then his cares will be over; then all the dreams in his heart for those he loves will be realized; then men will know him for what he really is and honor him accordingly. Not many realize that dream, and we have often thought that when one of those old-time prospectors has got through with this world and when his spirit sears away to another world, the first thing he will be looking for will be a new mountain, the first question he will ask will be what the formation up there is, and whether the hill has ever been thoroughly prospected. Those who think they know most about the world that is to succeed this world have reached the conclusion that when we get there, there will be no change in the twinkling of an eye; that all the difference there will be will be that the corruptible will be thrown off, but that the dreams we nurse here in the world will

go with us and we will have to start there just as we left off here. And if that is true, then the first thought of the prospector will be, if it is a flat country it is no good, but if there are hills there will be something to hope for, and he will pick up again his old trait of climbing those mountains, and not for the sport of climbing, but for the expectancy which will fill his soul with what he will find on the mountain tops. And his work is very much like that of the politician. He dreams of a certain place where the honors will be great; where the emoluments will be large, and where the amount of work to be performed will be limited, he chases his life away on that dream, and if he attains to what he has an ambition for, then he will wonder that he is not satisfied; that the joy which he pictured in his own mind has not come to him; that the only difference between his place and the place down below from which he climbed, is that there is no one cared very much what he did, but that in the place in which he has secured every man seems ready to criticize him and the peace that he longed for has not come.

Ambition in the soul of a man is simply a disposition to climb from one place to another. If he has fixed in his mind a fortune that he wants to make, and he climbs all the hills necessary and finds the fortune has been obtained, then somehow he is not content. All the lovelier faculties of his soul have been smothered. What he has is an inheritance that will buy him surcease from labor and from that care which comes before a man's independence is secured, but what he really has he is not able to enjoy. When Newton discovered what he thought was the law of gravitation, in the estimation of most men he had climbed the mountain to its very crest, but when he reached that point and looked around he saw that he had only begun and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "I have been but playing with the pebbles on the shore, a measureless ocean rolls beyond."

We can think of only one man in history that must have been fully satisfied with his work and that was William Shakespeare. If he awoke in another land his spirit must have been fled with exultation and he must have said to himself words something like these: "This is glorious. In that little dull orb called the earth I probed the hearts of men; I exhausted every emotion of human nature; I saw the heights and depths of human character and made it clear with my words, but my field was limited. There is not much in man, after all, but here the dawn has come and my spirit, without any of the shackles that bound it round in that dark planet can soar clear to the infinite, and now I will write some plays that will do to be performed with angels for my audience, and with an orchestra to play, between performances, which will come from where music was originally born and it will be music without one

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