The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance—

Daily, with Sunday, per month	$ 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year	7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year	9 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
The Weekly, per year	1 50
The Weekly, 3 months	50

To City Subscribers—

Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
14 to 28-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with probably light showers; warmer by afternoon; southwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 57; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, 0.06 inch.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 17.

GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES.

How long will the present good times continue? Well, that's a hard question. Nobody knows exactly. The causes of hard times are obscure as a general thing, though they may be grouped about some specific circumstance, as the fear of the silver basis in 1893, but a truthful explanation of any panic would have to go into many and complex questions of production, demand, popular sentiment, etc. We know a great deal about the effects of panics, but mankind in general seems not to have learned enough about their causes as yet to prevent them.

There is one important and undeniable fact about financial depressions, however, and that is that a panic is very largely a state of mind. If people think times are going to be good and put their money out freely, that in itself makes good times. If they think times are going to be hard, and draw their money in, stop buying things, and collect all they can without lending or selling on credit, that in itself makes hard times. A panic begins in the mind, and ends in the street.

What caused the panic in 1893? In one sense it is strictly true that the cause of that panic was silver. We had a currency that had been enfeebled by silver inflation, and men were afraid it couldn't stand, and they had this fear, notwithstanding the fact that Grover Cleveland, a hard-money man, without equivocation or fear, had been elected President.

It is a fact that the panic of 1893 was caused by fear; but is it certain that all of the fear grew out of doubts held by persons who understood the money question and trembled for the integrity of the dollar? **IS IT NOT A FACT THAT MUCH OF THE FEAR IN 1893 WAS CAUSED BY PERSONS WHO FEARED THE RESULT OF DEMOCRATIC POLICIES IN GENERAL, INCLUDING THE TARIFF?** The Democrats for the first time since the war, had the Presidency and both houses of Congress. Nobody knew just what they would do; but everybody knew they would be likely to reverse the policies under which the Nation had grown up to the abounding prosperity of 1892.

How long are the present good times going to last? Well, they will last until a sufficient number of persons get it into their heads that prosperity is in danger. We know what will happen then. Jobbers will cancel their orders; mills and factories will begin running on short time; everybody that has a note or account due will try to collect it, and will lock the money up; business will begin to fall off, and employment will grow scarce; the purchasing power of the masses will be curtailed, money will grow scarcer and scarcer, confidence will depart, and some day there will be a run on half the banks. Panic will be here.

THE FIRST STEP IN THE NEXT PANIC WILL BE FOR OREGON TO DECLARE TO THE WORLD THAT THE POLICIES UNDER WHICH THE NATION HAS RISEN TO THE MARVELOUS PROSPERITY OF 1902 ARE DISAPPROVED IN OREGON AND MAY BE EXPECTED TO BE DISAPPROVED IN THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THIS FALL. If honest money, expansion and protection have lost caste in Oregon they have lost caste elsewhere. Democratic Governor and Legislature here mean Democratic Congressmen and Legislatures throughout the country. It will be the signal for a change; and nothing will be more reasonable to expect than the repetition of the fear that swept over the country after Cleveland's election in 1892.

This is no fancy picture or a dream to be laughed down by saying it is preposterous to suppose that George Chamberlain's election can cause a National panic. The facts are exactly as we have stated them, and every man with knowledge of politics and the delicate machinery of trade and business knows that they are facts. The Republican who votes the Democratic ticket this year does so in imminent peril to his own welfare. He will set in motion influences of doubt and danger which will soon pass beyond his control. It is a risk that few intelligent Republicans will take. The burnt child dreads the fire.

There are no surprises in political life. Hence the public hears without astonishment the plea of George E. Chamberlain, Democratic candidate for Governor, for a reduction in public expenses, and especially in the salaries of office-holders. He, who has worked officialism for many consecutive years, literally for all there was in it and to whom office and spoils are terms synonymous! Does any man believe that this candidate is sincere in his advocacy of a reduction in public expenditures, including the salaries of office-holders? If so, he must indeed be unread in the records of officialism of the State of Oregon and the County of Multnomah for some years past.

HARD TO SCARE A YANKEE.

The first report of the Isthmian Canal Commission discussed the danger of destruction to the canal by seismic disturbances, and apportioned it about equally as between the two routes. The danger from direct volcanic activity, that is by eruptions, was not considered by the Commission, but the former engineer-in-chief of the Panama Canal is quoted as saying that in Panama there is within a distance of 150 miles from the canal no volcano, even extinct. On the other hand, this French engineer refers to the fact that the volcano Coseguina, in the northwestern corner of Nicaragua, 67 years ago, burst forth with an explosion which lasted forty-four hours, and ejected every six minutes an amount of stones and ashes equal in volume to the total volume of the prism of the Nicaragua Canal. Another volcano, Mount Ometepe, whose last great eruption is as recent as 1883, occupies the Island in Lake Nicaragua, which every ship will skirt on the passage from Greytown to Brito. In 1844 the City of Rivas, near the Pacific shore, was destroyed by an earthquake. The line surveyed for the Nicaragua Canal, between the lake and Brito runs only five miles from Rivas.

If these statements of this French engineer are capable of unqualified verification they deserve and should obtain the most careful attention from Congress. The fact that danger from direct volcanic eruption was not considered by the Commission, while that from seismic disturbance was discussed, inspires the natural suspicion that the statements of the French engineer have been "cooked" something for the occasion. That is to say, while there is no doubt a real danger of both seismic disturbance and volcanic eruption on both the Nicaragua and the Panama routes, it is probable that the French engineer has not told the whole truth concerning the perils of the Panama route, and has probably exaggerated something the dangers of the Nicaragua route. If Congress once decides to build an Isthmian canal, it is not likely that the question of route will be determined upon volcanic grounds, for upon these grounds alone we suspect that whichever route is taken, we shall some day wish we had taken the other.

It will be centuries probably before the whole region from Central Mexico to Valparaiso, Chile, will be free from the danger of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Nevertheless, the building of Isthmian canals and the construction of railways along the west coast of South America will not be checked for a moment after it is once established that such lines of commercial transportation by land and water will earn a good dividend on the cost of construction or are essential to national progress and protection. A people that have hunted whales almost to extinction in the Arctic Ocean; that have braved the discomforts of the long Winter night of Alaska to mine gold; that to this day annually brave death on the fleet of fishing smacks that are not seldom wrecked on the Atlantic Coast, are not a people that will abandon the great project of an Isthmian canal because it may be ruined by an earthquake or by a volcanic eruption.

If it can be shown that the danger is very great and that the destruction would be so complete that the enterprise would be unprofitable, then neither the Nicaraguan Canal nor the Panama Canal will be undertaken, but it would be very difficult to convince Congress that the dangers to be met by either route would justify the final abandonment of so important an enterprise.

Dr. Johnson said: "Show a Scotchman a sixpence on the farther side of the bottomless pit, and he will jump for it at the risk of falling in." It is something so with our American people; no ordinary dangers or discomforts dismay them, when they are seeking for a chance to enlarge their share of the profitable trade of the world. The average Yankee would lash his ship to the North Pole all Winter if he thought there was any money to be made there and he had a fighting chance of getting back to civilization in the Spring.

NECESSARY CRUELTY OF WAR.

General Bell, in one of his orders while commanding in the Province of Batangas, in the Philippines, announced that for every prisoner or wounded American or friendly native who was assassinated he would execute a prisoner of war. This retaliation was recognized and enforced repeatedly during our Civil War, under Order 100 of 1863, an order sanctioned by President Lincoln, and still in full force as part of our military code. That this order was not treated as a dead letter is shown by a long list of citations made from the records of the war by Leslie J. Perry for the New York Sun. General Sherman, in September, 1864, ordered the noncombatants in Atlanta to leave their homes, abandon their property and move from the city. Mayor Calhoun and General Hood protested that this involved untold human suffering, but Sherman replied that "war is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; those terrible hardships of war are inevitable," and insisted that his order should be carried out. It has been denied by the Democrats that a formal order for retaliatory killing was ever carried out on either side during the Civil War. During Price's raid into Missouri in the Fall of 1864, Major James Wilson and six of his men of the Third Missouri Union Cavalry were delivered by order of the rebel officer of the day to the guerrilla Tim Reeves for execution. They were shot to death and their bodies horribly mutilated.

General Thomas Ewing, brother-in-law of General Sherman, and a war Democrat, called the attention of General Rosecrans to this murder, and in October, 1864, by authority of General Rosecrans, six enlisted Confederate prisoners were shot to death to retaliate for the murder of Wilson's men. No Confederate Major was shot, because Major Wolf, of Marmaduke's command, who was ordered to be shot November 11, 1864, by General Rosecrans, succeeded, through friends, in getting President Lincoln to suspend the execution until further orders. But Lincoln himself could be and not seldom was inexorable. He hanged Kennedy for trying to fire the hotels of New York City; he hanged Confederate officers repeatedly who in disguise seized Union war vessels, like the Michigan on Lake Erie; he never spared a spy. Practically war always is cruelty, always will be, whether it prevails in South Africa, the Philippines or the United States. There is no sentiment about war; it is very grim business. War's rigor is regulated entirely by the military necessity and emergency of the hour.

When a war party of Apaches years ago captured an emigrant train making for California it was their habit to tie the men to the wagon wheels and burn them to death, and then to burn the women to death by torturing them with red-hot irons. When our troops overtook these miscreants they never left one of them alive; never granted any quarter, never spared man, woman or child of the whole outfit, any more than Puritan Captain Mason did when he pitched the Pequot children back into the flames of the Indian fort. It is a military necessity to make war on a savage foe after a method of severity that a savage foe understands. A foe that recognizes no such thing as breach of parole, as mercy to wounded, that tortures and disembowels and buries alive its prisoner, can only be reduced to subjection by retaliation of terrible severity. Civilization has always gone forward on a powder cart. Barbarians who have not been willing either to treat or trade have invariably been made to travel, and if this rule had not been sternly enforced from the day the white man landed at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, we should have nothing but the filthy lodges of savages dotting a vast wilderness from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. The rights of the Filipino forsooth! He is only asked to obey the authority of the United States; if he prefers to make war he must take the consequences.

If the Filipino makes war decently, he will be treated as a decent foe, but if he makes war like a barbarian he must expect to suffer bitter retaliation. He can have war or peace; he can have war waged war-fashion, or he can fight like a Java tiger and be hunted to death like a wild beast. These seem like harsh words, but war is war, and war with a savage foe is exactly what these savages force us by their cruelty and treachery to make it. We shall conquer a peace in the Philippines and maintain it, just as the British have conquered a peace and maintained it in India; just as the French have conquered a peace and maintained it in Algeria, Tunis, Senegal, Madagascar and Tonquin; just as the Puritan conquered a peace in New England, and the white settlers conquered a peace in Ohio and Kentucky. Don't sentimentalize and grow hysterical over the horrors of war, concerning which Napoleon laconically said: "We can't make an omelet without breaking eggs." The war in the Philippines will be just the kind of war that the Filipino chooses to make it. If he makes war like a cruel, treacherous Malay pirate, he will get a short shrift and a stern punishment, but we shall not make war on a party of bloodthirsty savages by marching into battle with an olive branch in one hand and a pledge of forty acres and a mule in the other.

REGULATION OF GAMBLING.

Saratoga, N. Y., a famous Summer resort, today permits and controls gambling. Public opinion approves it; clergymen, lawyers and business men like the plan. Under this system there is no corruption or blackmail of any sort, but a certain number of gambling-houses are open to Summer visitors. The population of the village of Saratoga is about 13,000; it is managed by a board of constituted authority, whose working plan for regulating gambling is to tolerate a select few of so-called "reputable" gamblers and make them run their places on the back streets. All other gamblers are warned to keep away, and if they do not heed the warning they are prosecuted and sent to jail. The number of gambling-houses is limited to six, and the authorities see to it that every game is a straight game. Any public official who holds anybody up under this system or attempts to levy blackmail or otherwise profit illegally by or through his office loses his job. If any complaints are made, the complainant is given a warrant and a man to serve it, but if no arrests are made the authorities lose no sleep. No Saratogan is permitted to sit at any of the gambling tables in the so-called authorized gambling-houses, which are regarded as part of the entertainment furnished by Saratoga for its Summer guests. Only those who can afford to lose money are permitted to play there.

This system is now about two years old, and under it the town has prospered, has been absolutely peaceful and orderly as it had not been for the fifteen years previous to the time when the system went into effect. Ten years ago the town was infested with gamblers to such an extent that decent Summer tourists cut Saratoga off their list. Then reformers drove the gamblers from the place and closed all the gambling-houses. Then Saratoga was deserted. She had not only lost the gamblers, but had lost her other patrons, too. Then the merchants, lawyers and professional men elected a leading merchant president of the village, who decreed that all questionable resorts must close, limited the gambling-houses to six, and designated who could and who could not operate gambling-houses; and when the houses could be operated. Except for about two months in the year, there is not a gambling-house in town. Not a village official receives one dollar for what is known as "protection." The leading clergymen believe that gambling is a vice not easily suppressed, and that if it cannot be suppressed it is much better to control it if possible. They believe that the desire to gamble comes from within; that if you would suppress the vice you must take away the desire. They do not believe that any popular crusade can either suppress or control gambling, or any other form of vice.

Several of the leading lawyers approve of this successful effort of the local authorities to abate the public nuisance of gambling-houses by restricting gambling and closing up the more public and offensive places, but the former District Attorney is opposed to any and every violation of the laws against gambling, and thinks the majority of the citizens are misguided in allowing Canfield's gambling-house to run without let or hindrance during the racing season of thirty days. His own successful efforts while in office to indict and convict leading proprietors of gambling-houses were resented by the people, who denounced him as a "crusader, a persecutor and a general and particular nuisance." The leading doctors approve the system which has expelled from the town "the disreputable and permitted reputable gamblers to remain," and has reduced the number of gambling-places fully two-thirds within the last two years, and has purged clean of all gambling-houses the principal street of the town, where once gambling resorts of all kinds flourished without restraint. The hotels no longer have a gambling annex, and the man who today goes to a gambling-house goes because he wants to go, and not through any capper who meets him at the train or in the hotel lobby. This kind of a man, if he could not find a gaming-house, would be sure to have a gambling party in his room.

The friends of the system say that it consists simply in saying that no dishonest gamblers shall run their games in town, and only a very few of the honest ones; that 90 per cent of the old-time gamblers have been driven from town; that the gambling resorts have been reduced in two years from fifty to less than half a dozen, which are isolated and so quietly conducted that a stranger would not know there was a gambling resort in the place. The principal owner of the Hathorn Spring does not gamble nor frequent gambling resorts, but does not see "why a man should not be permitted to run a gambling shop as openly as a spring water business." This extraordinary situation where the town prescribes who may and who may not conduct gambling-places is entirely without warrant in law, and cannot long endure. The people of Saratoga hold that while too much gambling does not pay, a little gambling is good for the town's pocket. So they decided to have a little, but in our judgment this arbitrary method of procedure cannot long endure.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon in the Congress of Deputies at Madrid, Alphonso XIII will take the oath to support the constitution of Spain, and be proclaimed King of that ancient monarchy. At 3:30 he will be present at a Te Deum in the Church of San Francisco (el Grande), having passed in state through the principal streets of his capital, and the long regency beginning six months before his birth, upon the death of his father, Alphonso XII, will be at an end. His mother, the Queen Regent, has shown decision and sagacity as a ruler. Though the kingdom has passed through many and severe trials and lost through war her West Indian possessions and the Philippine Islands, Queen Christina has, with loyal and determined purpose guarded the rights of her son to his ancient heritage. Whether he will be able to maintain himself on the throne for any length of time is a matter of some doubt. Having been born a king and crowned king, it now remains to him to rule his turbulent kingdom—if he can.

The United States is fitly represented at Madrid on the occasion of the coronation of Alphonso XIII by Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who was minister to the Court of Spain when the young king was born. Dr. Curry is a courteous and finished diplomat, a man of venerable appearance, and courtly manners, and he was received with great distinction by the Queen Regent and royal family, who, forgetting the events that lie between, recalled with pleasure the fact of his former official residence in Madrid. Of course, to the ultra-republican sense of the American people, there is much fustian in the very formal and impressive language in which President Roosevelt's letter to the King was couched on this occasion, but let us not forget that it pays in the coin of international amity to be courteous. The day of small things has passed in many lines, but it will never end in diplomatic life, as long as nations value the friendship of each other, and peace is preferable to war.

On another page we make room for a specious plea for Democratic success made by a member of the Simon machine, whose name we withhold at his request. His argument is that Oregon will be more likely to get favors from President Roosevelt and the Republican leaders if it gives the administration a slap in the face. To answer such an argument it is only needful to state it. The spectacle of the Simon ring proposing to sacrifice the Republican party upon the altar of public weal is impressive and characteristic. We heard nothing from the Simon outfit two years ago about the desirability of being a doubtful state, and the propriety of electing Democrats to office.

The Boston Herald thinks it is sufficient answer to the present Republican championship of the Army to say that the Republican party originally opposed the war for Texas. The answer doesn't answer at all. The Democratic party won great victories when it stood for expansion and virility in National life. It has degenerated so that now it thinks to win by attacking the Army. The mistake is colossal. History proves it. Various parties have declared wars to be failures and opposed expansion. But no victory was ever won in that way. The popular impulse of National pride and assertion is greater than any party. To run counter to it is to invite certain defeat.

It is positively painful to read at the head of the editorial columns of the Chicago Tribune day after day a double-leaded assurance from high authority that the Tribune is one of the greatest papers in the world. The Tribune is good and great enough to leave something to the discernment of its readers. It courts the imputation of supposing that without its testimonials its quality would escape, never to be detected.

Fire is enlisted at St. Pierre to turn aside to some extent the effects of the great calamity that it induced. The dead bodies of the thousands who perished in Mount Pelee's rain of fire are being burned in great piles, as the readiest and surest way of turning aside pestilence. The master that proved so terrible in his power is thus converted into a humble servant, and made to minister to a most dire necessity.

Those who wish to see a tender, practical charity at work in a well-ordered home should accept the invitation of the managers of the Baby Home to visit that institution this afternoon. The Home is maintained solely by charity and unsalaried endeavor, and it is worthy not only of the sympathy, but of the substantial encouragement of the general public.

OREGON WILL FURNISH

To the Nation the example of a state united for an honest, clean-cut, businesslike administration of its home affairs, and a state demanding patriotic administration of National affairs. In rebuking treasonable slander against our soldiers, the inciting of its enemies to fresh acts of violence and the unblushing avowal that Democratic success depends upon the Tillman sand cure and similar methods, Oregon will open

THE GRAVE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

TORRENS SYSTEM IN FAVOR.

Chicago Evening Post.

The encouraging report of the working of the Torrens system of registering title to real property made a few days ago to the Chicago Real Estate Board gives more than passing interest to a paper in the current Forum on this subject by William C. Mains, of New York.

Notwithstanding that law is the guardian of tradition and precedent, the tendency to simplify procedure and to shorten forms is popular. The field of reform is ample, and at no point where law touches business interest is there a larger opportunity to simplify legal requirements than in the matter of real estate transfer.

If the present system were the only one under which realty could be securely held, its burden might be cheerfully borne; but this is not the case. On the contrary, there has been in successful operation for centuries a plan which, wherever established, has given to real property the mobility and the freedom from excessive charge in transfers which characterize the exchange of stocks and of bonds. The system is best known in this country as the Torrens system, taking its name from Sir Robert R. Torrens, who introduced it into South Australia in 1858. Prior to that time, however, it had been in operation in various parts of Europe for hundreds of years. Registers of ownership similar to those used under the Torrens acts have existed in Bohemia from time immemorial. There are still preserved registers of Vienna dated 1368, of Prague dated 1377, and of Munich dated 1440.

The defects in our own system are patent. It may be urged in toto against it that it is inexpensive, dilatory, and, being unofficial in its character, at best inconclusive, and this no matter how learned or how competent may be those who are responsible for the title examination.

In the United States the Torrens system has been introduced in five states, namely, Illinois, Massachusetts, California, Minnesota and Washington. Agitation for the enactment of land registration bills is now active in 10 other states, namely, Virginia, Delaware, Texas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wisconsin, Missouri, Rhode Island, Montana and Tennessee. In at least seven of these bills have been drafted and introduced for legislative action. For the District of Columbia Federal legislation has been seriously considered.

The system contemplated by the American acts is entirely optional. It is designed to work at first beside the old system, and then, by a gradual process of elimination, to supplant it.

The solid, unimpeachable fact is that no state or country which has used the so-called Torrens registration system has abandoned it, and that all those things which real property law should enable a man to accomplish with land can be easily brought to pass under the Torrens system. Mr. Mains predicts that another quarter of a century will not pass before a vast majority of the states of the Union will have enacted laws to bring about the introduction of this system into their respective commonwealths.

THE PEOPLE ARE RESPONSIBLE.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Senator Lodge's vindication of the American Army from the charge of needless cruelty in the Philippines might have come earlier, but it lacks nothing of patriotic warmth. Republicans generally will rejoice that their civil leaders have been able at last to realize their responsibility for the defense from unjust partisan attack of the military instruments who are enduring privation and sacrificing life and health in savage lands to execute the popular will, while Senators sleep soft and fare luxuriously in Washington.

We miss one high note from Senator Lodge's speech, which has been missing from every responsible utterance on this subject since the death of President McKinley. That was supplied unconsciously by Senator Rawlins, in his answer to Lodge, in which he said that the charges were not made against the Army, but against Senator Lodge and others who were responsible for the Philippine policy. This is true; only the "others" are the American people, who decreed the establishment of American sovereignty in the islands, and, through their elected representatives, sent the Army there to maintain it and put down resistance. The American people does not shirk this responsibility, and we believe that it expects the Government at Washington to accept it more frankly and defend it more boldly.

We hope to hear this higher note struck by some one of the Senators who are to follow Lodge, now that the timid rule of silence under attack has been broken. The people of the country have not been fooled by the partisan clamor about the savage cruelty of our Army. The Army is a part of the people, and the people of the better part of the country know of what stuff it is made. They have not forgotten what war is either, while men live who have "seen their dead," like the Black Tyrone in Kipling's story, after an Indian foray on the plains.

The mass of the American people, who gave the mandate under which Congress provided the Army and the President sent it to do its work, believe, we are sure, that no act has been done by the Army contrary to the law of necessity and the rules of war. They will change their mind only on the verdict of a court-martial. Political charges made against the Army without this warrant move them only to indignation against the makers, which will soon spread to Administration leaders, unless the charges are met with more boldness. Senator Spooner has rarely disappointed the country when it was waiting for the right word to be said. The people of the West will wait for his speech with high expectation.

Where Cecil Rhodes Blundered.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cecil Rhodes thought money was the controlling factor in national affairs. He never dreamed that there was such a thing as a love of country which would resist the blandishments of wealth and the menaces of force. England, he told Steyne, the head of the Orange Free State, could buy out the two little Boer republics a thousand times over. The Boers, he told Chamberlain, would not fight when they saw the overwhelming armies which England would raise to go against them. If there was any such word as patriotism in his vocabulary it must have had some such a definition as Dr. Johnson gave it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel." This man who planned his Cape to Cairo railroad, a considerable part of which has actually been built; this boodler with an imagination, this statesman who "thought in continents," could not conceive of a people who preferred their own crude society with independence to the social development and the material prosperity which British annexation would bring, and who would fight to the death for this sentiment against the world's greatest nation. Rhodes extended the sway of the British Empire over hundreds of thousands of square miles of the dark continent, but he was baffled at last by the love of nationality and liberty of a people whom, in the height of his power, he despised as barbarians scarcely a remove above the natives of the Africa in which they lived.

STRUGGLING AGAINST DESTINY.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The frank admission of Lord Salisbury in a recent speech that Egypt is considered part of the British Empire should help us to see the end of our adventure in the Philippines. Great Britain was obliged to occupy Egypt 20 years ago to make an end of anarchy that menaced her route to India through the Suez Canal. She took hold reluctantly, with the determination to let go as soon as she could. It never has been possible to let go, but nearly the whole British Nation has kept up the pretense of intending to do it. Egypt has been an issue in party politics at home and international relations abroad. The Liberal opposition and the French Ministry have united in nagging the Conservative Government, whenever it was in power, to know when Great Britain was going to get out of Egypt. The answer always has been "Some time; we don't know when." Now Lord Salisbury has plucked up courage to blurt out the truth, "Never; and be hanged to you."

This takes away from the English opposition an issue which it has exploited with equal industry and insincerity. The American opposition, equally hard up for an issue, seems bent on constructing one out of the question of the ultimate independence of the Philippines. This has been adopted as party policy in both houses of Congress, and the leaders of either house are pruning their bills to make them alike. The general idea is that we are to pledge ourselves to take care of the Philippines until they are ready for self-government and then turn them loose under an international protectorate. This recalls the pledge of the British that their occupation of Egypt would be only temporary.

We should learn a lesson from the futility of that pledge. It was broken, as it had to be broken. We made a qualified pledge like it in Cuba, which we shall have to break, if it be understood to bind us never to take possession of the island. It would be greater folly to make such a pledge as to the Philippines, to please an opposition party in want of an issue. We shall not give up the Philippines while we remain a powerful nation. The most powerful nations are less strong than destiny. Destiny puts responsibility on the strong, and they can shake it off only by growing weak and fainting under the weight. Egypt is a burden to England, but she cannot give it up without failing in duty, both to civilization and herself. Were the Philippines a much heavier burden, we could not give them up without the same default. So far we have kept clear of futile pledges and hypocritical pretenses from the beginning. Lord Salisbury's last word of "never" is our first word, and we are going to stick to it if the Democratic party has to go without an issue forever.

THE SUNSET MARMATON.

By Eugene F. Ware, the new Pension Commissioner.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! from out the rich autumnal West there creeps a misty, pearly rest, as though an atmosphere of dreams along thy course, O, Marmaton! a rich September sunset streams. Thy purple sheen, through prairies green, from out the burning West is seen.

I watch thy fine approaching line, that seems to flow like blood-red wine fresh from the vintage of the sun. The spokes of steel and blue reveal the outlines of a phantom wheel, while airy armies, one by one, march out on dress parade. I see unrolled in blue and gold the guidons where the line is made, and, where the lazy zephyrs strolled along thy verdant esplanade, I see the crested neighing herd go plunging in the stream. I hear the flying, shrieking scream of startled bird. The Kansas day is done.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! thou hast no story and no song; unto the vast and empty past in which thy former life was cast thou dost not yet belong. No mountain cradle has thou had; along thy line no summits shine, no cliffs, no gorges, stern and sad, stand in the waning twilight, clad in melancholy pine. Thou art the even tempered child of prairies, on whose verdure wild eternities have smiled.

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! be patient, for thy day will come and bring the bugle and the drum. Thy fame shall like the ripples run; thou shalt be storied yet. Within this great and central state the destiny of some great day upon thy banks is set. Artillery will sweep away the orchard and the prairie home, and while the wheat stack redly burn armies of infantry will charge the lines of works along thy marge, while cavalry brigades will churn thy frightened waters into foam. The spell of centuries will break, and thou shalt suddenly awake and have a story that will make a nation's pulse thrill. And when again thy banks are still, no new admirer of the time can say of thee in feeble rhyme, "O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! thou has no story, and no song; thou hast no history of wrong; unto the vast and empty past in which thy former life was cast thou dost not yet belong."

O, Marmaton! O, Marmaton! the centuries will pass along, and slowly, singly, one by one, repeat thy story and thy song. Thy time abide, O, Marmaton! while side by side, O, Marmaton! thy shadows o'er thy prairie glide, thy prairie wide, O, Marmaton! For nations come and nations go, whither and whence we do not know. Great days in stormy years though hid, great years, dark centuries amid, will ever and anon emerge, like lifeboats drifting through a surge where billows sweep and mad winds urge. Of future heed, O, Marmaton! thou has no need, O, Marmaton! with quiet force, in quiet course, still murmur on, O, Marmaton!

A Red, Red Rose.

Robert Burns.

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee, still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A Farewell.

Robert Burns.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tasse;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Today little Alphonso will learn that a King has his troubles.

There are almost as many sites for the fair as there will be sights in it.

A strike of a half-million coal miners would give pause even to a trust magnate.

Mrs. Nation is trying to revive interest in herself by serving out a sentence in jail.

Peace in the Transvaal is assured, but the contending parties keep raising the time limit.

The weather clerk seems to think that the free bath ought to have an open air shower attachment.

The Kaiser continues to give Uncle Sam handsome presents. Perhaps he is thinking of making a little trip over here himself some day.

The next time we buy islands we should have them warranted fireproof. Our own possessions in the Lesser Antilles are inside the fire limits.

The fact that William Allen White didn't even see Pennoyer while he was in Portland indicates a surprising lack of interest in true greatness.

A million dollars I should like
To have, for I could use it;
But since I've not, it comforts me
To think I cannot lose it.

The new moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly is also a poet. It seems that some men are big enough to live it down.

Senator McLaurin intimates that Funston was frightened in Cuba at an engine blowing off steam. He never seems to be frightened, however, when he blows off his own.

Our troops will be withdrawn from Cuba, but any foreign prospectors who happen down that way will be likely to notice a warship or two hanging around Havana harbor.

The fad with New York women at present is the auto. Dealers say that women are eager to dare, and to suffer, too, if thereby they may get an automobile lever into their own hands, and many are willing to deny themselves new clothes and jewelry in exchange for one of the up-to-date machines. Some of the women are becoming so expert in handling the lever that they treat with scorn offers of assistance from a chaffeur. The style of auto most popular with women is a small runabout. The best make of these costs about $800, and the expense of running it almost constantly is a trifle less than to keep one horse.

There has just been placed in the New York Flower Hospital an expensive electrical apparatus which is known as an actinolite, said to be the first complete instrument of the kind permanently set up in an American hospital. By its operation it is hoped to make a thorough test of the theory that the powerfully concentrated chemical, or actinis, rays of violet-colored light possess distinctly curative properties in cases of cancer or tuberculosis. To the patient the operation is an entirely painless one, and its advocates claim for it that it has none of the objectionable features that often attend the application of the Roentgen rays to sensitive portions of the human body.

The late Frank R. Stockton, like others who subsequently became eminent as novelists, set in to be a poet. Of his efforts in poetry, the Boston Transcript tells this interesting story: "In conjunction with his brother, John, he wrote many poems with which he afflicted the editors of various periodicals. The effusions came back always. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems was ever accepted, the brothers came to the conclusion that this editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief they hunted up and dispatched to him an ode little known from Milton. Within two days they received a check and a letter of thanks. 'I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it, after all,' Mr. Stockton used to say, 'and gave up trying to write it.'"

In Trouble Over Adam.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The New York Presbytery turned down a candidate for the ministry because he would not accept Adam as an historical personage, and because he was in doubt as to the Messianic application of the prophecies of Isaiah. The turning down consisted, not in the absolute rejection of the candidate, but in handing him over to the tender mercies of a committee, which, in the language of one of its members, "will pray with him, wrestle with God for him, moderate him, tune him down, and give him a dressing." Truly a cheerful prospect for the candidate who dared to assert that his views were not exactly those of, say, the Princeton school. He should not object to the prayer, he may not object to the process of moderating, nor to the tuning down—or, is it tuning up that was meant?—but he should, and probably will, have somewhat to say in protest when the "dressing" is applied. It is comforting to know that the presbytery was by no means a unit in its attack, through this young man, upon the theology of the Union Seminary, from which the student had been graduated, and more than one member protested against the intention to subject the candidate to the drastic treatment which will probably be his fate. Is a firm and unshakable faith in the historical status of Adam essential to the earnest and successful preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Must all men interpret the prophecies according to the accepted views of bygone centuries? Must the Presbyterian faith of today be modeled on the stern, unquestioning belief of the Covenanters? Is there to be no challenging, no incentive to biblical research? The world will move on even if Adam is taken out of the category of historical entities.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Jim—I miss my morning naps these days. Jack—How is that? Jim—The man who sits next to me in History XVI keeps me awake with his snoring.—Harvard Lampoon.

Explained.—Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Misled.—Fond Mother—Willie, you should have known better than to fight with that little Smith boy. Willie—I know, mamma, but I thought I could lick him.—Ohio State Journal.

On the Boulevard.—Tom (admiringly)—Ah, there goes the young widow. Now, she is a woman worth talking about. Ida (jealously)—I guess she must be. Everyone is talking about her.—Chicago Daily News.

Immortal.—"Why do you refer to Shakespeare as the immortal bard?" asked the friend. "Because," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "so many actors whom I might mention have vainly tried to kill his works."—Washington Star.

Her Idea of It.—"Mrs. Geezer intends to have a number of literary evenings," said Mrs. Tenspot to Mrs. Hojack. "What is her idea of literary evenings?" "Well, she's to give a Ben Hur progressive euchre followed by a Longfellow ping pong."—Detroit Free Press.