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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; slightly warmer; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 67; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1902.

INDEPENDENCE, AND ITS PROMISE.

The Democratic contention touching the Philippines resolves itself into two parts—the grant of independence as an act, and the guarantee of independence as a promise. Is independence best, and, again, is the promise of independence wise?

The testimony and the evidence are uniform that whatever may happen in the future, independence now is not to be thought of. The Philippine Archipelago consists of 1500 islands scattered along as many miles of latitude, populated by men of dissimilar races, language and religion. They are no more susceptible of amalgamation into a republic than were the Indian tribes of North America from Alaska to Mexico 200 years ago. The establishment of an independent government there at once was advocated three and four years ago, but is not now by any considerable body of opinion, including even the ranks of anti-imperialists. A stable government must first be established, and this is recognized not only by the Kansas City platform, but by the Democratic state platforms of the current year and by the Democratic minority in both houses of Congress. "Scuttle" is the proposal, but not just yet.

Now, as to the future. Men choose to fancy that the promise of independence will be for us more honorable than its withholding, and for the Filipinos a promotion of confidence. But it is obvious that there is no merit in pledges of themselves, and until the hour for performance has arrived, the proper nature of the desired action appears clearer and more certain as time goes on. It will be time enough for us to claim credit for concessions to the Filipinos when we have granted them. Independence is unwise now; may it not be unwise for a long time? How, then, should our situation be improved by projecting into it a pledge whose redemption might be long delayed, to our embarrassment and perhaps our shame?

Nor would such a pledge be at all more promising in its effect upon the Filipinos themselves. There are the Tagal warriors; second, the civilization of such centers as Manila; and, third, the non-Tagal tribes. Upon the Tagals themselves nothing would more exert a militant effect than this same pledge of independence; for they would recognize that their domination would depend largely upon their continued military activity. They have been driven into quietude by our vigorous assertion of sovereignty, and the prospect of relaxation would only revive their belligerence. Upon the archipelago's centers of civilization the effect of the pledge would be most unfortunate; for it would restore their fear of Tagal domination, with its unpleasant and harassing concomitants, and chill the ardor of development that now informs their long-paralyzed industries. Worse than all else, perhaps, would be the effect upon the tribes in opposition to the Tagals. Government in Tagal hands would mean a fiercer struggle and a greater abomination of desolation than the archipelago has ever known. It would be a sad day for the Philippines and for the adjacent coasts of Asia when the prospect of Tagal dominion and its resultant duel to the death with its enemies north and south should take the place of the present acquiescence in the firm administration of American sovereignty.

The demand for Philippine independence or for a guarantee of its future delivery is not based upon study of conditions in the islands, not deduced from any array of premises established by evidence or inquiry. It is simply the product of impulsive determination to see a parallel between the Philippines now and the American colonies in 1776. It is artlessly assumed that in withholding independence from the Philippines we are repudiating the immortal Declaration, when the most cursory examination of the two cases will show radical dissimilarity. The Declaration said that separation required justification before the bar of mankind, and proceeded to specify grounds of complaint in misgovernment. It nowhere maintained that separation was the right of every portion of a nation upon its simple announcement of such purpose. Whatever impression in that direction may have been rightly or wrongly drawn from the "consent of the governed" phrase was thoroughly set at naught by the arbitrament of the Civil War.

In facts and in theory, therefore, Philippine independence now is impossible, and its promise is unsound in policy and hurtful in its certain effects. It is a mere partisan and captious cry, taken up with the sole and desperate resolve to find some other course than the one the Administration at Washington for four years has pursued.

MAN, IMPROVIDENT MAN.

The editor is in receipt of the appended inquiry, which the correspondent evidently regards as a poser:

I am credibly informed that the Multnomah County Poor Farm contains something like 150 men and only 10 women. Will you be kind enough to explain this interesting state of affairs?

Nothing easier. The only embarrassment of explanations is from very riches. In the first place, it must be remembered that the County Court, owing to the proscription of woman, is composed entirely of men. Mere man examines the applicants for support and apportions the relief. When the inequality of the sexes is remedied, this grievous discrimination will be at an end.

The men themselves must be accounted to blame for some portion of their relative impecuniosity. A woman is more useful about the house, and consequently more in demand in families for her board and clothes. An old man needs a woman to sew on his buttons and look after him generally, whereas an old woman can look after herself. Indeed, it is open to question whether a man is not, after all, more helpless than a woman at any stage of existence. Such open assailants as wild beasts or doubled fists a man will meet with more hardihood than a woman can summon, but the specters of disease and pain, sorrow and poverty often encounter a pluckier foe in the female breast than in the male. Children, too, cannot escape their share of responsibility in this matter; for numbers will turn father out to starve while they keep for mother a warm place in the chimney corner.

The untoward lot of aged and penniless man is chiefly to be explained, however, as but another count in the long conspiracy of society against him. Civilization accounts him, from the cradle to the grave, an easy mark. Lazy lodging-house keepers would rather house a man than a woman any day, because she wants what is coming to her. Any clerk will tell you that ten men are easier to wait on than one woman, because the man will take home anything you give him. Take a 50-cent pair of half-hose, put two feet more leg on them, and a woman gets them for 19 cents on bargain day. Plaid trouserings are worth $8 a yard, but the same goods go to the ladies for tailor-mades at $2. A man will pay $3 for a colored shirt that, with twice as much work and trimmings on it, sells as a waist for 59 cents today only. A man's shoe sells for $5, and a woman's made of the same material for $3 50. When the women take up Derby hats they will think $1 50 apiece about the correct thing. And they will get them, too. They won't pay more.

To add insult to injury, the poor, victimized man is then utilized for opprobrium and jest. He works hard all Summer while his wife and daughters are spending the domestic income at the Summer resorts; yet, whenever kind friends describe his forlorn appearance to his family they do it with a wink and meaning smile which means that he is having a high old time. The father in song and story is cruel or negligible and the mother is the whole thing. "Rock me to sleep, mother," not father. The flower is "from my angel mother's grave." The ruined spendthrift begs you to "save my mother's picture from the sale." What becomes of his father's he cares nothing. "A boy's best friend is," of course, "his mother." Nobody ever wrote a song about his angel father, or his father's grave, or hope of meeting father over there, or of any kind or helpful or tender thing his father did. If we encounter the male aspect of parentage at all it is in some such form as "The old man's drunk again," or "Father, dear father, come home with me now." Nothing could be expected of a social order thus animated than to bundle all its old men off to the poorhouse.

Man's greater usefulness, therefore, appears to be largely limited to the questionable function of a warning. Learn, my son, from Mr. Flatbroke's story, the necessity of early habits of industry and economy. Above all, be, if possible, a woman. Then you will not only escape the squalor of the almshouse, but will be enshrined in song and story. Of all the depressing things in the world, what can surpass the utter undesirability of winding up life as a success only in affording a most salutary and horrible example to the rising generation?

A GOOD-ROADS SCHEME.

Practical roadbuilding—that is to say, the building of roads that will withstand travel and be passable throughout the year—has been undertaken in Marion County. A section of road near Salem known as the Liberty road is being improved with crushed rock by the county and farmers along the route jointly, the former furnishing the rock-crusher and grading the roadbed, and the latter the labor in hauling and spreading the rock. The burden will not be great, as it is proverbial that "many hands make light work." Moreover, the farmers contributing labor will get value received in a few months in the saving upon teams, harness and vehicles, not to mention the pleasure of driving over good roads.

The farmers, as was seemly, took the initiative in the matter, the County Commissioners accepting the proposition to furnish the rock, properly crushed, and to prepare the roadbed for its reception in consideration of the work furnished. The plan has already become popular as producing the best results in roadbuilding with the least outlay in money, and similar work will be done in other sections of the county during such portion of the Summer as can be spared by farmers from their harvest fields.

The people of Salem, not less than those of the rural sections of Marion County, included in this good-roads scheme are to be congratulated upon the equitable measures that promise so well for the construction of some miles of "good, broad highway" leading ultimately into "Salem town," over which driving will be a pleasure, relatively speaking, even during the "rainy season."

Multnomah County has in aggregate many miles of highway that disprove emphatically the old, thriftless idea that good roads are not possible in the Willamette Valley in the Winter season. Intelligent methods of construction, including proper drainage and the use of suitable materials, insure good roads anywhere. And if in a climate of alternate freezing and thawing, snow and sleet—as in Pennsylvania, for example—why not in Oregon, where "open Winter" is the rule by which all outdoor work, including roadbuilding, may be gauged? The truth is, all things industrial are possible to energy, intelligence, timely endeavor and sufficient outlay of money and good roads form no exception to this very general rule.

THE MODERN LUMBER-CARRIER.

Metal ships have driven the old-style wooden square-riggers out of business in most trades, and it has been nearly ten years since the last of those stately craft which were once the pride of the American merchant marine left the ways. Storms, fire and old age are rapidly thinning the ranks of these old-timers, but on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic they are being succeeded by a class of large wooden schooners which carry much greater cargoes per registered ton, sail nearly as fast, and are much more economically operated. Oregon has more than a local reputation for shipbuilding, and when the square-rigger was in the height of its glory a Coos Bay yard sent out the American ship Western Shore, whose record for round-trip voyages between the Pacific Coast and Europe has never been beaten.

While the phenomenal performances of the Western Shore called special attention to that craft, Oregon shipbuilders have built scores of other fine merchant vessels, and in their construction they have not only distributed large sums of money for labor and material, but they have provided lumber manufacturers and other shippers of Oregon products with effective transportation equipment at a much smaller cost than would have been necessary had they been dependent on foreign builders for vessels. A. M. Simpson, who built the Western Shore, has been in the business for a third of a century. He built a fleet named and numbered from the Alpha to the Omega, then finished off with the Gleaner, Encore, Echo and Addenda. Now his latest addition, bearing the up-to-date name Marconi, is ready for sea at Coos Bay. She will carry more lumber than any square-rigger of a third greater tonnage, and can be worked with a crew 50 per cent smaller than that required on a square-rigger.

Vessels with a carrying capacity of over 7,000,000 feet of lumber are now loading at Portland or at points on the river below this city. This fleet will carry Oregon lumber to South America, Australia, South Africa and the Orient, and every vessel of the fleet, like the cargo it carries, is a Pacific Coast production. Herein lies a feature of the lumber business which offers advantages not to be found in the lumber regions lying farther inland. Oregon, through its ports along the coast, has access to the world for a market, and to reach this market of world-wide scope Oregon shipbuilders are providing cheap sailing vessels of great carrying capacity and economical to operate. With an abundance of raw material for building this modern merchant marine cheaper than it can be built anywhere else in the world, and plenty of cargoes for the ships when they are built, the Pacific Coast can view with complacency the struggle for supremacy among the less-favored nations.

The native-built wooden schooner is driving the foreign-built craft out of the Pacific lumber trade, and has demonstrated its worth wherever it has been sent. It may not be as beautiful in appearance as the symmetrical square-rigged clipper of an earlier day, nor as lasting under stress of weather as the metal vessels, but "utility's the gem for wear," and in this respect the Oregon-built schooner is an adjunct of increasing value to the lumber trade of the Pacific Coast.

The announcement of the death of Dr. J. C. Shelton, of Salem, records the passing of the last but one of a quartet of ambitious, earnest young men who studied, worked and lived together in humble, frugal failure at Forest Grove in the early '50s while they were preparing for college. Lee Loughlin, Marion F. Mulkey, A. J. Leach and J. C. Shelton were inseparable companions in those days, but they soon drifted apart in the strenuous work of life, and of the four the one first named alone survives. The promise of youth, as given in the eager pursuit of knowledge in those primitive times, was well fulfilled in the active endeavor of each. Dr. James C. Shelton, studious, modest, unassuming, stands out clearly in the memory of those who knew him in those days, not as a suffering invalid, as he was in his later years, nor yet as a grave professional man, grappling earnestly with his chosen life work, but as a studious young man, genial but retiring, who addressed himself conscientiously to his task. Further along in life the memories of his endeavor are doubtless bright to a wide circle of his friends and beneficiaries of his skill, but to the small and constantly narrowing circle of the friends of his early student years his memory is alight with the glow of perennial youth.

The story of the double tragedy at Pearl, Idaho, wherein a man killed the sister of his former wife because she had married another man, regardless of his so-called "love" for her, and then made a suitable finish of the job by taking his own life, is as old as the history of ungoverned passion fed by woman's weakness and man's domination of will. The death of a woman who broke up her sister's home by encouraging the lawless affection of that sister's husband can scarcely be said to be untimely, even though compassed by violence, while the last act of the faithless husband's life, resulting in his own death, is not in any sense to be deplored. But to his wife, whose sufferings through his perfidy no one can compute, and to the husband of his victim, who in good-faith married her, genuine sympathy is due. Death being the only way out of a labyrinth of domestic sin and shame and woe of this type, is shocking, but not afflictive.

The Boston Herald thinks that while what Miss Taylor did in writing letters bitterly denouncing the President and his policy for publication in a Washington newspaper would have challenged rebuke and probably invited removal in a man, it was hardly worth while for Secretary Root to inflict even a punishment that had been provoked upon a woman. In other words, the Boston Herald evidently thinks that difference of sex should be recognized by Secretary Root in the matter of punishing Government employes for gross violations of official propriety. If this argument is sound, then no women should be appointed to positions of clerical character in the War Department or any other department of the public service. If a woman seeks a clerical position in the Government service, she accepts it with all its possible rewards and all its promised punishments; otherwise she has no business to seek the position, but should leave it to be occupied by a man, who will not be permitted to plead the weakness or ignorance of his sex as full excuse for his folly. Women cannot expect to have their cake and eat it, too. They cannot expect to compete with men for the occupation of Government clerkships, and then plead their sex as a ground for forbearance when they violate the ordinary official proprieties of the public service. There is no sex in legal responsibility for crime, and there should be no sex in the responsibility of a Government clerk for gross violation of the decencies and proprieties of official conduct. Secretary Root was right in his decision to serve warning on all his clerks that no woman in his employ should publish bitter denunciation of the President in the newspapers and expect immunity from punishment for impropriety on the score of sex.

Read the following from the Philadelphia Inquirer, and you will be tempted to believe that a slip has been made in writing the name of the place—for which slip amendment can best be made by substitution of Portland:

The curse of Philadelphia has always been the objection to anything new by the dont-know class. When you hear a man declaring that the boulevard would destroy property and would not benefit any considerable number, you may invariably put him down as a know-nothing, a man whose information upon affairs is bounded by the narrow limits of his back yard, a man untraveled and thoroughly ignorant of what has been done elsewhere.

In Portland we have those who object in this spirit to every improvement. It won't do to let suburban railroads into the city, nor electric power and light companies. Cars will wake up people on the sleepy streets, and electric wires and poles are unsightly. What's the use, anyway? We didn't have these things forty years ago. Besides, if there were more stir somebody might make money, which never would do. Therefore let us block enterprise. Rotten old wooden sidewalks and unpaved streets were good enough for our ancestors. Are we better than they? Asphalt on the streets is a device to kill off horses. Mud is safer. Sewers also are useless. Didn't our ancestors do without them? And plumbing is a costly modern fad, devised for robbery of honest people. Listen to the old fogy. He is the safe citizen.

Queen Wilhelmina is progressing favorably toward recovery at Castle Schaumberg, in the Valley of the Lahn. The Queen Mother is in constant attendance upon her daughter, and the color and something of the vivacity of her girlhood is returning to the face of the young Queen. If the sorrows resulting from her most uncongenial marriage were ended, instead of being just in their beginning, the world might well congratulate Wilhelmina upon her recovery. As it is, Holland is simply to be congratulated in escaping from the perils of a contested succession by her renewed lease of life. Wilhelmina will no doubt be more able to grapple wisely and patiently with the miseries of an unfortunate marriage as the years go by. It is kind, at least, to hope that her awakening has been so complete that she will not trouble herself greatly about dreams of domestic happiness hereafter. This way lies the only road to cheerful endurance in cases of this kind.

If King Edward maintains progress toward recovery thus far reported uninterruptedly, his case will be regarded as phenomenal. He was not regarded as a good subject for surgery, but quite the contrary, and we may well believe that the operation was deferred as long as medical prudence would permit. Already there is talk of coronation ceremonies and festivities late in September, but manifestly this can have no basis in probability, still less in fact, as long as physicians are in constant attendance at the King's bedside and the dressing of the abdominal wound greatly distresses him. His family, his kingdom and all nations interested in the event should be more than satisfied if Edward is crowned next June a well man, with reasonable promise of some added years of life and usefulness. Impatience in his case will not be permitted to override prudence.

Even decrepit old Spain comes to the front with a popular loan that has been immensely oversubscribed. The government wanted 338,000,000 pesetas, and in Madrid alone 2,322,000,000 were subscribed, and other parts of the kingdom brought the total up to about twelve times the sum desired. To raise $67,600,000 was deemed no mean achievement for Spain; to have the sum offered a dozen times is regarded as glorious. In the City of Barcelona a syndicate capitalized at $8,000,000 has been organized to reconstruct the Spanish Navy. Italy, also, is evincing an unexpected and almost unaccountable recurrence of vigor and prosperity. The perversity of these "dying nations" in continuing to survive is something extraordinary.

If nothing happens to set them back, the Democrats will be able to tell us on the Fourth just how much the war in the Philippines stands the Government. It costs something to keep the flag up, that's a fact. It cost a good deal in 1776. It cost lots more from '61 to '65. But we did it. Your Uncle Samuel loves money, but he has never yet run away from a scrap in which the National sovereignty was involved because the operation cost more than it brought in.

If Estes G. Rathbone has any friends, they should advise him to let well enough alone. By the amnesty act of the grateful Cubans he was released from a long term of penal servitude for taking advantage of his official position to plunder the Cuban postal revenues. Now he asks for a Congressional investigation that shall restore his reputation. He would better accept his present good fortune with what grace he can. His good luck may not continue indefinitely.

Eugene, it is announced, will be quiet as a grave on Independence day. All the inhabitants are going elsewhere to neighboring celebrations, and the business houses will be closed. Happy, happy place! Thither let us all repair away from danger, noise and care, to spend a peaceful day. All railroads should run excursions to the blissful spot.

Major Gardener seems to be a better man than his record would lead one to expect. He admits he was hasty and would have done differently if he had known more. Courage of this sort well befits the soldier.

If Bryan would go off and get elected to something, Cleveland might be willing to consider him more in his class.

ST. LOUIS AND HER FAIR.

The great exposition enterprise at St. Louis has its foundation in the revived commercial ambition of the river city. Before the Civil War St. Louis was the business center of the whole Middle Western country and had been for two generations. But the development of the Northerly as distinct from the Southerly tier of states built up Chicago and correspondingly depressed St. Louis. Not, indeed, that St. Louis fell back either in population or in volume of business—it never did that—but Chicago grew fast while St. Louis jogged along with but a slightly accelerated speed. It was not as the Chicago newspapers have always sought to make it appear the fault of St. Louis, but because there was little development in its immediate trade field while the trade field of Chicago grew enormously through the building up of the Northwestern district. The States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota—the Northwest generally—went forward with amazing strides while the Southwest remained stagnant. Since commercial cities—elsewhere than on Puget Sound—cannot outrun the country which they serve, St. Louis for a generation "went slow."

But the past 10 or 15 years have done wonders for St. Louis. First, through the operation of forces which it would be tedious to describe in detail the city came to be the center of the shoe trade in the Mississippi Valley. Dealers who go to Chicago for their supplies of dry goods pass on to St. Louis when they come to stock up with boots and shoes. The best intelligence, the largest capital and the most effective energies of this particular branch of trade make the river city the field of their operations; and, curiously enough, this circumstance alone soon served to put St. Louis newly on the commercial map, so to speak.

This served for a new start—a sort of fresh introduction—but far more important than this in its relation to the business revival of St. Louis was the development of Texas and the Southwest in general. It is not many years ago since the whole Southwest was a cattle range. But the possibilities of the country were very great, and far-seeing men like the Huntingtons and the Goulds soon girdled the country over with railroads. What always happens in such cases has happened. The Southwest has waked up. What was a few years ago a wilderness of dust and sagebrush is now one of the very productive and exceptionally prosperous parts of the country; and by this extraordinary development St. Louis has profited directly and immensely. She hardly recognized it herself at first, but when the figures of her annual trade began to go forward with leaps and bounds and when the figures of her population began to climb at the rate of 5 per cent per annum she discovered that something was moving and that at last things were coming her way.

Today St. Louis is among the very prosperous cities of the country in which in the points of population and commercial business she ranks fourth, being preceded only by New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. In 1890 her population as exhibited by the national census was 452,000; in 1900 the figures were 575,000. Since that time the forward movement has been rapid and today the population of the city cannot be less than 650,000; and if to this total the figures of immediate suburbs like East St. Louis be added the total would easily reach 800,000. St. Louis is fast approaching the million mark, and unless there shall come upon the country some great and general backset she will long have passed it before the next national census shall be taken.

To a city thus prosperous and expanding the popular repute of backwardness has been gall and wormwood; and for five years the active men of the city have been on the lookout for some means of impressing the country with the fact that St. Louis has a move on. Out of this search the exposition project was born, and there is behind it a quality of enthusiasm reflective of the general ardor and hopefulness of a city which feels itself to be rising to a new greatness.

The visitor to St. Louis finds himself first surprised and finally amazed at the vastness of the plans for the coming fair. The whole provision of money "in sight" is approximately $15,000,000, or about 40 per cent more than the provision made in advance for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The affair is being planned and organized on a scale which will cost not less than $30,000,000; and of this sum the exposition is expected to earn approximately one-half. It is, of course, to be an international fair, but there are reasons for doubting if its international or world features will equal the great Chicago fair of 1893. There was a historical motive and a National purpose in the former calculated to interest foreign countries, which is wholly lacking at St. Louis. On the other hand, there are reasons why in its purely American features the St. Louis fair is likely to far exceed any former fair. In all respects it is bound to be a great exposition; nothing can prevent it from being all that, but unless signs fail the tone and quality of it will be American rather than international—and in the view of most persons it will be none the worse for it. Indeed, if it did nothing else besides exhibit the developments of civilization in the Mississippi Valley in the past hundred years it would easily be the greatest exposition the world ever saw.

The physical arrangements are to be on the grandest scale. The site, which is something more than a mile in area and approximately square, is five miles west from the heart of the city, and is in itself all that could be desired. Every square foot of it will be beautifully adorned. Wide avenues are being made through it and trees anywhere from 30 to 60 feet high are being transplanted to give these thoroughfares the finish of age and the comfort of shade. The buildings, of which two are already under way, are surprisingly vast. One covering 13 acres is to cost about $1,600,000 and the other covering 16 acres something more. The agricultural building is planned to occupy a space of 32 acres and to cost about $1,600,000. This is enough to illustrate the liberality of the general scheme. It is professedly the purpose of the managers to make it surpass any and all former expositions. They have the money to do this and they think they know how.

The St. Louis fair will be an aid rather than an embarrassment to the Lewis and Clark enterprise at Portland. It can hardly fail to be the means of giving us a large body of fine exhibits which would not have been prepared for a little fair alone. It will, too, create a large number of amusement or "Midway" attractions which will come on to us ready-made. In a thousand ways it may be turned to account for the profit and advantage of the Portland enterprise. Its postponement from 1903 to 1904 is so far as the Lewis and Clark fair is concerned a piece of rare good luck.

THE FOX LOST HIS TAIL.

San Francisco Bulletin.

Certain peevish tourists from the Elysian fields of Podunk, Sleetville and Cyclone-on-the-Wabash, having graciously condescended to honor our bleak and inhospitable shores with their presence, have been overheard of late bombarding the gates of high heaven with their wordy protests against the semi-occasional fogs of San Francisco.

These gentle pilgrims, nurtured on the ambrosia and nectar which we are led to believe constantly drop from the cloudless skies of the Edenic East, would have it understood, if you please, that they journeyed Westward merely to escape from the cloying perfume and litter of rose leaves and orchids, and to get away from the insomnia-breeding noise of nightingales.

We sorrowfully confess that we cannot give our visitors all they have been used to in Missouri, Michigan and Maine. It is admitted that these much-aggrieved critics of our fog have had the happiness to be residents of states where the creeping, miasma-laden swamp fog and the forest-leveling cyclone are unknown; where the frolicking 60-mile-an-hour blizzard does not pile its snow and sleet eave high; where fathomless mud and chilblains are only read about and never experienced; and where 40-degrees-below-zero weather does not alternate with maddening persistency, with scorching August sirocco and 40-day Spring deluges, with hill-shaking thunder and lightning and tornadoes on off days. Happy travelers! to live in such a land, where there are no scudding sea-fog pageants, and where life is one long, glad hallelujah!

We are delighted to have them step forth from their trans-Sierra paradise, and, with chattering teeth and lapels pinched about their chins, invefgh in good round terms against our fog-cursed California climate. It helps us to cultivate the virtue of humility.

Misguided Californians who have grown up stalwart as the lordly sempervirens, enjoying shockingly good health, will be pained to learn that we are asked to have done with our occasional though deadly fog frolics. No longer are we to rest serene under the conviction that heaven is bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevadas. We are asked to suppress the fog or incur the displeasure of our thin-blooded visitors.

This is too much. Did they ask us to level our California street hills, suppress the street-cleaning efforts of our misguided trade winds, or remove the bark from the Cliff House seals, we would cheerfully accommodate them; but do without our silvery cloud broom that sweeps the pollution from the city streets, never! Rather would we advise our critics to invest in chest-protectors.

If we may venture to express an opinion, we would suggest that these occasional visits of the light-foot, fairy fogs, sucked up from the salt sea, are health-giving. No ten-and-swamp-bred fogs are they. They dance through the streets, clear the atmosphere, absorb the floating germs and impurities and bring the tang of salt and of ocean-bred ozone to the lungs.

Let the timid tourist avaunt. Our friendly fog looks yellow and unwholesome only to the jaundiced eye. It works havoc only to the mind befogged by prejudice. There is no harm in the sea fog, excepting what the unschooled mind puts into it. Prejudice sees what it pleases, but it is seldom pleased by what it sees.

These fogs are not to be mentioned in the same week with the dismal "black fogs" of London. Ours may be stocked with shivers for the thin-clad tenderfoot, but they are harmless and wholesome.

Colds are caused not by breathing pure ozone, even though it be dampened by fog particles, but by pampering and over-dressing the body, and by breathing and rebreathing the foul, dead air of unventilated rooms.

We are proud of our occasional fogs. The California sun—"God's 'lidless eye"—is stained with mist but a few days of each month, and then only mornings and evenings. For variety's sake, we insist on the necessity of being dressed in drab now and then, for variety gives endless novelty. Even that dress is beautiful.

Our climate, despite the peevish protests of an occasional denizen of the paradise around Oshkosh and Mud Flat, is perfect. But uniformity of excellence becomes tiresome; so nature kindly varies the sunny monotony of California by sometimes sending trade winds and friendly fogs.

Only the apostle of unreason sees evil in nature's street-cleaning department. The rest of us welcome the rare fog days as nature's wash days.

Breaking It to the President.

New York World.

There was a consternation at the White House. The ultimatum did not ultimate.

Contrary to the logic of all events, sacred and profane, the beet-sugar Senators were not frightened.

"Do they dare?" asked the President. "Do they dare defeat me?" There was no answer. Presidential secretaries have their emtions under good control.

"I said 'MUST,' distinctly said 'MUST!' did I not?"

Still there was no answer. Then a message went hurling to the Capitol for the Senator who seemed sad on the night of the ultimatum.

He came. "The truth!" demanded the President.

"We are defeated," the sad Senator replied. "We cannot move a wheel. The beet-sugar men are in control."

"But my message and my ultimatum?"

The sad Senator gazed pensively out of the window.

"And my leaders—what of Aldrich and Hanna and Spooner and Allison? Can they not force this through? They have never failed before."

"Son," said the sad Senator, rising and putting his hand on the President's tousled hair, "you are young in politics. You have much to learn. Has it never occurred to you that perhaps they didn't want to win this fight—perhaps they had no desire to force it through?"

A great light seemed to illumine the room.

The Pan-Am's Debts.

Buffalo Commercial.

As has been forewarned in the Washington dispatches to the Commercial exclusively a bill has been brought in to appropriate about $600,000 for payment of the actual debts of the Pan-American, for services and material performed and supplied. The bill will be vehemently opposed in the House.

It is to be hoped that the bill will pass as a matter of justice and right. The men who will be reimbursed by it are those who furnished material and labor for the exposition—men who honestly fulfilled their share of contracts by which they have lost heavily, and will lose heavily whatever they may receive under the proposed appropriation. The amount set aside for distribution will be strictly and exclusively under the charge of the Government auditors, and only those bills will be paid that ought to be paid under the provisions of the bill. There is no intention of reimbursing the holders of the bonds or the stock. It is a movement to enable the exposition to pay its debts for service rendered and material actually furnished.

A Farewell.

Alfred Tennyson.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

People who have children to burn are now buying them large stocks of fireworks.

All the William boys on Nob Hill will now begin to suffer from attacks of perityphlitis.

The coronation has been set so far ahead that all the gowns on hand will be out of fashion.

Fortunately it is the battle-ship, not the steamer Oregon, that the state claims as its favorite daughter.

Tracy and Merrill ought to be able to add a chapter to Ernest Thompson Seton's "Lives of the Hunted."

The glove men cannot object to the kid trust, for the reason that infant industries should be encouraged.

The Senate is still tinkering with the Sampson-Schley controversy, which shows that it is getting out of work.

Santos-Dument is the only French member of the Aeronaut Club who can fly without the aid of a typewriter.

Parents are respectfully advised to lay in a stock of sweet oil and lint while buying supplies for the celebration.

Just at present the management of the free swimming baths is not put to the expense of ice to cool the pool.

Still, the Democracy is likely to pay fully as much heed to the utterances of an ex-President as to those of an ex-candidate.

What shall we do with our ex-enemies? is a question which will confront the country immediately upon the liberation of Aguinaldo et al.

With the Filipino prisoners and the Russian students all liberated at the same time, the effect will be as serious as that of the peace conference.

Now that President Roosevelt has a yacht, no newspaper will be complete without a set of halftones of the Roosevelt children in their new yachting costumes.

Admiral Dewey thinks that Aguinaldo's "style" perhaps made a more favorable impression on his followers than on those from whom he stole the money to maintain it. The Admiral is not a good subject for Senatorial sarcasm.

Stress of business and the dearth of time will lead to a change in President Roosevelt's signature. He has always been accustomed to write out his first name in full, but he finds that it will save him about 50 per cent of time and trouble to make it simply T. Roosevelt. Where a man has to sign his name about 1000 times a day it makes a big difference. There is a man in the office of the Auditor for the Postoffice Department who, it is said, owes his appointment largely to the fact that his signature contains but five letters. He is Second Deputy Auditor N. Chew. He does little but sign his name, and he does that for about eight hours a day steadily.

Washington has a home for friendless dogs, and its patronesses include such well-known society women as Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Mackay-Smith, Mrs. Joseph Hawley and Mrs. William E. Chandler. The dog farm is on the side of a fine hill near the reservoir and there is plenty of ground for the homeless animals to run around in, as well as comfortable buildings to shelter them when the weather is bad. Every month or so the ladies who are interested in this charity give a dog party. The grounds are illuminated with Chinese lanterns and the visitors are told to be there at feeding-time. The society people think it great fun to watch the charity curs fight for bones. At the last party over 500 persons were present.

About 10 years ago I called upon Senator Chauncey M. Depew at his home, 27 West Fifty-fourth street, writes Tip in the New York Press. He was at dinner, and in that friendly way of his sent word that he would be up in two minutes; I must make myself at home, etc. As it was a professional call, and I was seeking an interview, I bided my time. On the mantel-piece in the reception-room was a diminutive locomotive, which I investigated. It appeared to be a model of one of the New York Central flyers, but I had no idea that the thing had motion. We got down on the floor together, and suddenly it started off at a mile a minute (more or less), tearing along the hall, with me after it. The blamed little thing ran straight into the dining-room and was caught under the table by the Senator himself.

Woman's Sphere Is Widening.

Atlanta Journal.

For the first time since her creation woman has recently won something like a fair chance in the fields of knowledge and practical endeavor. She is proving so well her right to these opportunities and her capacity to use them nobly that they will never be taken from her. On the contrary, there is sure to be a still larger employment of the genius of women in more and more lines of the world's work.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

She—But a chaperone is an awful bore. He—Yes, she is apt to "ma" the occasion.—Harvard Lampoon.

"It sez 'ere, deceased died of locomoter attackyser. What the ——'s that?" "That? Why, 'e got run over by one o' them there moter cars. Any odds on it."—Judy.

Her Way.—"Don't you think she's a model mother?" "Why, her children are little terrors!" "Yes; but she writes such good papers for our mothers' meetings."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Deterred.—Lottie—I'm sorry to refuse you, Jack, but there it is. And they say it does a man good to be jilted. Jack—I don't believe it. He's pretty sure to get over it and marry some one after all.—Pick-Me-Up.

Visitor—Why do you have "Keep-off-the-grass" notices all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the restriction. Policeman—We do it so that people will the more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"'Good wine needs no bush,'" quoted the teacher. "Now, can any one tell what that means?" "I guess," replied the saloon-keeper's son, "it means you can make it with alcohol and logwood good enough to fool most people."—Philadelphia Record.

When Poverty Raps.—Friend—Hard up and been married only two months? Well, take cheer and remember love makes the world go round. Benedict (sadly)—Yes, but it doesn't make the milkman and the butcher boy go round.—Chicago Daily News.

Nice Prospect for Him.—"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked, softly. She looked up into his face, trustingly. "Certainly, dearest," she answered. "If—if—" "If what?" "If you can get another one for yourself." "Another?" "Yes; another income."—Chicago Post.

An admirable life of our King has been issued by Religious Bits. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious monarch worked his way up from being mere Prince of Wales to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.—Punch.

Apology Needed.—"That," said Scribble, as he finished reading his manuscript, "is the story as far as I've got. I was thinking of winding it up with the heroine's letter accepting the hero." "Good idea!" exclaimed the critic, "that'll give you a chance to conclude the whole thing with 'please excuse bad writing.'"—Philadelphia Press.