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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 45; precipitation, none.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy; winds mostly northerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1902.

THE BACKBONE OF FUSION.

What is the object of the Fusion movement? Is there any National, state or local policy for which it is contending? Are there any ends in finance, tariff, irrigation, public lands or insular policy that the professed Republican fusionists despair of obtaining through Republican channels, but must needs secure through Democratic aid?

There are none. The sole bond of union between these allied Republicans and Democrats is the desire for office. Such ends as political organizations are called into being for and justified by are wholly absent. Not public good, but private emolument, is their end and aim.

Citizens sometimes make common cause with a minority party to oust an entrenched machine and end abuse of power. There is no such situation here. The machine has been put out, and is trying to get back. Party nominations are sometimes repudiated because the nominees are known to be unsafe exponents and custodians of the party's enunciated principles; but nobody asserts that Mr. Furnish or Judge Williams will betray or oppose any cause to which their party stands pledged. Opposition to them within their party, therefore, has not a shadow of excuse bottomed on principle. Its only basis is the cupidity and spite of self-seeking politicians.

THE MAINSPRING OF THIS FUSION MOVEMENT IS THE ASPIRATION OF JOSEPH SIMON TO OBTAIN THROUGH HIS CUSTOMARY CROOKED METHODS THE POWER HE LOST IN THE OPEN. The party rendered its verdict on him at the primaries in March. Will it be beguiled into nullification of that verdict in June? Are the Republican voters of Multnomah County so dull of discernment or so fickle of purpose that they will delegate the Governorship, the Mayoralty and the Multnomah Legislative delegation to Joseph Simon for use in perpetuation of his power? Is a man who has been honored as he has been honored, and even now occupies the position of United States Senator through the grace of a Republican Legislature, to be commended and helped in his desperate effort to defeat his party and elect Democrats to be Governor, Mayor and members of the Legislature?

FRANCE'S GREATEST STATESMAN.

The announcement of M. Waldeck-Rousseau that he intends, when the new French Chamber is organized, to resign the Premiership is based upon his conviction that the purpose for which he originally undertook the formation of a composite Cabinet of all shades of friends of the republic has been accomplished. His work has been indorsed by the recent triumph of the Ministerial party at the polls, and with the safety and permanency of the republic rescued from all threatened danger Waldeck-Rousseau naturally desires to return to the practice of his profession.

A masterly orator, a brilliant debater, an urbane yet astute political tactician, Waldeck-Rousseau is the greatest Premier France has had since Gambetta. He has been a reformer, but he has been distinguished by the moderation and sagacity of his measures. His ministry included moderate Socialists, military aristocrats like General Gallifet, radical Republicans. The only test required was ability, integrity and loyalty to the republic. His ministry has been the longest-lived since the Thiers ministry of 1871-73, and has been a ministry almost unequaled in legislation in modern France. When Waldeck-Rousseau was 30 years old he was a member of the Gambetta Cabinet of 1881, and was Minister of the Interior under Ferry in 1883-85, so he did not lack for executive experience. He was a member of the Senate of 1894, and was in full touch with public affairs when he took office, June 22, 1899, under President Loubet.

Under Waldeck-Rousseau's ministry the Dreyfus case has been finally adjudicated; legislation in satisfaction of the rights of all working people has been enacted; the "associations bill" has become a law, despite the cry that it was an attack upon the church. Under his government the Monarchists of all descriptions have become disrupted in their organizations and demoralized; the influential Socialists have become Radical Republicans. Paris is always against good government, but Paris is powerless against the overwhelming support given the republic by the provinces, under Waldeck-Rousseau, who through his brilliant talents and political wisdom has made his ministry one of the most celebrated in the history of representative government in France.

The opposition in the recent elections to the ministerial party was made up of Clerics joining hands with the anarchist Socialists to defeat the present government. Waldeck-Rousseau, in one of his campaign speeches, justly boasted that "the twentieth century has forever dispersed the ruins of royalty, Orleanism and empire," and that "the French democracy will pass sentence on the vain parodies of sincere patriotism and on the spirit of revolution." His prediction has come true. His personal triumph today assures the stability of the Third Republic, which has already lasted longer than any regime since 1789. Waldeck-Rousseau is not only the greatest statesman of France, but, measured by the difficulty of his work, he is the greatest statesman in Europe.

THE PARTY OF SCUTTLE.

The declaration of the Kansas Democrats on the Philippine question smacks somewhat of the character of supererogation. The world knows what the Democratic policy on expansion is, and the professions of the Kansas Democrats, if in line with that policy, is impotent, and if opposed is negligible. It so happens that legislation is made in Congress, not in Kansas or Oregon. What is thought desirable for catching votes in either state is of minor significance, compared with what the Democrats in Congress are actually contending for. The Kansas Democrats declare:

> We indorse the position taken by the Democratic members of the National Congress with respect to the duty of the Government of the United States toward the Philippine Islands and their people.

Now the Democratic position, as presented by Senator Rawlins, of the Philippine committee in the Senate, February 24, is as follows:

> That, subject to the provisions hereinafter set forth, the United States of America hereby relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands.
>
> That from and after the passage of this act said archipelago shall be foreign territory, and all goods entering the United States therefrom shall be subject to the same duties, customs and imposts as are now, or may hereafter be, prescribed by law for goods entered from other foreign countries:
>
> Provided, That during the temporary occupation of said islands, as hereinafter provided, all trade between the same and the United States shall be free.
>
> That the United States shall continue to occupy and govern said archipelago until the people thereof have established a stable government, and until sufficient guarantees have been obtained for the performance of our treaty obligations with Spain, for the safety of those inhabitants who have adhered to the United States, and for the maintenance and protection of all rights which have accrued under their authority.
>
> That as soon as these results have been accomplished it is declared to be the purpose of the United States, which the President is directed to carry into effect, to withdraw from said islands, and leave the government, control and sovereignty thereof to the inhabitants of the same, retaining only such military, naval and coaling stations as may be designated by the Government of the United States.

UPON THIS DECLARATION EVERY DEMOCRAT PRESENT VOTED "AYE," AND EVERY REPUBLICAN VOTED "NO."

The situation in Kansas is identical with that in Oregon. The Democratic proposal is scuttle, withdraw, abandon. A Democratic Legislature in either state will elect a Senator who will vote for scuttle along with the rest of his party. A Democratic Governor in either state, in case of a Senatorial vacancy, will appoint a man who will vote for scuttle along with the rest of his party.

Mr. Chamberlain is trying to be elected Governor of Oregon on an anti-expansion platform, professing not to believe in that platform, but knowing full well that his election will have the effect throughout the country of an anti-expansion victory, and also knowing full well that whatever appointments he may have occasion to make to the Senate will be of Democrats who will act with their party on the Philippine as on other questions.

If Mr. Chamberlain thinks the Democratic platform is wrong on the Philippine question, why didn't he say so like an honest man and refuse to run on it? If he thinks it right and dissembles his views in order to entice Republicans to vote for him, who can have any confidence whatever in his professions on any subject?

OUR LIBERAL PENSION LAWS.

The difficulty encountered by Oregon men in Congress in getting proper attention to the Indian War veterans is the more surprising in view of the liberality with which our pension laws in general are enacted and enforced. The committee on invalid pensions has reported the Senate bill to increase the pensions of those who have lost limbs in the military or naval service of the United States or were totally disabled in the same, and the committee will report the Senate bill increasing the pension of maimed soldiers, with an amendment for the benefit of pensioners under the act of 1890 who require the periodical and frequent assistance of an attendant. This legislation is but just, but it is more than just; it is generous, compared with the pension systems of Europe. The amount estimated as necessary for the payment of our pensions for the coming fiscal year is $138,500,000. Compared with the pension expenditures of other governments, it is more than double the total of all of them put together. Great Britain refuses to consider any application from an officer for a pension for a wound unless he applies within five years after receiving the wound. The maximum in Switzerland is one year from the time the disability was incurred, and Switzerland pensions for one year only, the application being "reconsidered" at the end of each year. Under the pension law of the United States there is no limitation as to time of application, no term pensions, no annual examinations.

A soldier of the Civil War can seek a pension today for wounds or disability incurred at any time during that war, and if he can trace the origin of his disability to his army service, the pension is granted, although he has waited forty years before preferring his pension claim. Great Britain provides for the reduction of the pension after three years of absence in a foreign country, with its entire forfeiture if the pensioner is under 50 years of age; between the ages of 50 and 80 the pension may be commuted. The United States makes no distinction today between pensioners resident abroad and those resident in the United States. Last year our Government paid $641,162 to 4557 pensioners residing in foreign countries. In Switzerland imprisonment for a term exceeding one year suspends the pension, and imprisonment or other punishment for crime is a bar to the right to a pension in Great Britain, Austria and Germany. In the United States, under the act of August 8, 1882, during a pensioner's imprisonment for an offense against the law, his pension may be paid to his needy wife or minor children, but in the absence of such dependents he can draw his pension or can let it accumulate during his imprisonment.

This Government pays the pensions of minor children, male and female alike, only until they attain the age of 16 years. The one exception is in the case of permanently disabled and helpless children, whose pensions continue during disability. Great Britain does not pension widows if they are in receipt of an income or salary constituting "wealthy circumstances," an excellent provision, while under our pension laws a man possessed of property ample for comfortable support without labor can obtain a pension. Compared with other countries, Congress has been generous to the survivors of the Civil War and to their successors and dependents at its present session in the matter of private pensions.

Among bills passed by the Senate soon after the holidays was one "to increase the monthly pensions of the Mexican War survivors to $12." The whole number of these survivors is about 7500, but of these only about 3900 would benefit by this act, as the others are already receiving $12 per month as "totally disabled from manual labor and in such destitute circumstances that $8 was insufficient to provide them the necessaries of life." It is now fifty-four years since the close of the Mexican war, and as the survivors are all about 75 years old, the decrease of the roll will be rapid for the future.

NOT INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

In her recent biographical romance, "The Conqueror," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton palliates the faults of Alexander Hamilton on the ground of his genius. This is an absurd view; the very phrase "the infirmities of genius" is a misnomer. Men of genius are subject to the infirmities and weaknesses of human nature, and they are to be judged with no more severity or lenity than other men who are counted among sane and intelligent folk. There is no evidence that men of genius have manifested any infirmities that are not common among men to whom genius was never imputed. Genius sometimes places a man in a position of exceptional power and eminence, which is in itself a temptation to lack of self-restraint and despotic conduct, just as a man of great wealth and business consequence will venture to do things which a weaker and less influential man might hesitate to do.

There was no mystery of genius about the infirmities of Hamilton. He had a first-class intellect, but a fierce temper; his intellect was developed out of all proportion to his moral nature. His private morals were loose; he was a tricky politician and a man of relentless hate for those that were his real or fancied rivals. The violence of his temper is shown by the fact that he resigned the position of the head of Washington's staff in a fit of anger over a few words of calm and just reproof. In politics he was not only the bitter foe of Burr, but of Jefferson, and he was the engineer of a base intrigue to defeat John Adams for President. Yet of his intellectual power, Talleyrand, who knew him intimately, said: "Hamilton divined Europe without ever having visited it."

These infirmities of Hamilton are common among all men who play a public part, whether they be men of genius or not. They are not part of their genius, but incidental to the weakness of human nature which underlies all men, whether men of genius or men of merely ordinary talent. Webster had some of Hamilton's infirmities; like him he enjoyed conviviality and was a man of alimentiveness, and, while on the whole he was a man of far more dignity and self-restraint in his public or private speech, it may not be denied that Webster's intellectual development was more conspicuous than his moral greatness. Washington, with as fierce a temper as Hamilton, curbed it because of his greater natural moral sensibility. Franklin was naturally a good-natured, able man of affairs. His moral delicacy in his youth was not remarkable, but he was so wise a man that he learned to practice morality, because, as he says of honesty, he believed it to be the best policy, for the largest happiness in the long run in this world and in the next, if there is another world. Lincoln was so greatly endowed intellectually that he might be fairly termed a man of political genius, and his native moral endowment was not only far superior to that of Hamilton and Webster, but was superior to that of Franklin, and was equaled in our political history by that of Washington alone.

There is nothing in the temperamental differences of all these great men that stands for the earmarks of men of genius; for we find the same differences, the same mental and moral inconsistencies, among a vast number of men with no claim to genius or more than very moderate endowment. A deal of absurd racket has been made over the moral and mental inconsistencies of Burns, Byron, Shelley and Poe. There is nothing in their record that would excite more than a passing remark if they had not all been subjected to "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." Burns was born a Scotch plowboy; he had the intellect of a man of genius; he had the social habits and gross vices of his class at a day when every Scotch peasant drank whisky freely, and every handsome Scotch laddie had more than one lassie. Through an excess of generous feeling Burns married a wife he did not love and who did not love him, and this bad marriage did for him what a bad marriage has done for many obscure men. Burns' vices and his errors were not incident to his genius any more than Shelley's Quixotic schoolboy marriage was incident to his genius. Shelley made a fool marriage, as many a young fellow has done, from generous impulses. He survived his folly and made a better marriage, which he adorned by the good conduct and personal purity of his life. Had he been an ordinary young fellow, his schoolboy marriage would have excited no remark. The racket over Byron's break-up with his wife was absurd. Byron, as an ordinary Englishman, could have separated from his wife without exciting a public howl, but as a man of genius he was hounded to death from England to Italy. John Milton could not agree with his young wife, and wrote of women and divorce with considerable bitterness, but neither Milton nor Byron quarreled with their wives because of an infirmity of temper peculiar to men of genius. They quarreled with them for the same reasons that have probably influenced thousands of men never accused of genius.

If it could be shown that the gift of genius is always accompanied by a corresponding increase in the power of moral perception and self-restraint, we might be justified in explaining the faults or misfortunes of men of genius by the phrase "infirmities of men of genius"; but the truth is that men of genius do not manifest any infirmities that are not frequently manifested by their fellows, and behave quite as well in private or public life as men to whom genius has been denied. Why should they be expected to behave any better? Hath not a man of genius eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, subject to the same temptations? When Burns, Byron and Shelley play the fool with women, it is not an infirmity of genius at all; it is the infirmity of human nature, which binds all men, with genius and without genius, to this gross earth and the fleshpots of Egypt. The despotic human desires always have a place in the airy brain of genius; they are the drag-ropes by which its balloon is held down to the earth. Napoleon, with his characteristic hard sense, virtually expressed his contempt for the phrase "the infirmity of genius" when he said, "No man is a hero to his valet," and he might have added, "or to his doctor."

CONDEMNED BY THE FACTS.

The Democratic State Convention of Kansas has declared for the resubmission of the prohibitory law. It is a little more than twenty-one years since the Kansas Legislature passed the law putting in force the prohibitory amendment to the constitution. The Kansas City (Mo.) Star remarks upon this fact that it is certain that abstinence does not prevail in any community of considerable size in Kansas, and that the evils of dissimulation and evasion and pretense have been fostered by prohibition. The Philadelphia Press bluntly tells the prohibitionists that what is wanted to show the results of prohibition in Kansas is a statement like that which has just been made in South Carolina as to the effect of the dispensary law in that state. Investigation shows that there has been an alarming increase in crime in South Carolina during the past six years under the dispensary system as compared with the six years preceding the dispensary, when a license system was in force. This increase aggregates 40 per cent in assaults, 100 per cent in homicides, and 125 per cent in crimes against property. This condition cannot be due to an increase in population, illiteracy or poverty, for the census shows that the last two have decreased and the first increased only moderately. The inference is that the dispensary, by increasing the use of liquor, and by encouraging its illegal sale, is the chief cause of this great increase in crime. The facts and figures are taken from the annual reports of the Attorney-General of South Carolina.

Similar facts and figures are necessary in order to compare the results of prohibition and license in Kansas before it is possible to form an accurate opinion as to the merits of the policy that has prevailed in Kansas for twenty-one years past. Today in Vermont an eminent member of the Republican party, a man of very large wealth, of great business ability, a man of education and unsullied domestic character, is making a personal campaign for the nomination for Governor on the Republican ticket as an open advocate of high license, and he draws crowded houses, although he is a man without any pretense of oratorical ability beyond high intelligence and the capacity for clear thinking and clear statement. He talks like an able man of business. He is president of the Local Option League, is resolute against prohibition and for a local option law. Of prohibition Mr. Clement says that it "is responsible for fifty years of bribery, fifty years of corruption, fifty years of plunder, of blackmail and extortion, fifty years of drunkenness and debauchery." The Brattleboro correspondent of the Springfield Republican confesses that Mr. Clement in many places has struck a popular chord in his advocacy of high license, and his arraignment of the methods practiced in the name of prohibition. His talks hold the close attention of large audiences, who evidently approve his charges and conclusions. A referendum was proposed within recent years regarding a license law, but was stifled by the action of those in position to direct and control legislation. Every attempt to enact a license law has shown steadily increasing strength, and some of the brightest papers in the state have begun to advocate the repeal of the prohibitory law. Its repeal is advocated by many of the best citizens of the state, who are naturally opposed to any scheme requiring the employment of spies and informers in order to procure evidence on which to base prosecutions.

We have set out these facts in support of The Oregonian's position that prohibition is a steadily dwindling party even in the few states where it is still nominally on the statute-book. The Prohibition orators predicted in 1900 that their National vote would reach 500,000; it did not reach half that number. Prohibition was once the law in Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, Iowa and Connecticut, and has been transiently tried by other states. Today prohibition leads a sickly life in five states of the Union—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, North Dakota and Kansas. The argument pleaded for prohibition that the absolute prohibition of the sale of liquor is as expedient and as effective legislation as the absolute prohibition of horse-stealing or murder is worthy of a bedlamite. The mass of mankind are agreed that theft and murder are crimes which the self-interest of all men, high and low, can be securely invoked to prohibit and punish, but the weight of numbers and influence is not behind the opinion that to sell liquor is a crime, nor is the force of social interest behind any such opinion.

Of the 80,000,000 of people in this country today there are many thousands who are total abstainers from the use of alcohol, but they do not vote for prohibition in state or National elections. Why? Not because they are not men of courage and of conscience, but because they do not believe in prohibition as a means to the end of practical temperance. They believe with the great English bishop who, in opposing the enactment of the principle of prohibition, said that "sobriety to be lasting and uplifting must be the free, deliberate choice of free, intelligent men."

A veteran soldier of the regular Army writes The Oregonian a very intelligent letter, pleading for the passage of a bill by Congress which would enable a soldier to retire after twenty-five years' service, instead of thirty, as at present. No other country asks as many years' service of its enlisted men before retirement as the United States. England comes next with twenty-one years. The law at present permits counting double time for service in the Philippines, but no double time is allowed for service in the Gulf States, which in some portions of that region at certain seasons of the year may be quite as debilitating. With the wear and tear of recent service, thirty years, our soldier correspondent fairly pleads, is almost too long. Of the old Army before the war with Spain not many remain, but among these are some who have served from twenty to twenty-five years, some possibly more, whose hair has grown gray in the service and who believe that the service as well as themselves would be benefited if they were permitted to retire after twenty-five years of service. It would help the Army to make the old non-commissioned officers vacate after twenty-five years to make room for the younger worthy aspirant; it would help to keep young soldier material in the service. An officer of the regular Army can be retired at his own request after thirty years' service, and, allowing for the fact that the service of an enlisted man involves as a rule more continuous bodily hardship and exposure than that of an officer, the plea of our correspondent for the reduction of the retiring age for enlisted men from thirty years' to twenty-five years' service would seem to be reasonable and conducive to the best interests of the Army. If it be a sound plea, clear the decks of old officers as soon as possible to make room for younger blood, it is quite as sound when urged for retirement of old non-commissioned officers who have served twenty-five years and would be glad to retire if they could. There is no reason why the plea of our intelligent soldier correspondent for a reduction in the age of retirement for himself and his veteran comrades should not be granted by Congress.

The Massachusetts Legislature now has before it a bill of amendment whereby, on petition of a considerable number of voters, any proposed constitutional amendment must be submitted to the people, and, if approved by a majority vote, is to become a part of the fundamental law. This measure, like the Rhode Island proposal recently noted, is in line with that growing tendency of thought which has borne fruit in Oregon in the initiative and referendum amendment. As the people grow in capacity for self-government, their direct participation in it will be increased, not only with safety, but with great gain.

Of the total yearly production of anthracite coal, amounting to about 54,000,000 of tons, the three States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey consume about 65 per cent, or 35,000,000 tons. The New England States take a little over 8,000,000 tons, the Western States 6,500,000 tons. Canada and the Southern States each take about 2,000,000 tons. The use of hard coal in manufacturing and transportation is largely confined to districts no more remote from the coal fields than New York City. Beyond this area the consumption of hard coal is almost entirely confined to stoves and furnaces for domestic use. The hard-coal strike will not, therefore, directly affect manufacturing to a great extent.

If the fees received by Mr. Furnish as Deputy United States Marshal in Umatilla County were extortionate and unjust, as intimated by Mr. W. W. Myers, of Oregon City, in a communication published by him in several newspapers, the question naturally arises how it came about and why it was that the accounts were all passed and approved by Hon. John Myers, brother of W. W. Myers, who was United States Marshal at the time. There is sometimes a malevolence that overshoots its mark.

Representative Scott, of Kansas, paints a pathetic picture of Oregon day at the Charleston Exposition, when Representative Tongue made his oration to seventy-five people, but the Springfield Republican says Massachusetts day at the Omaha Exposition was not more impressive and quite as slimly attended as Oregon day at Charleston. Governor Crane headed the official delegation from Massachusetts at Omaha, and is believed to hold the opinion that state days at expositions are chiefly buncombe.

Another of these fellows who have turned against the Republican party because it doesn't keep them evermore in office is A. N. Gambell. During the past twenty-five years he has had no dollar that has not come to him through office conferred by the Republican party. Now he is out for Chamberlain and the Democratic ticket. This is the professional office-holder's private revenge. Infinite littleness!

With the necessaries of life advancing in price daily, like meat and coal at the East, and wages remaining at the same point, working people are, of course, becoming dissatisfied, and demands for additional wages to meet increased household expenses may be soon expected. If these demands are not granted, then more strikes are likely to follow.

If the Democrats are, as reputed by their Simon friends, so hot for Pacific expansion present, and proud of Pacific expansion past, why don't they sometimes advert with pride to the expansion record of Thomas Jefferson? They are, we suspect, for expansion so far as it doesn't interfere with the success of the Fusion ticket.

It may just as well be understood now as later that if Inman is elected to be Mayor of Portland, Alex Sweek will be the power behind the throne; and the government of the City of Portland, so far as the Mayor's office is concerned with it, will be in the hands of Alex Sweek.

Few men in Multnomah County, if any, are better equipped for the office of Assessor than George E. Watkins. His business record here has been long and creditable, and his acquaintance with values is of expert knowledge. He will make an efficient officer and should be elected.

Should the "Citizens" ticket be elected, the so-called Republican part of it will be for Simon; and if the Democrats should not control the Legislature, the Democratic part of it will be for Simon, too.

MUSINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

There was chronicled last week the suicide of a teacher who, through no fault of his own, was dismissed, and of a woman whose progress toward competency as a nurse did not keep pace with her laudable ambition. In neither person had there been known tendency toward morbidness, and it is fair assumption that in both cases the act was an impulse; certainly it was not long premeditated. What a multitude of tragedies would be averted if everybody had just one friend to go to when his heart is full. What mountains of sorrow for the living would be avoided if, when the first thought of self-destruction enters a man's brain, he could pour out his soul to one who has sympathy, common sense and a little tact. Fancied wrongs weigh quite as heavily on the weak as wrongs that are real. An explanation, another view of the matter, a word of hope, a walk in cool air, a promise of mediation, even so small a thing as a hand-clasp, may change the current of thought which through the night has been running in dark and deep channels. Blessed is he who has, and desperately poor he who has not one such friend.

Why does an unexpected blow make cowards of brave men and women? Why, under first fire, do so many soldiers of high purpose, efficiently drilled, beat an ignominious retreat and inflict their own death wounds? It is easy to read the motive of the trusted custodian of funds who takes his life when his defalcations are exposed, but what is there except pity for the well-educated, refined schoolmaster who had earned the respect of youth, parents and co-workers? Why did he surrender in his first adversity? Could he know that there was no other place where he could put his talents? Many a man of different mettle has achieved fortune by involuntary change of employers. In the case of the nurse who failed of coveted promotion, her clear duty was to acquire the knowledge she lacked and earn the higher place. How many students at college would live to wear black gowns and mortar boards if all who failed in one examination retreated through the back door? Life is a struggle, and no one is justified in giving it up so long as capacity to work remains. A man at 55, in good health, need not read, even over the poorhouse gate: "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

When such good men and women stagger and fall by a real or fancied blow, is there a way to set them on their feet again? I think so. Not a thousand miles from Portland, in 1894, when no one could see a rift in the black clouds of finance, a commercial traveler of middle age, out of employment, was down to his last twenty and no work in sight. He invited a friend whom he met one evening to take a walk. He spoke as if he were standing near the edge of a precipice. At the end of half an hour the friend summed up the case: "According to your own statement, you have health, strength and undiminished capacity for selling hardware. Personally, you are exactly where you were one year ago. It happens that circumstances which you could not control have taken away the opportunity for converting your work into cash. Hunt another opportunity. Don't damn yourself. Take half a loaf if you can't do better. This state of affairs can't last always. Whatever else you do, don't let go of your courage." His friend did not confess to having broken his last five for a 20-cent dinner. To cheer himself as well as the other unfortunate, he boldly wagered: "It's a new hat that in less than six months, when you are on the road again, you will look back to this night and smile." "I hope so," answered the drummer, and illustrating the leavening power of a walk in the cool air and a bit of friendly talk, he added: "And it will be a small bottle with me." That was the way it turned out. When the friends, a few months later, drank a toast to the privilege and the joy of working, the hardware man hung his head as he remarked: "I didn't tell you that night that I had already bought the laudanum." I feel sure that if Otto Greenhood, when he came out of the hospital after a month of suffering, had unburdened himself to any one of a dozen friends, he would not now fill a suicide's grave.

Into the life of all of us, whether born to the purple or the plow, there come times when, whichever way we look, the clouds are black and low. Often without cause we feel that the world has lost its charm, but an unexpected bunch of roses or a cheery letter from a distant friend changes the whole face of nature. How can we best keep away from despondency? There is no universal remedy. How, when our hopes sink, can we best revive them? The ways are countless. A few who have books for constant companions find relief in noble thought recorded by cold philosophers or by those whose hearts overflowed with the milk of human kindness. Many throw themselves at the feet of the Master and beg him to take the load. Many open the Book at the 23d Psalm—a wise thing to do in prosperity as well as adversity. Many take tonics in the form of killing fish or shooting birds. In some folk a cold plunge or shower works a mental uplift. Too many seek artificial aid in alcohol, which is always a failure in such circumstances, but there is hope for the man when he comes out of his debauch, though he will then need a double remedy. Every one has worried through these despondent periods, and he must decide for himself the quickest acting antidote. Perhaps there are men and women strong enough, in every storm of life, to stand alone, but I venture to say that one sympathetic friend is indispensable to mankind.

To some men there comes a rich inheritance of courage, hope and cheer. These are the salt of the earth. For others the heritage is timidity and undue tendency toward suffering.

> From the same cradle's side,
> From the same mother's knee,
> One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
> One to the peaceful sea.

Granting that heredity fixes a man's temperament, the fact remains that it can be modified by environment. A man in receptive mood will absorb some of the cheer around him. If, in the face of disaster, a thought of suicide slinks into your mind, get into cheerful atmosphere. Never allow yourself to believe that you are going to be overwhelmed. If the greatest student of human nature had lived in our day he would have put into Hamlet's soliloquy a better reason for withholding the bare bodkin. It is never necessary for people who have lived righteous lives to commit suicide. What a trivial incident is the temporary loss of employment or the failure to be advanced in one's vocation, compared with blindness. Yet the blind do not destroy themselves. Whether the affliction comes like a flash or the curtain is drawn lower and lower day by day until the light is shut out, the victims do not ignobly surrender. From these sufferers learn a lesson. Prepare yourself not only for despondent periods but for sudden disaster which shall involve pride, bread and butter, ambition and hope. Whatever your station, acquire and cultivate one friend.

L.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

A Mild Protest.

It's most distressing, don't y' know,
This beastly Western race,
One has to hurry, hurry, so,
To keep the blooming pace.
And if one takes his exercise
And leisure every day,
One finds, to his intense surprise,
His business does not pay.

I'd like to close my office up
About half after four,
And enter for the Brassie Cup
Or try to mend my score,
But my competitors remain
As late as after ten.
So shocking is their greed of gain
It really puzzles me.

I find, indeed, my very clerk,
Although he comes at eight,
Sometimes is here till almost dark,
A most provoking trait.
The added hours that he takes
All profit me, 'tis true,
But then, y' know, it always makes
More work for me to do.

A scant two hours and a half,
For tiffin I can spare,
And then my friends are wont to chaff
Me on my hurried air.
And when at night I smoke, by calm
Content of mind possessed,
Some trifling business telegram
Intrudes upon my rest.

I think some times I'll leave it all
And seek the land I've known,
A land where one of right may call
His time and peace his own.
But when I stop to think a bit
It will not do, I fear,
For though it's hard, one must admit
One prospers over here.

Diary of a King.

May 17—I was crowned today. If it had happened a few years earlier maybe the royal exchequer would still be getting remittances from Cuba and the Philippines. I was a boy when they got those good things away from me, and boys are dubs. Now I am King, and it will pay Edgar Stanton Maclay and Mary Johnstone to watch my smoke.

May 18—I am sorry I didn't get Morgan to merge my coronation with Edward's. It would have been a lot bigger and I would have bit off the long end of it, because he is getting up his regardless, and I had to bullyrag the Cortes for a week to get a drawdown of a couple of million (Mex.) for mine. We didn't have anything for refreshments but tamales and Dago red, and neither William Waldorf Astor nor Admiral Crowninshield occupied boxes.

May 19—I don't like the crown. It's on a Fall block, and besides, it's been hocked about every three generations by some of my pious but profligate ancestors. Every financier who had it submerged took his jackknife and dug out a couple of jewels for interest, and as a resort it looks like a collander. I'll put the Cortes on the rack for a few more million and buy me a new one before long, but first I want an '03 model automobile, and a season ticket to the opera. I've got my queen picked out. She's next to the end in the front row in the second act, and she's the limit for a queen, or I'm no judge of royalty. I spoke to the old lady about her, and she threw up her hands, but I'd like to know who is King around here.

May 20—I'm about the hottest King this country ever had. Old Sagasta got fossle with me yesterday because I refused to sign some state papers I didn't feel like reading, and I ordered his head cut off. He asked me if I was a medieval tyrant, and I told him that that was me. I let him off this time, but I've set my lord chamberlain to look for some of the axes my great-great-great-grandfathers used to use, and there'll be something doing in the execution line if some of these antediluvian statesmen get to thinking for a minute that I'm not it.

May 21—There's going to be a show down in this little old country and it's going to be at an exceedingly early date. I struck the Cortes for a couple of millions to give a little suppor to the lady in the chorus, and what does the Cortes do but tell the old lady. Of course, she takes her troubles to that driveling old Sagasta, and to keep me from making my dates with the chorus queen, they've got me locked up here in the palace. Me, Alphonso, King of Spain and ex-King of Cuba and the Philippines, locked up in a room like a vag or a yellow dog. Talk about your silver-mounted outrages! Can you beat that?

May 22—Senor Sagasta will not be down to work today. I got back on the throne last night, and finding a new spear-carrier in the bunch, I told him that an old gent with whiskers was giving me a lot of trouble lately, and I wanted him pinched. I handed him a photograph of Sagasta and told him to go get him. He did. He says the old man made a holler that could be heard a mile, but he hustled him to a dungeon downstairs, and I guess the undersigned will enjoy a little liberty until the meddling old fogy turns up shy.

May 23—That Cortes is about the stingiest, tightest gang that I ever met up with. I asked them for a million to go see the Martinique volcano with, and they passed up the request like a white check. Had an answer to my letter from the chorus queen, and she's sore as a dog. I, a King, compelled to break my word when I'd invited her to the palace to dinner. What do you think of that?

May 24—A couple of hungry-looking guys with bowie knives got into the palace this morning and began target practice stunts. I was the target. I've written the following ad. and sent it to Libertad:

> FOR SALE—ONE COUNTRY; BANKRUPT, but full of interesting ruins and liberty-loving people; one throne; slightly worn, but a little gilding and furniture polish will make it right as a doubloon; one crown, shy some of its jewels, but soakable for a good, round sum still; for sale cheap, as owner is leaving country. Address Alphonso, Palace, Madrid.

I regret that I was not able to put the good will of the business into the ad., but my experience with the gentleman I met yesterday has taught me that it would not be advisable. The chorus lady and I are going to America. There is too much liberty over here. I'd rather work for Morgan and call myself a King than be one and lead the life of a galley slave. I'm too young to sacrifice, anyway.

No Botany for Him.

My daughter takes these flowers that's a growin' 'long the brook,
An' smoothes 'em out an' presses 'em, inside a great big book,
An' others she pulls clean apart, and looks at 'em to see
How many leaves an' stems they've got; fur that is botany.
She says there ain't no use at all in watchin' of 'em bloom,
An' walkin' through the forest fur to breathe their sweet perfume,
Unless you know jest which is which, an' lots o' things beside,
An' understand the way to get each flower classified.

Mayflowers never bloom for her, jest in the shade, no more,
She's got another name fur them, an' sets a heap o' store
On callin' each an' ev'ry bloom some word that ends in 'um,
She talks about 'em till I wish that I was deef an' dumb.
She used to gether lots o' them, an' make great, big bouquets
To bring into the settin'-room a taste o' these Spring days,
But now she picks 'em one by one, an' says it ain't no way
To gether flowers just to make a vulgar, cheap display.

Well, I doin't know one flower by its fancy Latin name,
But I enjoy its beauty an' its fragrance jest the same,
An' when the springtime brings 'em an' they're twinklin' in the grass,
An' shinin' 'way deep in the woods out at me as I pass,
I can't help thinkin' when the Lord had them wild flowers grow,
An' spread 'em like a carpet over everything below
He didn't give 'em fancy names, or have 'em classified,
Jest so men saw an' loved 'em, mebbe he was satisfied.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.