THE OREGONIAN'S HOMESTUDY CIRCLE: DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON

criticism has been that of a school which

to a woman, commonly known as the Durk Lady. Druke in 1817 proposed to identify the friend as Southampton. Bright in 1818 was the first to suggest

Bright in 1818 was the first to suggest the name of William Herbert. The apparent allusion in the Sonnets to an intrigue between the poet's friend and his sweetheart has lately been taken up and developed with great detail by Mr. Tyler, who professes to have discovered the identity of the Dark Lody with Mary Fitton, a maid of honor to Elizabeth. Upon this banis he has constructed a plausible and undoubtedly attractive theory of the tragedy of Shakespears's life a

ory of the tragedy of Shakospeare's life, a story of love, betraynl, suffering and for-giveness. But Mr. Tyler's theory has been

Wordsworth, Hugo, Ereyssig, Swinburne, Furnivall and Dowden that Shakespere's

Furnivall and Dowden that Shakespere's Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person. The stery of the poets life lies buried there, but at present it seems as if the cloud of mystery that hangs round it were not soon to be dispelled. Probably the sanest and most sujdefactory attempt to discover something of the personality of Shakespeare in his plays has been rough by Professor Download.

personality of Shakespeare in his plays has been made by Professor Dowden. His division of the poet's work into four periods, which he respectively christened "In the Workshop," "In the World," "Out of the Depths" and "On the Heights," is well known. These periods, he holds, are distinguished not merely by differences in the poet's power of expression, but also by the subjects with which have deal and

by the subjects with which they deal, and by the widely varying tone and temper which inform them. The whole purpose of Professor Dowden's "Mind and Art of

Shakespeare" is to trace the evolution of

the poet's genius and the changes of the poet's mind from the earliest stage

of gay apprenticeship to the final closing of the drama, when the master broke his staff and buried his book and went back to die in quiet Stratford. The result of

the critic's study is summed up in the

words: "The Shakespeare invariably bright, gentle and genial is the Shake-speare of a myth. The man actually dis-

overable behind the plays was a man

tempeted to passionate extremes, but of stresuous will, and whose highest self

More pretentious but hardly so reliable

Charles Lamb.

is the elaborate work, "William Shake

epears," by Dr. Brandes, the greatest liv-ing critic of Northern Europe. This is a splendid effort to reconstruct the man from his work, and to interpret that work

by the known facts of Shakespeare's life and the influence of his environment. The purpose of the book, he declares, is "to

purpose of the book, he declares, is to prove that Shakespeare is not 36 plays and a few poems jumbled together, but a man who has felt and thought, rejoiced and suffered, brooded, dreamed, and created." Unfortunately Dr. Brandes, with all his wealth of learning and undoubted keenness of critical perception, has given far too free a rept to his Tancy. He often

far too free a rein to his fancy. He often mistakes theory for fact and builds elabo-rate structures upon shifting foundations. The book as a whole is rather an exercise

of imaginative criticism than a genuine biography. Yet it is always interesting, always stimulating, and a distinct ad-dition to the great library of Shakespeare

The principles of this school have been pushed to an unconscious reductic ad absurdum by Mr. Harris, the late editor of the Saturday Review. In a series of essays on the true Shakespeare, which appeared in that periodical during the year 1998 he asserts that the work of Shakes.

1895, he asserts that the work of Shakes

peare is of so subjective a character that it is easier to realize his personality than that of any other writer. By the simple process of identifying Shakespuare with various characters of his plays, a process by no means devoid of ingenuity, and sug-restiveness, he arrives at the conclusion.

gestiveness, he arrives at the conclusion that the poet was "a combination or physical delicacy and extreme sensitive-ness." too weak to endure the rough

man's life of Elizabethan London, a vic-

passion-in short, a modern neuropath, It

5, T. Colerdge.

were better to leave Shakespeare wrapped

in the cloud than to present the world

tim of insomnia, and the slave of se

pronounced in favor of sanity.

POPULAR STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

den, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Dr. Hamilton W. Mable, Dr. Albert S. Cook, Dr. Hirum Cornon, Dr. Lease N. Demmen, Dr. Vida D. Brudder, and others

XII-SCHOOLS OF SHAKESPEARE

CRITICISM. Shakespeare and the Romantic

BY PROFESSOR T. M. PARROTT The great literary revival of the latter half of the literary produced a school of criticism so sharply in contrast with the classical school that it may most fit; be characterized by the antithation for characterized by the antithetical term,

School of Criticism.

The movement had its origin in Gerwhere such critics as Lessing Goethe and Schlegel revolted against the



Georg Brandes.

literary domination of the Franco-classic es of criticism. Against the auhority of Corneille and Voltaire they in-sked the name of Shakespeare, and set themselves resolutely to establish the fact that his plays were not only delightful in themselves, but admirable as the prod-ucts of a master mind, working along efinite principles of dramatic construc-

This note of revolt was soon caught up in England, primarily by Coleridge, whose blesded poetic and philosophic nowers eminently fitted him to be the profoundest and most sympathetic of Shakespearean critics. He and his followers give value to the remarks reaction sential the voice to the romantic reaction against the cool, common-sense criticism of an earlier generation, and if at times they can into extravagance, as when Coleridge preached the doctrine of Shakespeare's infallibility and upheld even his pune as the "emmations of genius," they nevertheless played a most important part in raising Shakespears's fame above the critical balance scales wherein Pope and Johnson had weighed it. Since Coleridge wrote and spoke no Englishman at least has dared to sit in judgment on Shakespeare. The task of later criticism has been a rever-ent attempt to penetrate the poet's mean-ing, illustrate his thought, and discover, wible, the personality hidden behind

Yet the sulogy of Coloridge was no blind rhapwedy of praise. We may say of him, as Hazilit did of Schiegel, that no pre-vious critic had shown either "the same enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare's endus or the same with genius or the same philosophical acute-ness in pointing out his characteristic ex-cellencies." And of these excellencies, the greatest in Coleridge's mind, was Shakeepeare's judgment. "The consum-mate judgment of Shakeepeare." he says, in his "Table Talk." "not only in the gen-eral construction, but in all the detail of his dramas impressed me with even his dramas, impressed me with even greater wonder than the might of his genius or the depth of his philosophy." and again, "Shakespeare was a great poet acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law." Here is a change, indeed, from the earlier conception of Shakespeare as a wild irregu-lar, and lawless gentus. And it is just this profound conviction of the organic and unity of Shakespeare's work end the exposition, at once learned and



John Dryden.

enthusiastic, of the grounds of his belief Shakespearean critics.

Of Coleridge's contemporaries and disciples, Hazitt and Lamb, we need not speak at length. Hazitt's work is marked by unbounded enthusiasm and keen critical insight, but marred on the other hand by the intrusion of personali-ties and political reflections, and quite wanting in moral depth. He devoted him self especially to the exposition of the characters of Shakespeare's plays, and his work is one of the most valuable contributions in English to pure esthetic criti-

Charles Lamb, more than any of his contemporaries, devoted himself to the restyllication of the age in which Shakes-pears lived. His "Specimens of English Dramatic Peets, Contemporary With Shakespears" may be said to have restored Mariowe, Heywood, Webster and a host of forgotten worthles to English literature. But his peculiar love for these victims of unjust oblivion did not blind him to the surpassing merits of their master. His design in the "Specimens" was he declares at once, "to show how much Shakespeare shines in his contemsoruries and how far in his divinand manners he surpassed them and al mankind." His "Tales from Shakespeare" threw open to childhood the doors of an enchanted world, and his letters and emays are starred with subtle and symmethetic criticism of Shakespeare's plays with such a figure.

And, in fact, a reaction against this school is already visible. The latest life and their interpreters upon the stage And if at times the note of whimsicality and paradox that marks all the work of Ella appears, it only adds charm and suggestiveness to the real value of his flashes

Shukcapeure and the Personal School of Criticiam.

of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee's, is remarkable for its dogged insistence upon the known facts, and its complete avoldance of conjecture. It gives us what is known of the poet's outer life, but makes no attempt to realize his personality. The pendulum has awang to the other extreme. The latest development in Shakespearean At the close of the 19th century Shakes- friends cannot-180 for 19.

peare's fame stands in the thin it everdid before; his fuffuence reach is further,
One hundred and fifty some a go he was
hardly known outside of his island.
Toward the close of the list seesary he
conquered our Teutonic known en. The
lith has seen his triumphri ent rance into
Latin and Slavio lands. His plays hold
the boards in Paris, Rome, Bis lapest and
St. Petershur, as in the capil als of the St. Petersburg, as in the capit als of the English-speaking race. Complete trans-lations of his works exist it: German. French, Italian, Dutch, Russis, Megyar Czechish, Swedish, Danish and Finnish has sought to reconstruct the personality of the poet from his work. Even in the last century Cape, immented the lack of a iast century Cape, i immented the lack of a critical life of Shakespeare which would trace the development of his genius. Such a work, however, was impossible so long as the chronological succession of his plays was inknown. But the labor of a score of editors has practically established this, and the evidence as to the poet's development which may be drawn from the order of his plays has been supplemented by the autoblograpical element in the Sonnets. The story contained in Czechish, Swedish, Danish and Finnia, in Spain and Armenia trans atlens are now under way, and separate plays have appeared in such widely scatte red tong acs as Weith Croatian, Heisrew, Jean-ass, and vanous disterts of Hinde astan. His influence upon the life and the ught of, the civilized world it is simply in possible to estimate. Nor is this influence illicity to estimate. grow less. Even if our civilisation should perlah like that of Greece and Rome, the works of Shakers care would in the Sonneis. The story contained in these was curious, disregarded by the older critics and even by the romantic school. But since the early years of this remain, an a relasting memo al of the greatest mind of the stronge so race of century a vast amount of ink has been shed thereover, with, we must confess, amountingly little result. It was long ago-recognised that the greater part of the Bonnets was addressed to a youthful friend of Shakespears's, a smaller number

I. semlane sit Princeton University.

THE WORD "ON BGOM."

lished tomorrow.

Note.—Hamilton W. Mable's payer or 'How to Study Shakes, ware" will be pub-

Speculation in 1846 as to Ifm Me 'aning and Origin.

POPTLAND Feb 2 -- (To the Ed Hor.)-In looking over a bound volume, of the New York Herald (weekly) for the year so rudely challenged by Sidney Lee and Lady Newdigate that even the faith of those who were readlest to give it credence has been shaken. Mr. Lee, in fact, dence has been shaken. Mr. Lee, in fact, asserts that there is no story at all in the Sonnets; but this is to go, one feels, a step too far. The personal note rings plan enough in them for him who has plan enough in them for him who has asserts that there is no story at all in the Sonnets; but this is to go, one feels, a step too far. The personal note rings plain enough in them for him who has ears to hear, and we may still hold with

"In all the numberless siscussions which of Oregon has given rise to, little, if anything, has been said of the meat sing of origin of the word. As im as we can ascertain, Oregon is a word of Indian origin, and signifies the high ridge, and is properly the name of those meantains which we call, not, perhaps, very appropriately, the Rocky meantains. We say not appropriately, because nothing is indicated by the term which may at clusively sharacterize them, since all mauntains are more or less rocky, and my claim the name as well as these. Many persons are apt to imagine that the Rocky mountains are not as ridge of racker; when as they are, like all others, gre in and beauti-"In all the numberless discussions which they are, like all others, gre in am i beautiful elevations, present ug a ll thut rough variety of rich and pictures tue fandscape which is to be observed am mg them all The Oregon mountains is n were properly their name, and is perhaps n were euphoni-ous than their present more familiar ap-pellation. These vast mountains are a combination of that long rang, which con-silitutes an immense system of commencing at Cape Horn, it is southern extremity of the great western; unitsphere, running from Cape Horn throt tghout the entire length of the American continent

It has been familiarly called the backbon of America, from its analogy to that osseous ridge which runs throu th most animals, and which seems into uded to give strength and unity to the soft. w parts, In South America, that portion of these mountains which traverses the cou niry is called the Andes; in Guatemala and 1 Mexco, their name is changed, and the y are colled the Cordilleras; north of Mexicc 'they assume the name of the Rocky mount ains, of the Oregon, as we have shown they were originally called by the natives. The entire length of the whole chain a c stimated to be 8000 miles. Between the C regon mountains and the Pacific ocean is a wide strip of land which belongs on t 18 wide strip of land which belongs, on t north, to Russia, and on the south, ... Mexico. The middle portion, and the leas valuable of the whole, he it contains but one good river, and little more than one plain or valley of any fertility, called the

Willamette valley, belongs at present, by treaty, to the United States and Great Britain, by whom it is held in a sort of a joint occupation. As long as the joint occupancy is enforced, neither party can be said to have a right to the exclusive powersion of the country. Hence will by perceived the justice of Mr. Polk's views, in recommending a dissolution of this partnership, by giving the proper notice, according to the terms of the treaty. And this view may satisfy every one that the giving this notice has no necessary con-nection whatever with warlike intentions or demonstrations. The word Oregon hav-ing been used of late with almost naunating frequency, this change of the direction, may give some relief. In the meantline, it is not improbable that we have been 'burking up the wrong tree.' The monster of war, if it should appear

and different quarter."

While the foregoing theory may not be cepted as conclusive, it probably has a much foundation as any. It seems certain that the name is of Indian origin, at any GEORGE H. Assistant Secretary Oregon Historical Soclety.

at all, will very likely arise in another

Fruits of Goebel's Cureer,

Kansas City Star, Ind.
Goebel became an offender against the
honor and dignity of Kentucky when he
caused the enactment of an unfair and parilsan electoral law for the promotion of his personal ambilion. He followed up this crime against the ballot by pressing his claim to an office which he and the democratic party of Kentucky knew he was not entitled to. This, as might have been expected, excited the angry opposition of the republicans, and the battled farmers' and the mountaineers why sympathized with Taylor invaded the capital with winchesters and revolvers. which, in Kentucky, are considered prop

er and lawful agents in the settlement of personal and political feuds. The logical result of this reign of hate and partisan frenzy was the shooting of Goebel, the democratic contestant for governor. The only thing that could, by any chance, create sympathy for Goebel among persons who understood his real character has been done, and the prime misfortune of the whole affair is that it will inure to the benefit of a political or-ganization whome degeneracy is well at-tested by the support it has given to Goebel and his corrupt and unscrupulous methods.

Native-Born "Allens."

BUENA VISTA. Or., Feb. 2-(To the Editor.)-Will you please state through the columns of your paper whether chil-dren born in this country of allen parents have the right to vote without their father becoming naturalized.

Yes, provided they have lived here since their birth. For example, a Chinese boy, born in Portland and having lived here until he is 21, has the right to vote, and does vote.

Moon Did Not Dance,

Moon Did Not Dance,
PORTLAND, Feb. 5.—(To the Editor.)—
In this morning's Oregonian, I see in the
report of the benefit given by Clan Macleay that Professor Moon and pupils
danced the Highland fling.
I wish to correct said statement. In
the first place, Professor Moon did not
dance, and in the second place the young
ladies mentioned, are not Professor Moon's
nuclis, but are pupils of Professor J.

ruplis, but are pupils of Professor J. P. Robertson. B. E. SHARP.

Persons suffering from sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, are asked to try one vial of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE THREE PRIZE POEMS

COMPETITION OF WRITERS ON "THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE."

The Awards of \$400, \$200 and \$100 Offered to Poets Last Summer by a New Yorker.

About six months ago the New York Sun published this communication, from a distinguished resident, who has pre-ferred that his name should be known only to the editor of the Sun:

Lest January the much-landed poem of Ed-win Markham, "The Man With the Hoe." was published in a San Francisco newscaper, and the suitor promptly found himself famous. While I would detract in no degree from the beauty, grace and strength of his versification, it seems to me that Mr. Markham has twilted seems to me that Mr. Markham has twince ome very leafy and flowery vines around a acoum. Either the "Man With the Hoe" is a trpe of the great mass of those who use farm-ing implements for a living or else he is an exception. If the latter, then the strength of the centiment uttered less in the concealment of its weakness, and if the former, then the poem does wrong to a most respectable and able-boiled multitude of citizens, every one of whom sught to resent Mr. Markham's attempt so throw "the empiliness of ages in his face," and certainly deserves better of the poet than to be called "moretrous thing" and "brother to the ox."

From time immemorial the tiller of the so has been invested with als full share of the bon has been invested with als full share of the hear of this world, and where any individual example of the class-or, in fact, of any honest and respectable class-has given reason for Mr. Markham's inquiry, "Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?" It can, I world have been about the light within this brain?" It can, I out the light within this brain?" It can, I think, he safely said that the man's own brea he less it out. There is no occasion for a farmer to have his soul quenched or to become a "dumb terror." He can hold his bead as high sie any man's, and he generally does; and what calling is more henorable—at least in this country?—to which, by the way, I understand Mr. Markham's observation and study have been confined. seen confined.
What about the man without the hoe? He who

What about the man without the hoe? He who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labor, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distantful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be assumed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labor or work in the trades is beneath them. stance, who have been taught that common labor or work in the trades is beneath them, and they eight their individuality, their manhod and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a "genteel" way. These are the men without the hoe—the real hyphreps to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapable who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the dammed and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor of soul that comes to him who dares to labor f soul that comes to him who dares to labor rith his hands, who wields the hoe and is the

master of his decting.

The writer would like so see a good poem written on these lines, and the subject is a written on these lines, and the subject is a lise changeless realm, he knows it and com great one. He therefore offers to give for the bost poems written on this general subject \$400.

Erect enough he stands, loss poems written on this general subject \$400 as first prize; \$300 as second prize and \$100 as third prize; the competition to be decided by a committee of three, one to be the editor of the Sun and the others to be Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Stedman, if those gentlemen will be willing to serve on such a committee. All poems to be sent in to the editor of the Sun before October 15 next. Brevity, strength of excitment and expression and therapy race and sentiment and expression at merit. beauty to be the factors of merit. RESPONSIBILITY. scritiment and expression and literary grace and beauty to be the factors of meeti.

The poem which had suggested to the mind of "Responsibility" the idea sot forth in his letter and stimulated him to make the somewhat unusual offer of \$100 in money prizes for corrective versification, is here printed: THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Written after seeing Millet's world - fams painting.) By Edwin Markham Bowed by the weight of conturies, he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, the emptiness of ages in his face, y and on his back the burden of the world. who made him dead to rapture and despair-

A shing that grieves not and that never hopes— St. did and stunned, a brother to the ex? Willowened and let down this hope. Wh. we was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this wain?

Is this the thing Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land, To trace the stars and search the heavens for po ver.

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this I w Dream He dreamed who shaped the

And pillar we the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of hell, to its last guir, There is no shape more terrible than this— More tongs ad with censure of the world's himl

More filled with signs and portents for the More fraught with memace to the universe

What guifs b stween 18m and the ceraphimi Slave of the 1 sheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the ewing of Plelades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The wift of day to, the reidening of the reset Through this dread claspe the suffering ages lock.

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop. Through this draid ships humanity, betrayed, Plundered, profished and disinherited, fries protest to the Ju iges of the World. A protest that is also ; rophecy. O mastere, lords and r slers in all lands, Is this the handiwork sou give to God— This mountrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?

quenched?
How will you ever str sighten up this shape-Give back the upward clocking and the light, Rebuild in it the music and the dream, Touch it again with immortality, Make right the immemortal infamics, Peridious wrongs, injunctionable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands. How will the Future recken with this Man? How answer his brugs question in that hour When whirlwrinds of re-sellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kin With those who shapes him to the thing he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God, After the slience of the centuries? Oakland, Cal.

The Sam at once guaranteed the good faith of "Responsibility's" offer, and likewise his ability to redeem his promises. At the request of this gentleman, the Sun received, until October 15, manuscripts submitted in competition. About 1901 poems were sent in. They came from nearly every state of the Union, and from several fortigm countries. The entire batch of poems was then submitted by "Responsibility" to a committee of award, consistibility" to a committee of award, consist ing of Mr. Thomas Balley Aldrich and Mr. Edmund Clanence Stedman.

The Assurd of the Committee. To "Responsibility"—Dear Sir: The num ber of manuscripts submitted in competi-tion for the pulses offered by you for the best three poems in answer to Mr. Mark-

ham's "The Min With the Hoe," amount-ed to nearly 1000, of which only a small percentage has seemed smitted to the carepercentage has seemed civilled to the careful consideration given to them all. The pieces set aside for repeated readings presented features which made decision difficult. Poems manifestly superior in conception and technique strayed widely from the subject prescribed. That the subject was generally misunderstood or understood confusedly, both by the contestants and by the public at large, was owing to the fact that Mr. Mark ham's "brother to the ox" finds no counts part in any class of tollers in this country where he who manfully handles the hoe or grasps the railway brake may himself one day employ an army of workmen or hold the helm of

The poems which dealt the closest with Mr. Markham's conception of Millet's painting were, for the most part, lacking in poetic quality. Among the 1999 manu-

an army of workmen or hold the helm of

scripts examined, we have found no single seem entirely fulfilling both the polemi-and the literary requirements in the case t was, however, our duty to award prize to the three poems which, in our judgment came nearest to accomplishing this, and we have therefore selected the following pleces, naming them in the order of their stimated distinction:

The Man With the Hoe (A Reply to Edwin Markham)." By John Vance Cheney. First prize, "The Incapable." By Hamilton Schuyler,

Second prize.
"A Song (In Answer to "The Man With the Hoe')." By Kate Masterson. Third

prize.

In accepting the task with which you honored us we were mindful of the fact that the spur to great poetry has never been a spur of gold. Furthermore, the contesting poet was handleapped by a theme that had lost its acveity; his poem at best could be only the reverse of Mr. Markham's medil—a suggested, and, therefore, unoriginal, design. It remains to be said that the average merit of the reconstitutions submitted to us written in productions submitted to us, written in many instances, as was evident, by un-practiced pens, went beyond our expecta-

Regretting that our fortune in the mat-ter has not been wholly commensurate to your public spirit, we are, dear sir, very respectfully yours, T. B. ALDRICH, E. C. STEDMAN. January 22, 190).

The Three Prize Poems.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE. (A reply to Edwin Markham.) "Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we."-Montaigne.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and Accepts she one and all Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;

All are of royal race. Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb. The Mother moulded him,

or his rude realm ruler and demigod, ord of the rock and clod. With Nature is no "better" and no "worse," On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned Whose kingdom is the ground. Diverse the burdens on the one stern road. Where bears each back its lead;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low. With pen or sword or hoe, He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong; Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions,-"This one, shall is She answers "Yes" or "Nay,"

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings;" and he bides on, Or shudders, and is gone. Strength shall be have, the toller, strength and

So fitted to his pince As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds

Our brother with the hoe. No blot, no moneter, no unsightly thing,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest; For him and such as he For him and such as hee

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb. The Mother moulded him, Long wrought, and moided him with mother's

Before she set him there. * And are she gives him, mindful of her own, Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea: since above his work he may not rise, See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot. He serves ber. Vex bim not To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand, The eath-eword in his hand, But follow sorry phantoms to and fro, But follow worsy and let a kingdom go.

—John Vance Chenay.

THE INCAPABLE The nathes of the world to in his over

Within his brain abortive schemings roll, His nerveless hand in impotency lies With paim held open for the pauper's dole. The burden of all ineffectual things Is in his gait, his countenance, his misn; While round his harassed brow forever clings The mocking ghost of what he might have

Here, where men toll and eat the fruit of toll.

He filly stands apart the whole day through: Here, in a land of ceaseless work and moll, His hand and brain can find him naught to do. No sweat of manly effort damps his brow;

In workshop, field or mart he hath no place.

To sarn his daily bread he knowe not how,

Or ecornful, counte the offered means—die
grace. Too proud to dig, yet not too proud to eat

The bread of strangers to his face and name; Romeless, he warders with uncertain feet, Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle game. What though he wear the ball mark of th

A weakling in the world, he stands confessed For lack of will to use the humbler tools, He walks the earth a byword and a jest

The precious promise of his youthful years, All unfuifilled, upon his manhood waits. He wakens to his shame with hitter tears And knows himself to be the thing he hates.

Incapable! His destiny we spell In logic of inexurable fact; In logic of menorable ract; it naught may his untutored hand excel; The curse of Reuben blests his every set,

The ploughman whistles blithely as he goes And turns upon the world no coward face, in joy he reaps that which in hope he sows, Nor bows his head to aught but Heaven't

The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing To fashion which his cunning hand was taught; Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting. In manhood's strength his destiny is w

But this one,-futile, hopoleon, crushed to earth, A prey forever to forebodings grim,
Well may be curse the day that gave him birth,
and summen God and Man to pity him.
Orange, N. J.

Hamilton Schuyler, A SONO.

(In answer to "The Man With the Hoe,") From Giant-forests, hewn, And golden fields of grain; From the furrowed bills and the belching mills With their fuel of hand and brain; From the mountain's mine-dag depth To star-paths made by men, ounds one wast song that rolls along And circles the world again; Work-Let the anvils clang!

Work-Let us new the seam! Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth. With the music of our them Sing as the wheels spin round, Laugh at the red sparks' flight, And life will flash from the sledge's clash Till all the land by light! ever the deserts' waste

Over the deserts' wasts
We measure the miles of chain
Till the Steam King roars from both the shores
And rends the hills in twain.
We scarch in the ocean's bed,
And bridge where the torrent hurled,
And bridge where the torrent hurled,
And we stretch a wire like a line of fire
To signal through the world!

You with your timed crowns And Kingdoms of crumbling clay, You with gold in its yellow mould Rotting your lives away,
Rest when the task is done,
Sleep when the day goes by,
And the awest of the hand that playes the land
Are gems that you cannot buy!

Work-Let the anvils clang! Work-Let us sew the seam! Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth With the glacy of our thems;

Sing as the wheele spin rous

From the wealth of the living age, From the gunden grave of death, mes one accisim like a furnace flama And the sound of the anville ring Prom a deathbee sky a hand on Has reached to make a King!

Obscured.

Chicago Times-Herald.
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The top of it rises above the smoke



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