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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer; northwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 62; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, 0.07 inch.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1902.

GEER AND THE SENATE.

The Milton Eagle flaps its wings and screams on this wise:

> The Oregonian has advocated election of Senators by direct vote for the past 10 years, and now that the way has been opened up we find that paper trying to close the door. The charge of insincerity might also be made on good grounds.

For much longer than ten years The Oregonian has advocated the election of Senators by direct vote, and still does so; but it is after the real thing, and not a counterfeit, beaten up out of some Marion County coppice, and tendered to the community as a genuine undertaking in popular government. Here is in reality a spurious enterprise whose sole object is the perpetuation in office of a man whom his party has rejected.

If a party nominates a candidate for the Senate, the vote for him has a certain significance, though under the law that governs Senatorial elections it has no binding force on anybody. But if a man nominates himself for the Senate, and foists his name on the ticket without action from any responsible organization of the party, the vote for him has no significance whatever.

No Democratic member of the Oregon Legislature elected June 2 is under any obligation to vote for Mr. C. E. S. Wood. Mr. Wood was nominated at his party's state convention; yet that nomination is not binding upon Legislators, because the Legislators are responsible not to that convention, but to their districts. The Constitution and laws of the United States put the responsibility for Senatorial elections upon the Legislature, and until that responsibility is removed by law, the members of the Legislature are certain to exercise their own discretion. They cannot escape the blame for a bad election by throwing it back on their state convention, as the election is their own untrammeled act.

Why cannot Legislatures, in the choice of Senators, be reduced to the same automaton which the electoral college long ago became in its choice of a President? The answer is that the two cases are not at all parallel. What holds members of the electoral college to the nominees of their party is the fact that the whole perpetuity of their party organization depends on it. There could be no National Republican or Democratic party if the Presidential Electors were to disregard their party nominations for President and Vice-President. But independent action of Legislators at Senatorial elections produces no such disastrous effect on the party organization in the state—in fact, no effect at all. The only way in which to make Senators elective by popular vote is to do so by law; that is, by Constitutional amendment. This is recognized even by the so-called Mays act of the session of 1901, which enacts that after the votes for Senatorial nominees have been announced in the Legislature that body shall proceed to elect a Senator in accordance with the statutes for that purpose provided.

The Mays act and the attempt of Geer to carry off an election under it are further discredited from the peculiar manner in which Geer got his name on the ticket and the laxity of the law through which that expedient is countenanced. Who made T. T. Geer the "Republican" nominee for Senator? Not a single authorized organization or convention of the party he has tried to wreck and professes to serve. He was nominated by T. T. Geer. Any Republican in the State of Oregon had equal right to stir around, get up a petition and get himself on the ballot. Under such circumstances, it is a palpable fraud for Geer to claim to be the Republican nominee; and the statute which permits such reckless and irresponsible and meaningless nominations can only be honored in the breach.

T. T. Geer has two claims upon the office of United States Senator. The one he puts forward for himself is that he was rejected by the party for Governor. This mark of esteem and confidence would be regarded by the ordinary man as a polite invitation to sequestrate himself; but Geer is no ordinary man. His conception of his own indispensability to the party and the state is phenomenal and unprecedented. We doubt if the colossal conceit of Senator Simon himself would have been equal to such display of egotism. Certainly he did not get himself on the official ballot, though he had every opportunity, legal and otherwise, to do so. This is probably the first time on record, and presumably the last, when a defeated candidate for Governor accepts his defeat as a call to the United States Senate.

The other claim of Geer upon the Senate is his party loyalty. This he demonstrated by defeating the Republican candidate for Governor. It is not likely to impress the Republican members of the Legislature with great pertinence or weight. The highest honors of the campaign are not usually selected for traitors in the camp.

A good and able Governor who felt he was entitled to renomination was defeated by Mr. Geer four years ago, and, now that the process has been reversed, the Governor's legended sense of humor has deserted him utterly. The only reason why there isn't a third claim of Mr. Geer's upon the Senatorship (namely, that he was entitled to the Governorship) is that it isn't needed. The two already mentioned are sufficient—he wasn't given the Governorship and the party owes him a debt. Upon these he asks the judgment of the Republicans elected to the Legislature, and he is reasonably certain to get it.

Meanwhile, The Oregonian is for popular election of Senators; but when it asks for bread it will not be pleased with a stone.

THE HILLSBORO ELECTRIC ROAD.

Everybody wants a street-car line on the next street. Nobody wants it in front of his own house, where its noise will disturb his slumbers and its track will break up the pavement and its cars making up lost time will perchance run over portions of his family.

Over against this unconquerable aversion of the householder stands the necessity of rapid transit. Franchises must proceed without the consent of abutting property-owners, just as pavements, sidewalks and sewers sometimes have to do, and as modern charters are at pains to facilitate them in doing. The indications are that the so-called Hillsboro freight and passenger electric line will be granted a franchise by the City Council for its latest submitted route. This has been determined upon, apparently, by the line of least resistance from property-owners. Lovejoy street is the main thoroughfare for that part of town, and the direct exit to the country, and it has been spared as much as possible—that is, it is used only from Twenty-fifth street west to the Cornell road—just about a block. From Twenty-fifth and Lovejoy the line runs north to Northrup, east to Twelfth, south to Couch, and down Couch to First. The region thus proposed to be served is now without east and west lines, and will doubtless afford traffic sufficient to justify more frequent service than the minimum of 30 minutes prescribed by the pending ordinance.

The great objection to the original application of this Hillsboro line was the fear that it would appropriate too much of the Cornell road, which would be an act of vandalism that the city and county authorities would never be justified in permitting. These roads that climb the hills west of the city have been built and maintained at tremendous expense by the public funds, cut in the side of an almost precipitous mountain, and they should under no circumstances be turned over to private uses. But it appears that this objection has been met. The road will climb the hill back of St. Vincent's Hospital over its own tracks and private right of way, using the Cornell road no more than to effect the turn necessary to bring the cars out upon the "loop" that is used for the mountain climb. The scenic possibilities of such a route are evident, and should supplement the advantages the road expects from rural freight business.

It is a childish objection to this franchise that its promoters will have to get somebody else's money to build the road. Portland needs to encourage active young men who have the confidence of Eastern investors. If we had a warmer welcome for men of brains and for capital also, we should have vastly more wealth and population also than we have today. Portland never had a City Council that has drawn franchises with the care this present Council has uniformly shown. If it grants this franchise, the people can have faith that the best thing for the city has been done. Anything that facilitates trade between Portland and the country helps the city and country both. No freight-cars will ever be dragged up and down Lovejoy-street hill on a road built by penniless men.

AN OLD MARRIAGE LAW.

It is obvious that behind and beyond all schemes looking to a check in divorces lies the problem of properly guarding the entrance into marriage. An old law, the purpose of which was to give wide publicity to the intent of marriage before the contract was sanctioned by church and state, was lately unearthed from among the statutes of Rhode Island, where it had slumbered in the dust of the years, and published with the suggestion in various quarters that its revival and enforcement might greatly simplify the divorce problem by providing against clandestine and otherwise ill-considered marriages. The whole question is rather a moral than a legal one; hence it can be settled only indirectly and incidentally by legislation. Yet it is conceived to be a fact that by rigid provisions as to clandestine or hurried marriages much can be done to protect society and the individual from the manifold evils of ill-considered marriage.

A hundred years ago there was a statute in full force in a number of the original New England colonies making a wide degree of publicity prerequisite to marriage. The first section of the Rhode Island law, which did not differ greatly from that in some other colonies, required specific publication of marriage intentions. If made to a civil officer, it was his duty to post a written notice thereof in some public place in the town "wherein the parties respectively dwell"; if to a minister, the bans were to be published in church for three consecutive Sundays. This latter provision was a survival of a good, old English custom, and might be revived with profit, since its tendency is to place marriage upon a responsible, dignified basis and recognize the interest of society therein. Another point of some importance in this old law was the provision which required those who alleged some impediment to the proposed marriage to furnish their reason in writing to the officers, and to give sureties to make the objection good, thus guarding against merely malicious persecution. The whole intent of the law was to make marriage a responsible, solemn and binding engagement.

Of course, a marriage made in the most public manner may, and in point of fact often does, turn out unhappily. There can be no legal guarantee against diversity of temperament or opinion, or against the social and individual sins that wreck homes and fill charitable institutions with worse than orphaned children. But it can scarcely be doubted that a law which prevents clandestine marriages effectively, as this old statute must have done, disposes of some of the most conspicuous causes of divorce. This being conceded, it is worth while, in the very general discussion of the divorce question, to consider whether or not an act based upon the old law would be an advantage in these times. Mediums through which matters of interest are conveyed to the public are different from those of a century ago; hence publication of intentions in the newspapers, as other legal notices are served, three weeks in advance of the date set for the marriage ceremony, might well take the place of posting public notices or crying bans from the pulpit.

Society, having largely to bear the consequences of hasty, ill-assorted, inconsiderate marriages, may well rise up in denial of the pompous individual assertion of the present day that marriage concerns nobody except those who enter into it. "It is our own business," say the bumptious youth and pert miss who enter clandestinely or defiantly into marriage. And though the foolish and impudent assumption is disproved in a few years, when the young woman returns with her children to her father's home to be cared for, or, failing in this retreat, seeks the managers of baby homes or children's aid societies with a babe in her arms and another clinging to her skirts, asking that they take her children in, as "he has deserted her and she and her babes are homeless," the proof comes too late to protect parents or society from the results of ill-advised, irresponsible marriage. In the face of this literally "crying evil" legislators would do well to consider seriously an amendment to our marriage law providing that the intentions of persons entering matrimony be duly declared to the public, with a challenge to any one to present good and sufficient reasons, properly avouched, why the marriage may not or cannot lawfully take place.

THE ABLEST SOVEREIGN IN EUROPE.

Emperor William of Germany is easily the ablest and most progressive sovereign in Europe. The latest proof of his good sense, his self-confidence and perhaps his contempt for France is his abolition of the military dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine. Alsace became a French province under Louis XIV, and Lorraine became part of the Bourbon monarchy under Louis XV. At the outbreak of the great French Revolution Alsace and Lorraine had become so intensely French in feeling that no provinces in France contributed so many soldiers to the armies of the republic and of Napoleon as these German conquests, and no part of France was so intensely anti-German as Alsace and Lorraine at the time of the Franco-German war of 1870-71. The intensely French feeling of Alsace-Lorraine was recognized by Bismarck and was guarded against by the law of December 80, 1871, which authorized the Governor under certain conditions to suspend the constitutional privileges of the people and to rule them as a military autocrat.

As late as two years ago the German Chancellor Hohenlohe, when the repeal of this military dictatorship was proposed, opposed it on the ground that the loyalty of the people of Alsace-Lorraine could not yet be trusted. But now Emperor William favors the abolition of this military dictatorship, and has ordered the Imperial Chancellor to lay a bill on the subject before the Federal Council. This action of Emperor William is remarkable, for it is not assumed that Emperor William believes that the feelings of the people of Alsace-Lorraine have been greatly changed in the thirty years that have elapsed since their conquest and annexation. If they could decide for themselves, they would probably vote tomorrow for reincorporation with France. The explanation given for Emperor William's action is that he is sure of a renewal of the triple alliance and has entirely ceased to consider France of the slightest consequence for the future. All apprehension of France as a formidable political and military factor having ceased, Emperor William is not afraid to abrogate the military dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine. The Emperor insists on Germanizing his Polish subjects, while he lets up on Alsace-Lorraine. The Emperor is practical; he feels no apprehension concerning France, but he watches Russia on his Polish flank with a vigilant eye.

There are many other proofs of the strength of Emperor William's personality. When he bluntly demanded Bismarck's resignation the world thought he was an arrogant and foolish young man whose head had been turned by his accession to the throne. But events have justified his action. Bismarck was too old to change, and as long as he remained in office progress on modern lines was impossible. The Emperor showed him the door; his action created a good deal of idle talk for a time, but the young Emperor soon showed that he was determined to drive, and it is but his just due today to say that thus far he has shown no disposition to drive so recklessly as to ditch the team. Nobody today talks about Bismarck or sighs for Bismarck's rule, but Emperor William deservedly occupies the German mind. Emperor William is an "up-to-date" ruler, which Bismarck never was; he recognizes the big ironmasters, captains of industry, financiers, shipbuilders and professional men; he is a many-sided man, and his frankness and boldness make him strong with the masses of his people.

The sagacity of Emperor William is shown further by his determination to keep on good terms with the United States. He sees clearly that we are sure to be, directly or indirectly, the arbiter of all important affairs for the future in Mexico, Central America and South America, and he has taken pains to convince our State Department that Germany has no intention of violating the Monroe Doctrine or of gaining possession of a coaling station in the Caribbean Sea or the West Indies, and he is today fighting the agrarians in his own country in behalf of the reciprocity treaties and the renewal of the most-favored-nation clause with the United States. Emperor William never loses an opportunity to express his impatience with and contempt for anti-Americanism when it is manifested in political meetings and legislative debates. He has recently offered to present this country with a statue of Frederick the Great as an expression of his grateful appreciation of the hospitality eevrywhere shown Prince Henry. This statue is offered for our acceptance because Frederick as a soldier of genius was second only to Napoleon in modern history, and because he was the greatest name in the Emperor's family. Its acceptance is simply a matter of ordinary national courtesy. Frederick was not in sympathy with our form of government; neither, for that matter, was Louis XVI, who was our ally; he only aided us in order that we might become a fatal thorn in the flesh of England. Baron Steuben, one of Frederick's old soldiers, converted our raw recruits into a military machine. Emperor William is always ready for war, but he is always anxious to organize peace. He is a ruler of greater promise than Bismarck, because Bismarck was incapable of growth, while Emperor William keeps abreast of his own times and far ahead of his people.

The programme for the exercises of Pioneer day has been published, and that occasion is just at hand. An increased attendance at these annual gatherings has been noted for several years past, testifying to the fact of increasing interest in each other of men and women "grown old or who are growing old." The occasion is sad or joyous according to the spirit in which it is met. For those who—

> Looking from life's west windows
> Feel that they would not again
> Look forth from its eastern lattice
> And live over all life's pain,

—Pioneer day brings no regrets. But for those who do not find it possible to approach the confines of life without reluctance and an instinctive desire to continue within "the warm precincts of the cheerful day," the time is instinct with sadness. All, however, find pleasure in a reunion of old friendships and the rehearsal of past experiences; hence it is that pioneer folk come up in increasing numbers each year to the entertainment given and the banquet spread in their honor in this city in June.

A school election—or, for that matter, an election of any kind with but one candidate in the field—is an exceedingly tame affair. It is in the nature of an indorsement merely, and is only a necessary matter of form. To inject anything like enthusiasm into such an occasion or function is, of course, impossible. Hence the enthusiasm that has been aroused by some preceding school elections in this city, notably the election of March, 1901, was conspicuous by its absence yesterday, so far, at least, as naming a member of the School Board went. Mr. Beach was elected to this position in advance, and, supported by his record, may be held to have been chosen unanimously to serve School District No. 1 for another term of five years.

A garish folly that has attached itself to the public school system is in full annual flow just now. Parents, in some instances, at least, illy able to bear the expense, are straining every nerve to outfit their daughters in filmy graduating garments for which they will never again have the slightest use, and the effect of which is to gratify vanity and stimulate envy. What with chiffon dresses, laces, white slippers, class pins and flowers, graduation from the High School, and indeed from the grammar grades, in some schools, has become a tax that is in many cases a grievous burden, and which hardworking patrons of the public schools should not be or feel called upon to bear.

The way to get rid of the French pink in grain fields is the way to get rid of any other pernicious weed. Pull it up and thus root it out before it has time to mature its seed. The overflowing activities of country boys cannot be utilized more profitably than in making such work a picnic occasion for boys, with the wholesome stimulus of a little honestly earned pocket money as an adjunct. Farmer M. A. Baker, of Yamhill County, is to be congratulated in that he has discovered a way to utilize boyish energy and at the same time rid his large wheat fields of a pestiferous weed that coaxes favor by its gay blossoms.

King Edward, heavy, gouty and rheumatic, will no doubt find the coronation festivities and ceremonials a severe tax to his strength. While the attack of lumbago that threw him upon his bed Sunday is not serious in itself, it is ominous of what is likely to follow the great physical strain to which His Majesty will be subjected during the next two weeks. The preliminaries having overtaxed his strength, his loyal subjects are justified in apprehension that may well be conveyed by the query: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how wilt thou contend with the horses?"

The opening of ecclesiastical controversy is legitimate cause for regret in any community. Catholicism and Protestantism have been threshed over—now one acting as a flail in the hands of the un-Christian zealot, now the other—until the last grain of truth has been beaten out, and in further beating the antiquated straw only annoying and confusing dust arises. Such effort may well come under the name of "pernicious activity," and may justly be decried.

Portland has given generous and unstinted welcome during the past week to large bodies of men who have come hither as representatives of various organizations. This is pre-eminently the age of organized effort, and our people are wise in recognizing its value in commercial, fraternal and social lines by greeting cordially men who are working together under various names for the promotion of human fellowship.

Well Liked at Charleston.

Charleston Post.

Colonel Henry E. Dosch, the commissioner from Oregon to the exposition, who starts today for his home in the great far West, is a man we hate to part with. He says he likes the people of Charleston, and it is certain the people of Charleston who have met him like him. He had a splendid exhibit at the exposition, and he made it attractive to everybody. Those who could not appreciate the mterial value of the display could at least appreciate the charm of Colonel Dosch's manner and his reception to visitors to his exhibits made friends for Oregon. No finer display was made at the exposition than that of Oregon, and it has profited the state enormously already in direct returns, and it is not to be doubted that the excellent way in which it was presented by Colonel Dosch had much to do with its good results. Of course, they need Colonel Dosch out in Oregon, and as a friend of that great country we cannot restrain his return, but we can at least hope that his own state and his fine City of Portland will lend him to Charleston again some time for a visit. He will be welcome always.

The Man for the Office.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Of course, the President has found a man willing to take the office of Consul at St. Pierre. He could find plenty of men willing and eager to take the office if it were located in the crater of Mount Pelee itself. There are thousands of American citizens who would flee as a bird from plain, every-day work, but who would beard a volcano in his lair for an office.

"OWL CARS" AND DIVORCES.

All Night Service in San Francisco in Its Moral Aspect.

San Francisco Bulletin.

For the first time in her history, the electric cars now go climbing up and down San Francisco hills from midnight till rosy dawn. These are called the "owl" cars—not necessarily because wisdom is closely associated with them, but because the dead of night is the noon of their flitting.

These "owl" cars are doing a good business. Most of them are well filled with night workers, pleasure-seekers, banqueters and belated wights who have been "out with the maiden moon in her mantle of blue," some dozing, some singing "Heimgang," and some, with a transcendent genius for fiction, weaving new excuses to give to their wives.

But in the midst of the chorus of congratulatory ululation which has been going up from the men over this new evidence of Western progress comes a jarring note. Some ladies living on the outskirts of the city are shrilly demanding the suppression of the "owl" car, on the ground that it enables John Henry to linger downtown "doing the line" until dawn, and that it is another deadly blow aimed at the tropical joys of home. This protest recites the woes of the wife who now sits up for the 4:30 car. Care counting the seconds, while Carelessness stays downtown and forgets the hours.

"The more owl cars, the more divorces," they conclude.

This is a startling suggestion. Is it possible that, like Jonah's gourd, good names will now wither in a night, owing to the baleful effects of these cankerers of reputations, the "owls"? Must it follow that because the opportunity-breeding street-car runs all night, the divorce mill will also be forced to run day and night? Must that which makes life easier for the night-hawks make the yoke of wifehood heavier?

Let us hope that these good but excitable ladies are in error. New York has had her "owl" cars for over 40 years, yet in point of morality and exemption from divorce she will compare favorably with California's metropolis. Most of the Eastern cities have the all-night car service. New Haven attempted to do away with the "owls" and even to enforce the old blue laws to the extent of stopping all Sunday street-cars; but the hand capable of holding back the wave of progress has not yet been created.

Those who feel that the home and the "owl" car are two ogres, one of which must inevitably eat the other, are quaking with an unwarranted fear. The iron harrow of progress disturbs the earthborn angleworm and the dull-eyed mole, but it crushes and levels prejudice. It prepares the ground for a new crop, and man has the choice whether the crop shall be jimson weeds and bull thistles or wheat.

Anything serves as a pretext for the sinner. Granting that the all-night car service gives men the opportunity to drink or gamble a few hours longer, it does not follow that any man worthy of standing on his feet will fail. The man who needs manacles to keep him from stealing your overcoat has already stolen it mentally, and he would be none the worse if the shackles were removed. Opportunity does not change men. It unmasks them. We hope the "owl" cars have come to stay, for after all, the only difference is that whereas vice formerly walked home or took a cab, now it takes the car. The man who formerly kept his eye on the clock lest he miss the "the last car" has not become a worse man for having that trifling anxiety removed. Not what a man does, but what he wishes to do, is the measure of his character.

San Francisco is a great and growing city, and though she turns night into day with her amusements and her owl cars and perchance her owl ferryboats, it does not follow that the hour of Topsyturvydom has struck, or that she is going to the bow-wows. Her people have the flexibility of character to adapt themselves to new conditions. Just what relation may exist between the owl cars and the increase in the number of divorces it is too early to predict; but one thing is certain; though a few may be bruised, the wheels of progress will not stop and turn back, any more than horse cars will come back into use, or the home-driving curfew bell frighten us into being good.

THE OFFICE-SEEKING ITCH.

With Remarks on Mr. Geer's Pretensions.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

Governor T. T. Geer apparently believes that he is next in line to a seat in the United States Senate, and that the Republican Legislature which assembles at Salem the first week in January next, will only have to go through the formalities of electing him, since he has already been chosen by the direct vote of the people.

Mr. Geer seems to consider that there is little doubt that the Republican Legislature will lose no time in ratifying his election, and that he will be Mr. Joseph Simon's successor. He is already busy impressing the people of Oregon that if the Legislature fails in its duty it will be a dereliction for which the Legislature must not be forgiven.

The Governor is playing a stiff game for the Senatorship, but we are willing to risk a lot of fine doughnuts to a quantity of worthless marbles that he will not get within 40 rods of the Senatorial seat.

To be explicit: Governor Geer is not slated for the position; he is not wanted, either by the people of the state or the leaders of the Republican party. The fact of the matter is, a large number of Republicans voted for him for Senator, but with no idea that he would be chosen, and the whole procedure of his nomination and selection as a candidate for Senator was barren of interest and result. If he thinks the play he is making will be fruitful, then he is too simple to go around without a chaperon and too serious a character to be a rational and successful office-seeker.

It is ridiculous that men of ordinary good sense will make such unholy displays of their shortcomings in putting themselves forward for office, in the face of every known decency and in spite of the absence of any call from the people or the press for their sacrifice upon the altar of public trust.

Those who are the fittest to occupy high place or stand upon a pedestal exercise the greatest diffidence and show a hesitancy that is becoming. But the politician, office-seeker, statesman, or whatever one may call him in this day and age, is terribly short on modesty and merit, while terribly long on self-laudation, assurance and presumption. Politics under present methods and organization is a school for pigmies, for they alone can afford to rush to it to be educated in its rascalities and suffer the indignities of a wild scramble for its empty honors and flimsy baubles, for there is not one candidate in a thousand who seeks office with the view of really serving the people or the country.

The Next European War.

Providence Journal.

In the next European war, Emperor William says, 4000 men armed with machine guns will be able to withstand 80,000. Very possibly. But if the 80,000 have machine guns, they can withstand $1,600,000, and if the 1,600,000—. But why consider the possibilities further? If there ever is a "next European war," it seems likely to be a bloody one.

Cobden's Mistake.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The London Times remarks that "Cobden did a great work in his day, but what he thought universal principles were nothing but the conditions surrounding him." In other words, the merits of free trade as a policy depend upon varying circumstances. Academic free-traders in this country should make a note of the confession.

CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

They Have Been Treated Alike as Far as They Can Be.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Senator Hoar's speech has set people to trotting out the old conundrum: Why don't you treat the Filipinos as you treated the Cubans? Why don't the Filipinos treat us as the Cubans treated us? would be more pertinent. That is where the essential difference lies. The cases have been made different by the different nature and conduct of the two peoples. On the one side a homogeneous race, predominantly Anglo-Saxon, in a single island, co-operated sincerely and heartily in our plans for their political and social reorganization, submitted to the conditions imposed on us by our international responsibilities, even when these involved modification of our rash promise to them, and met our assumption of the heavy task of protecting and upleading them with confidence and gratitude.

On the other, a heterogeneous welter of warring Malay tribes received us with suspicion and demanded the impossible. Self-chosen dictators of untaught races aspired to independence for which they were unfit and which would have been their undoing. The Cuban army operated under our command and disbanded when the work was done. The Filipino Army held itself in jealous separation and began war on us as soon as there were no more Spaniards to fight.

While the Cubans were learning self-government under our tutelage and example, this Filipino War was degenerating into a riot of bloody cruelty and savage treachery which fully justified our hesitation to trust this people farther. Nevertheless, as fast as peace and order could be restored, we set up for the Filipinos the same institutions of local self-government we had given the Cubans, and trustfully began to lay plans for island autonomy. These had to be abandoned because the local institutions themselves broke down through the falseness and treachery of the people we had trusted too soon, and we had to begin the war again because we had been in too great a hurry to stop it.

All the idealists harp on our promise to the Cubans, and say that if we had made the same promise to the Filipinos all would have been well. On the contrary, that promise made the Cuban situation more difficult, and would have made it impossible without war, had the Cubans had no more sense and reason than the Filipinos. It was a foolish promise to make, and it would have been still more foolish to try to keep it. We broke it deliberately with the consent of the Cubans. They are no more independent than an American state. They have just as much freedom as they are fit to exercise.

In this respect we have treated the two peoples precisely alike. The Filipinos have less power over their own affairs than the Cubans, because they have proved themselves unfit to use so much. When they are more fit, they will get more power, and probably before they are fit. That is the side on which we are most likely to err. The situation would have been infinitely worse if we had made the Filipinos the same promise we made the Cubans. It would have been necessary to break the promise and there would have been more clamor from the friends of the Filipinos, though nine-tenths of the American people and the civilized world would have approved the act. We are lucky to have kept out of that scrape.

In Cuba and the Philippines we are under compulsion of the same international obligations and duty to civilization. We must do in both places precisely what we do at home; precisely what every civilized nation does, in its original jurisdiction and in all that it may acquire. We must establish social order and political responsibility first. We must make industry possible and commerce safe. We must afford protection for human life and property, and guarantee to the world the conditions that are exacted by international trade.

After this is done, we may take thought for individual freedom and the participation of the people in government. These are possible only so far as they do not clash with the primary duties. With people trained for self-government, they do not clash at all. Until a people is prepared to submit to this training and to acquire the habits of orderly liberty, it must submit to the restraint of some other. This is precisely the situation in Cuba and the Philippines in different degrees. We are treating them in precisely the same way, having regard to the difference in conditions.

Mr. Bryan as a Theologian.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner has convicted Bishop Thoburn of blasphemy. The ground of this condemnation is the bishop's declaration of belief that American occupancy of the Philippines is a part of the divine plan and essential to carrying out the purposes of the Almighty. It has long been known that Mr. Bryan is a versatile man, but few have heretofore given him credit for being an expert theologian. It seems, however, that such is the case, and, furthermore, that he is so cocksure of his own infallibility as to feel justified in hurling the charge of blasphemy at those whose opinions differ from his own. Now, what is the use in having Methodist conferences and Presbyterian assemblies and heresy trials so long as Mr. Bryan is on earth? He could in a few sweeping sentences settle every question of doctrine, of belief, of scriptural interpretation, of divine intention, and of the workings of Providence, thus saving others a lot of trouble and pointing out to everybody the pathway of true godliness.

Florence Nightingale's Life Work.

New York Evening Post.

Florence Nightingale has just entered her 82d year. She was born at Florence May 15, 1820. Her father was the owner of estates in Hampshire and Derbyshire, and thus early she found scope for her philanthropic instincts in caring for her needy neighbors. Enlarging her field, she studied in hospitals and similar institutions, and successfully reorganized the Governesses' Sanitarium in Harley street, London. The need of British soldiers in the Crimea then impressed her, and she offered her services to Lord Herbert, Secretary of State for War. While she wrote, a letter from him was on the way to ask for the same offices that she was proffering. For the service that she rendered in that campaign the British Nation subscribed £50,000, which she devoted to the endowment of the "Nightingale Home" for the training of nurses.

The Day Returns, the Bosom Burns.

Robert Burns.

> The day returns, my bosom burns,
> The blisful day we twa did meet;
> Though Winter wild in tempest toil'd,
> Ne'er Summer sun was half sae sweet,
> Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
> And crosses o'er the sultry line—
> Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
> Heav'n gave me more; it made thee mine.
>
> While day and night can bring delight,
> Or nature aught of pleasure give—
> While joys above my mind can move,
> For thee and thee alone I live;
> When that grim foe of life below
> Comes in between to make us part,
> The iron hand that breaks our band,
> It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Adieu, Adieu! My Native Shore.

Lord Byron.

> Adieu, adieu! my native shore
> Fades o'er the waters blue;
> The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
> And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
> Yon sun that sets upon the sea
> We follow in his flight;
> Farewell awhile to him and thee,
> My native land—good-night!
>
> A few short hours, and he will rise
> To give the morrow birth;
> And I shall hail the main and skies,
> But not my mother earth.
> Deserted is my own good hall,
> Its hearth is desolate;
> Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
> My dog howls at the gate.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Everybody seems to have surrendered but the convicts.

What a magnificent Populist orator Mount Pelee would make!

Never mind, we shall have a little sunshine after the Fourth of July.

An automobile is just as useful as a horse, and far more easily broken.

The Missouri mule now sees nothing ahead of him but the Beef Trust.

With regard to volcanoes, an ounce of prevention would be worth a ton of explanation.

"A tooth for a tooth, and an 'ad' for an 'ad,'" seems to be the motto of the dentists.

The celebration this year has been limited to one day, much to the disgust of the medical profession.

A man who will hold up a brewery and take only one glass of beer is a true disciple of temperance.

The fierce light that beats upon the June bride only deepens the obscurity which surrounds the June groom.

Mr. Tracy and Mr. Merrill are due to make a farewell appearance if they keep up their present tactics much longer.

The Delaware peach crop may fail, but Senator Quay expects to get the usual crop from his Pennsylvania plum orchard.

The gentlemen who have escaped from the penitentiary have by this time acquired a pretty fair idea of how General Miles feels.

Even if King Edward is too ill to attend the coronation, it ought to go along smoothly enough with Richard Harding Davis there.

The first work of Parliament should be to erect a branch of Westminster Abbey in the Transvaal for the reputations of the generals who fought there.

The president of Vassar advises the graduates to get married as soon as possible. This is one case where graduates will be likely to heed the advice of those who know more than they.

"Never open your morning mail at the breakfast table," said a Philadelphia physician. "That is an evil habit, and one that is sometimes responsible for disease. Letters, you must know, are tremendous germ-carriers. The licking of the flap of the envelope and of the stamp often entails the presence of thousands of germs. These, when letters are laid upon the table, may get into the food, for they are nearly all food bacteria; you may swallow them, and thus lay yourself open to many kinds of trouble. Open your mail, therefore, anywhere but in the dining-room."

Apropos of vacant seats at the coronation, the interesting fact is recalled that when Queen Victoria was crowned Benjamin Disraeli wrote:

"I must give up going to the coronation, as all the members of Parliament must be in court dresses or uniforms, and I can't afford to buy any. I console myself with the conviction that to get up at 7 o'clock, to sit dressed like a flunky in Westminster Abbey for seven or eight hours, and to listen to a sermon by the Bishop of London are treats which can be missed with fortitude."

This was when Disraeli was a Radical member of the Parliament, and before he became the Earl of Beaconsfield and Chief of the Tories.

Year by year the Summer tourist misses one after another of the old familiar faces that used to greet him at the seashore with every recurring season. Not the least interesting of these perennial sources of interest was Dr. Parks, the Ilwaco physician, who has long kept his office and drug store at Long Beach throughout the seaside period. His track velocipede was one of the wonders of the beach, and many was the time every Summer when the kindly doctor might have been seen pumping it hurryingly along up or down the road in response to urgent calls for medical attention. In Ilwaco last Winter an unlooked-for messenger came for him, who would not be denied. Heart disease claimed him in the bath, and while the Pale Horse rode away with a loving and faithful spirit, all that was mortal of the good old doctor was laid to rest with many tears. But in his little drug store window, close beside the track at Long Beach, may still be read this legend:

> OFFICE OF DR. PARKS.
> Sept. 6, 1901.
> Will Be Back with fresh stock of goods July 5, 1902.
> DR. T. H. PARKS.

That is one appointment the doctor will be unable to keep; and the record of his faithfulness serves chiefly to remind the reader how fragile, after all, is man, and how little he can foresee what the future has in store. Here is a poor, miserable scrap of paper and already fading lines upon it, outlasting the hand that wrote it. Flimsy lace survives by centuries the proud fingers that fitted it in place, and the shaft we raise upon our funeral plot shall see our children's children molder into dust.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

The Ocean's Creed.—"Why do they speak of it as a hungry sea?" "It takes the dinner right out of a person's mouth."—Town and Country.

Barber—That man who just went out has a good head for business. Customer—That old, bald-headed gentleman? Barber—Yes; I sell him three bottles of hair-renewer a month.—Tit-Bits.

Not a Hastener.—Mrs. Jones—I can't bear to see you smoking, dear. Our doctor says it is a slow poison. Mr. Jones—But I can't smoke prussic acid just to please you and the doctor.—Judge.

Nothing to Show.—"What is your nativity?" asked the Magistrate. "I hain't got any, y'r Honor," said the blear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets. "The police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

Edith (to the agent)—You come with the gas bill? Well, mother is in New York, and she forgot to leave the money. Agent—How do you know? Edith—Because I heard her tell nurse to tell you so if you came.—Brooklyn Life.

Although the price named was a very considerable one, the King has felt compelled to decline the offer of one of the leading American papers to write an article entitled "How It Feels to Be Crowned."—Punch.

The Kind That Get Away.—"That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

An Argument.—"Can't you work in the game of ping pong in that historical novel you're writing?" inquired his friend. "But it would be an anachronism!" said the author. "I know; but it's hard to write a historical novel without some anachronisms, and ping pong is an anachronism that would pay!"—Puck.

Missed a Sale.—"I am selling a new cyclopedia," began the well-dressed man who had been ushered into the reception-room on the strength of his make-up. "Would you care to look at it?" "'Tain't no use," replied Mrs. Neurich. "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them fool things."—Chicago Daily News.