

ing to these important questions science talks about distances between the heavenly bodies and the vibrations of X-rays. The poor man finds no satisfaction; he asks how to live. Then science replies that this is a problem of sociology, but before answering the vital question, it is necessary to study zoology, botany, physiology; for the time being, however, we are confined to the study of atoms and the principles on which motion is communicated to the worlds. And when this reply is regarded as unsatisfactory, the still more unsatisfactory assurance is given that science has no aim at all; that it is its own end and that its dicta are final. To this the count observes:

"Now science is wrong when it claims this. Science cannot throw its light beyond the limits of observation. Just as a lamp lights poorly in proportion as objects are distant, not lighting at all the objects beyond its reach, so no human science can ever teach a man except in a fragmentary way. It may explain its own direct object well; objects more remote, not so well; and those at a distance not at all. But the essential thing on which our judgment of values must rest is the total view of life, its meaning and aims. Science cannot rise to that view, religion alone can do so. Our men of science have no religion and admit none, hence their futile claim that science teaches all things and is its own end. However, it does not teach all things; it busies itself only with what is easiest to reach and study. It does not teach us how to live and be happy. Such teaching is secondary and is committed to the theologian, jurist, or economist. This spirit on the part of science was never stronger than it is now. Science is constantly pointing to its victories over the forces of nature, to electricity, machinery, and the like; but sensible men do not see those things, they see only the misery, suffering, degradation and hardships to which so many are subjected, and the little prospect of relief that is in sight. Were our men of science to teach men more about religious, moral, and social truths, we would not see the hundredth part of suffering and hardship which are now seen on every side."

We may add to this strong and philosophical statement of the aims and the shortcomings of the sciences, that what is highly needed in our day is a distinct line of demarkation between the exclusive domain of scientists and that which is common ground. Views manifestly unphilosophical, not to say absurd, obtain currency because of prestige from their adoption by students admittedly skilled in reading the facts of nature. People know that they are capable of precise observation, and erroneously conclude that their inferences from such observations are, on that ground authoritative, although the fact is that a scientist may speak with certainty as long as he confines himself to phenomena, and yet be entirely wrong when he commences to build hypotheses. Whenever he passes from the field of physical observation and commences to philosophize on the nature and origin of those things, he leaves his own domain and enters that of universal human thought. There he has no advantage over his neighbor, whose peculiar eminence may be in some other direction. If, for instance, a student of physical nature, from his superior knowledge of the structure of the brain, claims the right to say that organ is the origin of thought, or that man came from a beast, he is off his own ground and tries to construct a theory which is as much assailable when stated by the most eminent scholar as by the tyro. Were the proper domain and exact authority of the sciences understood, there would be less

disappointment, less strife. They would not be unduly idolized and therefore better able to serve mankind in its search for truth and happiness.

SAGASTA SAITH.

The Spanish Cortes was the scene of an animated and at times angry discussion yesterday. This of itself would not be a matter of much concern, but when as at present the nation is racked without and within and threatened with disruption if not dissolution, such events have a significance which makes them very important. The wrangle was produced by the proposal to vote censure upon Admiral Bermejo for the crushing defeat of the Spanish forces at Cavite, those favoring adoption holding that the admiral (who is also minister of marine) had courted defeat because of the bad state of preparation in which the fleet was permitted to be found. Of course, a censure of the minister would be a reflection upon the crown, and naturally all friends of the government came to its defense.

The principal advocate of the vote was Senor Salmeron, whose oratory seems to be largely of the denunciatory type. Such an exclamation, for instance, as "the worn-out regime under which we live" seems to show a freedom from restraint that does not fully comport with a straight-cut monarchy. Another sentence was even more pointed: "When it has been ascertained how much blood has been shed and how much money expended, it will be necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the crown as well as to the least citizen." The debate went on through the session and was punctuated with snappy, snarling sentences, here and there appearing some tolerably fervid and even eloquent language. One member, the editor of the *El Heraldo*, declared Cuban independence preferable to embarking on a foreign war without proper preparation, but if he was applauded for it the dispatch fails to mention the circumstance. Some fists were shaken and other angry demonstrations occurred.

The prime minister, Senor Sagasta, took a hand, of course. This gentleman has been regarded as one of the foremost statesmen of Europe, and undoubtedly he is possessed of considerable learning, experience and statecraft. But he should by this time know that it is no part of the duties of his position to assert arrant falsehoods—to lay down correct premises and from them draw strained and distorted conclusions. A few lines of the latter part of his speech are here reproduced, that the reader may have an idea of its general trend:

"Senor Sagasta declared that the republican system did not deserve the praises Senor Salmeron bestowed upon it. 'The United States is a republic,' he said, 'yet it employs toward Spain a policy of a kind so base that the world has never seen before. It does not dare to make war face to face. It seeks by indirect methods to do Spain an injury. I am certain the United States would be pleased to see an uprising provoked in Spain by the republicans.'"

This outburst was loudly cheered by the government supporters. It was made at the right time and place and in the presence of the right kind of people to secure such applause. The distinguished gentleman does well to couch his rhetorical postulation in glittering generalities; to attempt to analyze, to specify, to point out and by such means to reach the conclusions which he so arbitrarily presents would be but to plunge himself into a mass

of contradictions ending in confusion. The United States has exhibited no baseness whatever towards Spain, while tolerating baseness, treachery, crimes of all kinds and inhumanity on the part of Spain under our very eyes until they could be borne no longer. The statement that this country dare not make war face to face, in view of the fact that it travels great distances to get opportunities to have such meetings and is more than willing to have them at any time, as abundantly shown, would be calumnious if it were not ridiculous; and to save his dear soul he could not cite one instance in which indirection has been practiced by the United States since the inception of this trouble—nothing at all to compare with, for instance, such a proceeding as indecently hustling a foreign minister out of the country in order to prevent him from complying with his instructions in the matter of delivering an ultimatum. Oh, no, senor; your cleverness would show itself more clever if you sought to unite your people and elicit their support by giving them plain facts. Least of all is it creditable in you to withhold from an enemy the just credit due for legitimate acts and valorous deeds—such credit, for example, as we accord to your fighters at Cavite for their genuine fighting qualities.

THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The town of Manila, over which very soon the American flag will float—perhaps it has been hoisted there by this time—is beautifully situated on the banks of the Pasig river. It fronts a large bay, and in the background are forest-clad mountains declining gently toward the shore. The older part of the city dates back to 1630, but reconstruction has changed the streets and given them a modern appearance. They are laid out in straight lines, are macadamized and provided with granite walks. There are excellent shops in the business streets, kept mostly by Chinese merchants. The houses are chiefly tiled-covered and built with projecting upper stories, while the sidewalks are shaded by canopies. Soldiers and priests are met at every turn, indicating the predominance of the military and ecclesiastical elements. On the river are many pretentious residences, and extensive suburbs stretch along the banks. There are about 300,000 inhabitants, notwithstanding the fact that thousands have been killed in earthquakes, which are frequent in those regions, and notwithstanding another fact that the sanitary regulations are very imperfect. The drinking water is supplied by the river and it is frequently charged with refuse floating up and down with the tides. Numerous canals divide the city. These are dry a large part of the year, and from the fetid deposits the atmosphere is filled with poisonous gases. With some attention paid to these conditions, Manila ought to become one of the delightful spots of the earth, and American enterprise would speedily transform it into a paradise.

The New York World thoughtfully remarks—"How completely has 'Old Glory' overshadowed the Klondike!" Sure enough. The cynosure of a year ago and up to a very recent time has almost passed out of sight and been forgotten, and this too at a time when nature is beginning to relax her rigors and permit the Argonauts to pass in without obstruction. And poor Andree, Franckel and Strindberg—where are they? Not forgotten but given up, martyrs, no doubt, in the cause of science.