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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers during forenoon, followed by fair and warmer weather; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

The report from China that the Foreign Legation residences have all been destroyed in Pekin; that the German minister has been murdered; that Tien Tsin is in the hands of the Boxers, is alarming. Yet the situation is not worse, nor the Chinese atrocities more outrageous, than those which preceded the War of 1860, when an army of 5000 British and French troops marched on Pekin, captured and burned the famous "Summer Palace" as an object-lesson of foreign retribution for the seizure of twenty-six British subjects, thirteen of whom were barbarously murdered, and all of whom were subjected to personal indignity and torture. This War of 1860 grew out of the attempt to ratify the treaty of peace extorted by the allies in the war of 1857-58.

In October, 1856, a party of Chinese police seized the Arrow, a Chinese vessel, sailing under the British flag, and registered in Hong Kong. The British Consul demanded of the Viceroy of Canton that he return the captured Chinese crew, and apologize. The Viceroy returned the men, but refused to apologize. The British warships at once bombarded and captured the Canton forts. The French Government seized the occasion to join in an expedition intended to enforce more satisfactory relations with China. The expeditionary force left England in the Spring of 1857, but was diverted to India to aid in suppression of the mutiny, and did not reach Hong Kong until December. A force of 5000 British and 900 French troops bombarded and occupied Canton, a city of a million inhabitants, December 29, 1857. In April, 1858, the Taku forts at the mouth of the Pei Ho River were bombarded and stormed and Tien Tsin taken, fifty miles above the mouth of the river. On June 26 and 27, 1858, the Chinese signed treaties of peace with the English and French. These treaties stipulated for the residence of foreign Ministers at Pekin, for the opening of additional ports, for the navigation of the Yangtse River. About $5,500,000 indemnity was provided for in the British treaty, and a smaller sum in the French.

When the British Minister, Mr. Bruce, early in 1859, undertook to proceed to Pekin to exchange ratifications of the treaty, he learned that the Imperial government was hostile to the treaty and was making warlike preparations at the mouth of the Pei Ho. Admiral Hope, in command of the British forces, attempted to force the passage of the Pei Ho, but was defeated with considerable loss. The British Government at once demanded a formal apology for the act of the Chinese troops at the mouth of the Pei Ho in firing upon Admiral Hope's ships. The French Government joined in this demand in March, 1860, and in April a response was received flatly refusing the demands of the allies. On August 21 a force of 5000 men was landed by the allies, which captured the Pei Ho forts and occupied Tien Tsin. The Chinese imperial commissioners now appeared ready to ratify the treaty, and an arrangement was made that the troops should halt at Tung Chow, where a final conference would be held. Mr. Parkes, with a British party of twenty-five others, was sent forward under protection of a flag of truce to this town to agree upon a place of encampment and the means of procuring supplies. While engaged in their work they were treacherously arrested, and thirteen of them were horribly tortured and then beheaded. The allies at once attacked the Chinese, routed them, reached Pekin on the 6th of October, and forced it to surrender on the 13th of that month. On the 24th ratifications of the treaty of 1858 were exchanged with both France and England. The Imperial "Summer Palace" was deliberately destroyed by the allies as a landmark of signal punishment for the treatment of Mr. Parkes and those of his companions who had been seized and murdered in defiance of honor and the law of nations. This war with China occurred when the imperial government was struggling with the Tai Ping Rebellion, for the suppression of which foreign powers lent all possible aid.

As late as July, 1870, a popular outbreak took place at Tien Tsin, during which the French Consul, the Vice-Consul, the interpreter of the French Legation at Pekin and his wife, a Catholic priest, nine Sisters of Charity, a French subject engaged in trade and his wife, and three Russians were horribly tortured and then barbarously murdered by the mob. The French Consulate, the cathedral and the missionary hospital, in which the Sisters were engaged, were destroyed.

England's famous "Opium War" with China, 1840-42, ended in a treaty which provided for an indemnity from China of $21,000,000; the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo Chow, Ning Po and Shanghai to be opened to trade, and Hong Kong to be ceded to Great Britain. So far as our government is concerned, its intervention at this crisis in China will be limited to efforts for the protection of the persons and property of American citizens and the landing of armed forces and dispatch of gunboats to furnish this protection in event of the failure of the Chinese Government to do so. Beyond this, doubtless the powers of France, England, Germany and Russia propose to go, but the United States will act independently for its own interests, upon the basis established in the written "open door" compact. To the military operations against Tien Tsin and Pekin the United States will contribute some 300 marines and sailors, and these will be at once withdrawn when order is restored and the protection of Americans and their property fairly assured for the future.

THE NEW MONETARY LEGISLATION.

It is objected to the recent monetary legislation that "Congress has turned over to the banks the issue of money." It is an unfounded statement. National banks are still permitted to issue notes, as during many years past, but these notes are not money. They may be and often are used as substitutes for money, but they are not even legal tender. Their value lies in the provisions made and enforced for their redemption in actual money—in gold—coined by the Government.

It is not a legitimate function of government to issue notes for circulation as money—though our Government is still doing it. All that government should do is to control the banks which issue notes, and see that they carry on business in such way that noteholders cannot be defrauded. There is no necessity of going further than that, and it is generally unsafe to do so, as we have found in these United States through our entire experience from the times of the Revolution down to the present day.

Since there are certain manifest advantages in the use of paper currency, which induce most people to give it preference over actual or absolute money—so long as it can be redeemed in demand in such money—a government ought to take such precautions as will assure the redemption of such paper currency as its people use. This is a legitimate function, and in the present state of civilization a necessary function, of government. But the immediate, responsibility for paper currency, or substitutes for money, should rest on private capital. For that reason all countries that wish to have their currency on a sound basis have turned over the issues of paper or credit currency to banks, which are strictly regulated by law. Only in part, however, has our country done this. Congress has taken some steps in the right direction, by making better provision for redemption of the country's promissory notes and by making certain small changes in the National banking law; but Congress is still too timid, too much afraid of popular ignorance and prejudice, to take the Treasury out of the note-issuing business.

When a government is in the note-issuing business, it is exposed to constant temptations. Great numbers, who believe that the Government can create the value of a dollar by calling a piece of paper a dollar, clamor continually for "more money," so as to "make times easy" and every man comfortable. The nations which adhere to the use of government "fiat" money are generally those whose finances are in worst shape. The states of Central and South America are examples.

We shall not get our monetary system in the condition it ought to be, so long as we continue the issue of government paper currency. The new legislation greatly checks the old abuse and danger, and establishes many safeguards against recurrence of the conditions that made former panics and upset the business of the country, and it doubtless goes as far as it was judicious to go now. But there ought to be no Government currency, doing duty as legal tender, with the burden of redemption on the Treasury. The panic of 1893-94 shows what result that sort of thing comes to. It was the logical result, against which new barriers are now established; but the Bryan party attacks the barriers and wants to pull them down.

TRADE FOLLOWS THE FARMER.

Marked decline in the stocks of railroads traversing the big wheat districts of the Middle West, where the crop damage has been serious, was a feature of the stock market for the past week or ten days. The Northern Pacific, which, with its feeders, receives an enormous business from the Dakotas and Minnesota, was among the worst of the sufferers, the stock moving up and down as the changing crop reports came good or bad. Confirmation of the serious damage which even the belated rains could not repair resulted in the directors deciding on Friday to reduce the semi-annual dividend to 1 per cent, reserving the remainder of the surplus profits for a possible deficit, which will be in evidence if the worst reports of crop damage should prove true.

There is nothing extraordinary in this condition of affairs. Crop failures have occurred before, and will occur again. The present case, however, gives excellent illustration of the common interest which all lines of trade have in the farmer's prosperity. Blatant demagogues go up and down the land during hard times, when crops are bad, and farmers naturally discouraged, and by a false and pernicious line of reasoning, endeavor to convince them that they alone are suffering. They would have the farmer believe that the banker, the railroad owner, the stockbroker and others in similar pursuits are the natural enemies of the tiller of the soil.

While the crop failure cannot be attributed to these alleged enemies of the farmer, it incidentally serves to intensify the imaginary woes which the faker conjures up. "The farmer feeds us all," and on him the prosperity of the Nation depends. The drought in the Dakotas remains unbroken until it is too late for the crop to be saved, and immediately the New York stockholder in a wheat-hauling road finds his investment weakened and the shares paying but 1 per cent. Retrenchment follows as a matter of course, and many train crews are laid off. The lake and canal boatmen, from owner to deckhand, feel the effect, and, as their purchasing powers are limited accordingly, the merchant notes a falling off in his trade. Fewer trains and boats moving means lessened coal consumption, and the working force in the coal mines is reduced to meet the changed conditions. The banker finds no market for money with which to move the crops, when there are no crops to move. So it goes, the bad luck of the farmer making its influence felt in every avenue of trade or industry, the only exception being the farmers and traders in more-favored localities.

The wheatgrowers of Oregon and Washington are today jubilant over a rising wheat market, but they are mounting to prosperity on the misfortunes of the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and the Dakotas, with valuable aid from famine-stricken India. This is perhaps a system of reciprocity, which nature practices at times, for we can all remember when crop damage and failure on the Pacific Coast helped the Middle West farmer in securing better prices for his crop.

NOT A MAN OF GENIUS.

The late Stephen Crane, the young American novelist, who died recently at Baden, Germany, is made the subject of absurd panegyric by certain leading journals of the East as a man of genius. As a matter of fact, he was merely a "yellow kid" Bohemian of some talent. The singular thing is that Crane's reputation rests upon "The Red Badge of Courage," which includes a picture of the battle of Chancellorsville as seen by a private soldier. This book has been extravagantly praised for what his admirers termed a picture of war with "the vividness and fidelity of a color photograph" painted by a young man of 23, who had never seen a battle. If a young man or an old man who had never been a soldier should make a literary color photograph, both vivid and faithful, of a battle he had never seen, it would certainly be a very wonderful performance; but this is exactly what Stephen Crane failed to do in his "Red Badge of Courage" and his minor sketches of our Civil War. His "Red Badge of Courage" is full of vivid color sketches of what purport to be battle scenes in our Civil War; but these color sketches are not photographs of our Civil War or of the type American soldier of the Union Army. To people who never saw a battle and its horrors; who never experienced the sensation of being exposed to the destructive fire of the enemy, Stephen Crane's color sketches, his attempted analysis of the emotions of the charging soldier as he comes under the hail of musketry and the storm of shell fire seem very vivid and realistic; but they are utterly absurd to an intelligent, truthful soldier, who was on the firing line in any of the great battles of our Civil War.

It would no more be necessary to tell a fire-hardened Union veteran that the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" had never seen a battle than it would be to tell an intelligent veteran soldier that the Rev. J. T. Headley or the Rev. John S. C. Abbott had never seen any of the battles they describe of the Napoleonic Wars. It would not be necessary to tell an intelligent soldier who read Napier's "History of the War in the Spanish Peninsula" that its author was an experienced veteran soldier, who had seen some of the battles between Wellington and the great lieutenants of Napoleon. There is color enough in Crane's war sketches. So there is plenty of color in a Turkey carpet; but it is not a true picture, much less a photograph of anything in particular. Crane's Chancellorsville is full of smoke and shout and rustling flame, of volleys' roll and withering fire, but these are more or less the features of all great battles, and any "yellow kid" Bohemian of superficial talent can easily gather plenty of this kind of pigment for his brush by reading Victor Hugo's description of Waterloo; Tolstoi's "War and Peace," and Zola's "Debacle." When he has obtained these pigments, however, he will not be able to make vivid color photographs of particular events; he will only be able to make fancy color sketches of wars and battles. Napier had the historic imagination, but he had also the eye of a soldier and a military tactician, strategist and engineer educated by actual experience in and observation of the conflicts and the campaigns he painted in colors that will never die. When we pass from Crane's mad-cat emotions of the American soldier, whom he paints as fairly sweating blood with fear and excitement as he reaches the firing line, to his picture of the American Union veteran in camp, the absurdity of his warbook becomes intolerable.

To illustrate: Crane, in one of his highly praised war sketches, represents two soldiers of a veteran regiment the afternoon before the battle of Fredericksburg indulging in a long fist fight in camp to settle some trivial difference. The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac in December, 1862, were nearly all disciplined veterans, who had been in the field upwards of a year, and had become thorough soldiers. Fist fights to settle differences are not allowed in a real army that has been enacting real war for more than a year. Soldiers who behave like angry schoolboys are promptly put under arrest and punished; but Stephen Crane pictures our veterans the night before Fredericksburg as habitually resorting to fisticuffs without any interruption or punishment on part of their officers. And this is the kind of novelist that is pronounced a man of "a real if not profuse strain of genius" by the Springfield Republican and the New York Sun. Talent the man had, but it was chiefly a talent for a kind of literary affectation and mannerism that inspired the suspicion that the writer had lived too exclusively upon a mixed diet of morphine, alcohol and cigarettes.

THE INDIAN'S FUTURE.

Francis E. Leupp contributes under the head of "Improvement, Not Transformation," a valuable paper to the Southern Workman upon Indian education. He takes the ground that the elimination of the race characteristics from the Indian gives us a human product which is "neither the one thing nor the other"; a sort of neuter in the human family, for which there is no place in community or industrial life—a nondescript in nature, a fifth wheel, so to speak, to the coach of practical endeavor. In the estimation of this writer, one of the errors—the chief one, it would seem—into which many good people fall in dealing with the Indian on an educational basis, is that their first duty is to make a white man of him. They are unmindful of the fact that nature, having set a different physical stamp upon different races of men, extends the variation of types below the surface in mental and moral traits. No intelligent teacher in Hampton Institute, for example, need be warned not to confuse the Indian with the negro in his system of training. The contrast between the latter, with his pliant fancy, his cheerful spirit under adversity, his emotional demonstrativeness, his natural impulse to obedience, and his imitative tendency, and the former, with his intense pride of race, his reserved habit, his cumulative sense of wrong and his scorn for the anti-patriarchial ways of the modern world, is as marked as that between sunshine and shadow.

Not less plain is the line, not of civilization and convention, but the line of nature, between the Indian and the white man. "What good end," asks the writer that makes this presentment, "shall we serve by trying to blot out these distinctions?" "How is either party to be benefited by the obliteration?" And when he adds that, "having done our best to make the Indian over into a white man, we have simply succeeded in making a nondescript of him," he makes a statement that the observation of intelligent men fully indorses.

To turn the forces of nature into the best channels by wisely directing them is productive of good results; to undo nature's work and do it over again is to bungle and stumble and fail of achievement. The horticulturist does not uproot a tree which offers a sturdy stock and produces inferior fruit, but corrects by grafting the defect in fruitage, while preserving the parent trunk to give added excellence to the product.

The extent to which the idea of expunging everything Indian from the Indian through education is illustrated in the suggestion, made, it is said, by a thoughtful person when examining specimen Navajo blankets, that "a fund be raised for supplying the Navajos with modern looms so as to build up their special industry." The Navajo blanket, it is needless to say, derives its chief value not from being a blanket, but from being the exact product that it is, of coarse wool, dyes from the laboratory of nature, and devices worked from the fancy of the weaver. The rude loom in which it was woven was made from saplings cut and fastened together by the Indian woman; the warp was strung by her hands; she sheared and carded, spun and dyed the many-colored threads of her woof. She wove the design from her own fancy, following and needing no other pattern. The question, "At what point can we break into this chain and substitute a foreign link without destroying the character of the whole?" is a pertinent one. Navajo blankets turned out by a modern loom! The suggestion would be ludicrous were it not made in true sincerity. Being thus made, it becomes startling as an indication of the trend of much of the philanthropic effort that is being made looking to the transformation rather than the improvement of the Indian race. Concluding his paper, Mr. Leupp says:

> I like the Indian for what is Indian in him. I want to see his splendid inherited physique kept up, because he glories, like his ancestors, in fresh air, in freedom, in activity, in feats of strength. I want him to retain all his old contempt for hunger, thirst, cold and danger when he has anything to do. I have no sympathy with the sentiment which would throw the squaws' beadwork into the rubbish-heap and set her to making hose. Teach her hose-making, by all means, just as you would teach her bread-making, as an addition to her stock of profitable accomplishments; but don't set down her beaded moccasins as barbarous, while holding up her lace handkerchief as a symbol of advanced civilization.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATING SYSTEM.

The adoption of the Federal Constitution framed in Philadelphia introduced for the first time the election of National officers. Washington was the sole candidate for the Presidency in 1788 and in 1792, being nominated, so to speak, by general consent. But in regard to the Vice-Presidency in 1788, there was no previous agreement, as is shown by the scattered vote of the electoral colleges. In 1792 it was generally understood that the electors opposed to Hamilton's financial policy would vote for George Clinton, as there were only four scattering votes for Vice-President, all the rest of the electors voting either for Adams or Clinton. In 1796 Adams and Jefferson were the recognized candidates of the Federalist and Republican parties for the Presidency; but there was some secret electioneering on the part of Hamilton to prevent the selection of Adams, who charged him with intriguing to prevent his nomination for Vice-President and with striving to get Thomas Pinkney chosen President.

In 1800 the candidates of both parties were nominated at caucuses of party members of the two houses of Congress. The Republican caucus, held in May, 1800, at Philadelphia, was attended by forty-three members of Congress, "besides many distinguished citizens." The same caucus put forward Burr as the Republican candidate for Vice-President. The Federalist caucus of 1800 is reported to have been held probably in the Senate chamber in the early part of the year. While caucuses of members of Congress for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency were certainly held in 1800 and probably in 1796, it was not until 1804 that the first regularly called meeting for that avowed end took place. From that time until 1824 the Congress caucus was the regular nominating machinery. The organization and procedure of such a caucus were the same as obtain at a joint caucus of the party members of the two houses of a state Legislature at the present day, held for nomination of a candidate for United States Senator. Throughout this period the party candidates for Presidential Electors were all nominated at a joint caucus of party members of the state Legislature.

From the beginning the system of nomination by Congress caucus had much opposition to encounter. In 1812 the so-called "peace" Republicans, who favored the candidacy of De Witt Clinton, declared that "the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States by an association of members of Congress, convened at the seat of government, is hostile to the spirit of the Federal Constitution, dangerous to the rights of the people and to the freedom of election," and Clinton was nominated for the Presidency by a caucus of the Republican members of the New York Legislature. Subsequently he was chosen as the Federalist candidate, also at an irregular convention of Federalist delegates from different states, held in New York City. The Republican Congress caucus of 1816 aroused the mass of the people against the system. James Monroe was ultimately made the candidate, but William H. Crawford, of Georgia, a man whom the people at large had never thought of for President, came near to obtaining the Republican caucus nomination, which was, at that time, equivalent to election.

With the era of good feeling which began with Monroe's second election, in 1820, there came a lull in the opposition to the Congress caucus, but in 1822 the first open protest against the system was the nomination of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency by an informal meeting of the members of the Tennessee Legislature in August of that year. Henry Clay was nominated at a similar meeting of the members of the Kentucky Legislature in November, 1822. In April, 1823, a caucus of the Republican members of the New York Legislature adopted a set of resolutions urging the convocation of a Congress caucus in 1824. The Legislatures of Tennessee, Maryland and Alabama passed resolutions condemning the Congress caucus system, which was defended by Legislative caucuses of the Republican members in Maine and Virginia. Mass meetings of the people were held all over the country, at which resolutions were passed calling upon members of Congress not to attend such a caucus in 1824. By February 11, 1824, it became evident that a large majority of the Representatives were opposed to the holding of a caucus, and that they would not attend one, were it held. A call was issued on February 6, signed by eleven members of Congress. Out of 216 Republican members, however, but 66 attended, and of these, all but four cast their votes for William H. Crawford for President, in whose interest the caucus had been called. At the election in the following November the people repudiated the Congress caucus system at the polls, and no serious attempt was ever made to revive it.

In the campaign of 1828 the candidates were nominated by state Legislatures, state Legislative caucuses, public meetings and irregular conventions of the people. In 1832 the confused and irregular system of state nominations of candidates for the Presidency gave way to the National convention which is in vogue today. The nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency by resolutions of state Legislatures was not entirely abandoned even after the adoption of the National convention, in 1832, for in 1835 Hugh L. White was nominated for the Presidency by a joint resolution of the Alabama Legislature, and John C. Calhoun in 1842 was nominated by the Legislatures of South Carolina and Georgia as a candidate for the election of 1844. John Quincy Adams was nominated in January, 1823, at a "joint meeting" of the Republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature and of Republican delegates of the various towns in the commonwealth not represented in the Legislature.

When missionaries go far away from the sea coasts and the few treaty ports into the interior of China, among a hostile population, they cannot expect that our Government will be able to afford them immediate protection in their various and distant fields of labor. Their only guarantee of safety in troubled times is to return to the capital or to the coast, where the home Government can afford them some diplomatic or military protection. No government has arms long enough and strong enough to protect the lives and property of missionaries at all times, wherever they may go. It is the height of absurdity for them to place themselves in any barbarous country beyond the pale of protection of their government. As late as 1870 there was a wholesale massacre of foreigners by the anti-foreign mob of Tien Tsin, which is but fifty miles up the Pei Ho River. Playing the part of Fathers Lallemand and Jouges, who faced death and found it at the hands of the Mohawks in the seventeenth century, is a needless, useless, inexcusable sacrifice today of valuable lives. The King of France could not save these heroic Jesuits from the consequences of their exposure to martyrdom at the hands of the Mohawks. This the Jesuits knew, so they did not expect it. Our Government cannot save distant missionaries from the consequences of their Quixotic enthusiasm, and yet they seem to expect it.

The Vice-Presidency will be decided wholly on the ground of availability. It is significant that in the discussion at Philadelphia no person has so far been seriously considered because he has a bar'l. Geographical location and personal fitness and experience are the requisites. The objection to Long is that he comes from New England and is a member of McKinley's Cabinet. We are to have McKinley, but the proprieties require that we have otherwise a new deal. Fairbanks is from Indiana, next door to Ohio, and it may be supposed that a sentiment for a wider distance between the candidates will prevail. New York could have it, if its delegation were to demand Roosevelt or any other candidate with unanimity, energy and sincerity. The Dolliver boom is becoming formidable, because Iowa is far enough from Ohio, and the entire Congressional delegation from that state, including Allison and Speaker Henderson, is for him. Iowa's voice in Republican counsels is nowadays most potent. The objection to Dolliver that his age is only 42 years, and that he is therefore only one-half as old as some of the Senators over whom he will preside, will not be strong enough to lose the ticket many votes. It will be many years before Dolliver reaches the age of Senatorial indiscretion.

The gathering of the pioneers this year was a notable one, numerically and otherwise. The attendance was much larger than in many former years. The spirit of fraternity and of hospitality are contagious. The former has spread among the pioneers of the state, making them look forward eagerly to the pleasures of the annual reunion, while the latter, growing in response to increasing demand, comes forward to entertain them full-handed. While death has been busy in their ranks for years, thinning them perceptibly, the scene in the banquet hall at the pavilion Friday evening from 5 to 7 o'clock revealed the fact that there is yet among us a goodly number of state-builders—

> Against whose familiar names not yet
> The fatal asterisk of death is set—

Who appreciate and are able to enjoy the comforts of life as represented in social intercourse and table cheer.

The County of Multnomah and the City of Portland cannot be consolidated. Talk to that effect, which has been renewed at intervals during thirty or forty years, is always absurd. The city cannot be extended to the county limits, and the county cannot be reduced to the city limits, for the Constitution of the state declares that no county shall have an area of less than 400 square miles.

It may be opined that Mrs. William Henry Jones, of Utah, will be somewhat lonely as a delegate to the National Republican Convention. More lonely, perhaps, than Mr. William Henry Jones, enjoying his solitude at the domestic hearth.

Croker is speeding home as fast as a swift trans-Atlantic steamship will carry him. But he's too late. When the old Tammany tomcat is away the Van Wycks will play.

Augustus Van Wyck is not much of a Bryan man, but he insists on going to Kansas City. Perhaps he expects to get the ice concession for the convention.

Mr. Hanna has no candidate for Vice-President; but he's agi'n Tim Woodruff. The genial Tim might as well consider himself dead.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Omniscient.

On brightly lighted rostrums, and in decorated halls,
Where pictures of our heroes hang in glory on the walls,
Come forth the gladsome graduates, diplomas in their hands,
And share with us the wisdom that is culled from many lands.
They've "crossed the threshold of the school," their "sprouting wings have grown,"
And now their "certain footsteps lead into the vast unknown."
No longer must they work or play at teachers' beck and call,
They're ready now to face the world, because they know it all.

They've "realized the happy dreams of idle childhood days,"
And now they're "standing at the gate where part the winding ways";
And some have "chosen their careers" and some "still stand in doubt,"
But none will "ever stray the path" when once they've found it out.
But with a "steadfast gaze ahead, determined to succeed,"
They'll "write their message on the walls, that he who runs may read."
No visions of "life's bitter strife" their glowing souls appall,
For who are they but graduates, who simply know it all?

And some there be who rather choose great poems to declaim,
Than on their "message to the world" to base their right to fame;
With hands upon their breasts they stand, and tell in burning words
How Norval's father on the hills sought fodder for his herds,
How Spartacus in days of old stirred up a hot old strike,
And Sheridan on foaming steed came scorching down the pike,
As well as how Lord Wolseley took to heart his sudden fall—
It's good to hear the graduates, because they know it all.

Perhaps next fall the thrilling tongues that now our feelings stir
Will be employed in shouting "cash!" at seventy-fifty per;
Perhaps the hands that point the spot where M. Bozzaris fell
Will bear a pitcher through the hall of some down-town hotel;
But, just the same, the rosy hope with which their visions glow
Is worth as much as many kinds of wisdom here below;
And may the castles they have reared ne'er totter to their fall,
God bless the hopeful graduates, although they know it all!

Gentlemen Unafraid.

Those Tacoma enumerators who have been giving out information about the population of that settlement will probably be sent to jail for their loquacity; but it is not likely that jail has any terrors for people who had to live in Tacoma.

Afterward.

After the war is over,
After the fight is fought,
After the last Boer leader
Is kopjeized and caught,
Still must we keep on reading,
Whether we choose or not,
Columns and columns and columns
Of Alfred Austin's rot.

What He Was Good For.

Thompson—That boy of Smith's hopes to succeed as a writer, and he turns out the most childish and idiotic trash I ever clapped eyes on.

Johnson—He's all right. He'll make a hit some day writing the words to popular songs.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. McK.—Yes.

W. J. B.—No.

Sport—James J. Jeffries.

W. A. S.—Not this year. Try it again in 1930.

Beatrice—Put a little prussic acid in his coffee.

Tom—Four of a kind.

Sweet Young Thing—No. Wait till he asks you.

Professor—Why don't you look in the dictionary?

Inquifer—July 4, 1776.

Gold Brick Broker—His present address is Butte, Mont.

Litterateur—William Shakespeare and Alfred Austin.

Diner Out—No. Eat it with a fork.

Nancy L.—What Hobson?

Historian—Christopher Columbus.

Anti-Imperialist—He is not yet dead.

Ice Consumer—Twelve cents an ounce.

On the Yang Tsi River.

By the shores of the Yang Tsi River,
Where the rice fields stretch away,
There was wont to float in an open boat
A cheerful boy who was called Chung Coy,
And who fished and fished all day.

And the shores of the Yang Tsi River
Resounded for far and near
With the fisher's song as he'd float along,
Which he sang in the key that is known as g,
And his song was sweet to hear.

But the fish in the Yang Tsi River
Were heavy and sad at heart,
For well they knew 'twas too too true
That soon or late they must meet their fate,
Beguiled by the fisher's art.

In the depths of the Yang Tsi River,
Where the moss and the green weeds grew,
A fish there swam with demeanor calm,
Who was twice as large as a big rice barge,
And whose name was Lung Jung Foo.

As he fished in the Yang Tsi River,
One happy Summer day,
The young Chung Coy felt a thrill of joy,
For he had a bite which was full of might,
And prepared for great big prey.

And the face of the Yang Tsi River
Was lashed into surging foam,
Which was rough to view, by Lung Jung Foo,
Who had no mind to leave behind
His happy river home.

And the banks of the Yang Tsi River
Echoed aloud the call
Of the frightened boy who was called Chung Coy,
And who sought too late to communicate
That he'd made too big a haul.

The fish in the Yang Tsi River
Now peacefully may swim,
About a heap in the water's deep,
Which was once a boy who was called Chung Coy,
For they fear no more harm from him.

Why He Rejected It.

The poet entered the sanctum and stood timidly before the editor. Attracted by the shuffle of his uneasily shifting feet, the editor looked up. The poet said:

"Here are a few lines which I—"

"Dashed off, I presume," interrupted the editor.

"No, sir," said the poet, "which I constructed with a great deal of painful labor."

"Umph," growled the editor, "let me see them." He stretched forth his hand and took the verses, and this is what he read:

Down in the fields where the bluebirds sing,
All the happy Summer day,
Where the sunbeams oft are lingering,
And the gentle zephyrs play;
Where the daisies toss their white-crowned heads,
And mock at grief and care,
And the brier rose its perfume sheds,
On the velvet Summer air;
Where the brown thrush carols forth his song,
In joyous minstrelsy,
'Tis there I'd live the whole day long,
Untrammeled, happy, free.

The editor looked up wearily into the poet's eager face. He again became aware that the paste was sour, and that he had lost his scissors. He again heard the harsh voice of the foreman shouting "copy" down the chute. He had forgotten these things for the moment, and was thinking of the bright fields and shady pastures he had known in his boyhood. The lines had brought them all back to him. The poet stepped forward hopefully, but the editor handed him his lines.

"Don't you know that brown thrushes never sing outside the woods?" he said.

J. J. MONTAGUE.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE—XVII

"The Deserted Village"—Oliver Goldsmith

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with drawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more the grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* * * * *

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soft'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fall;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, with a few torn shrubs the place discloses,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learn'd length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.