

THE ENTERPRISE.

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Noble Conception.

As the result of the disinterested effort of David Lubin, a citizen of San Francisco, the king of Italy has invited the nations of the world to send representatives to a conference, to be held at Rome, to consider the propriety of creating an international institute of agriculture—and if so decided, to organize such an institute with clearly defined objects, authority and duties as set forth in the protocol which will be the basis of the deliberations of the conference. Mr. Lubin, says the Chronicle, of that city, is a gentleman of keen intellect and broad views, and his original proposals contemplated for the proposed institute a scope of activity and of authority in connection with them which seemed to most of us too broad to be even subjects of discussion, as practical measures, by the present generation, and to be necessarily postponed for serious consideration until the good time comes. What Mr. Lubin may hope for the future, however, has nothing whatever to do with the propositions of the official protocol of the Italian government, which include only measures selected from Mr. Lubin's broad outline, and of which all contemplate action easily possible at once, highly important and extremely useful. The work proposed for the institute of agriculture is simply the collection and distribution by international cooperation of the current agricultural data of the world. These data include information respecting crops, labor, prices, freights, discoveries, inventions and markets. It is a proposal to put the producers, consumers and middlemen of the world on equal terms in respect to information of current events calculated to affect markets of agricultural products so far as human ingenuity and resources can accomplish it. It is stated that 30 nations, including our own, have notified the Italian government of adherence to its proposals, in so far as to promise representation at the conference. So much is required by international comity, and acceptance to that extent was within the customary exercise of the presidential authority and carries with it a moral obligation on the part of congress to provide for the expenses of the delegates, and upon the president, thereafter, to make the necessary appointments. The final acceptance of the conclusions of the conference and their incorporation into our national or international policy is of course an entirely different matter, to be determined, either now or hereafter, by the president and congress, or the president and senate, according to the nature of the conclusions and the form in which they may be presented for action.

Many practices which ten years ago, five years ago, one year ago, and even six months ago were in favor, public opinion having no condemnation for them, are now held to be odious and even criminal. This is perhaps the most notable development of the day, namely, the creation of a higher standard for the conduct of American business. The revelations of graft in the insurance and railroad companies are a shock to national pride and yet there is hardly an American who does not know that in one form or another graft has entered largely into the corporate life as into the political life of the country. The saving clause of the situation is that it seems a passing phase in our national progress. The optimist has reason to rejoice that the national conscience has been touched and that public opinion is establishing higher ideals.

In some ways the recent conference on international arbitration at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., was an unusually democratic gathering. Here is a circumstance illustrating this statement: One morning a summer visitor was pacing the veranda of the big hotel when a tall, heavy man approached. "Can you give me a light?" said the visitor. The big man handed over a match, whereupon the other said: "How tall are you?" "Six feet four inches," was the reply. "Say, but that's a good cigar you're smoking," was the next remark. "Yes, it is," said the big man. "Let me offer you one out of the same box." The visitor accepted gladly and had one more query. "By the way, who are you?" "I am Dr. McVicker, bishop of Rhode Island," replied the heavy weight, who apparently hugely enjoyed the incident.

Newspapers are printing the customary summer stories of crowds of visitors from this country flocking to Europe and overrunning the hotels and public places. The treasury statistics show that about 150,000 Americans go to Europe every year and the estimated expenditure of this army of visitors is \$1,000, so that European hotel owners, storekeepers, transportation companies and other purveyors to sightseers receive about \$150,000,000 annually from the overflowing American pocketbook.

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL IN AND ABOUT THE METROPOLIS

Senator Whyte's Return to the Senate—Former Colleagues—A Tempting Professorship—Friendship of Bryan and Roosevelt.



WASHINGTON.—There are three octogenarians in the United States senate now. Senator William Pinckney Whyte of Maryland, stands with Senators Pettus and Morgan, of Alabama. He is in his eighty-second year, just about the same age as Mr. Morgan, but is as vigorous as men of half his age and is by far the spryest of the group of senators who have passed the three score years and ten mark. His rapid step gives promise of an ability to run a foot race. His form is as straight as a cedar and he would easily be taken for a man just in the prime of life.

To him it was an interesting experience when he stepped up to the vice president's desk a few days ago and took again the oath of an office from which he had retired just a quarter of a century ago last March. He was a good deal affected as he looked out over the senate chamber and thought of the group of men who sat in those seats when he was one of their colleagues. Only three men who were in the senate when he retired saw him take the oath of office. These were Senators Allison, of Iowa, Teller, of Colorado, and Morgan, of Alabama. Two of these, Senators Allison and Morgan, have been in continuous service since Mr. Whyte retired in 1881 and the other, Senator Teller, was only out of the senate three years during which time he was secretary of the interior under President Arthur.

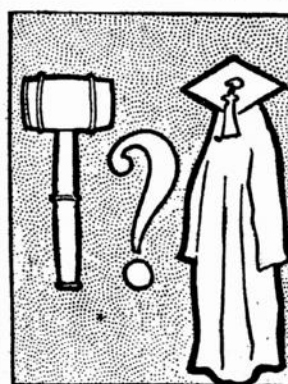
MARYLAND'S "GRAND OLD MAN" MOST INTERESTING.

Senator Whyte is a most interesting character and has earned the title of Maryland's "Grand Old Man." He has a beautiful country estate called the "Roost" on the Gunpowder river in eastern Maryland. He is very fond of outdoor life and while he attributes his activity and excellent health to his advanced age to an abstemious life, very largely, he also gives credit to outdoor living.

"I get plenty of fresh air," said the senator speaking of his excellent health the other day. "Nearly every afternoon I go for a drive, whether I am in town or in the country. We stay in the country from June to November and I drive all through the beautiful valleys in that section. We live informally at our house in the country as well as in town. There are always seats at the table for those who may drop in. At one meal we may have five, and 16 at the next. I never write a note to any of our friends on gilt edged paper inviting them to dinner: we just like for them to come."

The new senator will have about 18 months to serve before the Maryland legislature meets and elects his successor. The hearty welcome he has met with at the hands of senators, new and old, is assurance that this will be a very satisfactory rounding out of his public life, as at his age he will not expect to be reelected.

ONE OF THE MOST FINISHED SCHOLARS IN PUBLIC LIFE.



It is barely possible that the house will shortly lose one of its most interesting characters and one of its ablest members. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader on the floor, has under consideration the proffer of a professorship in the University of Virginia. He has been asked to take the chair of political history in that celebrated institution of learning. This offer is very attractive to Mr. Williams as he is a graduate of that university and is one of the most finished scholars in public life. Political history would be well treated at his hands for he is thoroughly posted on the subject and has himself had a hand in the making of considerable political history in the United States.

Mr. Williams is divided in his wishes as the public service has grown very enjoyable to him, particularly since his party has repeatedly honored him by making him their leader on the floor of the house. If the Democrats should elect a majority in the next house of representatives Mr. Williams would undoubtedly be the leading candidate for the speakership, although he would have many rivals, as the Democratic side would furnish a number of ambitious gentlemen who would be willing to wield the gavel. Mr. Williams confesses to being averse to the strenuous life and this characteristic leads him to look upon the career of a university professor with considerable favor.

MAY ENTER RACE FOR GOVERNORSHIP IN KENTUCKY.

Senator Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, of Kentucky, will retire from the senate on the third of next month. During the few remaining months of his service he will occupy the highest position of honor in the gift of his fellow Democrats on the floor of the senate. He will be the leader of the minority. This is the place so long held by the late Senator Gorman and to be chosen for it is proof of a senator's popularity and staunch partisanship. The principal part of the duties of a minority leader is to take advantage of every opening where party capital can be made. He is also, the chairman of the minority caucus and the decisions of such a caucus are put into his hands for enforcement.

Mr. Senator Blackburn is an old time southerner and one of the very few confederate soldiers in congress. He served in the confederate army throughout the whole of the civil war and has a record for bravery that is most creditable, but of which he makes no boasts.

The senator has always been noted for the profound eloquent way in which he can state a most self-evident fact. The veriest platitude he can make appear as a new thought and a literary discovery. It has often been said of him that he could take the proposition that two and two make four and express it in such a manner—and in such eloquent thunder that the average man would suppose that he were combatting a theory that had been long established to the effect that two and two do not make four. Mr. Blackburn will probably enter the race for the governorship in Kentucky.

EXPRESSIONS OF ENTHUSIASM FOR BRYAN.



Political circles in this city have all been stirred up recently by the revival of the talk of William Jennings Bryan as a candidate for the presidency in 1908. Mr. Bryan served two terms in congress away back in the early 90's and while in Washington he made a vast number of warm friends and intense admirers. The recrudescence of his boom for the presidency has brought great pleasure and satisfaction to these old friends and they have seen to it that the mention of his name has received the greatest enthusiasm. It has been noted that during the last few weeks in the house whenever a Democratic orator would mention the name of Bryan the applause would be instantaneous and enthusiastic. There are a few Hearst enthusiasts among the Democrats in the house and to these the mention of Bryan has not been particularly grateful.

There is a warm sympathy and friendship between Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt. They have many things in common and have advocated similar great economic principles. At a Gridiron club dinner a little more than a year ago these two distinguished men were guests and it is still an interesting reminiscence to those who attended that banquet to recall the way Roosevelt and Bryan threw bouquets at each other.

One of the interesting features of present political speculation is that if Bryan is nominated by the Democrats in 1908 Mr. Roosevelt must be renominated by the Republicans, if the latter hope to win the election. It is claimed that these two men stand for virtually the same principles and Roosevelt's popularity will be needed to keep up the Republican hopes. It would be a contest largely of personal popularity of the two candidates if, as the general impression is, their principles do not differ very widely.

Mr. Bryan's Standing in New York--Senseless Extravagance--The "Seventies" the "Sportiest Proposition" To-Day.



NEW YORK.—When big Tim Sullivan, second lord and first power in Tammany, suddenly announced that Mr. Bryan was in his opinion the safe, sane and conservative Democratic candidate for the presidency, politicians knew that there was a "hen on." Bryan never ran any too well in New York state or city. And Bryan men in the west have never thought very much of the support rendered Mr. Bryan in the city—though it was really the farmers up-state who overwhelmed the Nebraska statesman in New York.

All is different now. So far as New York is concerned, the sudden turning to Mr. Bryan, which will reach a climax of enthusiasm in the reception in honor of his return, means mainly fear of Hearst. Hearst is still an unknown quantity. He had more votes for mayor last fall than any other candidate, if they could only have been counted, but they were not all votes for Hearst. Some were votes against Tammany hall; and Mayor McClellan has since won friends every day by standing out stoutly against the Hall. Some were votes against the general financial ills of the community, "muck-raker" votes, and the feeling of resentment that called them forth has if anything grown. Hearst will gain in one direction and lose in another. How will the balance be struck? At any rate, his foes as well as his friends are perfectly ready for a show down. He did not want to run for mayor, but was forced into the fight. He does want to run for governor, has said that he is willing, and there is nothing to prevent.

THE GAME OF POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY.

Two senatorial fights near New York are interesting. In New Jersey George Record has challenged Dryden to a joint debate which Dryden refuses. Dryden is no orator; in fact has no intellectual gift beyond that of making money by arts most men would scorn. He is the head, though only the figurehead now behind which the Wards, McCarters and others work, of that sinister combination of the Prudential Insurance company, the Public Service Corporation and the trust companies of the state, which has kited and watered stocks so recklessly on money paid in at five and ten cents a week on "industrial" policies.

Record is a mere politician, they say, and there is no doubt of it; but he is clever and has been the right hand man of Mayor Fagan, of Jersey City, the quiet, modest little man who has made such a splendid record, if not Record. Both are Republicans. Record is the popular candidate. Dryden is the candidate of the grafters, and they are nowhere more numerous than in New Jersey. Everett Colby, the young reformer of Orange, is for Record. Maj. Lentz, whom Colby knocked off the political dock, but who emerged floating with the aid of a state tax commission-ership life preserver, will hold sponge and towel for Dryden, along with other unquestioned talent. New Jersey is not fortunate in her senators. Dryden is worse than Depew or Platt, of New York, because he is younger and more powerful. Kean is of better type personally, but he is an ordinary stock broker statesman, who is by the necessity of his profession friendly to the railroads that rule the state.

LITTLE RHODY'S SENATORS AND HER AUCTION.



If there is one state in the east, whose politics is more rotten than New Jersey's, that state is not New York by a long chalk but Rhode Island. Little Rhody is about to hold an auction of a senatorship. These are the bidders:

Senator Wetmore is a cipher in Washington, in Newport an amiable society man of great wealth. People say he is cold and arrogant, but they are wrong. He is a good "mixer," and can eat a boiled dinner with a farmer and get along with him first rate, but like many rich men in politics he doesn't play the game all the time. Tammany could tell him better than that; so could his colleague, Aldrich, one of the keenest men in public life.

The man selected by the machine to down Wetmore is Col. S. P. Colt, of old Bristol, member of a famous colonial family, a suave, smiling man whose friends call him "Sam," of fair ability only and vast wealth, most of which has come in recent years by trust operations of the sort that muck-rakers object to. The colonel is a good mixer, but it would be stupid to call him a statesman; so the college element and the church men who are trying to reform the little state have suggested as a reform-Republican and Democratic candidate one Col. Goddard, an old aristocrat of great wealth, spotless record, pride of ancestry and dignity of conduct; by far the best man of the three in many respects but green in politics and not so popular with poor men as ex-Gov. Garvin, the only Democrat in recent years who has carried the state, would have been. With three such barrels open in a state so small as Rhode Island there should be something doing.

THE DARING YOUNG MEN OF THE DAY.

You would think that the auto would nearly kill yachting, yet never before were fleets bigger or more beautiful assembled in the first weeks of the season. And this is no riddle at all. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the extent to which New York is becoming a city of senseless extravagance. The possession of \$10,000 worth of automobile does not excuse even a young man of society from the possession also of a yacht or at least a motor-boat capable of immense speed. The same young fellow may be one week knocking out a fellow player's eye at polo; the next week running his auto a few hundred miles at 50 miles an hour through the most chickeny and doggy roads he can select, with consequent slaughter, and the next holding the wheel of a "seventy" in a driving yacht race that makes any man aloft a bad risk for insurance. In fact, the seventies are the "sportiest proposition" in America to-day. A sloop 70 feet on the water line but of modern model with immense overhangs fore and aft carries more canvas than an early America's cup racer did on 90 feet of water line. It is one model racing, too; all the seventies are alike in mould and trim and spars. It is only a question of skill, luck and "carrying on" sail. And nobody who comes into the game after half a lifetime at a desk would dream of taking the chances that the half dozen young men brought up in the idleness of great wealth take without a thought.

MORGAN'S MUSEUM AND PUBLIC INTEREST IN ART.



The papers have chronicled the completion of J. P. Morgan's private art museum, of which I gave a preliminary account when it was begun two years ago. It stands on Thirty-sixth street behind Mr. Morgan's own house on Madison avenue, and beyond it is the residence of Mrs. Satterlee, his daughter.

The matter is of public importance because of the statements and counter statements that Mr. Morgan has bought the almost priceless collections of the late Rudolph Kann, in London, for the public museum where all may see them. In any event it is expected that most of Mr. Morgan's art treasures will become public property at his death. He is already the chief benefactor of the Metropolitan, not even excepting the Rogers bequest of some \$6,000,000.

Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, of Boston, thought to evade the art tariff by opening her house to public admission as a museum; after trying it for a time she shut the house and paid the duty. The lady sniffs significantly when allusion is made in her presence to public interest in art. It exhibits nevertheless—among our Italian immigrants.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the kidneys, the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"HE RAN FOR LAWYER."

But There Was a Doubt as to Whether He Had Ever Caught the Office.

A man from Pennsylvania went to Vineland on a business errand. The town was strange to him, and he was unacquainted with the man (a lawyer) he had gone to see. The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself on the edge of the town without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old negro and asked the way of him and learned that the house lay about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said to the old man. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?" "He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the negro. "You're sure?"

The old negro scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eyes. "Now I think of it, boss," he said, "pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."

Marconi Anticipated.

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we find remains of wires in Egypt, which prove they understood electricity!"

"Fshaw!" answered the Assyriologist, "we don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows that they understood wireless telegraphy!" — Stray Stories.

Suggesting Safe Course.

McFibb—That fellow Huskie called me a liar!

Newitt—Yes?

"Yes. What would you do about it?"

"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around."—Catholic Standard.

Still Spiteful.

Her—Yes, she married him to spite another girl.

Him—But why did she divorce him?

"So he could marry the other girl, and thus spite her some more."—Chicago Daily News.

If a girl really has beautiful arms she is naturally well qualified to learn to play the harp.—Somerville Journal.

"Be Pleasant Every Morning Until Ten O'clock; the Rest of the Day Will Take Care of Itself."

This is one of the best little sermons we know. Have you ever stopped to think that the morning is the time when your temper is usually ruffled, and have you ever stopped to think that the cause of bad temper in the morning is nearly always because your stomach has not been working properly during the night? It has contained a lot of indigestible substances that form gas and makes you have dreams. It breaks up your rest and you wake up in the morning tired, instead of refreshed, as nature intended you should.

Our grand sires required no admonition to "Be pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock; the rest of the day will take care of itself," for they digested their food and woke up full of life and energy ready for the day's duties, and this was because they lived on simple foods instead of highly seasoned palatable concoctions, which contain no nourishment. Nature gave us milk, wheat and eggs, and on these foods a person can live indefinitely, but if the milk is skimmed, and if the outside of the wheat is taken off the kernel, and if the lime, the salt, and the iron, which is in the outer part of the wheat berry, if these are all removed, you have simply starch alone; the starch goes into the stomach and becomes sugar.

Do you know that a person would starve to death on plain white bread and water? Do you know that he could live indefinitely on whole wheat bread or on whole wheat food and water? These interesting facts are all set forth in a book called "Back to Nature," which tells about proper living and gives recipes for meals of the simple kind—the kind that makes you strong and well; the kind that makes you "Pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock." This book is published at a great expense, but it is given free to every reader of this paper. It is an advertisement of "EGG-O-SEE," the great food—which is made from whole wheat, which is baked and predigested and is all ready to serve from the package you buy at your grocers. You get more life and energy from a 10-cent package of EGG-O-SEE than you will get from a thousand dollars' worth of white bread. This is no idle claim. It is a scientific fact. We want to tell about this simple food question, so write us and say "Please send me a copy of your book 'Back to Nature,'" and the book will be sent you at once without charge. Address EGG-O-SEE CO., No. 10 First Street, Quincy, Ill.