East Oregonian

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1902.

WHAT OF OUR GIRLS?

The world makes us weary prating about its boys.

This boy and that boy is something wonderful to think about.

One is being taught science, another mechanics, another theology, another military tactics and another banking.

All are preparing to rule the world. All are going to be captains of industry, leaders of the van on arriving at the age of common sense, (which scercely ever comes until the brow is grey and the hand shaky).

But what of the girl?

What are you doing to prepare her for the great undertaking of life? What plans are laid by midnight lamps for her welfare?

What special course outside of the kitchen, is chosen for her? What pains are you taking to give her education a polish that will shine along the path of human experience, equal to that of her brothers?

Take care. Don't forget. Think a little. Is she fitted for the task before her?

Weigh well the measure you mete out to her. Heap up the little heritage of wise council, equal opportunity and equal solicitude which you are setting aside for her.

Is she learning day by day the useful or the fictitious? Will she be able to stand alone under the great responsibilities, when your help and council is removed? Think deeply.

You are the architect of her life. You are laying point by point, the structure of her fate. She is the soft clay in your hands. Touch lightly here and there, lest you mar her nature and her life.

Take care. It is a slender cord that human fortune hangs upon. The line between good and evil is so narrow that only a parent's discerning eye can search it out, at times. Look well. Build well. Think, think think!

Someday, in that undiscovered kingdom which men call the future, she will wear the coronation robe, and be crowned queen in some lovelit home.

She is standing at the edge of the wondrous river, flowing between the realms of romance and reality. The world is a picture-book. She hears its fairy story. She sees its mounted knights and fluttering banners. Take her by the hand and lead her out into the shade of the old orchard seat and tell her gently of the stern realities she soon must face.

You know how.

One earnest word of love will tell her volumes. She loves you, trusts you, confides in you. Handle her idols gently. The little painted gods of girlhood's paganism, the dreamy, unreal temples of her roseate faith; you must touch lightly upon them, for she believes in them.

Slowly the truth will dawn. That mist of dreams will roll away, and before she is aware, you will lead her into the clearer air of understanding.

Tell her of the snares and deadfalls that infest the human pathway. Teach her the royal code of womanhood that has made you beloved of all. She may not understand at first. She may falter to listen to that old love story of youth, but you will triumph. Right is at your side. God is over you. Fear not, for these will conquer.

MAKE FILIPINO PEACE PERMANENT.

By the president's proclamation there is no longer an enemy in the Plilippines. The war is over, and the army there is only a police force at the orders of the civil authority.

It rests with us if this peace be a permanent one. If we govern wisely, generously and honestly, the next generation will see the Filipinos a contented race, loyal to us, working out their own destiny under the Stars and Stripes, proud of the institutions we brought them, and with the scars of war as completely obliterated as they are in the Southern States today.

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If, on the contrary, the Philippines are delivered over for exploitation; if the American stands there merely as a conqueror, treating the natives as an inferior race, ignoring their rights and their prejudices, there is grave danger that the four year's war will be known to remote history as merely the first of the Filipino resurrections.

The first years under the new regime constitute the critical period. There must be no Neeley scandals; no squandering the island revenues by political favorites.

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The men who are chosen to carry on the work of reconstruction must be selected with greater care than has ever been exercised in a similar case if all is to go well in Asiatic America.

The islands did not revolt against Spain because it was Spain that governed, but because she governed with injustice and cruelty, and that injustice and cruelty caused her three hundred years of intermittent rebellion, and culminated in the loss of all her foreign territory.

Amnesties and peace proclamations are not new in the Philippines; they were commonplaces there, as they were in Cuba, when the islands were to us merely names in our school geographies. They are not more enduring than houses without foundation, unless they are based on more than might.

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Perhaps this war that is just over had to come; perhaps it might have been avoided and the same end still have been reached. All this is idle speculation now. It was fought hard and bitterly, and no American can fail to join with the president in his message of complaint and appreciation of the army that won it. Now for the war that is to come—the war against greed and spoliation.

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If we are going to govern thePhilippines for the benefit of the Filipinos, our work in the archipelago will redound to our honor and glory; if we are going to plunder them—whether we do it directly by small or corrupt officials, or indirectly by surrendering the mto the trusts through the tariff—we must reconcile ourselves to keeping a perpetually rebellious people in subjection by force of arms at a cost in lives and money of which the past four years gives us a unit of measure.

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By refusing reciprocity to Cuba after setting her free Congress smeared a blot across the record of one of the grandest acts on the part of a nation in history.

Let there be no such disgrace in our treatment of the other islands on the far side of the world of which fate has made us the guardian.—Hearst's American and Journal.

AN ECCENTRIC HISTORIAN.

In the city of Union, there lives an eccentric bachelor, who has kept for something near twenty years a minute social history of that city. Having leisure time and being personally acquainted with every person in the city, he has compiled, from actual happenings a voluminous detailed account of the social life of its inhabitants.

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Every birth, death, marriage elopement, severe sickness, accident, business change, new enterprise, and every minutest fact connected with the every day life of Union has been recorded with precision, giving all correct names, dates and circumstances. School elections, city elections, arrests, fights, robberies, scandals, picnics,—everything is recorded.

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Every child born in the city since this history began has a mention in it. Every death is recorded. The departure of every settler is noted, as well as the arrival of new ones. Business changes, improvements, the material progress of the city is correctly recorded. It is an interesting manuscript to those acquainted with the facts. Many local happenings of importance are lost trace of in the changes and progress of time, but this record keeper can tell you the day and date of any fact you wish to know connected with the town.

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It is rather odd to trace back the story of a baby girl born recently there, for instance. Its name is given the day and hour of its birth. Turning back in a retrospective mood, this historian shows you, a few summers ago, the record of a happy marriage. He gives the little family romances connected with it; the name of the pastor, the bridesmaid and best man. And growing more interested in the story, he turns back nearly to the beginning of the volume and points to a dim line recording the birth of the parents of this last arrival in town.

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It is a family record of the city. Some day it will be brought to light. The present historian has made arrangements to have the record published on his death, and has started the first link in an endless chain by entering into an agreement with a friend to continue the work, and this friend in turn to bind some one else to take it after him, and so on indefinitely.

Statistics go to prove that people are now living longer than they did in times gone by, but Methuselah still holds the record.