

dog or something that would only complete the scene of desolation. Furniture is broken, houses are empty, stock lying about dead, buildings destroyed, everything a scene of utter ruin and desolation. It makes one feel very sick of it all, and very low-spirited; but, as I said before, it has to be done, as the people will help these roving bands of Boers, and one cannot blame them, for they are their own relations in many cases. If the war is to be stopped this is the only way to do it. People out here do not think that Lord Roberts's policy was a success.

GOVERNMENT FOR FILIPINOS.

The thinking person who has noted the efforts of the government of the United States to dole out local government in varying doses to alien races in the Philippines, Puerto Rico and elsewhere must have been able to extract a certain amount of humor from the situation ere this.

There is a suggestion of the predicament of teachers who are sometimes compelled to exhort their pupils or hearers to do as they say and not as they do. We are gravely handing out to Filipinos and Porto Ricans some political maxims and rules of conduct which were formulated years ago by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton and others, but we are desperately afraid that these immature and misguided peoples will use these maxims and rules in much the same manner that we use them. In giving them government fashioned after the ideals of the fathers of this country, we rather foolishly expect them to follow the aspirations of the framers of the constitution and the signers of the declaration of independence.

Instead of doing this, these benighted races show their incapability for self-government by doing just as we do. Their action is peculiarly aggravating. Why can they not be politically virtuous in adopting our theory of government, instead of being politically vicious by imitating us in practice?

One of the most striking illustrations of this sad condition of affairs is found in the recent discovery by the Philippine commission on the island of Negros. The inhabitants of that island were practically granted local government two years ago. What is the condition of affairs there now? Politicians are running for office on the American plan and making deals and combinations with each other which would do credit to the

average "push" of an American municipality. Not only this, but the inhabitants who do not hold office are intimating that the public improvements made are not commensurate with the amount of taxes paid.

These people are clearly incapable of self-government. It is quite true that we do politics in the manner indicated in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and, to a certain extent, in Los Angeles, but we cannot allow the unsophisticated Filipinos to tread this dangerous path. They are lacking in one important thing which we possess, and until they grasp it our system of government should be withheld. This important thing consists in organizations of committees of 100, or any other number which is euphonious, municipal reform leagues, good government clubs, etc., etc. These may not be practically effective, but the Filipinos must have them because we have them as an adjunct to our political troubles.—Los Angeles Evening Express.

MUNICIPAL DETAILS IN BERLIN.

From an article on "The Rise of Berlin," by Sidney Whitman, in Harper's Magazine for April.

The traveler from the west will find something peculiarly striking in the first impressions received on his arrival at the Prussian capital. The train—punctual to a minute—steams into the spacious terminus, where scarcely a soul is to be seen except a few blue-frocked railway porters. There are no advertisements of any kind on wall, ceiling, platform or footway to remind the traveler of the dreary commercial character of modern life. The nickel-pointed helmet of the policeman emphasizes the military, the drilled bureaucratic character of the nation, and of the capital in particular. There is no excitement, no haste, and no rush. Everybody is on the alert, for they are modern Prussians all; everything—control of tickets, exodus of passengers, claiming of luggage, engaging of vehicles by means of a metal disk which is handed to the traveler in strict rotation from a wire file by a uniformed official as he passes out of the station—all is done by rote and rule with the utmost celerity consistent with order—that is to say, in about half the time taken over the same job elsewhere in Europe.

The principal streets present a bewildering scene of life and activity, such as is only to be paralleled upon the continent by one or two cross-points in Paris. The traffic is watched

—it can scarcely be said to be regulated—by mounted policemen stationed at different intervals. But there are rarely any blocks or stoppages, for the streets are uniformly broad, and everything moves smoothly—like the well-greased wheels of the numberless tram cars driven by electricity or steam, some few being still drawn by horses, or the smart, clean-looking "Droschken," nearly all provided with the new fare-marking taximeter.

At the street corners where the traffic is thickest, ambulance lodges are fitted up to treat any case of street accident on the spot. A red cross painted on a white ground, prominently conspicuous by day and night, is affixed on a level with the street lamp, and marks the so-called "sanitary station."

An arrow is painted next to the number of every house, so that the stranger can see at a glance in what direction the numbers follow each other—no small convenience in a town many houses of which have a frontage of 60 to over 100 feet. Everything the eye can see tends to convey an overwhelming impression of order, high-strung activity, and, above all, of cleanliness. Nor is this impression unwarranted; for if anywhere in the world, it is here in Berlin that relentless, never-ceasing, systematic war is being carried on by day and by night against dirt, adulteration and every other form of human negligence and dishonest manipulation.

That the postal service of Berlin has long been the model (as yet unattainable) for the rest of Europe is well known. But it is not equally matter of common knowledge that the excellence of the Berlin postal arrangements of yesterday no longer satisfies the postal authorities of to-day. The latest innovation has been a still more frequent clearing of the letter boxes and a more rapid delivery than ever. The letter boxes in the principal thoroughfares are now cleared every 15 minutes during the busy hours of the day.

A LESSON FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

The finale of a lecture on "Orchestral Music—Interpretation and History," delivered at the Manhattan Single Tax club, in New York city, May 11, by Paul F. Johanning, corresponding secretary of the club.

The orchestra is not more than 200 or 250 years old. In this short time it has been developed to a degree of perfection hardly paralleled by any other art. Its language, so far as it is understood at all, is universal. Perfect agreement, perfect adjustment of parts, are the principles on