

sion, then, simply means world problems of the Color Line. The color question enters into European imperial politics and floods our continents from Alaska to Patagonia.

This is not all. Since 732, when Charles Martel beat back the Saracens at Tours, the white races have had the hegemony of civilization—so far so that "white" and "civilized" have become synonymous in every-day speech; and men have forgotten where civilization started.

For the first time in a thousand years a great white nation has measured arms with a colored nation and has been found wanting. The Russo-Japanese war has marked an epoch. The magic of the word "white" is already broken, and the Color Line in civilization has been crossed in modern times as it was in the great past. The awakening of the yellow races is certain. That the awakening of the brown and black races will follow in time, no unprejudiced student of history can doubt.

Shall the awakening of these sleepy millions be in accordance with, and aided by, the great ideals of white civilization, or in spite of them and against them? This is the problem of the Color Line. Force and Fear have hitherto marked the white attitude toward darker races; shall this continue, or be replaced by Freedom and Friendship?

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THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT IN OREGON.

C. E. S. Wood in the *Pacific Monthly* for August.

The woman suffrage amendment to the constitution was snowed under. The good men and women worked hard against it because only the bad women would vote—the good women would be too modest. And the bad men and women voted against it because the good women would always be in majority (thank God) and would want to reform things (God forbid). So the "liquor vote," whatever that hateful animal is, worked against it lest Portland be made too good, and the Ladies' Association for Preserving Civic and Female Virtue (I forget the true title) worked hard against it because woman-ridden Denver is a wicked city, and they feared the woman vote would make Portland—vile as she is—still worse, and we are too near the earthquake belt and the personal wrath of God to risk that. For did he not ruin San Francisco because of its sin? Not sparing even his own temples and his own followers. This fate has been spared Portland—thanks to the defeat of woman's suffrage. Portland will not now become a metropolis whose sin would make Sodom and Gomorrah seem like rustic villages, as innocent as Eugene or Salem—woman shall not corrupt the purity of our ballot.

She is good enough for the washtub and the factory, but not for the polling booth. She is intelligent enough to read the stars, write our poetry and our novels, manage colleges and keep books, but not intelligent enough to understand the mysteries of masculine politics so clear to any man, even when he is a babe in arms—or an imported article. She is good enough to be the mother of men, but she is not expert as an admiral or a general—and war is the real occupation of man and the process by

which he acquires all his wealth and comfort and civilization. I say, though it is a foolish thought, we may remark that admirals and generals are rarely the mothers of men.

But woman suffrage has been badly beaten. Womanhood has been saved. Purity of the ballot has been saved. The Republic still lives.

Meanwhile, ye stern matrons of the crusade, let me once more whisper in your ear—"Begin with the girls." "Teach the women." When the women know what they want they will get it. They know now. They want that sweet helplessness, that winsome ignorance, that unalloyed femininity which marks the ladies of the Orient.

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THE PASSING OF AUTOCRACY.

Editorial in the *Chicago Tribune* of Oct. 9, 1906.

The feudal Empire of Japan has become a limited constitutional monarchy, the White Czar has begun the experiment of summoning his people to take part in his deliberations; and now Persia is about to enter upon an era of representative government. The approach of Russia from the north, England from the east, and Germany from the west has made clear that the days of oriental despotism dependent upon isolation have ended. The Empire of Persia must be bound together by a patriotic sentiment, a feeling of pride in a common country, or the land will be divided among the great powers. The most effective way to rouse this national sentiment seems to be to give the people a voice in the conduct of affairs, and the shah has proclaimed the law by which a parliament is to be chosen.

Every male Persian between the ages of 30 and 70 who can read and write and has not been convicted of a felony may cast a secret ballot for a member of parliament if he lives in the Teheran district or for a parliamentary elector if he lives in one of the twelve other districts into which the Empire is divided. Parliament will consist of the sixty members of the Teheran district, chosen directly by the voters, and ninety-six members chosen by the twelve electoral districts. The members are elected for two years and are to be paid salaries at a rate fixed by parliament itself. The limitations of parliamentary authority are not fixed with great definiteness, but the natural tendency of such a body will be to encroach gradually upon the imperial prerogative and to become more and more powerful if Persia is at all fitted for self-government.

It has been frequently asserted that the oriental character is such that an arbitrary form of government is the best for Asiatic nations. The startling progress of Japan towards a democracy is considered an exception. The Persians, however, belong to the Aryan race as truly as the Germanic nations. They are not oriental in the same sense as the Turks, the Tartars, the Chinese, and the Malays. With a fair opportunity, and with some allowance for the blundering inevitable at the beginning, the Persians ought to develop a capacity for self-government. The experiment cannot fail to have the best wishes of the civilized nations of the world, among which Persia ought to take her rightful place instead of lingering among backward barbaric despotisms. Under autocracy Persia is prey for the spoiler; under parlia-

mentary government Persian independence should be assured.

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THE SKY-SCRAPERS OF ANCIENT ROME

"How an old Roman would laugh if he should suddenly pop in here and hear us talk about the apartment house as a product of modern civilization," said the scholarly appearing man with glasses as he squinted at a very ornate apartment building which was in process of erection.

"Get up to date," he would probably say. "Why, we had apartment houses as early as 455 B. C., and big ones, too, some of them sixty and seventy feet high. Why don't you think of something new?"

"Those apartment houses were called 'Insulae' (islands), and a very appropriate name it was, considering that they house a floating population. And the tenants had their troubles, too, just as they have to-day.

"There was the same hue and cry then about the height of the buildings, and in the time of Augustus there was a law restricting the height of dwelling houses to seventy feet, but this law was evaded with all the impertinence of the twentieth century. And the offenders went unpunished, for there were in Rome at the time of Augustus over 1,500,000—which was crowding the city some—and, of course, the natural tendency was to build up rather than out.

"As for sky-scrappers—well, those old Romans knew something about them. The pediment of the Temple of the Sun rose about 260 feet above the Campus Martius, in which it was situated. The palace of Septimius Severus rose to a height of over 225 feet above the arena of the Circus Maximus.

"Another thing that would make an old Roman howl with delight is the enthusiasm with which we call attention to the glorious future in store for concrete. We point out that houses of great excellence are to be built of it, that roads are to be paved with it, that it is to enter widely into manufacturing processes, that it has properties of endurance never before dreamed of in a building material.

"An old Roman would probably shout: 'The future of concrete? My dear fellow, don't you know that concrete has a glorious past, and that it was the agent that made Rome an eternal city? Don't you know that, although all the rest of Rome decayed and crumbled away, its wonderful concrete structures remain to-day as substantial as when they were built?'

"The stories of the destruction of temple after temple of magnificent marbles, brilliant mosaics and massive foundations always conclude with: 'Only the concrete base remains.'

"Now, the Roman temples were set on high foundations of this cement, called podiums. The podium consisted of four stone walls, forming a box, into which concrete was poured even with the top. These podiums you will see now in Rome, but nothing but ruins remain of the magnificent structures which were set on them."

The scholarly looking man settled his spectacles a little more comfortably on his nose.

"There is nothing which will so take the wind out of the sails of our boasted up-to-dateness as a little

contemplation of ancient Rome," he said as he dodged into his own insula.—Washington Post.

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THE INDEPENDENCE PARTY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Translation of a Letter Written by the Organization Committee of the Philippine Independence Party to the Anti-Imperialist League of America.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, President of the Anti-Imperialist League:

Sir:—We, the undersigned, members of the Organization Committee of the "Independence Party" of the Philippine Islands, whose political ideals limit themselves to—

"obtaining the immediate independence of the Philippine Islands in order to constitute said Islands as a sovereign, free and independent nation, with the understanding that through the intermediation of the United States of America an international treaty be brought about, by means of which the perpetual neutrality of the Islands shall be established and guaranteed,"

in meeting assembled on the twenty-first day of March of the present year, have unanimously resolved to send to the Anti-Imperialist League of America the present message of the deepest gratitude for the campaign it is carrying on in behalf of the immediate independence of this nation, to which we all aspire.

From revolution to revolution, from sacrifice to sacrifice, we have reached the present indefinite condition in the Philippine Islands, and being fervent worshippers of the ideal of enjoying a fatherland of our own, an ideal always cherished both in the sad days of war, and in the serene time of peace, our conscience, as Filipinos who love their own national welfare, impels us to express to you, Mr. President, to the Secretary of our esteemed League, to our true friend, Mr. Fiske Warren of Boston, to General Nelson A. Miles, and to all your illustrious companions, our heartfelt thanks for the great work undertaken by you to help us in our honest political aspirations.

And if it be permitted to us to assure you of the ineradicable conviction of the truth of the ideals that we pursue, we will say here that we are fully confident of the final triumph of the cause that we advocate, the cause of national justice, symbolized by the tricolored cockade when its birth was announced to King Louis XVI by Lafayette.

We have also confidence in its triumph as it is upheld by the Anti-Imperialist League, because we belong to those who stand for the preservation of the racial character of the nations, for the preservation of their natural territorial limits, because we belong to those who, with Leroux, believe that the slave who has once tasted liberty becomes more restless day by day, and, finally, because we belong to those who maintain, with William J. Bryan, ex-candidate for the Presidency of the United States, that the imperialism which augments the territory of a nation, does so at the cost of the welfare of its own citizens.

Before closing, permit us, Mr. President, to assure you that the same motives which have thus far guided us in our untiring labors for the speedy and immediate