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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Fair; cooler; northeasterly winds, shifting to southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1900.

George Edward Woodberry's "The North Shore Watch," stanzas of which appear elsewhere on this page, was, upon its original publication, some fifteen years ago, pronounced by the Springfield Republican as the finest elegiac poem in the language, with one exception. The diversity of taste, of course, is great, but one may be reasonably sure the exception was, or at least ought to be, Milton's "Lycidas." There are three other poems of this class which are and perhaps always will be more famous than Mr. Woodberry's "threnody"—Shelley's "Adonais," Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Gray's immortal "Elegy." Of them all, "The North Shore Watch" the most resembles "Lycidas" and "Adonais." It is more strenuous than the serenely contemplative "Elegy," and it is too classic for the machinery of creeds that clatters through the quatrains of Tennyson's masterpiece. To say that Mr. Woodberry has imitated "Adonais" would be as false as to say that Shelley borrowed from Milton or Milton from the Greeks. Yet all these later ones owe to all that has gone before a debt not less real because it consists not in slavish imitation, but in the constitution of the mind itself that has fed on high thoughts and lofty ideals until the classic mold becomes a garment in which the sorrow of the elegiast clothes itself as naturally and inevitably as the nightingale's song breathes of passion and of pain. Comparisons are sure to be invidious in these realms. It is best to love the good and noble for what it is in itself. There are no standards with which to measure elevation of soul. There are no weights to be told off against joy or grief, the abandon of the mourner, the lover's ecstasy, the eulogist's high ardor and devotion. The great poems are all good. It is better to know one of them than all the fine words that pretentious critics have to say about them. The least of Shakespeare's sonnets is more to be desired than the ponderous tomes that have been written over their origin and their significance.

We wish the new Park Commission all the good luck in the world, and therefore we shall venture a word of warning, perhaps of misgiving, in connection with the recent announcement of its committees. The committee on hiring of help is one of the highest importance. One profound reason why our parks are not better than they are today is because the work in them has been done by favorites of long-armed and tightly-grasping dignitaries at the City Hall. Ne'er-do-wells, friends of influential politicians, or friends of influential politicians' friends, who must be provided for, are sent up to the City Park to work, and when Park-Keeper Myers or Park-Keeper Wallace, or whoever is in charge, tries to get work out of them, they are displeased and tell him that Councilman So-and-So is his friend and will stand by him. This thing is altogether wrong, and if the Park Commission isn't going to break it up, one imperative purpose of its creation will be unfulfilled. Therefore it is not reassuring to see that while Dr. Eliot, General Beebe, Colonel Hawkins and Mr. Mallory have been assigned to highly honorable and ornamental positions, the work of "hiring help" is committed to City Engineer Chase and ex-Councilman Fleckenstein. We advert to the matter with the less hesitation because of the good reputation both these gentlemen enjoy for official and business efficience. But the traditional attitude of the City Hall towards employes of this character is altogether bad, and in their efforts to reform it we bespeak for Messrs. Chase and Fleckenstein the assistance and scrutiny of the whole commission. Let us set an example in this matter to other municipal departments in honest use of the taxpayers' money.

It is painful to the gentle-minded that so popular and amiable a man as District Attorney Chamberlain should have felt himself obliged to animadvert pointedly upon that ancient and honorable palladium of our liberties, "the body of the county." The incident was part of the Fay Severe murder trial, and Attorney Stout, for the defense, shrewdly put in a good word for the aforesaid "body," which is none other than the professional juryman, and his position was sustained by Judge George, leaving the District Attorney to "square himself" the best way he can with the expectant jurors. The professional juryman is one of those thousand-and-one excrescences on our civilization that at first enrage and in time only amuse us. As with vice in the so-called poem of Pope, we at first hate, then endure, then pity, then embrace. We are driven at length to embrace the professional juror because he is our only sure reliance. Our judicial system, the grandest in the world, of course, has this disadvantage, in fact, that the better citizen a man is, the more absolutely impossible it is to get him securely anchored in the jury-box. If a man is exceptionally good and useful, he will have influence enough with the court to get excused in case he is drawn on the panel. If he is only moderately good and useful, he will have business enough of his own to justify him in feigning sickness or inventing some equally weighty reason why he should be excused. Then the Deputy Sheriffs are turned loose on "the body of the county," and whoever thinks they don't run across the same old veteran jurors forthwith has never been much around the County Courthouse.

What, then, is the charge against this veteran of civil and criminal, equity and damages? Why, that he is always on hand when needed. This is not ordinarily an offense against liberty. In this case, it may be, but the prosecution may reasonably be required to show that the work assigned him is badly done. The task is one that presents considerable difficulty. In the main, our verdicts are very good, as verdicts go. If the juror makes a mistake once, the outbreak of press and public will teach him a lesson he is apt to profit by next time. Will it be seriously contended that experience and training positively unfit a man for weighing evidence? Then of what avail is practice to the lawyer, or long service to the Judge? Is a man that never heard of rebuttal and redirect, and knows nothing of the laws of evidence and the supreme value of ignorance and the iniquity of moral convictions, and thinks a question of law and a question of fact are identical—is such a man antecedently more likely to render a correct verdict than one who has dwelt for years in the fierce light that beats upon a jury the morning after, when Judges, lawyers, court clerks, bailiffs, Deputy Sheriffs and law students eulogize its successes and excoriate its errors? We have trained our jurymen by long years of assiduity and outgrowth of early mistakes. Is all this experience to be thrown away? We have in them a mild-mannered and civilized fraternity of citizens, who deliberate in good temper and with unimpaired appetite upon the bitterest controversies, usually agree after one or two square meals furnished by the county, and if in rare cases can't agree, disagree like gentlemen and Christians and cherish no hard feelings. Shall we exchange this admirable division of skilled labor and well-oiled machine for a heterogeneous group of inexperienced citizens who never saw each other before and who may take the issues at stake seriously, get into violent altercations in the jury-room and perhaps resort to the argument of fists, or break a chair over the head of the obdurate twelfth? If the District Attorney has anything against the professional juryman, the burden of proof is upon him.

It was John Milton who said in substance that the virtue the world wanted was not "cloistered virtue," but a virtue that can expose itself to all the risks inseparable from energetic human life, not a virtue that keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and it was Macaulay who said that it was difficult to believe that in a world so full of temptation as this any man whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read the impure passages of Aristophanes, Juvenal and Plato will be made vicious by reading them. Macaulay writes these words as part of his explanation that the great depravation of the national taste under Charles II was the effect of the prevalence of Puritanism under the Commonwealth. When a government, not content with requiring decency, requires sanctity, it oversteps the bounds which mark its proper functions. The limitation of the rate of interest either makes it impossible for distressed borrowers to borrow at all, or places them at the mercy of the worst class of usurers. "A government which, not content with repressing scandalous excesses, demands from its subjects fervent and austere piety will soon discover that, while attempting to render an impossible service to the cause of virtue, it has in truth only promoted vice." The mistake made by both the ancient and latter-day Puritans was to attempt to make all people committed to their rule truly devout. They closed the theaters, made vices capital felonies. The survival of ancient Puritanism is found today in the Prohibitionists, who persist in their absurd efforts to sober men by statutes which forbid the sale of beer, wine or ardent spirits. They are proceeding on the theory of perpetuating "cloistered virtue," which cannot endure exposure to the open air by legislating everybody into a state of compulsory morality.

In one respect Mr. Roosevelt bids fair to inaugurate an important revolution in American history, or, more correctly, to suggest to us a return to first principles. He is now generally recognized as in the line of succession to the Presidency. That is probably one chief reason why he consented to go on the ticket with McKinley. It hardly admits of doubt that when he came out so enthusiastically and ostentatiously for McKinley, the understanding was arrived at that he would be the man for first place in 1904. There are few customs that would have more reassuring effect upon our politics than a practice of choosing for second place on a second-term nomination the man who is by common consent prior claimant on the first place the next time. It would bring to the Vice-Presidency half the time, at least, a man of first place proportions, and as the Vice-President is always a distinct if tragic President in possibility, it would give the country confidence in a uniformity of policy for the Administration's life. The usual case with us is really unsafe. For so long as first-class men decline the Vice-Presidential nomination, we shall always be in danger of another Johnson episode, or of a more violent political reversal than we had under Arthur. Another advantage would lie in the training afforded the new President during his term as Vice-President.

Continuity of policy is, in fact, coming to be a prime consideration in our National affairs. One reason why McKinley was re-elected is that the country dreaded violent changes, not only in domestic, financial and industrial policy, but in our foreign relations. So long as all our business was done with ourselves, we could afford the luxury of peaceful revolutions once in four years. But with the increase of wealth and population, distant dependencies and more immediate contact with the great powers, the dread of sudden changes is greater and will grow in enhancing ratio. In the present instance, it is easy to see, the natural conservative repugnance was powerfully augmented by the radical nature of the opposition's proposals. If the Democrats had offered the gold standard, fair treatment of the new territory, with reform of currency, tariff and civil service, and with a candidate as trustworthy as Cleveland, for example, they could have won on appeal to the dissatisfaction with McKinley, Hanna et al. They must do something like this if they are to win next time or the time after. The country's interests, within and without, are so complex and gigantic that sudden and tremendous jars to the ponderous and delicate machinery of Federal Administration will be decided upon with extreme reluctance. We are much more likely to see Democratic Congresses than a Democratic President.

AMERICAN HEIRESSES BUY TITLED BANKRUPTS.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his "Commonwealth or Europe," dwells upon what he calls "the growing alliance between English Tories and the American multimillionaires." The recent court proceedings in Paris by which George Gould was appointed trustee of the remainder of the fortune of his sister, wife of Count Boni de Castellane, revealed the fact that since 1895, the year of the marriage, this wretched little French spendthrift has squandered fully one-half of his wife's original fortune of $15,000,000 in the most extravagant and riotous living. These facts show that the daughters of American multi-millionaires are not captured exclusively by bankrupt British noblemen, but also by many a French or German dirty plume of aristocratic feathers when they cannot catch an Englishman. The daughter of Collis P. Huntington married a title; so did the daughter of Sharon, the California millionaire; so did Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose husband is the Duke of Marlborough, whose father married a wealthy American widow, Mrs. Hammersley. The dissolute Duke of Manchester married an American heiress. The dissolute Duke is dead, and his wife has her three children and the title of Duchess of Manchester to console her for the loss of one of the most contemptible creatures that ever disgraced a coronet.

No sympathy need be wasted upon American women who make such purely mercenary marriages, because of any assumed suffering or disgrace that becomes theirs, when their titled husbands treat them neither better nor worse than they do their other mistresses. The American woman that marries a notorious foreign roue and spendthrift, whether he wears a French or English or German title, with full knowledge of his disreputable past, is not a pleasant person to contemplate from a moral point of view, for these rich American girls deliberately, with their eyes open, give themselves in their youth to men who have disgraced honorable names by disgusting excesses and courses of vice that made them cases of moral death to any pure-minded woman. In the case of the Duke of Manchester, who was a notorious drunkard, a roue, a gambler, a titled dead beat who borrowed of everybody and paid nobody, a titled debauchee, a rich American woman of good family, of liberal education, of refined associations and tender nurture, married him simply for the sake of his title and his expectations. In other words, she sold herself to a detestable man deliberately because she knew that if she outlived him she could queen it in comfort as Duchess of Manchester, the mortgage of a miserable marriage lifted from her neck by the death of her repulsive husband. The Duke of Manchester is perhaps the most notorious case of a bankrupt English nobleman marrying an American heiress and then deserting her for years to live with a concert hall singer, but he did not behave much worse than Captain Sartoris, who married General Grant's daughter and abused her so that she was obliged to accept the protection of her husband's father for herself and children.

As a rule, these American women come to grief. If they have money, their dissolute lords quickly spend it; and if they have no money, when their beauty grows stale their restless lover lavishes his caresses on some queen of the demi-monde, who takes him into camp in at least no more mercenary spirit than did his American wife. Any decent American young woman who would marry a depraved foreigner solely for the sake of his title deserves no more sympathy for any suffering or disgrace she may encounter in consequence than if she had become the wife of a notoriously depraved American solely for the sake of his money. A good woman may marry a good man with little danger, for a good man will compel respect, and respect soon ripens into sincere affection; but a woman of intelligence who will knowingly marry a thoroughly depraved man, the fires of whose youth have been utterly burnt out in years of low life, for the sake of his money, or for the sake of the coronet whose plume he has dragged through the ditch water of two continents—such a woman is not a bit better, if she is as good, as any of his low-bred concubines. What moral difference is there between gross depravity and systematic impurity's legal mistress, bought with the tarnished tuft of a title, or gross depravity and systematic impurity's illegal mistress bought by payment of cash in hand or the promise to pay cash in hand when my lord becomes "His Grace, the Duke"? A highly trained sense of propriety; a keen sense of self-interest, is not morality nor purity; and until the world comes to confuse these things with each other it will suspect that some of these American women who marry bankrupt foreign rakes for a title are not any better for their lights than their depraved husband's low-born and low-bred mistress.

In justice to American women, it should be said that some of them have made excellent marriages with distinguished foreigners. Miss Caton, of Baltimore, married a famous English statesman, the Marquis of Wellesley, brother of Wellington. The English statesman, Joseph Chamberlain, married a daughter of Secretary of War Endicott, of President Cleveland's Cabinet, and Miss Leiter, of Boston, married Mr. Curzon, the present Viceroy of India. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Godkin attach altogether too much political significance to such marriages. In proportion to our population and the lack of intercourse between our country and Europe a century ago, rich American girls were just as prone to marry titles as they are today. Elizabeth Patterson, a rich Baltimore girl, married Jerome Napoleon, and the worthless son of Marshal Murat married a New Jersey heiress and led her a sad life in this country for many years. Rich American girls were not as common when we were six millions of people as they are today, and there were few titled foreigners seen in America and few American women then visited Europe, but, allowing for these facts, the rich American girl is no more prone to marry a foreign title than she was a century ago.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Some days ago, when it transpired that the registration of our lively northern neighbor, Seattle, had reached the surprising total of 16,720, much gratified comment was indulged in on Puget Sound that poor old Portland had been passed at last—and passed in a canter, too, it seemed to the expert figurers and mathematical jugglers, who do most abound to the north of us. But as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so may the test of voting strength be found in the election booth. Now that it is all over, we may venture to make a remark or two about results, which are often quite different from ballooned expectations and hot-air pronunciamentos. The vote for President in Seattle last Tuesday reached the grand total of 11,634; in Portland, 13,361, and it was not here a very good day for voting, either. In the Puget Sound city there was much excitement and a mighty effort to get out a full vote; while here, owing to the proscriptive registration law, and the complete one-sidedness of the contest, literally thousands of electors kept away from the polls. The truth of this statement is attested by the fact that four years ago the aggregate vote here was 15,800, and not even the most captious critic of Portland pretends to say that the city has fallen off in population.

Just now there are some other interesting and instructive statistics that may as well be submitted. Take bank clearances, for example. When all else failed, Seattle could whoop and hurrah and point with pride to her bank clearances. For a month or so her patent system of unlimited inflation seems not to have been working well. Here is the record, showing weekly percentages of gain and loss:

	Seattle Gain.	Seattle Loss.	Portland Gain.
October 6	...	10.1	10.0
October 13	25.3	...	31.8
October 20	13.0	...	24.7
October 27	...	8.3	14.6
November 3	...	2.4	6.5
November 10	...	10.8	15.4

The wonder of it all is that the Seattle figures are supplied by the celebrated Seattle compilers. All figures look alike to them—that is to say, all figures above a million. The summit of clearing-house buncombe had to be attained some time. It reached a point where this year's multiplication table manipulators were pitted against last year's, just as last year's had to go up against the padding artists of the year before. The pace was too hot. In the bright lexicon of arithmetical progression there is such a word as fail.

THE ESSENCE OF TRUE SPORT.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, in his latest book, "Edward Blake, College Student," has taken occasion to discuss professionalism in college athletics—a subject in which every college man and every advocate of good, wholesome athletics is interested. The leading authorities on college sports—the only line of athletics in which professionalism as a commercial element does not dominate—have all pleaded for the elimination of professionals from college athletics. This plea is made on the ground that professionalism means an end to public interest, to a certain extent, and that it is impossible to keep up the enthusiasm that follows the work of a strictly amateur team. Mr. Sheldon opposes the introduction of professionals into college teams for the reason that such persons are always passed as bona fide students, and that therefore the rest of the team "act a lie" in carrying out the deception.

Many persons interested in college sports will combat Mr. Sheldon's idea, but fair-minded people generally will indorse his view from the standpoint of honesty. He has for years taken a keen interest in college athletics, and is better able to speak understandingly of college sports in general than upon some other subjects upon which he has essayed to teach the public. He believes in good, clean sports of all kinds, but he insists that the very essence of true sport is fair dealing, and in this he is right.

General Joseph Wheeler proved his sagacity as a politician by believing the re-election of McKinley a foregone conclusion, and verified his repute as a philosopher by going to bed Tuesday evening instead of to Decatur to hear the returns. Like many persons of sensibility, he "does not like to go to funerals," and only does so when impelled thereto by a sense of duty. Consequently he retired early on the night of election day, and rose refreshed to say that "wars are popular in this country, and are becoming more so with the masses, and any party that opposes a successful war will meet with defeat." General Wheeler is a man whose memory runneth back, and whose judgment is reinforced by a large experience with men and events. The boy orator would have done well to have taken counsel with this grizzled soldier of two wars before he went about the country trying to bring discredit upon the Administration for having scored a victory in the last one, and refused to throw away its fruits.

Bryan has not only driven men of property out of the Democratic party by his threat of dishonest money, but he has driven thousands of workingmen out of the party by the same threat. The Republican ticket was elected last Tuesday not because the Republican party is a rich man's party, but because it is a poor man's party, too, and if Bryan had not made it emphatically the party of the poor man, McKinley would not have been elected, for it is the workingman's vote that elects our Presidents. It is possible, but not probable, that there will be a new party, as predicted by Senator Pettigrew. It is possible that if a proposal should be made in Congress by the Republicans looking toward the retirement of greenbacks, the Populists and free-silverites would not only bitterly oppose it, but would try to organize a movement for fiat paper like that of 1874, but this is altogether unlikely, unless there should be a sudden and continuous pressure of "hard times." When times are "hard," folly and madness will travel a mile while wisdom and common sense is putting on his boots, and financial nonsense will be sure to find easy currency when nobody is prosperous and a great many honest men have been obliged to thatch their family home with a mortgage. In such event we should be sure to find Bryan or some such stentorian evangelist of ignorance and folly coming to the front. But there is reasonable prospect that we shall not face any such situation in 1904. We may not face a situation that necessarily promises another victory for the Republican party, but if it loses the battle in 1904 it will not be to Bryan or any open apostle of Bryanism, for Bryan, who scares away both the votes of rich and poor, will have to be replaced by some less repulsive figure. If the Democracy expect victory in 1904, they must invite it by other than a hopeless candidate.

Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, in the week following McKinley's renomination for President, issued a forecast of the November election which has been remarkably fulfilled. This forecast gave McKinley 278 electoral sure votes, and Bryan 142 sure electoral votes, and leaving the 27 votes of Kentucky, Nebraska, Utah and Wyoming in the doubtful column. From these doubtful states General Grosvenor predicted that McKinley would get 14 votes to 13 for Bryan, thus giving McKinley 292 and Bryan 155. Governor Poynter, of Nebraska, about the same time published his prediction that Bryan would be elected, naming Indiana, South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska and Washington as sure to go for Bryan, giving him 210 electoral votes, and naming Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, New York and Ohio as doubtful. This was the Governor of Nebraska's "pointer" as to the November election.

In the local columns will be found a summing up of the plans already formed for preliminary work towards Portland's World's Fair of 1902. The Oregonian has referred to this project before, and only adverts to it now to say that its advantages to the city are too plain for argument, and to say furthermore that once our business men can be interested in it the thing is assured of success and of profit. What Portland can do in the way of displays, its expositions and Street Carnival attest; and what it can do in the way of conducting business, its financial and commercial eminence bears abundant witness. If the city can be got into this project, it will get out with credit to its reputation and dividends in its pocket.

Examination into the cause of the freight train collision near Roseburg last Thursday disclosed the fact that the conductor of the extra mistook Thursday for Wednesday, and, as no freight train leaves Roseburg on the latter day, he proceeded on his run supposing he had a clear track. Such misapprehension seems inexcusable, but, after all, perhaps it is not more so than many other lapses in individual responsibility which come under the general head of carelessness, and which, first and last, are accountable for most of the disasters, great and small, that befall humanity.

No less than thirty-five clergymen, six of them bishops, signed an address to voters prior to the election condemning the war upon the rebellious Filipinos. Needless to say, Bishop Potter was not among them. He went to the islands and saw for himself what General Lawton saw, that these people are in our hands for good or evil, and that we cannot escape the responsibility of their restraint and care forced upon us by the stern logic of events, if we would.

Why the inference that a man who makes a conspicuous and continuous failure as a politician may be a successful newspaper man? Possibly Bryan may be worth $10,000 a year to the Denver newspaper which offered him a job. But we think he may be worth more to himself as long as the country fairs all over the country need other drawing cards besides prize pumpkins and stall-fed oxen.

Three native sons of Oregon have been elevated to prominent judicial position in Washington. They are Wallace Mount, just elected to the Supreme Bench; S. J. Chadwick, son of ex-Governor Chadwick, who has defeated the notorious McDonald for the Superior Judgeship of Whitman County, and George W. Belt, elected as Superior Judge of Spokane County.

If the people of Pennsylvania want Quay, we suppose we shall have to have him in the Senate; and if the people of Montana want Clark, probably he will be able at last to break into a body where few worse men have sat. Probably the country can stand it, if Montana and Pennsylvania can. But it is pretty rough on the Senate.

The Oregonian wishes to testify to its appreciation of the publication entitled "Current History," published at 14 Beacon street, Boston, monthly. It is a most excellent summary of contemporary events, and the complete volumes are invaluable for ready reference.

It is reported that Bryan's running mate, G. Washington Aguinaldo, did not go to bed when he heard the news, although he was very tired. Immediately he began for the next election by taking to the road.

Croker says no power on earth can down Bryan. He means no power on earth can keep Bryan from talking. The would-be President has been downed a good many times, but never shut up.

Pettigrew, too, got tangled up in the tail of the cyclone. There is no objection to his continuing the exercise of his phenomenal jawbone in the solitude of the South Dakota prairies.

Bryan will never be editor of a Hearst paper. He tried the editorial line, and was a failure. Mr. Hearst wants workmen who can do his work.

Et tu, Nebraska! It seems to be impossible for Bryan to prevent expansion of the enemy's country so as to envelop and swallow him up.

So the intolerable Lentz is left out of the Fifty-seventh Congress, after all. It has not been a good season for agitators.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Fallen Leader's Soliloquy.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my prospects.
This is a statesman's luck: Today he banquets
On terrapin and fizz with Richard Croker
And thinks the cinch he's got is too dead easy;
A few days later come the sovereign people
Like Antony, to bury, not to praise him,
And he awakes to find he's up against it.
Just when he thought he had the others going.
For five long years I've sprinted 'round the country,
And shot my mouth off at the money power,
And when I couldn't make the voters see it
I sicked Dick Croker's savage tiger on them.
'Twas all in vain. When I denounced the combines,
They handed me a spiel about the ice trust.
And when I said the workingmen were starving,
They asked me why I got outside of dinners
At twenty plunks a dinner. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor mark who counts upon the people!
There is between that vote we would aspire to,
That dinky little ballot and election,
A gulf as boundless as my campaign speeches,
And when he falls the second time, he's planted
As I am now, for keeps.

New Method of Instruction.

Professor Oliver J. Thatcher, of Chicago University, has flung defiance in the face of tradition, and is delivering lectures in the language of the street, which not only makes his remarks more intelligible to the students of that institution, but enlivens what might otherwise prove but dull and uninteresting lectures. The possibilities of Professor Thatcher's system are limitless, and if it is generally introduced, we may yet listen to a university lecture on "Julius Caesar" something like this:

Brutus was a dead wise guy and was strictly on the level, but he couldn't stand for imperialism. Cassius doped it out that with Brutus for a running mate he could put the kibosh on Caesar, who thought it was up to him to be King at that stage of the game. So he handed Brutus a con talk, but Brutus couldn't see it.

"Your work is too coarse, Cassius," said he. "I don't sit into any game where the dealer wears wax in his finger nails. You better pass me up. Me and Caesar are old college chums, and I'd be a Lincoln J. Carter villain to give him the trowdown. Nay, Nay, Pauline. Not for me."

But Cassius was a knocker right out of the anvil chorus. He handed Brutus the X-ray gaze, and spun him a few fairy stories about Caesar having his mitt out for the crown. He also brought a lot of his pals to the center and played them for cappers till Brutus finally saw it in the cards that Caesar was gold-bricking the plain people, and consented to join the bunch that was to hand him the stiletto.

The morning the event was to be pulled off Caesar had a hunch. "The little, old cot down on the farm is good enough for me," he remarked to his wife. "Something whispers to me soul that if I loiter on the boulevard this A. M. I will come home in the baggage coach ahead." Just then Decius Brutus floated in, and, seeing the game, passed Caesar the derisive stare.

"Cold feet, eh?" he inquired, which taunt was too much for the Emperor, and he hit the high places between home and the market place.

The bunch was waiting for him. One after another they came up, extended the glad hand and planted bolos in his short ribs. Caesar stood for it all right till Brutus came up with a meat ax, then he posted the surrender bulletin. "It's all off, Brute," he observed, and went under the ropes. "This is the heaviest rap of the bass drum obligato."

Brutus saw it was up to him to square himself, and, climbing up on a statue, he extended the populace a campaign spiel about the dangers of imperialism, and said he loved Caesar like a brother, but couldn't stand for his getting the underbolt on the sovereign people. Here was where Marc Antony, who was something of a silver-tongue himself, butted in, and threw language at the plain people till he had the Brutus push going. From that time on Brutus and Cassius remained in the tall timber, looking like faded two-spots while Marc Antony was the ace around Rome, and dished out imperialism right off the throne to all comers.

Brutus' last words were: "I can see my finish." But he didn't live to. Marc Antony showed up when the strayed-away-from mother patriot was on the croak, and slung some lovely language over his corpse, observing that he was the only square card in the deck. The morgue was the get-rich-easy joint those days.

Inappropriate Gift.

"Did your little 3-year-old niece in Boston thank you for that Chinese doll you sent her?"

"Oh, yes; she wrote me that as an example of the effigies with which the youth of the Orient entertain themselves, it was interesting, but said that if I desired to provide her with a plaything that would really prove valuable, I might send her a bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

Jus' a Waitin'.

Seems t' me I'm always waitin', an' the days
goes awful slow.
When the time for swimmin's over, then I'm
waitin' for the snow,
'N when the snow is fallin' 'n I aint got no
new sled,
It seems to me that Christmas is a long, long
ways ahead.
'N then when Christmas gets here all the snow
is off the ground,
'N I jus' keep a waitin' for my birthday to
come 'round.
But that don't never last long, 'n when it's
gone away,
I've got to jus' sit down again 'n wait for
circus day.

I get up in the mornin' n' I wait till half past
eight,
'N then I got to go t' school, 'n when I'm
there I wait,
'N keep a waitin' all day long, till school lets
out again;
I got t' jus' run, play 'n wait till supper's
ready then.
'N after supper then I wait till time t' go t'
bed,
I'm always jus' a waitin' 'round for somethin'
jus' ahead.
The growed up folks they've always got a lot
o' things to do,
But I jus' keep a waitin', an' I hate it.
Wouldn't you?

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Growth of London's Sewer System.

London Correspondent.

The County Council is committed to the outlay of £3,000,000 for the extension of its main sewers, an extension rendered necessary by the immense growth of suburban London since the existing drains were constructed. At the present time the drainage of London amounts to 90,000,000,000 gallons, and over 2,250,000 tons of sludge are annually sent out to sea. Every year miles of fresh drains are connected up with the main sewers, and these—capacious though they are—have latterly shown a tendency to become congested. By the constructing of an entirely new main sewer on both shores of the Thames, it is hoped that provision will be made for effectually draining the whole of the metropolis, even should its expansion in future continue at the same rate as during the past two decades.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

"The North Shore Watch"—George Edward Woodberry.

XXXVIII.

I.

First dead of all my dead that are to be,
Who at life's flush with me wast wont to roam
The pine-fringed borders of this surging sea,
From far and lonely lands Love brings me home
To this wide water's foam;
Here thou art fallen in thy joyful days,
Life quenched within thy breast, light in thy eyes;
And darkly from thy ruined beauty rise
These flowerless myrtle-sprays;
The hills we trod enfold thee evermore,
The gray and sleepless sea breaks round the orphaned shore.

II.

All things are lovely as they were, and still
They draw with gladness toward me as a friend;
The evening star doth touch me with the thrill
Of welcome, and the waves their voices blend
To hail my exile's end.
Oft while I wandered in those weary lands,
This dear-remembered shore would comfort me,
Seeing in thought the everlasting sea
Washing his yellow sands;
But now the scene I longed for gives me pain,
Since he is dead, and ne'er shall feel its joy again.

III.

Still planet, making beautiful the west,
Bright bringer of the stars and sheltered sleep,
Easing our hearts, as some beloved guest,
Whom for a little while our eyes may keep,
And through long years shall weep;
O eloquent with flashes to the soul,
Even as his eyes beneath thy pure empire
Beamed the mute music of the heart's desire,
Thee, too, doth fate control;
And brief as his thy hour of light must be—
To earth her starry hush, my solitude to me!

VIII.

Ah, then a presence moved within this deep,
That more than beauty made its regions dear;
O'er the long levels of its golden sleep
The light that beams from the eternal year
Flashed on the spirit clear;
And wherever we saw the ocean roll,
With sounds of harmony his waves among,
The song that breathed before the lyre was strung
Gave echo to the soul;
And tremulous the immortal instincts woke
That prophesy of Him in whom the sweet dawn broke.

IX.

Alas, the faery light that truth once wore!
Alas, the easy questing of the heart!
When, by the hushed and visionary shore,
The dreaming hope, wherein all things have part,
Made our young pulses start!
Once, once I knew thy sweetness, O salt sea!
I reaped along thy furrows bearded grain;
Thy groves, that never drink the sun nor rain,
Gave nectarous fruit to me;
And all thy herbless pastures yielded wine,
Deep-hearted, fragrant, bright—ah, then his hand clasped mine!

XI.

But the dark pines, whose heart is like the sea's,
Mourn for one darling flower they nurtured here,
With morning red, and deep, deep harmonies—
The sweetest blossom that the windy year
E'er rifled and left sere;
Wake, O ye violets preluding the May,
And many a barren slope for beauty win!
Burst, O white laurels, flush your cups within,
And whisper, spray to spray!
But till the cypress buds, and blooms the yew,
The sylvan year brings not the love that once ye knew.

XXIII.

Oh, wherefore could we not forever dwell
In that seclusion of the world new-born,
Where on our passive youth the promise fell
That dawns beneath the sweet brows of the morn,
The light none lives to scorn!
Too soon we left the haunts of boyish thought;
Moored skiffs swung the boat beside the shining sea;
The arethusae flowered in secrecy,
And fell, unloved, unsought;
Lone the rare cardinal, Autumn's herald, stood;
The bittersweet gleamed red in the deserted wood.

XXIV.

One watch was ours: far o'er the ebbing sea,
Heavy and dark, the rainy shadows lay;
From his familiar door he walked with me
To that broad hill, grown dear in boyhood's day,
The old field-trodden way;
Chill rose the mists, and faint the distant roar
Of ocean sounded; our old seat we took
Silent and sad; cold Autumn's dying look
The Summer landscape wore;
We minded not—in our hearts shadows were
The wide earth harbors not, housing their mastery there.

XXV.

The Hour sprang forth from universal time,
Of his joy-hearted race the last and Hour;
Crowned heir of all his brothers of the prime,
Bodied more nobly, girt with secret power,
Starred with Love's passion flower;
Through night he sprang, and black the flakes of gloom
Fled, afar off, the luster of his feet;
Our hill he sought, and made the darkness sweet,
Staying the wand of doom;
And dear as from the Grail's all-precious sight,
Grace from his presence flowed, and fell on us as light.

XXIX.

Heavy is exile wherever'er it be!
To miss the sense of love from off the days;
To wake, and work, and tire, nor ever see
Love's glowing eyes suffused with tending rays—
Darling of human praise!
To lose Love's ministry from out our life,
Nor gentle labor know for dear once wrought,
When once Love lorded the thronged ways of thought,
And quelled the harsh world stilled;
To feel the hungering spirit slowly stifled,
While hours and months and years the barren seasons build.

XXXI.

"Alas," I cried, beneath the sun-bright sky,
"What profits it to search what Athens says—
To help a little learning ere we die,
Blind pilgrims, walk the world's deserted ways,
And lose the living days;
To cheat sad memory's self with storied woes;
To summon up sweet visions out of books
Wherein old poets have enshrined loving looks;
To seek in pain repose;
Oh, cup of bitterness he too must taste,
Shut in his homeless ship upon the salt sea waste!"

XLIII.

Beauty abides, nor suffers mortal change,
Eternal refuge of the orphaned mind;
Where'er a lonely wanderer, I range,
The tender flowers shall my woes unbind,
The grass to me be kind;
And lovely shapes innumerable shall throng
On sea and prairie, soft as children's eyes;
Morn shall awake me with her glad surprising
The stars shall hear my song;
And heaven shall I see, whate'er my road,
Steadfast, eternal, light's impregnable abode.

XLV.

Break, surging sea, about the lovely shires!
O dimly heaving plains, through darkness sweep!
Thy restless waves, with morning stars roofed o'er,
Their incommunicable secret keep,
Impenetrable deep!
The oldest years on time's oblivious verge
Saw thee through tempest-weltering night uplift
Great, mountainous continents amid thy drift,
And their tall peaks submerge;
The vast, abyssal, wandering fields moved on,
Whelming the wasteful wreck of the old world undone.

XLVI.

And still round mortal shores thy billows roll,
And shall through long, long ages yet unborn;
Lone splendor of the sense-illumined soul,
Eternal morning of the spirit lorn,
By strokes of loss outworn;
Thy terrors image our blind mortal state,
Dark with impending doom and whirling woe,
And monsters in thy bosom come and go,
And death is thy fell mate;
Ah yet, through sun and storm, gray ocean, roll,
Love clasps thy mighty tides in his profound control.