East Oregonian

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1902.

TIMELY ANNIVERSARIES.

Some Current Selections From History's Broad Page.

April 8.

R. G. White.

1732—David Rittenhouse, eminent American mathematician and astronomer, born at Germantown, Pa.; died in Philadelphia 1796.

1885—Richard Grant White, author and philologist, died in New York city; born there 1821.

1890—Tornadoes in the north central states, with electric storms. Floods in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.

1895—Governor Joshua H. Marvil of Delaware died at Laurel; born 1825. General James L. Kemper, ex-governor of Virginia, and one of the brigade leaders in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, died; born 1823.

1897—Dr. von Stephen, founder of the Universal union, died in Berlin; born 1831.

GEER AND THE SENATORSHIP.

One of the political problems in Oregon just now is: What shall the republicans do with Governor Geer? He wanted very much to be renominated for the governorship, and he failed to induce the state convention to do so. At once, before he could peer through the clouds of battle smoke, he announced, or his friends announced, that he was a candidate for the United States senate. Mr. Geer apparently has the office holding fever. He has had just enough of the taste of drawing public warrants to wish to continue in the pay of the government. He should be denied this request.

Governor Geer lost a nomination because he was not successful in his first large attempt to discharge public duties. His administration was a conspicuous failure. He did not inform himself as to the business of the state. He was not a master. He did not take hold with a firm hand of the affairs of the commonwealth, and inform himself concerning the needs of the people.

It is currently believed in Oregon that Governor Geer was not strong enough to withstand the influences brought to bear upon him by designing politicians. It is written down as part of the history of public administrative affairs that Mr. Geer was a creature in the hands of another, that Mr. Simon had more to say about what should or should not be done by the chief executive than Mr. Geer himself had to say.

As a senator Mr. Geer would not do otherwise, probably. In Washington, he would be all the more the willing tool of abler men who desired to control him. Oregon's interests, therefore, would suffer, as they have suffered during the past four years.

It would be poor policy to elect Mr. Geer to the senate, and only upon the ground of party needs can any such thing be considered. And it certainly would not be right for the commonwealth to be so sorely inflicted by the elevation to that distinguished position of a man who has demonstrated so conclusively that he is better fitted for private life than for the discharge of important duties in connection with high office.

ABOUT CAPT. CHRISTMAS.

Some interesting disclosures are to be made in connection with the charge of the Danish Captain Christmas, that the purchase of the Danish Antillies was the occasion of wholesale bribery of members of congress and prominent men in this country. Christmas is the self confessed corruptionist, and, in so far as he is concerned he needs no more attention. Christmas may be written down as a man unworthy of credance. He is a briber, and therefore, he might lie. His allegations against the character of distinguished Americans must have ample proof to carry conviction. It is beyond the comprehension of ordinary men how a man can bring himself to the task of saying what Christmas said, and it is interesting as a comment upon the methods employed by foreign countries, and the standard of honesty that is maintained there. In the United States, pessimistic as many are, a man of Christmas' type is regarded as a man to be avoided. No one would dare to say to the public that he was a briber. Men who bribe in this country strenuously avoid allowing it to be known. Apparently, Captain Christmas lives where bribers are not in danger of being ostracised.

AFTER HOLDING OFFICE.

In every community are to be seen men who have held offices that carry a supporting salary, who have been succeeded by others, and who are utterly worthless throughout the future. Some men there are who have the energy to turn at once to business pursuits, the ambition to continue among the ranks of the active. These are men who were positive factors before they secured election, and who gave to their office the best faculties of their minds.

But, the other fellow, God pity him! He served during his term in the contant thought that he was enjoying a "snap." He did just as much as he had to do and no more. He vegetated. He sat about other men's offices, and looked out into the street. If you watched his face as he sat there, it was a study of nothingness. His salary was sure; hence why need he put forth exertions that were more than absolutely necessary?

He divorced himself from his former business habits, if he had any, and now that he is again dependent upon himself, he finds it almost impossible to collect his scattered resources and once agan go into the multitude of opportunities before them.

Better for him that he had never been chosen by his fellows to serve them in a public capacity. Better far had he been defeated at the polls or in the convention, that to be eternally defeated by the laziness that so often comes from incumbency of official position. As a rule one will do his friend a favor to assist in beating him in an attempt to secure election to office that pays a salary, if that friend intend to depend upon that salary for his support.

PUCK'S HISTORY.

A colloquy between Father Time and Puck, as follows, appeared in the number of that magazine issued as a quarter-centennial edition:

Father Time (entering)—Ah, young man! I've dropped in to have an hour glass with you.

Puck—Good! I was thinking of you at this moment. I'm twenty-five years old today.

Time—Twenty-five years young, you mean! How I do fly, don't I?

Puck—Yes; it's quite true, that thing they say about you.

Time—And I actually lose all track of myself. Why, it seems only yesterday—that raw, bleak 14th of March away back in '77, when the nurse came out of that dingy little brick front at 13 North William Street and said it was a boy.

Puck—And shaking her head when she said it too, if you'll remember. There wern't any "Welcome Little Stranger" floral pieces hurled in my direction.

Time—That's right; you were born of poor but hopeful parents.

Puck—And they had to hustle while they hoped. Do you remember how the old journalistic grandmothers of the neighborhood shook their heads over me, too, looking at my poor little subscription list and croaking that it never would grow big enough to support me.

Time—You see they hadn't been abe to raise any of your kind in this climate, and the chances were that this was going to me another case of weeping willow and "Here Lies." Why, think of all the other little strangers that have gone before you. First there was Yankee Nations, thirty years before your time. Then there have been Vanity Fair, Mrs. Grundy, Punchinello, Wild Oats, the Jolly Joker, the Budget of Fun,—really, I've forgotten myself, how many others had had their little forms "pied" on the shoals of insolvency. The weeping willows were kept busy in those days, my boy, I can tell you.

Puck—I began to be doubtful myself the moment I could sit up and take notice. I never thought that glass of yours would be turned over so many times for me. I seemed to be just a frail little package of Ambition marked "Perishable" and put on an express train that was going straight through without stops to the Valley of the Shadow of Debt. Say, Old Man, I could fairly hear that weeping willow sniffle!

Time—But I cheered you up beautifully in time.

Puck—Time! Now if that other thing they say about you had been true—"time is money," you know, I'd have been all right. I had lots of time, but tradesmen have no imagination—they couldn't see that time was money. Why, I might have eked out this raglan of mine with a pair of—however, I suppose it was just as well; and they've gotten used to me this way without 'em.

Time—But before the sand had run through the glass very many times you began to get a bit husky, didn't you?

Puck—I did liven up some; but even then it was a case of applied Christian Science. My two adopted parents were keeping me alive on faith. If they hadn't both been very determined men I'd surely have been planted out there under the tears of that lugubrious tree.

And I never became crabbed and afraid to make the changes that would keep me at the head of the procession. If I do say it myself, I founded a school of American humor in picture and words, that promises not to die. And I created a demand for fun that not only enabled me to live but enabled the excellent contemporaries that came after me to thrive and wax fat. Keppler with his crayon and Bunner with his pen taught the public all over again that there is more than one way of looking at a thing, and that the humorous way seven times out of ten, is the best,—because humor is nothing more than true seeing—a just sense of proportions and values. I don't want to boast, but just between ourselves, old man, I've been no inconsiderate factor in the sanity of the republic.

Time—I'l cheerfully grant you that, my boy, and you've made an untold number of people more cordial to me. I only hope you'll continue to make me less of a bore to the multitude, for as many times twenty-five years more, as laughter continues to be the best tonic on the market.

Keep 'em laughing, and keep 'em thinking a little bit, you know, underneath the chuckles.

Puck—I shall try, old man; that's the keynote: much of what we laugh about and a little bit of what we take in earnest.

Time—And keep on being unafraid to speak your mind. Satire is the only sure kill for sophistry. All those shams and incongruities in society, politics and religion are fair marks for that pointed crayon of yours. You can't hurt anything with it that doesn't need to be hurt.

Puck—I found that out long ago. People get all fussed up when their own ox is gored, but they do love to have me gore the oxen of their neighbors; and, on the whole, I please most of the people most of the time.

AN INGENIOUS WIFE.

Mrs. Harmsworth, wife of the editor of the London Daily News, takes the public into her confidence and tells how she pleases and incidentally, rules her husband:

Mr. Harmsworth was inclined to be a moody—most men are—and I was versatile. At times he was all business, his head and heart filled with schemes and projects, and I was all business, too.

At other times he was wearied of business. A word of it would have irritated him. Then I was wearied of business, too. He wanted music—we went to the opera or green fields. We drove into the country. He longed to angle for trout; we followed the stream. Or, he wanted to get out of England, anywhere, so we traveled a bit, with a sure relapse of the business fever, and home we came, and glad of it.

Then there were times—they come to all of them—when he wanted the society of men, just men, and by a strange coincidence, I realized I craved the society of girls, just girls. So we kept the hosts of friends who were friends before marriage, and so we are both ready to aver that marriage is not a failure unless the carelessness of one's choice may not make it so.

I could never have edited his papers; I could not have written for them. I have none of the qualifications for a genius. But I can keep house. Next to the study of human nature—a particular male human nature, I mean—housekeeping is the best paying profession a wife can follow.

A little over a year ago the senate adopted a resolution calling on the secretary of war for information tending to show the authenticity and genuineness of the alleged order for the massacre of the foreign residents of Manila, on the evening and night of February 15, 1899. The secretary of war has just made response to this resolution.

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