

Boers, or our own recalcitrant Filipinos.

Not only is he governed without his consent and over his strenuous protest, but the very lands with which the government has pretended to endow him must be rented through an understrapper acting usually in collusion with some scheming syndicate to rob Lo of his heritage; what wonder that he refuses to emulate the white man and become "civilized" enough to do his stealing properly, legally and openly, instead of covertly.

Only when it has been made possible for the red man to be domiciled in his own house and upon his own land will he lay aside the eagles' feathers, grease paints, horse blanket and dog-rations and allow himself to be benevolently assimilated. Continue the present system of surveillance and interference and Lo will remain as he is, picturesque but neither an agreeable neighbor nor an acceptable citizen. Given a man's privileges and responsibilities, he will be a man; keep the collar about his neck, and he will forever remain a dog.

WHY NOT? An eminent physician with a desire for notoriety offered himself as a subject for vivisection, and immediately a chorus of protest went up from all points of the compass. We do not protest; we say why not? In New York, a poor dog was strapped to an operating table, and in order that the physician might ascertain the effect of massage upon dislocations, the shrieking beast's shoulders were dislocated and his feet tied behind his back. In this position the tortured animal was left for twenty minutes, and at the conclusion of the experiment was neither treated nor put out of his misery, as the former would consume time and the latter demand the outlay of a few cents to dispose of the carcass. At no time was the animal placed under the influence of an anaesthetic. The barbarian who performed the operation coolly describes the entire useless and wanton performance in a medical journal. After perusing that article it is difficult to see why a doctor should be exempt from the torture which he so readily inflicts upon a poor dumb beast whose only sin is his unfortunate association with the worst of companions—a biped brute.

APPROPRIATE. "You must know what privileges you have. Not to speak everyone what he listeth, or what cometh into his brain, but your privilege is 'aye' or 'nay.'" So spake the Lord Keeper of the Seals of the house of commons in the dim long ago. It might be well for some good old-fashioned South Carolina dame, who understands the well-nigh forgotten art, to secure a strip of perfor-

ated card-board, and with the regulation red and blue woolen yarn weave that quotation into a "motto" for the guidance of the South Carolinians in the senate. "Aye" or "nay" will be a sufficiency from South Carolina, for some time to come.

Did you ever see a **PATHETIC AND LUDICROUS.** curly-headed little tot, thoroughly exhausted by the romping and shouting indulged in during the evening play-hour, sink into serene repose with a dirty, ragged, maimed, and altogether unlovable and unrepresentable doll—always the most disreputable of its store—clutched tightly in the little chubby fist, the sweet baby face, so contented, seeming even in slumber to express pride in the proprietorship of that pitifully mutilated toy, though the faithful little guardian's mind be wandering in the land of Nod? The doll, too, seems to realize and appreciate the love lavished upon it, and to reciprocate the affections of its foster-parent. The world may whirl on, great events affecting the lives of armies and the destinies of nations may transpire, men may rise and men may fall and countries expand or lose their being, but babe and doll still slumber on, unconscious of the turmoil, strife, triumphs and failures of the world without that nursery, content to rest in sweet communion one with the other. This is all very pretty, and no properly constructed man can look upon it without experiencing a tremble in the voice, and feeling a lump in the throat and a suspicious moisture in the eye.

But when that babe, grown to manhood, enters business life, plunges into politics, adopts journalism, still slumbering with his broken doll, a discarded theory, an idea with the arms and legs broken off, an issue ground under the heels of progressive and alert citizens, a naked, unsightly lifeless treasure—when a grown man slumbers sweetly with such a plaything as that clasped to his bosom, while the world progresses, nations rise and fall, varying circumstances and changed conditions demand the best efforts of the country's statesmanship, the sight is no longer pathetic; it is ludicrous.

For a babe to love the most battered of its toys is natural, no one knows why; for a statesman to cling tenaciously to the most discredited of his theories is unnatural, everyone knows why. In a common man such an act is common error; in an uncommonly common man, it, of course, becomes Commoner.

ABOUT TRUSTS. The remarks of Mr. Wollman, of New York, printed elsewhere in this issue, on the natural laws governing the life of trusts, are significant and suggestive. The modern consolidations of manufacturing interests are, in fact, not subject to legislative con-

trol so much as they are to that of a higher law. Legislatures are often the last to recognize the pressure of new forces that may be in operation around them. If these modern combinations called trusts have come into being through the workings of natural laws, they will lead rather than follow legislation. That is, the law-makers must ultimately perceive the changed social conditions that require such co-operative arrangements and rearrange the statutes to conform thereto.

As to the life or death of any particular trust, that depends more on internal than on external matters. If the conditions of a trade justify concentration, and if the administration is wisely managed, a trust will live; otherwise it will die as quickly as a small business, or perhaps quicker.

It may be doubted whether the enormous size of some of these corporations is not rather an element of weakness than of strength; whether they will not crumble if weakened at a vulnerable point as quickly as a railroad bridge will collapse from the withdrawal of a single bolt. They are not strictly comparable to the great railroad systems, which have stood the test of time; they are exposed to other dangers. One man with an idea may supersede the entire fabric of one of these industrial combinations, whereas a railroad is more permanent in its nature. A new factory built in Nebraska may render an old one in New York of no value, whereas a dislocated official of an eastern railroad cannot come west and start a competitive enterprise.

ISTHMUS CANALS. There has been some very attractively written newspaper literature circulated, claiming that the best of all routes for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama would be a tide-water canal at San Blas, the narrowest point of the Isthmus, which would consist of a ship-tunnel through the mountains. Many people have wondered why this plausible scheme was neglected by the promoters of the inter-oceanic canals and all their attention concentrated on the Panama and Nicaragua routes.

An editorial in the last Scientific American seems to put this project definitely where it belongs. It seems that the Government Commission has made exhaustive investigation of not one but four tide-water tunnel routes, and that the result of their examination condemns the project absolutely. Their figures on the San Blas route would make the total cost of a canal there nearly three hundred million dollars. Furthermore, the projected ship-tunnel is said to be utterly impracticable. If nothing but perfectly sound and solid rock was met with, it might be done, though at enormous cost; but if at any point on the route any material that was or could become loose was encountered, the engineers would be helpless and a final stop would be put at once to the work.

The fact appears to be that more work and study have been put on these different routes than most people have any idea of.