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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Probably fair, with variable winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

BASIS OF BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN.

There is no question but the men who have deepest interest in business and property, in public order and prosperity, in the stability of business and the general welfare of the country, are very largely against Bryan. For Bryan appeals to the forces they fear; to theorists, agitators and disturbers; to the improvident and visionary, who attribute their condition to any cause and every cause but the true one—that is, the cause that lies within themselves. His appeal is not to the intelligent energy of the country, but to its complaining discontent. No one can mistake the nature of the effort he makes. It is an endeavor to distinguish between classes in our country, and to set one against another. His campaign is an effort to array masses of voters against existing conditions of business and industry; to make the workingman feel that he is oppressed and has no rights or opportunities, and that change of government will enable him to shift places with the man who seems to have better fortune. How far this appeal may succeed will depend on the intelligence and fair-mindedness of those to whom it is addressed. Labor must decide for itself whether it thinks its condition would be better if Bryan were elected, or whether it thinks capital and business can get a setback without harmful consequences to labor itself.

In the October number of the Atlantic we have a collection of certain letters of James Martineau, hitherto unpublished. These letters were addressed to a citizen of Chicago, and take a wide range. Needless to say, they are penetrated with the intelligence and illuminated by the expression for which Martineau was so distinguished. One of them is a notice of Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty," which got much attention in Europe as well as in America, some years ago. Dr. Martineau, noting the phenomenon of this American book's circulation in Europe, wrote: "It has, I am ashamed to say, dizzied the heads of not a few men here from whom more clearness and stability might have been expected. This is largely due to an excellent and hopeful characteristic of the time—an intense compassion for the lot of the lowest class of our population—the feeble in body and character who are beaten in the race of life and drop by the wayside. The sense of something wrong in the sufferings and sins of this class is so deep and disturbing to many minds that they lose the power of calmly studying the real relations of cause and effect in the life of society, and are ready to fling themselves, like a patient tired out by a chronic malady, into the hands of any plausible quack who is loud enough in his confidence and large enough in promises for his panacea. Mr. George's personal presence, however, has apparently gone far to neutralize the influence of his book; and I think his day is nearly over here. The socialistic tendency which has favored him still remains, and fosters, I must think, very dangerous illusions, with which, unhappily, party leaders are willing to play for political ends."

Mr. Bryan is one of these "plausible quacks," who "play for political ends." Yet the persons whom he addresses are they who, from their numbers, perhaps have the decision of our present contest in their hands. We can only entertain the hope that a very large proportion of them may be wiser than, from his appeal, he evidently supposes them. He undoubtedly believes they entertain illusions he can play upon; else he would not address them.

A WEASEL OR A WHALE.

Among the most earnest advocates of the treaty through which the United States acquired the Philippine Islands was William J. Bryan. He insists now that we shall relinquish the islands acquired by treaty, as a result of war; for which, moreover, we paid $20,000,000—all in consonance with his advice.

The Bryan organs of Oregon are now accusing The Oregonian of "inconsistency," because it said, when Dewey entered the harbor of Manila, that we had not gone there for conquest. That was true. There was little or no thought at that time of holding the Philippine Islands. But there have been developments since then.

These brethren would do well to focalize their vision on Mr. Bryan's "inconsistency," rather than on that of The Oregonian. Since the day our soldiers were treacherously attacked by the Filipinos, The Oregonian has steadfastly urged resistance to the effort to turn the United States out of the islands. Doubtless we could have been talked out of them; but the effort to expel us is another thing. One attitude towards friends; another towards a treacherous and insulting foe.

But Mr. Bryan, after advocating the treaty of peace with Spain, through which we acquired title to the islands—acquired it in perfect accord with the law of nations and the usages of history—says we have no just rampant to stay. He even renounces the American spirit, which objects to withdrawal of the flag under attack and defiance. He invents catch-words, such as "militarism" and "imperialism," to support his contention—merely playing a game of politics with the devices of rhetorical insincerity.

Yet if the McKinley Administration, having direction of the Government of the United States, had withdrawn or proposed to withdraw our forces from the Philippine Islands, acquired by the treaty which Mr. Bryan and a large proportion of his party supported, and paid for moreover with our blood and treasure, it would have been attacked by Mr. Bryan and his party as a cowardly and dastardly Administration, and an appeal would have been taken to the country against a President and a party capable of such indignity and dishonor to the flag and such recreancy to the expansive spirit of free American institutions; and Bryan would have carried the country with a whoop, on the appeal to keep what American valor and blood had won. "What!" he would have exclaimed. "Is the flag to be lowered and withdrawn under fire? What drop of your blood doesn't tingle? Shame upon your pusillanimous Administration!" This would have swept the country; our anti-imperialists of Oregon would now be imperialists of the first water; the people of the Pacific States would be with them three to one, and eminent gentlemen who have been using the columns of this newspaper to prove the wickedness of this National enterprise would be showing our admiring readers what spirited articles they could write on the other side of the question.

Bryan's own course as an advocate of the treaty by which we took the sovereignty of the Islands would have given him an immense advantage in this appeal to our National aspirations and historic pride; and he would now be appealing to the National spirit of Americans, against the bogy of imperialism.

The upshot of it is that W. J. Bryan is a very cheap fellow. Like many another professional politician, he is able to get him glass eyes, and to profess to see the things he doesn't see. He accommodates his course of action to the conditions of his profession, and can readily say the object is very like a weasel or very like a whale, according to circumstances.

PLAYING WITH CHINESE DYNAMITE

Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who has been Secretary of the American Legation at Pekin, Tokio and Seoul, has contributed to the September issue of the North American Review a most able discussion of the Chinese outbreak. Had Emperor William of Germany read Mr. Bonsal's article, he would have hesitated to demand that the "few" persons "who have proved to be original and real instigators of the outrages against international law which have occurred at Pekin" be delivered up to the foreign powers for punishment before any peace negotiations with China be opened. This extreme demand of Germany is aimed at the Empress Regent. Of course, China will surrender neither the Empress Regent nor Prince Tuan, and any attempt to enforce this demand would mean that Germany would be obliged to fight China, for even the pro-foreign Viceroys are firmly opposed to the degradation of the Empress or that of Prince Tuan, who is the father of the heir apparent of the imperial throne of China. But Mr. Bonsal goes farther and makes it clear that from the Chinese standpoint a very pertinent defense can be made for their vindictive hate of the foreigner and all his works.

The Chinese hate the foreigner, not because he preaches Christianity, but a political system which, if generally accepted, would undermine the political institutions of China. Father Ricci and his fellow-Jesuits of the seventeenth century were entertained at court, and when he died a monument was erected to him in the streets of Pekin, and the epitaph which the Emperor of the day wrote in honor of his friend declared that Ricci was a great and good man, who in his life honored the precepts of morality. For many centuries the Mohammedans of China have been permitted to worship God according to their own creed. They have a mosque in Pekin, and there is a Christian church and a Christian mission in another quarter of Pekin that has never been molested in any of the anti-Christian outbreaks. It belongs to the Greek Church. To the question, Why should the Chinese be liberal to Mohammedans and Eastern Christians, and so fanatical in their persecution of the Christians of the West? Mr. Bonsal replies that the great salient factor of Western Christianity which impresses itself upon the Chinese mind is that we insult the memory of their forefathers and call upon them to do the same. The Chinese are convinced that the Western powers are bandits and held together by the lust of plunder, which is common to them all. The "opium" war with England was the beginning of the end of China's commercial isolation and exclusiveness. The Chinese were forced into a treaty by which they gave Hong Kong to England, paid $21,000,000 for the opium that had been destroyed, and opened five treaty ports. Then came the war of 1857-1860, in which the Taku forts were captured, Pekin occupied, the Emperor's Summer palace looted of all its artistic collections and then given to the flames. In 1860 the Chinese statesmen protested that they had not the power to protect the life and property of foreigners at Pekin, because public opinion was so prejudiced against them, and strenuously objected to the demand for the admission of foreign ambassadors to permanent residence at the capital, to the opening of additional treaty ports to trade. The spoliation of China has steadily proceeded until thirteen out of the eighteen provinces have been earmarked by the various powers. Finally, when Germany seized Shan Tung, a province right out of the heart of the sacred soil of China proper, the Chinese bowed to the inevitable and began to buy quick-firing guns. Their attack upon the foreign Legations at Pekin was an attack upon envoys against whose presence as that of heralds of war military China has never ceased to protest. The first attack upon the British Legation was made on June 19, two days after the bombardment of Taku and the burning of the Chinese Foreign Office in Pekin by German marines. The capture of Taku, with the slaughter of 2000 Chinese, precipitated the attack upon the Legations. Baron von Ketteler was probably killed by some native of Shan Tung, who saw in him the representative of the people who had stolen his home and hoisted a foreign flag over it.

The action of the German Emperor may involve us in a war that would tax the resources of Christendom. The Chinese have a telegraph system which reaches all the provinces; they have arsenals and forges at which they can make good rifles and turn out many tons of ammunition a day, and they can buy arms of Christian traders so long as they have money and are willing to pay. Our present occupation of Pekin would have no effect on the war, for there are a dozen cities in China in which the Imperial Government could be established without appreciable loss of prestige. The war, if fought to a finish, would carry the arms of Germany and its allies into Central China, and there difficulties of transportation and subsistence would be insuperable. Even if China should be conquered and divided among the powers, their troubles would only have begun. Mr. Bonsal protests against Germany's "old policy of knocking the Chinese over the head because they have too many heads," and he fervently hopes that Germany will "spare the world a conflict into which no one who knows what it may come to mean can think of entering with a light heart." The German Emperor is reckless in his ignorance to impose terms upon China that make war with all China inevitable, a war without honor or profit, a war of wasteful length, and a war out of which there could come no such thing as a permanent, beneficent peace. Germany would be exhausted before China could be conquered.

INDICTMENT OF A PEOPLE.

Either Bryan is wrong or else the people are all wrong. If his contentions are true, the public and private life of the American people may as well be despaired of as hopeless. Never has so damaging an indictment been framed against a whole people in the time of progress and excellence as Mr. Bryan's doctrines present against the people of the United States.

In the first place, we are a craven lot. Such is our spirit that an army of 100,000 men, scattered about the globe, one soldier to 750 persons, is about to trample upon our liberties. The one man withdrawn from the people is virile, the 750 are supine.

In the second place, we are sycophants at the feet of the rich. The poor man has no show in this country. The young man has no chance to rise. Of course, if the poor man has no show and if the young man has no chance to rise, it is because the heart of the masses is set like flint against him. Nobody will give him a chance, nobody will lend him a helping hand, nobody will give him an encouraging word.

In the third place, we are nerveless. Seventy-five millions of people are bound hand and foot by the gold standard, by imperialism, by the trusts, by the standing Army, and there is no hope for them except possibly Bryan be elected President. Not only are we bound, but we are too stupefied to realize it. This is the very extremity and abandon of helplessness.

In the fourth place, we are blind. We don't seem to realize that the gold standard is ruining the country, that imperialism is ruining the country, that the trusts are ruining the country, that the standing Army is ruining the country. We don't see the pressing need of a bimetallic price-level, we don't see our resolute proscription of the poor man and the young man, we don't see the black pall of imperialism, we don't see the havoc wrought by the elevation of the dollar above the man. In the midst of this paralysis of fear and ruin, we go on buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, taking pleasure in the work of our hands and building bright futures for our children. This is the very summit and crown of imbecility.

In the fifth place, we are a Nation of oppressors. The people at large cannot throw the responsibility on the Administration, for its purposes of oppression and extermination were fully disclosed before the Congressional elections of 1898, and in that year, if we except the solid South, which renders no verdict on questions at issue, the country sent 185 advocates of tyranny to the House of Representatives and only 59 opponents of tyranny. We look about the world for peoples to enslave. We worship the flag as an emblem of injustice and oppression. We are only waiting for some one to offer William I a crown on Pennsylvania avenue, and we shall bow down in reverent adoration.

This indictment cannot be thrown out of court as irrelevant, for it is inescapably deducible from the Bryanite arraignment. You can't have imperialism without craven submission. You can't have a hopeless and helpless poor man or young man unless he is the victim of a hostile public that will not give him a show. You can't have militarism without a cringing populace. You can't have trusts in the saddle without a world of spiritless victims cheerfully adjusting their backs for the load. The offenders are not the trusts or the Army, but the people themselves, without whose participation none of these things could have any serious existence.

All who share Mr. Bryan's estimate of the spirit and character of the American people should vote for him five weeks from Tuesday.

It is interesting to find this editorial confession in the Spokane Spokesman-Review:

Mr. Bryan is not so strong in this state as he was four years ago. Here in Spokane a great many who voted for him in 1896 will vote for McKinley. Some of the "changers" are outspoken in their purpose, but many others have reached a quiet determination. They will not carry torches in McKinley parades, but they will turn out with their quiet votes November 6. The voters who have left Bryan for McKinley will outnumber the McKinley voters who have come over to Bryan. The problem is whether the net changes are numerous enough to overcome Mr. Bryan's big majority of four years ago.

Four years ago the Review was ardently supporting Bryan and silver. Now it has compromised with the changed situation by ardently supporting nobody much and nothing much. Perhaps this is the reason why it is anxious to show that nobody and nothing has a walk-over in Washington.

Those who supposed that the Chinese Empire had been probed by the bayonets of civilization and drained of its anti-foreign virus were, it seems, sadly mistaken. The Empress Dowager is still mistress of the situation, still the potent ruler of the great and practically impenetrable Empire of China. There is no indication whatever that she has abated one jot of her enmity toward foreigners and foreign influence, and none that her power in the realm is in the least diminished. On the contrary, her following is rampant in the disturbed sections of the empire, and her authority is absolute throughout its wide domain. The yellow peril is perhaps as formidable today as at any time since it became recognized as a stumbling-block in the legitimate pathway of progress. The wisdom of the United States Government in deciding not to interfere in China beyond necessary interference for the protection of her citizens there under treaty regulations, the safety of her representatives and the protection of her commercial interests, is daily more apparent.

Opponents of capital punishment in this country should hesitate before attempting to make a point in favor of their contention, on humane grounds, by citing the manner in which Switzerland and Italy deal with murderers. "Enlightened," is it, and humane, to keep a human being who has forfeited his right to live among his fellows, in a dark cell little better than a cavern, for the term of his natural life, instead of sending him to the gallows? Or to immure him in a stone coffin into which he must be lowered feet first, the official measurement of which is 6 feet 3 inches in height by 3 feet in width, there to end his days? The first is the condition of the assassin of the Empress of Austria in a Swiss prison, the latter that of Bressi, the assassin of King Humbert, in the loathsome dungeon of Portoserrige, near the City of Brindisi, Italy. While there is no extenuation of the cowardly crimes which these rabidly visionary men committed, there is certainly none for the cruelties practiced upon them in the name of penalty by the law, which substitutes lifelong imprisonment with incredible tortures to mind and body for execution, thus bringing about slowly but surely death, the infliction of which the law forbids. Well may an enlightened, humane and just people boast the gallows, the electrical chair or the guillotine as an instrument of penalty in the presence of the atrocities involved in the sentence, "Imprisonment for life," in the Republic of Switzerland and the Kingdom of Italy.

Mr. Bourke Cockran demonstrates his political agility in reversing his position of four ago, but his speeches this year do not compare favorably with some of those he delivered then. For example, in his Madison-Square speech of 1896 he said:

Fellow-Democrats: We must raise our hands against the nominee of our party, and we must do it to preserve the future of that party itself. We must oppose the nominee of the Chicago convention, and we know full well that the success of our opposition will mean our own exclusion from public life, but we will be consoled and gratified by the reflection that it will prove that the American people cannot be divided into parties on a question of simple morals or a common honesty. . . .

He (Bryan) is a candidate who was swept into the nomination by a wave of popular enthusiasm, awakened by appeals to prejudice and greed. He is a candidate who, declaring that this was a revolutionary movement, no sooner found himself face to face with the American feeling than he realized that this soil is not propitious to revolution; that the people of this country will not change the institutions, which have stood the tests and experiences of a century, for institutions based upon the fantastic dreams of Populist agitators; that the American Nation will never consent to substitute the Republic of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Jackson for the Republic of an Altgeld, a Tillman, or a Bryan.

For genuine oratorical torridity, this extract far outclasses anything Mr. Cockran has been able to work up this year in Bryan's favor.

If the reported settlement of the anthracite strike is true, it will be a logical indorsement of the position of the miners. They are to have their increase and the price of coal will be correspondingly advanced. The fair inference from this is that justice would have brought this arrangement to pass before if the mineowners had acted with correct knowledge of the situation and with desire to do what was right. Their obstinacy in refusing demands for increase, if the industry will stand the increase, not only tends to justify the strike, but reflects pointedly upon their business sagacity. If they had done the square thing in time, the strike would have been averted.

Detailed accounts of the Bryanite riot at Victor, Colo., show that the assault made upon Governor Roosevelt at that place was deliberately planned by leaders of the unreasoning element in the Democratic party, and executed by men mostly of foreign birth, who were hired at the rate of $2 apiece to break up the Republican meeting. The animus of the demonstration was shown in the rallying cry: "Bryan and Coeur d'Alene!" The worst of it all is that under our form of government men like these have votes. The theory of self-government and of universal suffrage is all right, but its practice is sadly discredited by an occurrence of this kind.

Presence of Senator Hanna at the head of the Republican National Committee is the greatest obstacle encountered in the Republican campaign. He is pointed at as the embodiment of the character and purposes of the trusts and combinations; and everywhere his name is as a red rag to the labor bull. That this would be so was pointed out by The Oregonian two months ago, when he was continued at the head of the committee. Should McKinley be beaten, this will be one of the main causes of it.

The talk about "imperialism" makes no impression on the country. Because it is absurd, and every man knows it is absurd. We shall neither lose our own liberties nor oppress the Filipinos; and everybody knows it. This talk of imperialism is merely a mask of the Bryan party. Say, rather, it is the rattle of the snake, that hurts nobody. It is the head of the reptile that is dangerous; and there you will find the free-silver bite, and the poison of the Chicago platform of four years ago, re-distilled now.

The blame for the Victor outrage, according to the official report of the Democratic committee there, rests upon the Republicans for bringing Roosevelt in. If you don't want your candidates rotten-egged, keep 'em out. Nothing could be fairer. Nothing could be more fitting for the party that poses as the doughty champion of freedom.

The Prince Tuan degradation story from Shanghai lacks one bit of evidence to demonstrate its truth. That is an authentic Shanghai denial. The old oracles that had to be interpreted by contraries were the true prototypes of the Shanghai special.

It should not be forgotten that William J. Bryan has accepted the nomination from three parties, and that the platform of each calls in emphatic terms for free coinage of silver.

RIDDLE FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.

Only a few decades ago, if an American wished to study the genius of the world's great masters of art, he must needs travel from 2000 to 5000 miles to the galleries of Europe. Today photography, the most perfect form of reproduction known, brings these treasures to our very doors. The works of Michelangelo, now on exhibition at the rooms of the Portland Art Association, are a peculiarly happy illustration of the value of photography, even in its present stage of incompleteness, as a medium for art study, since a marvelous mastery of form, rather than of color, is the characteristic mark of Michelangelo's genius. He was a sculptor by the grace of God, but a painter by the command of a pope.

As one's eyes wander from group to group and note the terrible beauty and power of these strange beings, half God, half man, breathing agitation and emotion even across the centuries—one instinctively feels a craving to learn the nature of the man whose heart and brain gave them life.

Psychologically, Michelangelo has always been more or less of a baffling mystery to the world. Inquisitive litterateurs, scientists, and record-searchers generally, have attempted to penetrate the secret of his singular personality, but without success. Guasti, Milanesi, Gotti, Parlagreco, the well-known criminologist Lombroso, among Italians; Nisbet, in his "Insanity of Genius," and John Addington Symonds, among Englishmen; Anton Springer and Von Scheffler, among Germans, are the most important of these. Yet still the riddle of his singular temperament remains unsolved.

Every student is familiar with the leading events of Michelangelo's life—his birth of honorable Italian ancestry in 1475; his childhood among the stonecutters; the invincible determination to devote himself to art he showed as a boy, against the wishes of his parents; the discovery of his talent at the age of 16 by Lorenzo de Medici, and his abode during three years in the palace of the Prince, in daily association with the greatest minds of the day; his arduous study of anatomy; his painting of the Sistine Chapel after scornful protests that he was not a painter by profession, and a final yielding only to three papal briefs hurled after him in Florence, whither he had fled; his art labors under four popes; the bitter revolts of his proud spirit from the tyranny of his patrons; his death at 90, after a vigorous and serene old age.

In his later years Princes sued for his favor, but until he reached the ripe age of 60 his life was peculiarly loveless. He never married; and, excepting his platonic affection for the widowed Vittoria Colonna, whom he knew only in his old age, not the slightest trace of attachment to any woman has ever been discovered. His utter indifference on this point extended even to his art, which was devoted exclusively to masculine types of great strength, beauty and nobility. Whenever he portrayed women, they were brawny, athletic, thoroughly unfeminine creations. Yet Symonds, who has devoted no less than 30 years of study to Michelangelo, asserts that he had a passionate, emotional nature, sensitive and tender, with a pure and lofty spirit.

We are told that his soul looked forth from a sad face—for all his life he was subject to attacks of despondency—with small, gray eyes, a crooked nose (broken in boyhood), and rugged weight of jutting brows. In this combination of rude exterior with a haughty, shy, but vehement emotional nature, he was strongly akin to Beethoven. His habitual despondency perhaps was due to the bold power of his imagination, which always outran his skill as a craftsman, extraordinary though it was. His achievement thus constantly lagged behind his desires. He was reserved and unsocial to his neighbors, so plainspoken and irritable that he was much disliked by his neighbors. But he was loyal and affectionate to his father and three brothers, though they over and over again showed themselves unworthy of his trust. Generous to them, he was a niggard to himself. So temperate, nay abstemious, was he in his habits that often he ate only one meal a day, a crust of bread while he was at work. He slept little and rose by night to work upon his statues. This passionate ardor for his art seems to have filled every void in his life. Friendless and solitary by choice, he renounced the world, devoting himself to the ideal rather than to the real. And this has made him the riddle of the centuries.

GERTRUDE METCALFE.

Losses in the Art World.

Chicago Tribune.

By a somewhat unusual coincidence three of the most important representatives in the art world of this country and Canada have passed away during the last week within the time of three days. Mr. John B. Randolph, who was killed by an accident in New York, was one of the best-known connoisseurs in the United States, a writer of unquestioned ability, and an agent who was everywhere trusted to purchase pictures, bronzes, tapestries and porcelains. He brought to this country the "Angelus" and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," purchased the famous peachblow vase from the Morgan collection and was employed by Verestchagin as commissioner to sell his paintings. On the day following his death Sylvester R. Koehler, curator of the print department of the Museum of Fine Arts in New York, died. He was a well-informed student and lecturer on art topics, and one of the best writers on art in the United States. During his career he edited the Art Review, and was also curator of prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and honorary curator of the Smithsonian Institution's section of graphic arts. On the day following Mr. Koehler's death, Professor Thomas Davidson, of Montreal, passed away. He was of Scotch birth, and came to St. Louis in 1866, where he was master of a school. For several years he was a member of the board of examiners for Harvard College. He then traveled in Europe for many years, studying art and archæology, the results of his studies appearing in numerous works upon art which are familiar to all art students. He subsequently published a work on systematic philosophy upon much the same lines as those followed by Herbert Spencer, but his philosophical writing is of little importance as compared with his art works.

Park Libraries Advance Morality.

The Chautauquan.

A novel idea—the establishment of libraries in the small parks—was introduced in Brooklyn, N. Y., sometime ago. It met with opposition at the beginning, but it has won its way and promises to be popular in other cities. It is claimed that the experiment has raised the tone of the neighborhoods where the libraries are located, and has transformed rough boys into law-abiding citizens. There are three of these park libraries in operation.

Shades of Washington.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The liberty-loving Democrats of Virginia regard it as an outrage for the Republicans of that state to nominate candidates for Congress.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Man Ahead of the Show.

There are freckles as big as a dollar
Bespangling his cardinal vest,
And watch chains are laced in profusion
On the front of his proud, swelling chest.
He will pull up a chair close beside you,
And on the q. t. let you know
That an all-star attraction is coming,
And he is ahead of the show.

You may not have heard that the super,
Who is "worked" at the back of the stage
In the part of the coachman, the waiter,
The butler, the coon and the page,
Was shot in a half dozen battles,
And was mixed up in all kinds of woe;
You may not know this till it's told you
By the man who's ahead of the show.

You may not have heard that the lady
Who dies on the stage from r-r-remorse
Has had a whole barrel of husbands
And has handed each one a divorce.
You may not have heard that her diamonds
Are worth half a million or so;
You cannot know this till you hear it
From the man who's ahead of the show.

The soubrette—and you may not believe it—
Is only just turned seventeen;
She is "willowy, graceful and slender,"
So please do not say she is "lean."
Though she looks forty-five, do not think it,
I've told you her age, and I know;
I was given the tip on the quiet
By the man who's ahead of the show.

You may not have heard that the drama
Is built 'round a marvelous theme,
Which dawned on the mind of the author
One moonlit June night in a dream.
Of course, you don't know that the title
Was born by the hearthfire's glow,
But this the truth, you can get it
From the man who's ahead of the show.

You may not have heard that the bulldog
Introduced in the tramp-chasing act
Was once owned by William McKinley,
But such, be assured, is the fact.
You may not have heard that the hero
Fought duels in France long ago,
But if you should happen to doubt it,
Ask the man who's ahead of the show.

The players, from hero to super,
Have lived wondrous lives in the past;
They struggle to keep the facts quiet,
But they get to the public at last.
They think they are safe from betrayal,
That they've covered their scarcet, when, lo!
Their innermost souls are laid open
By the man who's ahead of the show.

The Omar Craze.

She said she doted on the Rubaiyat,
And had the choicest passages down pat;
And when I asked her "Are you fond of Poe?"
She curled her lip and answered, "Who wrote that?"

The Pearl of Greatest Price.

Oh! lovely woman, we are told
Thou art a priceless pearl;
But though thou'rt worth thy weight in gold,
If you would'at raise thy price threefold
Become a servant girl.

Jografly of Oregon.

By Warr Kagner.

Washington has a homemade Jografly, lets us have one in Oregon.

Jografly—This is a great study. Next to poker it is the most FasCinaTinG. Let us take up the subject of Oregon.

Oregon—This is a grate state. Like other cities of the Coast it has a Capitol. Be careful little children not to spell capitol with a K. Portland is the Principle city in Oregon. It is principler than Seattle, which is the chief seaport of Washington, although it is not a seaport being on Puget Sound. Let us pass to more interesting subjecks.

Willamette—This is the longest river in Oregon but two or 3 others. It is pronounced William et, because William Skiplot, a missionary, was et on its banks. There are Fish in this river, also trout and salmon.

Salem—The insane Asylum is located at this city. We was there once, and we know.

Pole Cat—This animal is found In Oregon. It is worth a good deal of money. The author caught one once that had 75 scents. It can climb high chicken roosts almost as quickly as an Ethiopian. It is called a pole cat because that is its name.

Maps—You will see by our maps that there are no railroads in the state of Maine. If you dont believe this is so you can go and see.

Mountains—The highest mountain in Oregon is Mt Tabor. There is no census enumerators at present on this mountain.

Weather—When the weather is threatening, it, that is the barometer which sometimes rises and sometimes falls according to the velocity of the wind, because of the great heat, which sometimes is greater than the coolness, for the reason that otherwise it might not be possible to understand, now we have the matter so plainly stated, which you will see at once is all very Simple, although appearances would indicate on the other hand quite the contrary notwithstanding.

tacoma—But let us pass on. tacoma is not in Oregon anyway.

The population of Portland varies according to whom you are talking with.

Jail Bird—This cunning feathered biped is found in Oregon in great numbers. You will know its notes by the bars that are found with it. They love to stand on mossy logs and flap their wings, but they dont always get a chance to. Such is life in the Far west.*

The population of South America is, well what is the use of telling you, you'd only forget it.

Questions—Who is Dewey? Who struck Billy Patterson? Where is Charley Ross? What do you know about Kwang Hsu? Where did you get that hat?

*Note to the Teacher.—While on the subjek of jail birds you might ask the class what is an Oregon boot, if such a question would not hurt the feelings of any of the parents.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, the tramp is tramping,
Country life is growing damp;
He will be here by and by with a gnawing thirst for rye,
And meanwhile he keeps on tramping, tramp, tramp, tramp.

September Blessings.

The roses ain't so plenty as they was awhile ago,
But the sunsets paint the heavens with a redder afterglow.
The maple trees along the street is gettin' kind o' bare,
But the fragrance o' the burnin' leaves is floatin' on the air.
It's sort o' chilly out o' doors, 'long towards the fall o' night,
But on the hearth the big fir logs is crackin' warm an' bright.
The Summer's dead an' gone fur good, but still we ain't bereft,
An' we will just be thankful fur the blessin's that is left.

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Gambling in Belgium.

London Daily Mail.

Belgium, with all its surface respectability, has hesitated to put down gambling at its pleasure and health resorts, like Germany, but has retained some of the profit by its tolerance of what in England are called bogus clubs. Spa has been made less like Monte Carlo in this respect, and even Ostend has been brought into line with the great army of make-believers.

The clubs are not exactly "door-mat" clubs, where members are elected "on the nod," as they are to the "baccarat" rooms at every bathing "casino" from one end of Holland to the other end of France. A name and address have to be registered, a mover and seconder are found, as a matter of course, and after 48 hours the applicant is qualified to try his luck at rouge-et-noir and trente-et-quarante.

The establishment of these limited Monte Carlos is not confined to the seacoast or the inland spas, but it has been allowed to invade a commercial city like Namur, and to follow the course of that pocket Rhine, the Meuse, from Namur to Dinant, and from Dinant to Chimay. Dinant being a pretty show-place like the Drachenfels, and Chimay a quiet country town as full of solitude as Rye or Winchelsea.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

XXXII.

Lyric Flights of Longfellow.

The Building of the Ship.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Suspiria.

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give the that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

Paul Revere's Ride.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

The Fire of Driftwood.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea breeze damp and cold
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strage, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

My Lost Youth.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
These pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Keats.

The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep;
The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told!
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep;
It is midsummer, but the air is cold;
Can it be death? Alas, beside the fold
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.
Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,
On which I read: "Here lieth one whose name
Was writ in water." And was this the meed
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:
"The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."

The Two Locks of Hair.

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.