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, Sunday 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."

Eastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 Tribune building, New York City; 510-11-12 Tribune building, Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Eastern representative.

For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the Palace Hotel; Foster & Orear, Ferry news stand; Frank Scott, 30 Ellis street, and N. Wheatley, 813 Mission street.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 259 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 803 So. Spring street.

For sale in Sacramento by Sacramento News Co., 429 K street, Sacramento, Cal.

For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street, and Charles MacDonald, 55 Washington street.

For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam street; Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam street.

For sale in Salt Lake by the Salt Lake News Co., 77 W. Second South street.

For sale in Ogden by C. H. Myers.

For sale in Minneapolis by R. G. Hearsey & Co., 24 Third street South.

For sale in Washington, D. C., by the Ebbett House news stand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Louthan & Jackson Book & Stationery Co., 15th and Lawrence street; A. Series, Sixteenth and Curtis streets; and H. P. Hansen.

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

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 72; minimum temperature, 54; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1902.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

A fortune-teller, whose bad luck in a marriage venture was developed in the divorce court here last week, promoted the gayety of an otherwise joyless scene. The ready wit of the bench supplied the obvious commentary on that sort of foreknowledge, and it is to be presumed that the courtroom rang with real or counterfeited glee. Goldsmith's village schoolmaster was not more sure of a laugh at all his jokes than is the Judge who projects an ostensible witticism into the otherwise depressing atmosphere of the courtroom. The hapless gentleman from Shropshire, it will be remembered, became a joke in Chancery Lane, and there is no law against broken homes furnishing the point of a bon mot.

But that is neither here nor there. The moral we wish to draw from the luckless fortune-teller's matrimonial finish is that mistakes of this sort are confined to no social level or business occupation. The medium who gives advice in love and business is apt to be beloved by few and frequently gets behind with the room rent. But this is not more remarkable than the sick doctor or the wayward preacher or the lawyer who is worsted at the law. How often does the eminent physician fall ill and die, how many preachers practice all they preach, how many lawyers can so bequeath their property that disappointed relatives cannot break the will? "Warm Spring Johnny," a noted scout, went over into Cowlitz County a week or so ago to show the posses they were wrong in coming home every night instead of camping on the fugitive convicts' trail; but he came home Saturday because there were not "prospects" enough to guide him.

It is all very funny when the joke is on the other fellow. What could be more excruciating than Mrs. Eddy's dictum that nothing is real? Yet when Herbert Spencer says substantially the same thing we look solemn and swallow it. It says in the Bible somewhere that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, but the Bible's most ardent devotees get mad with the Christian scientist (so-called) who offers to put the theory into practice. What a crying shame it is that China should want to keep foreigners out of that country and even offer to maltreat them! But look at us with our Rock Springs massacres and our hoodlums unrestrainedly pelting inoffensive laundrymen with sticks and stones! It used to be considered a triumph for right when marching Orangemen broke a few Irish heads, but when the tables were turned on St. Patrick's day it was an outrage that such parades were permitted by law, and, mutatis mutandis, why, then, vice versa.

To come back to the poor fortune-teller and his humble trade, why is it that we all like to assume a virtue for our particular form of humbug and recognize so keenly the weak point in another's brave armor of pretension? There is the horse-trader, looking with a glow of pride upon his own animal and with highly moral suspicion upon the other fellow's. There is the doctor, looking wise over a case he can't for the life of him make head or tail of. There is the lawyer, swelling with sympathy and respect for one litigant and heaping righteous scorn upon another—according to which of them gets first to his office. There is the preacher, appointing committees to canvass the situation thoroughly and bring in his predetermined plan, and carefully formulating in advance innumerable expressions of spontaneous sentiment from the congregation. The fortune-teller doubtless feels in his or her secret heart a certain contempt for the article of advice bestowed in exchange for the customary fee, but this, we take it, is nothing different from the thoughts with which the merchant sells a barrel of sugar at $4 25 when he knows it will be $4 in the morning, or those with which the dentist puts a gold crown on a tooth he knows will have to come out anyhow in six months, or the Deputy Sheriff's state of mind when he tells you there are no personal taxes against you when he knows full well, or could know if he would take the trouble to find out, that a collector is going out in a few days with original and penalty added.

Few prophets ever tell a disciple that their prediction is worthless and make him keep his money; but few clothiers tell a customer that the suit he is buying is old style and will be laughed at by discerning friends. Does the banker tell the mortgagor that when this note falls due he expects to take an execution on the property because the business will not pay it off? Does the druggist tell the poor, suffering farmer's wife that the medicine she is carrying hopefully home will do her more harm than good? Seldom, it is to be feared, seldom. But for all that none would be so obtuse as not to laugh at humbug, so it isn't ours. Catch folly, therefore, as it flies. It won't stand close inspection.

BANANAS AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

With bananas at 10 cents a dozen, the stubbornness of native strawberries and cherries in standing firm at two or three boxes for a quarter cannot be too strongly reprobated. Peaches, too, have been unconscionably high, and the fruit fiend can breakfast on oranges about as cheaply as on anything else. The Hood River strawberry, the Clark County peach and the Ashland apple are justly accounted among our greatest luxuries. We can better afford something from the ends of the earth than the products of our own soil. Is this "accordin' to Natur'," or some baleful outgrowth of the accursed gold standard or the malevolent Dingley bill?

The fact seems to be that the world is gradually putting off its magnitude. The integration of the cosmic process is nothing to the condensation of civilized society that is going on under quick communication, cheap carriage, improved chemical and mechanical contrivances and uniform standards of value. No longer do we have to take what we can grow and make ourselves, but we appropriate the things that seem to please us most by their very unfamiliarity and remoteness. Distance lends enchantment. Oregon absorbs trainloads of bananas from Central America, Chicago reaches out for the Georgia watermelon before it is ripe, while New York must have the Columbia salmon in cold storage, and Hood River apples and strawberries are dragged in express cars across the continent, in scorn of native consumers, who only see them upon their excursions to the Atlantic seaboard.

In this busy interchange of products there is a beautiful lesson of interdependence and of amity. It is better for us to sell our fruit to the East and live on oranges and bananas from the South, because commerce means friendship and friendship carries with it in time the decay of old hates and misunderstandings, prejudices, reprisals, isolation and war. A new and happier day began to dawn for Western Europe when the Crusaders came home with the silks and spices, parchments and perfumes of the golden East. The glorious discoveries of the sixteenth century were products of an awakening, it is true, but they were themselves the promoters of a renaissance that in the life of the common people kept pace with the revival of classical literature among the learned. The New World's corn and tobacco, gold and precious woods, with all its stimulus to the imagination and the commercial instinct, its hopes of a new passage to India, and even its foolish dreams of eternal youth in fountains and impossible palaces of unearthly beauty and fabulous riches—all these things exerted a powerful influence of enlightenment, development, progress.

It is something this way with the United States today in its reaching out for distant trade, its enjoyment of luxuries from distant lands, and especially in its intimate relation with those portions of the tropics, in East and West Indies, that came under our charge through the unforeseen developments of the Spanish War. The British mind was awakened and broadened by American colonization and strengthened and inspirited by the growth of navigation and traffic with Hong Kong and India and Australia and the Straits. There was a college course in every West Indian merchantman and a liberal education in every cargo from far Cathay. So it is with us. Tropic productions pouring in upon us, Havana and Manila and Rio Janeiro merchants flocking here to buy, bright young Americans going out to establish branch houses and coming home with dividends and curios and strange tales of foreign lands, lift up our gaze from ourselves and broaden our sympathies while they extend our knowledge and soften our prejudices. Pacific expansion is doing for us what the sixteenth century did for Europe. The result of such attrition and jostling is progress toward universal comfort and universal peace. The antithesis of these activities is China.

STATISTICS OF THE BOER WAR.

About 17,000 Boers, including very old men and very young boys, doing duty as soldiers, have surrendered. Nearly 30,000 fighting men had been captured by the British. The casualties in battle on the part of the Boers were not very numerous, but probably amounted to 5000 men. It was asserted at the outbreak of the war that the Boers had 50,000 men in the field—a probable approximation to truth. Had the Boers been more enterprising and aggressive, they could have carried the war down to the seaports of Durban, Elizabeth and Cape Town; for the British had less than 20,000 soldiers then in South Africa, and had the Boers left the fortresses behind them and pressed on, they would have made themselves masters of the country, at least for a time. It is said that General Joubert was responsible for the strategy which missed this opportunity. But the Boers at no time showed a very aggressive spirit. They always shrank from assumption of exceptional risks. Excess of caution in them was a concomitant of very remarkable bravery and resolution.

There were sent to the seat of war from the United Kingdom and from the colonies 348,472 soldiers, and there were recruited for the British service 54,000 in South Africa. The total exceeded 400,000 men. So great a number was necessary for the service in so vast a country; for columns of Boers, moving on interior lines, could strike where they chose, and they always avoided general battle. There have been few more difficult military enterprises than that forced upon Great Britain by this conflict in South Africa.

The transport system which carried this mighty army and its supplies was the greatest history has known. The men were to be carried from 6000 to 10,000 miles before they were landed in South Africa, and then they had to be distributed over 700,000 square miles of territory—an area as great as that of the whole territory of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains.

The expenses of the service averaged over $300,000,000 a year, or nearly $800,000,000 for the whole period. One of the main items was cost of horses. These were bought in almost all parts of the world—though the main sources of supply were America, Australia, Austria, Spain and Italy. The prices paid for horses ranged from $85 to $300 per head, and the average cost of carrying them to South Africa was $80 per head. The total number of horses shipped to South Africa is stated in the returns at 302,000—which would be almost one horse for each British soldier. In addition, vast numbers of South African horses—all indeed that could be had—were pressed for the service. This war was the greatest undertaking encountered by Great Britain since the fall of Napoleon.

AMNESTY TO THE PHILIPPINES.

The forecast of the proclamation of amnesty which will issue July 4, when the Philippine bill becomes a law by the signature of the President, declares that, save in Mindanao and other parts where insurrection still prevails, all persons arrested by the military authorities and held for political offenses shall be restored to liberty, granted full pardon and allowed to participate in the civil government that is to be established in the islands. Under this proclamation the only prisoners released will be those held for breaches of military law. Criminal offenders will be left to the action of the proper authorities under the coming civil government.

Of course, Aguinaldo will be set free, because he is a military prisoner held for a political offense, but the Tagals have become completely disillusionized so far as Aguinaldo is concerned. He is an unprincipled little scoundrel, but he will be under surveillance, and nothing that he can do excites any alarm. He is the kind of cheap patriot that can be quieted for life with a petty pension when he has no chance to steal. Practically, the amnesty will not make it any easier for the malcontents among the Filipinos to make trouble than before, for the civil authorities will have ample military forces present to enforce their authority. The brigands, guerrillas, professional robbers and murderers who are described by General Wheaton in his report as composing the insurgents in the Provinces of Batangas, Cavite, Laguna and Tayabas, and as carrying on a system of blackmail and robbery tempered by assassination, will have no easier opportunity for outrage than under military rule. The only service that the amnesty will do is as a declaration of the disposition of the Government on the resumption of civil rule to act liberally and generously in the release of purely political offenders.

Amnesties always, of course, have their limitations. Practically, our Civil War ended April 26, 1865, with Johnston's surrender. On the 20th of July, 1865, the Southern war prisoners were released, but the Civil War was not officially declared ended until April 3, 1866, and President Johnson's proclamation of general amnesty (with exceptions) was not issued until July 4, 1868. Of course, practically the ex-soldiers of the Confederate States were all protected by the terms of the surrender of the armies of Lee, Johnston, Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith. No terms of military surrender, of course, could be invoked as pardon for any but a political offense. A deserter could obtain protection under a military amnesty, because his offense was a military offense, but a murderer, of course, could not obtain any pardon. Captain Wirz, who commanded the military stockade at Andersonville, was tried and executed for murder in violation of the laws and customs of war, on the 10th of November, 1865. President Johnson, in his proclamation of amnesty of September 7, 1867, still excepted from its terms Jeff Davis, Vice-President Stephens, the Confederate Cabinet, all Confederate officers above the rank of Brigadier-General, and all Governors of so-called Confederate States. But on December 25, 1868, President Johnson declared unconditionally and without reservation a full pardon and amnesty to all and every person who participated in the late insurrection. President Johnson began in May, 1867, a very vindictive Executive, but the roaring lion of 1867 became a cooing dove in December, 1868. Johnson builded better than he knew; his acts were wise while the motives behind some of them were mean. As a matter of fact, Grant's generous and wise terms of surrender granted Lee were the real protection of the Confederacy, for Johnson, who was an able, heartless demagogue, would subsequently have brought Lee to trial had it not been for the fact that Grant said he would resign his military position if Johnson attempted to violate the terms of Lee's military parole.

The British in their terms with the Boers granted an amnesty for all military offenders, with the exception of natives of Natal and Cape Colony who joined the forces of the South African Republics, and by this act became "rebels." Practically an amnesty is issued by the victor at the close of a war to reduce rebellious subjects as a political lubricant; it is a pledge of fair and generous policy for the future; it is the measure of the best the conqueror is willing to grant now and hereafter.

A DOER OF THINGS.

The late William Hume, pioneer salmon packer of the Columbia River, was an interesting specimen of a type of man to which this and every other country in its earlier career owes a large debt. He was no scholar, no thinker in the abstract sense, no dreamer of dreams; there was no filigree work about him, no social veneer; he was plain in his speech, a trifle rough in his manners, full of practical knowledge, competent for any enterprise within his range, abounding in courage, and habitually successful. Mr. Hume was pre-eminently a "practical" man—a doer of things. His way of doing things was not to go about the country reading papers at trade conventions and other time-wasting meetings, but to stay at home, to mind closely his business, and see to it that his assistants minded theirs.

By these methods Mr. Hume became the "father" of the salmon industry on the Columbia River, a business which gives occupation to no less than $3,000,000 of capital, employs approximately 5000 persons, and brings into the channels of our business life something like $2,500,000 per year. This is no small achievement; on the whole, no man has done better work for Oregon on the material side of her affairs; and no man, certainly, ever did any work for Oregon with less self-consciousness or self-applause.

It is true that Mr. Hume did not create the salmon industry; and it is true, possibly, that some other man might have done for it what he did. Great and manifest commercial resources do not forever lie unused; first or last, each finds the man and the resource essential to its development. But for many years the Columbia River lay open to all comers, and it was not until Mr. Hume, by the hazard of his own fortunes and the exercise of his own energies, showed what could be done that others ventured into the field. In time others might have done what he did; it is a plausible speculation that they would; but it is a speculation which robs Mr. Hume of no part of the credit for doing it.

The notable successes in life are commonly made by men whose equipment of temperament, knowledge and disposition match the times and conditions in which they live. A country such as this was forty years ago—and is still to a considerable extent—was pre-eminently a field for rough-and-ready out-of-door talent. The man in the "jumper" and with his trousers in his boots—at least the man whose beginnings were in this guise—is likely to be a more effective and on the whole more useful citizen than the man of scholarship and reflection. There comes later on the day of the poet and the philosopher, but the immediate demand is for the active and practical man—the doer of things. Oregon and Washington had many such in their early years. Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla, was one; Mr. Ladd, of Portland, was another; Captain Renton, of Port Blakeley, was a third; Mr. Hume, of Eagle Cliff, was a fourth; in a smaller sphere Robert Kinney, of McMinnville, was a fifth, and Mr. Crawford, of Albany, was a sixth. These men were truly giants in their day and generation; and Oregon will be fortunate indeed if her later necessities—the necessities growing out of a larger and more pretentious life—shall find instruments equally suited to her uses.

The increasing number of applications for trolley railroad franchises on public highways makes it important that there should be a settled policy regarding those enterprises. The matter now rests with the County Commissioners in the several counties, and the practice in one county is not affected by that of another, nor does the action of one Board of Commissioners set a precedent to be followed by its successors. The sweet will of the board is now the governing factor, and that is not always safe. Seekers after franchises are too often able to sway local bodies having at their disposal such important rights as franchises in ready cleared and partially graded public highways. With a few possible exceptions, where accessible routes are limited by the roughness of the country, it may be said there should be no invasion of the public highways by transportation agencies not freely open to the public. Trolley lines in Oregon are upon the same basis as the steam railroads, so far as their rights and functions as common carriers are concerned, and they should not ask, and certainly should not receive, different consideration by those who have control of the public roads. Such applications as that made some time ago in Marion County and one now pending in Umatilla County have for their object the special use of public property as a means to private gain. The general public would suffer damage by operation of a railroad on a country highway, and it would be well for the state if it were understood that these transportation agencies, though entitled to all proper encouragement, should not be given possession of such important easements as are found in the public highways.

The belief that King Edward is suffering from cancer because his elder sister died from that disease is unworthy the intelligence of the present age. Germ diseases do not "run in families," except as they are communicated from one member of the family to another. Because of actual contact or similarity of methods of living. King Edward had not lived in the same country with his sister, the ex-Empress Frederick, since his early boyhood. And as cancer in her case did not develop until late in life and was probably communicated to her through her devoted attendance upon her husband, who died from cancer of the throat, the belief that the King is suffering from cancer, thus based, is absurd. In point of fact the children of the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, being the offspring of a long line of consanguineous marriages, have doubtless a tendency to diseases of this nature. That is to say, they furnish in predisposition to disease through inherited physical conditions the "good ground" in which the seeds of malignant diseases readily germinate. Any one under favorable conditions may acquire cancer, tuberculosis, malaria, etc. Some acquire them more readily than others because of inherited tendencies. This is the generally accepted view of medical scientists, though the belief is still widely prevalent that certain diseases "run in families" by direct inheritance.

The Albany Democrat, frequently imaginative as to its facts and always engaging in its unerring inaccuracy, once held The Oregonian up to contumely and denunciation for suppressing the usual weekly trade reviews in the interests of the Money Power, when the fact was that the said reviews had been issued a day earlier than usual, and so printed in The Oregonian, owing to a holiday on Friday. In keeping with this exploit is the Democrat's denial of the fact that erstwhile silver men in the Senate voted for the Panama Canal bill, gold bonds included, after having failed to defeat the amendment providing for the bonds. The Democrat's knowledge extends to the Democratic vote for the bonding amendment, but not to the subsequent Democratic vote in favor of the bill. In view of the facts, it seems needless to examine at length the Democrat's complaint of The Oregonian's "penchant to continually misrepresent one's political opponents." A man might be pardoned for occasional misrepresentation of his political opponents, but why should he be so offensively hostile to mere facts, that never did him any harm?

Mr. Watterson is not alone in his antipathy to Cleveland. Mr. Clark Howell, the member of the Democratic National Committee from Georgia, says that Cleveland is personally responsible for all the woes of the Democracy of the past six years. Other conspicuous Democrats of the South and of the West pay their respects to the ex-President in the same sort of terms, and the New Orleans Times-Democrat, the leading Democratic paper of the Gulf States, says that the insult which was cast on the recent leader of the Democracy by Cleveland and Hill at the Tilden dinner "did not touch Mr. Bryan alone, but applied as well to the 6,000,000 voters who put his name on their ballots."

Great Britain might pass acts of non-intercourse with America, now that our wares trouble her producers right at home. She might throw our tobacco into the sea and give the fishes a chewing bee to put with their tea party of long ago.

VIRILE THOUGHTS FOR THE HOUR

Army and Navy Journal.

If the over-heated "anti-imperialists" in Congress and elsewhere are not otherwise engaged, we beg to direct their attention to a matter which should receive their earnest attention. The Americans, both soldiers and civilians, in Manila are organizing a Fourth of July celebration which is to be chock full of oratory, music, fireworks and patriotic enthusiasm. Cannon will boom, flags will wave, the band will play divers and sundry patriotic tunes and the scream of the American eagle will be heard all the way from the northernmost edge of Luzon to the Southern rim of Mindanao. The air will fairly sizzle with patriotism, the whole archipelago will be painted red, white and blue, and the stars of the Oriental skies will be put into eclipse by those which gleam from the banner of the free. But it will bring icicles to the brows of the "anti-imperialists" to learn that the Filipinos themselves are joining in the preparations for this big jubilation with an ardor which is almost delirious. They have caught the American spirit. They have been "oppressed" or "watercured" into a positive liking for American institutions, and the virus of liberty has so permeated their minds that they are sitting up o'nights singing the "Star Spangled Banner" and awaiting the dawn of the Glorious Fourth. If the "anti's" can contemplate this fraternal commingling of Americans and Filipinos in celebration of our National birthday without emitting another outburst of hot cinders and broken parts of speech it will be because they have developed powers of self-restraint with which they are not generally credited.

Among the one hundred and ten graduates of the United States Military Academy now on duty in the Philippines who joined in a banquet at Manila on the evening of June 11 in honor of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the institution was Col. Charles A. Woodruff, Sub. Dept., U. S. A., who in an eloquent speech paid his respects to the United States Senator who in the course of a recent debate spoke of West Point graduates as "charity boys." "The graduates of West Point may be 'charity boys,' said Colonel Woodruff, "but in the Mexican War these boys saved the Nation in money alone more than the military school has cost since its foundation. The same boys led 2,000,000 men to victory in the greatest of modern wars. The 'charity boys' have all paid their board and keep a thousand fold; they can glory in the fact that wherever 25,000 American troops have faced an enemy the commander of these men was a West Point graduate. The established reputation of the boys from West Point has become a synonym for honor, integrity and the highest credit in the country. They have saved the country millions of dollars and thousands of lives and the 'charity boys' will no doubt uphold in the present the proud supremacy of the United States."

It is to be hoped that the enemies of the Army will take notice of the fate which has befallen a sergeant, two corporals and four privates of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, who, while decorating the graves of American soldiers at Binangonan, Island of Luzon, on Memorial Day, were captured by a band of ladrones. The captives were carried away by the outlaws, and although a vigorous search was immediately instituted by the troops, it was not until two weeks later that any trace of them was discovered. All seven were found dead, torn limb from limb, hacked to pieces, so hideously mutilated that four of the bodies were beyond identification, and as separate interments were impossible all were buried in a common grave. This is an example of the monstrous savagery which our soldiers in the Philippines have had to deal with in scores of instances. Yet the "anti-imperialists" virtually contend that the murderous wretches capable of such atrocities are entitled to milder methods of warfare on the part of the United States than the Government enforced against the armies of the Confederacy during the Civil War.

Taking and Giving Life.

Chicago Tribune.

General Wheaton has a philosophic way of looking at the situation in the Philippines, where he has been on duty for the last three years. He sees compensations for the ravages of war where Senator Hoar can see none. The General admits that there has been much loss of life among the natives, due to their obstinate and unwise resistance to American authority. He says that the sanitary reforms which have been introduced and enforced by the American civil and military authorities have saved many more lives than the American soldiers have taken.

American rifles and cannon have sent many Filipinos to premature graves, but compulsory vaccination and the stamping out of the bubonic plague have saved many Filipinos from such graves. The destructive and conservative agencies of civilization have gone through the archipelago hand in hand. The General estimates that 500,000 lives have been preserved by the presence of the Americans in the Philippines.

This is not the way in which the "anti-imperialists" keep their account books. They will not give credit to the agents of the Government in the islands for the saving of a single life. They will contend that nothing done there has worked for good—not even vaccination. Yet General Wheaton's logic seems to be sound. It is unfortunate that the Filipinos did not allow the Americans to devote themselves exclusively to the task of protecting life in the archipelago. That was their desire. They would not have fired one hostile shot if the Filipinos had not made it necessary for them to do so.

This Is Discouraging, Isn't It?

President Hadley, of Yale.

To do something out of the common run of work, something whose possibilities have been unrealized by the vulgar mind—this is the dream which all great men cherish and to which some of them subordinate everything else. To dazzle the world by campaigns like those of Napoleon, by achievements in literature like those of Goethe, or to achieve the almost miraculous discoveries which have awaited the pioneers in literature and science—these are prizes to attract the ambition and unsteady the judgment of any man. And even among those who do not delude themselves with the belief that they are set apart from the common lot, the temptation to sacrifice all other considerations to those of professional ambition and to sink the man in the achievement comes with a force well-nigh irresistible.

"The Claimant."

Salem Sentinel.

Through a fatal fault in a highly ornamental and useless law, Geer had himself nominated for United States Senator as the Republican candidate. The state convention of the party did not nominate him. He nominated himself as the Republican candidate. His indorsement was made by Democrats and Chamberlain Republicans—renegade Republicans—to annoy the Republican party. No member of the Legislature counts this so-called indorsement for aught. It means nothing and it will not influence one vote in his favor, which is all quite the proper thing.

Is Giving Carnegie Points.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Schwab, the high-salaried president of the steel trust, is going about paying for apples that he "hooked" when he was a boy. It is understood that Mr. Schwab will be able to teach Andrew Carnegie how to get rid of a fortune and die poor.

The Pennsylvania Method.

Toledo Bee.

They bribe, they steal and they stuff ballot boxes over in the Keystone State, but no one is ever convicted. If the people of Pennsylvania are partial to that sort of thing the rest of us are not called upon to worry about it.

DEMOCRATIC "IMPERIALISTS"

Minneapolis Tribune.

The interesting news comes from Oregon that Governor Chamberlain, recently elected as a Democrat by a small majority, though the state gave 12,000 majority for the Republican Congressmen, is what would be called in New England a rank imperialist. The Democratic papers of Oregon do not get much circulation in the East, and the Republican papers that are read here did not make this fact prominent; but it is said to have been made very clear by Governor Chamberlain in all his speeches of the campaign. He believes in retention of the Philippines, recognizes the validity of the American title, favors the education of the people as fast as possible, and their admission to some share of self-government at some time in the future, when they shall have demonstrated their fitness for it.

This is the Republican platform exactly, and it emphasizes the plain pronouncement of the Oregon election in favor of the National policy for these islands. Whether voting for Republicans or Democrats, whether voting for Governor or Congressman, the people of the only state that has held an election this year declared in favor of the Philippine policy formed under McKinley and carried out under Roosevelt. There seems to be not the least difference of opinion between Republicans and Democrats out there.

We doubt if there is much difference of opinion between Republicans and Democrats anywhere, when you get away from party leaders in desperate want of an issue, and cheap politicians who are ready for any shifty dodge to get a chance to attack the other party. The leading Democratic papers of the country encouraged and supported the policy of expansion, and dwelt on the commercial and industrial advantages to be drawn from it. The Democratic campaign against the Army in the Philippines, begun by the younger party leaders against the advice of the older heads, broke down completely and left the party worse off than before. Mr. Bryan gets no response to his screaming anti-imperialism, and Grover Cleveland did not mention the subject in his keynote speech at the Tilden dinner. This is likely to be a disappointment to the little knot of crank supporters of Cleveland; but it is a large contribution to the policy of reason and common sense he is trying to construct for his rather hopeless party.

Class Day as It Really Is.

Homer, Mich., Index.

An appreciative audience greeted the class of 1902 at the Presbyterian Church to be entertained by them at the fourth annual class day exercises. Promptly at 9 A. M. Principal Lizzie M. Cook played the march to announce the entrance of the four young ladies and the six young gentlemen constituting this bright-looking class.

When they were seated, Miss Belle Bangham in an able manner rendered a piano solo.

Sherman L. Hollenbeck, president of the class, gave the welcoming address. He spoke of the pleasure and regret of their position as graduates and said: "The mills of the gods grind slowly—" . . .

Miss Aline L. Thompson delivered in an excellent manner an oration on "Two Extremities." . . .

This was followed by a declamation by Orrin M. Whitmore entitled "A Good Name," the author being Joel Hawes. It was well delivered. Mr. Whitmore, we were informed, had prepared a well-composed essay, his subject being "The Power of Habit," but had been requested to recite, by his teachers, hoping to add to the interest in the class day programme. His declamation was well received. . . .

Marie McCosh had prepared an essay on "Happiness—What Is It?" but by request she substituted a recitation, Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill."

At the close came the class song, which was well sung, and the wording quite cute and taking. We understand that Mrs. Jones, the assistant principal, is the author. . . .

No more shall we work out with blackboard and with chalk
The problems of geometry;
But living on the square with our angles all smoothed out,
We will meet Life's deeper problems every day.
Old History and Caesar now may languish on the shelf;
Dear Juniors, we leave them all to you,
In just one short year, you may in our places stand,
If in all your work you strive your best to do.
. . . . . .
Chorus:
Farewell, our classmates dear,
Farewell to teachers kind and true;
Our labors now are ended, we're sure we've earned our rest;
Then three cheers for the class of 1902.

Concerning Pigeon Shooting.

Chicago Record-Herald.

If it is true that the trap-shooters are "from among the best classes of people, physicians, lawyers and business men," the fact does not humanize or justify the cruel sport of slaughtering and maiming birds as fast as they are liberated from a cage. A lawyer with a gun, peppering away at the feathered innocents as they flutter from the trap door, seeking the freedom for which nature made them, may come from "the best classes," but the spectacle is none the less degrading and is revolting to men and women of feeling and sensibility.

The plea that this brutality is necessary to enable men "to go afield in season and secure a fair bag of game," is unworthy of men of ordinary intelligence and refinement. The ability to go afield and shoot game on the wing is acquired by going afield and shooting at game—not by slaughtering and mutilating trapped pigeons at a distance of a few yards.

The Wise Young Graduates.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

As is the case every year, the beardless youth at college and the sweet girl graduate are now telling us all how to succeed in life. We like them none the less for that. Save in a general way, they don't know what in the world they are talking about, as the more sensible of them will speedily realize, but what we admire is their youth and enthusiasm, and their evident desire to get along.

Illinois Democrats on Expansion.

Indianapolis Journal.

The Illinois Democrats declare that they are in favor of "true American expansion," but "opposed to the British system of colonization," which they imply is being fastened on the Philippines. American history might be searched in vain for a better demonstration of American principles and methods than is now being given there. When our work is complete it will be a new statue of liberty enlightening the world.

Roosevelt as a Politician.

Dallas News.

Roosevelt started out with the proposition that it was the "plain duty" of this country to aid Cuba, even if it interfered with the pets of the Republican party, the protected industries. And now he emphasizes that it is still the "plain duty" aforesaid. It is becoming more and more apparent every day that the President does not even know A in the alphabet of politics.

Immortality.

And shall we never meet again, must this
Be final farewell to the love we've held
These many years together?—In an hour
To snuff eternally the light that long
Has led us on to higher, nobler things!
Leave the good guide outside the gate, and walk
Alone through what is won!
It cannot be.

I have no argument, I know no rule
To prove my heart's assurance. I do know,
By some diviner sense than human logic,
That this sweet love, this daughter of our souls,
Has not its goal in some poor earthen grave.

Among the stars there is a place for it.
God would not give so fair a flower to fade.
Did He not will that it should bloom again
In greater beauty, where His gardens blow.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Seattle's team must have had an off day.

Have you heard the news from the ball team?

Win another game some time, boys; it encourages the folks at home.

J. P. Morgan is waiting for the Panama Canal to be dug before he buys it.

Now it is really up to the Portland players to explain how it happened.

There is a divinity that doth hedge a King, rough hew him though they will.

The hospitals are looking forward to a prosperous as well as a glorious Fourth.

The planing mill men complain that the carpenters do not measure up to their own rules.

Whitelaw Reid has been received by the Queen, so the Tribune is sure of one beat on the coronation events.

If we could only nail this weather down while we have it, what a Summer resort Portland would become!

Why should President Roosevelt fear the coal trust? The Government keeps the White House supplied with fuel.

Dewey may not know what to do with houses, but he seems to understand Filipino character and naval battles pretty thoroughly.

Austin has gone to work on his next coronation ode, but Kipling will wait till the archbishop delivers the crown before he springs his.

John D. Long complains that credit due Sampson was denied the Admiral during his lifetime. Yet why did Mr. Long delay his tribute till after the fine old fighter was dead?

The residents of Ephraim, Utah, the agricultural center of San Pete County, where the crops last year were completely ruined by grasshoppers, have adopted a novel method of exterminating the pest, which is again threatening the crops. A series of entertainments have been arranged, the admission to which is one-half bushel of grasshoppers. At the first entertainment—a dance—75 half-bushels of grasshoppers were presented to the ticket man at the door. After the dance the "hoppers" furnished fuel for a bonfire to properly top off the occasion.

Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, called on President Roosevelt recently, and the Chief Magistrate intended to ask him to stay and have lunch. The Governor took one of the President's gestures for an intimation that the interview was at an end, and just then Mr. Roosevelt turned to greet a delegation. When he looked around Mr. Van Sant was gone. A messenger was dispatched in search of the Minnesota man, who was found facing about a peck of steamed oysters in a swell restaurant. It was too late to go back, the Governor thought, so he remained where he was.

The poor tramp begged Barnum to put him in the cage to keep him from drink; begged to be put in an iron cage, like a wild beast, where he could sit and whittle and "sober off." And that is how "The Wild Man of Borneo" was conceived and brought forth. Joaquin Miller declares in a recent magazine article. Little boys would literally fall over one another to get close to the iron cake where the Yankee sailor sat on a pile of wooden bones, gnawing at a wooden skull. But when he would jump up and shake that rattling skeleton in one hand and nearly tear down the cage with the other, they would fall in heaps in their haste to get away. I hear he would not play wild man after Barnum died. I also hear that Barnum left him quite a pot of money. Larkin G. Meade, the Vermont sculpter, told me this in Venice not long ago.

A man who lives in West Philadelphia has on his parlor mantel a vase wherein is set the photograph of his wife, a beautiful young woman. The gentleman believes in cremation, and the vase is a mortuary urn that he brought over with him from Germany last Summer. "These vases," he said to a guest the other day, "are all the rage among cremationists abroad. The portrait of the dead is set here, where you see my wife's picture, and the ashes are put inside, in this airtight chamber." He removed a kind of hollowed cork, and resumed: "See, here's where the ashes go, and after you put this stopper in none can escape. The stopper, you see, is hollowed out, and does for a match-holder or a cigarette-holder. You are supposed to keep the vase in your bedroom or parlor, and in that your dead are always with you. Touching, isn't it?"

A Similarity With a Difference.

Cleveland Leader.

With Johnson and McLean fighting each other openly, the Mayor of Cleveland may have visions of himself in the position Grover Cleveland occupied when he defied the opposition of John Kelly and Tammany and won the Presidency by the vote of New York. But it was one thing to carry New York in 1884 and it will be quite another to try the same feat in 1904, in Ohio. In fact, it will be somewhat different to undertake to persuade the Democrats of the country at large to let any man attempt the task, though he may weigh more than Cleveland ever did.

Senatorial Inconsistency.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

It has been declared on the floor of the Senate by some of the anti-reciprocity Senators that it is next door to sacrilege to criticise President McKinley's decisions on one subject. Yet where the large profits of a special clique are threatened with a little diminution the same men flatly repudiate President McKinley's declarations and his official pledges.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Nathan Hale is reported to have said, "I am sorry that I am not a cat, so I could give nine lives to my country."—Harvard Lampoon.

Church—What makes your neighbor so haughty, today? Gotham—Why, didn't you notice, he was carrying home his own beef!—Yonkers Statesman.

Bobby's Choice.—Bobby's Father—It's going to rain cats and dogs. Bobby—Oh, pupa, may I keep a little bulldog if any of that kind fall?—Detroit Free Press.

Her Favorite.—He (of Chicago)—Speaking of good literature, are you fond of "Crabbe's Tales"? She (of New York)—Never tasted any of 'em. But I certainly do love pig's feet.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unwilling Scholar.—Ma—Willie, what's your little brother crying for? Willie—Aw! Just because he don't want to learn anything. I just took his candy and showed him how to eat it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Village Talker.—"Lije Hacket blows as how he'll go to London to see the coronation," announced Mr. Higgles. "Yep," answered Mr. Rannit; "an' I s'pose he'll bother th' life out o' us tellin' about it just as we begin to git a rest on his stories about what he saw at th' worl's fair down to Chicago."—Judge.

A Miserable Failure.—"How about that historical novel?" asked the publisher. "No good at all," answered the reader to whom it had been assigned. "The man doesn't understand how to write historical novels, and he hasn't perverted the truth as we know it enough to make any kind of a rumpus among the critics. His book would fall flat."—Chicago Post.