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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and slightly warmer; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 63; minimum temperature, 51; precipitation, trace.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1901.

BOUNDARIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

From the day that Jahveh answered Job out of the whirlwind, man has sought to glean, from the teeming heavens or from depths of his own consciousness, the boundaries of the universe. To the author of the Hebrew drama the sky appeared a fabric built by the hand of God, "strong and like a molten looking-glass," and though this apprehension of the infant world has been brushed aside by the telescope, the poetry and the philosophy of that early time are only confirmed by latest research. No more today than in the twilight of history can we bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or determine the dominion of the heavens. This is the conclusion forced upon the thoughtful reader of Dr. T. J. J. See's intensely interesting paper in the July Atlantic—"The Limits of the Stellar Universe." Like everything else this sincere and gifted man writes, his essay is instructive while it entertains, and breathes that scientific spirit of hesitation and reverence without which the proudest announcements of astronomy or biology are apt to fall on heedless ears.

Where shall we find a more fascinating theme than the story of the astronomers? Theirs is the patient delving for evidence, the timorous groping for hypotheses, the martyrdom at the hands of superstition that are suffered by all scientists, and in addition theirs is the peculiar realm where man reaches out to the supposed dwelling-place of the infinite and the august plan of creation itself. Some chapters in their inspiring annals are told by Dr. See. Upon the naked-eye study and philosophic speculation of the ancient world, Egypt, Greece, Rome, the fabric of real knowledge began to be reared by Galileo in 1610. He, with his telescope, broke up the haze of the Milky Way into stars, and thus marked out the thickly settled portions of the sky. Then came Kepler, who added little, because he was still encumbered with the notions that the sun is the center of the sidereal system and that beyond these spheres would yet be found the firmament and waters of the Pentateuch. To Huyghens, the Dutch philosopher of the seventeenth century, we owe the first suggestion that the sun is a fixed star, like the others; but he estimated all at a uniform size and calculated their distance from their apparent size. Kant rightly concluded that the stars extend much farther in the plane of the Milky Way than in other directions, but his conclusion that the universe is thus analogous to our solar system in its fundamental plane is now discredited.

No astronomer has left so profound an impression on human thought as did Sir William Herschel, whose twenty-inch reflector and indefatigable labors of investigation uncovered vast numbers of stars hitherto invisible and unknown, and reduced to accurate knowledge the contents of some 3400 fields of celestial view. Herschel, Struve, Proctor, Seeliger and Celoria have established the undoubted fact that the stellar universe is much flattened and relatively extended in the direction of the Milky Way; and it now appears most probable that of the clusters of brilliant stars for which the sidereal heavens are noteworthy, our own sun makes a part of the one whose other members comprise the great canopy in the Southern hemisphere, with a center in Lupus, or the Southern Cross. We of the solar system, with our sun, are eccentrically situated in our cluster, and that is why we see more of our own particular group in the regions of the Cross, Lupus, Centaurus and the Ship Argo, though the few remaining are in other directions from us.

In one way and another, telescope and camera have discovered for us several interesting facts about the stars. While the naked eye, on a clear and moonless night, seems overwhelmed with the number of the stars, in point of fact we see in our available hemisphere only about 2000 stars, or perhaps 4000 under every favoring circumstance; but it is estimated that if the entire sky were to be surveyed with telescope and photographic plate, some 100,000,000 stars would be revealed. The nearest fixed star to us is Alpha Centauri, some 275,000 times farther than our sun. One of the next nearest is Sirius, at 500,000 times the sun's distance. The multitude of stars are removed from us more than 1000 light-years, or 250 times the distance of Alpha Centauri. From the more remote regions, therefore, telescopes receive light that left their far-off home no less than 10,000 years ago. What we see, then, says Dr. See, is not the events now transpiring there, but phenomena as they were 10,000 years ago, or before the dawn of human history!

Is the universe finite or infinite? Does it stretch away forever in unending repetition, or does a point come at last where darkness only inhabits torpid space? Dr. See does not know. He goes farther and expresses his conviction that we never shall know. Perhaps the fact is that to the finite mind the truth about the infinite is not only unknowable, but inconceivable. We like to think that in the starless regions farthest removed from the populous confines of the Milky Way there is no tenant. Yet science has learned that light from the farthest recesses of the universe is not only absorbed by the imperfectly elastic ether, but is obscured by the dark cosmic matter abundantly diffused through space. Therefore, though we cannot know that the universe is infinite, neither can we know that it is finite. Thus, in the realm of astronomy, are we driven back upon those depressing alternatives of ignorance so relentlessly exploited in other fields by Mr. Herbert Spencer. We cannot know that matter is infinitely divisible; we cannot know that it is not infinitely divisible. We cannot know that space is infinite, we cannot know that it has bounds. Look which way we will, our poor intelligence, built up of experiences our own and inherited but altogether earthly, encounter the blank walls we have no strength to climb. He has most perfectly mastered the riddle of the universe who states the insoluble problem in the most captivating phrase and is most judicious in the choice of his publisher!

THE SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT.

Why was Shakespeare Shakespeare? Who can explore and develop, in his heredity and his environment, in his commonplace life and imperfect education, the sources of that unapproachable product that is known by his name? Let us read Mr. Watson's sonnet again, for perhaps nothing better, on its subject, has been done:

Lee, who in niggard soil hast delved, to find
What things soever may be known or guessed
Of him that to the ages gives no rest,
The world-watched secret peak of human mind;
Thy choice was well, who leav'st to fools and blind
All visionary, vague, fantastic quest.
None to the Presence hath more nearly pressed,
Nor hast thou him dis-served to serve mankind.

'Tis said of certain poets, that writ large
Their somber names on tragic stage and tome,
They are gulfs or estuaries of Shakespeare's sea, .

Leave the praise; and honor enough, to be
As children playing by his mighty marge,
Glorious with casual sprinklings of the foam.

This poem was written, we are told, in the poet's copy of Sidney Lee's life of Shakespeare—a worthy place for it, inasmuch as Mr. Lee's "Life" corrects and illuminates all the others, if it does not supersede them. Mr. Watson's lines, especially

The world-watched secret peak of human mind;

and the imagery of the concluding couplet are very fine, yet his central thought, we take it, there will be many to call in question. This is that Lee does well to set out the bald facts about Shakespeare—and very humdrum they are—without offering any explanation of his genius. To such a quest the poet would dedicate the fools and blind, but it may be surmised that numerous others will be fain to join their company. The inscrutable riddles are the ones on which we love to dwell.

All that searching can find out about Shakespeare comes to nothing. He studied little and traveled less. The language of his brilliant poetry was largely conventional. His ambition seems to have been to enjoy the proud position of the richest man in a small country town, to provide for his poor relations and to obtain a coat of arms from the Herald's office. Efforts at romantic identifications of "W. H." and the "dark lady" have ignominiously failed. It is not strange, perhaps, that in contemplation of the inadequacy of all these explanations, certain reckless enthusiasts have rushed off to deny the Shakespearean authorship of Shakespeare and fly to the impossible Baconian refuge.

Shall we then perforce admit that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophies of our modern scientific Horatios? And shall we turn with gladness or regret to the conviction that there is something in the soul of man not explainable in terms of heredity or environment, birth or breeding, germ plasm or rainfall or soil? An unsigned skit in one of the July magazines puts it in this way:

All that can be explained upon obvious human grounds bears so minute a proportion to the radiant and imperishable whole, the veiled majesty, the sacrosanct and inviolable personality of the Emperor of our English tongue, that it reacts in the form of an overpowering persuasion of supernatural agency, and the essential insignificance and evanescence of all seen and temporal things.

Misguided though it may be, and untenable as scientific research seems always on the point of proving it, this belief in the distinctively spiritual is one of the most persistent forces in the human mind. That is a significant and almost pathetic passage in Dr. Ernest Haeckel's latest work, where he deprecates the departure in later life of many scientists from the materialistic philosophy to which they had been compelled by their early studies. He thinks they are wrong; he thinks all there is of the soul is matter in certain highly developed functions, and yet his honesty is such that he must record their fall from grace. Then he names in this melancholy category, and depicts their peculiar errors, Kant, Virchow, Du Bois Reymond, Karl Ernst Baer, Wundt, "and others."

American readers are familiar with a similar process in two other minds, those of George Romanes, the great British psychologist, and John Fiske, the American historian and sociologist. They gave up the spiritual world, but they came back to it. Even in Huxley's charming life by his son, so recently issued from the press, it appears that as he grew older his views, or at any rate his desires, changed. Whereas once he felt happy in the thought of annihilation, he writes in one of his captivating letters, now as he nears the end, he longs more and more for immortality. Surpassingly difficult, then, is the task of the materialist. He may be right, but his pupils are all but incorrigible. That there is no God, that man dies as the flower dies, without hope; that there is no unseen world expecting duty from us and waiting with its crown for our fidelity or its sorrows for our failure—all this science may be able some time to demonstrate to its own satisfaction and to hold its devotees steadfast, but hardly shall it persuade the tender souls to whom faith and hope are perpetual benisons; who feel that, however darkly we see here as through a glass, sometime we shall know as we are known; whose food and raiment it is to do the will of the Father in heaven. For such the poet has fitly sung:

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

JESUS WAS NOT A DETECTIVE.

Great social reformers, whether they are clerical evangelists, statesmen or journalists, never think it necessary to employ the methods of a detective. The great pulpit reformers have always seen clearly that the real support of vast social vices lies not so much in houses of ill repute and the dramshop as outside of them in the unregenerate heart of man. When Wesley and Whitefield in both England and America had preached men up to righteousness and built up the great Methodist Church out of the drunken, animal mass of the common people, they had reduced the ranks of the votaries of vice by the most effective if not the only effective method. Police and laws can keep the peace and order of society under decent outward control, but making men chaste or temperate except through an awakened determination that makes for righteous aspiration and conduct is impossible. The so-called reformers who waste time in playing detective employ methods that are unsound and defective. They expose no vice that the whole community does not know exists; discover no facts that the executives of municipal police administration are not familiar with. The preacher, humanely anxious to reform municipal politics, so far as they bear upon the enforcement of a decent respect for morality, can only hope to do so in the editor's way; he must try to reform his congregation through his pulpit and trust to the diffusive influence and action of his congregation to reform politics. No editor, who has any common sense along with his moral sense, turns himself into an amateur detective, and no preacher needs to leave his pulpit for such purpose, any more than it is necessary for an editor to leave his desk to ascertain by ocular observation and first-hand investigation that gambling, licentiousness and intemperance are in town.

The sensible preacher and editor seek to nourish and maintain by their preaching the highest public opinion concerning the importance of making elections as pure as possible and the public officers as upright and high-minded as we can get; in short, to do the best we can to enforce law and maintain public decency. But if preacher and editor, from their respective pulpits, cannot rouse the public to do their duty in the premises, and municipal administration becomes lax and public morality insulted by insolent indecency, their duty is to keep on preaching and not leave their pulpits for a moment under the delusive idea that either preacher or editor can accomplish anything by the methods of a detective that sound preaching has failed to accomplish. If our congregations are with us, their public opinion, organized into a political force, will soon make itself felt; if they are not with us, we must continue our efforts to replace a dull, stagnant, low public opinion with a purer and better faith. Vice needs not exposure; its existence is as well understood by every sane man as the existence of the air which one breathes but cannot see, or as electricity, whose incontestable effects attest its presence. The fact that vicious resorts exist needs no demonstration, but the influences that make for the restraint or extirpation of such resorts rest with a public opinion that knows all about such things. How much that public cares about such things settles the standard of municipal administration. The work of reform is a preacher's and teacher's work; not a prowling detective's labors. Raid public opinion; raid the hearts and minds of men as sharply as you please; lift your public opinion, regenerate human hearts, make them resolve not to sin—and evil haunts will begin to languish for lack of clientage. But to expect to make men virtuous by hermetically sealing up the public doors of vice; to expect that men will perforce go to church oftener because the saloon is more difficult of access, is absurd.

There is nothing to be done in this matter of municipal reform, which is always with us and always will be with us, but to create the best public opinion possible; to lift it as fast and as far as possible, knowing that your municipal administration will not be above the level of your live, aggressive public opinion. When reputable business men, who do not gamble, are indisposed to enforce the law against gambling on the shallow plea that its suppression "hurts business," why need we wonder that gambling proceeds in violation of the law? This plea for gambling is low, sordid, shallow and immoral; it stands for low and stupid public opinion, but so long as that public opinion prevails, what can be expected of the police and municipal authorities but weakness? What is the remedy? Surely it does not lie in vital statistics concerning gambling that everybody knows. It lies in the creation of a public opinion as soon as may be that would make it scandalous for a man of any reputation for character and intelligence to lose to urge the authorities to tolerate gambling on the ground that "it would be for the business interests of the city to do so." Reformers who play amateur detectives to find out and proclaim what everybody knows are the kind of folk that grow old

Dropping buckets into empty wells and fetching nothing up.

Reformers need rather to assail that dull, stagnant public opinion that knows all these things but does not care, and preach them into a state of conscience which will not tolerate gambling on the stupid as well as immoral plea that "it helps the business interests of the city." Clerical and lay preachers who draw their inspiration from amateur detective experience never tell their congregation anything that its potential forces do not know all about. They do not need information; they need being preached up to a higher level of public opinion that not only knows but deeply cares about such things. Until men are preached up to the level of hearty reverence for purity and sobriety, they cannot be purified by saloon and bagnio exclusion acts.

Jesus denounced sinners and sin bitterly enough, but he treated the Magdalen and the woman taken in adultery with comparative charity, because he perceived that the real cause for the existence of prostitution did not lie chiefly in prostitutes, or their haunts, but outside of them. He went at men to preach them up to purity or back to virtue. He wasted no time visiting saloons or disorderly houses or proving by personal detective work that there were houses of ill repute within a stone's throw of the Temple of Jerusalem. Public opinion must be formed by the preaching and teaching of the church, the school, the parent and the press; and none of these teachers can leave their pulpits to dabble in detective work and do any good. They cannot delegate the work of lifting public opinion up to a higher level of action to the lower agency of a detective and his dismal exploitations of a nether world that we know all about and accomplish any compensating good.

DIVORCE.

The Indianapolis Journal pleads for a uniform divorce law, and fairly says that there is no reason why the law relating to marriage and divorce should not be the same the whole country over, while there are many reasons of the strongest and soundest character why there should be uniformity. In theory this is sound, but nevertheless in practice a uniform divorce law is most difficult of enactment. The divorce laws of the several states are as far apart as the liquor laws. Some states require only six months' previous residence; some require one year; some two years, some three years and some five years, while in Delaware and Louisiana there is no statutory time limit. In the matter of causes for divorce, the violation of the marriage vow is cause for absolute divorce in all the states and territories, save South Carolina, which has no divorce laws. In the days of slavery a planter might place his black slave mistress at the head of his table and the wife had no remedy in law; she had to choose between base endurance of a great outrage or abandonment of her home and support. Physical incapacity is a cause for divorce in all the states save nine. Willful desertion for one year is a cause for divorce in nineteen states, including Oregon; but ten states require proof of two years' abandonment, and eleven states proof of three years' abandonment; Virginia and Louisiana, of five years' desertion. Habitual drunkenness is a cause for absolute divorce in all the states except Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont and Virginia. Imprisonment for felony or conviction for felony is a cause for divorce in all the states and territories save Florida, Maryland, New Jersey, New Mexico and New York. Cruel and abusive treatment is a cause for divorce in all the states save six, which include among them New York, Virginia, Tennessee, Michigan and Maryland.

Failure to provide is a cause for divorce in some states, and so is fraud and fraudulent contract, and absence without being heard from for several years in several states. In Kentucky divorce may be granted for "ungovernable temper," while "indignities that render life burdensome" form ground for divorce in six states, including Oregon. Insanity or idiocy at time of marriage is a cause for divorce in Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Iowa and Mississippi. Insanity lasting ten years is a ground for divorce in the State of Washington; incurable insanity in North Dakota; insanity with six years' confinement in Idaho. Other causes in different states are as follows:

"Husband notoriously immoral before marriage, unknown to wife," in West Virginia; "fugitive from justice," in Virginia; "gross misbehavior or wickedness," in Rhode Island; "any gross neglect of duty," in Kansas and Ohio; "refusal of wife to remove into the state," Tennessee; "mental incapacity at time of marriage," in Georgia; "three years with any religious society that believes the marriage relation unlawful," in Massachusetts; "joining any religious sect that believes marriage unlawful, and refusing to cohabit six months," in New Hampshire; "parties cannot live in peace and union," in Utah; "vagrancy of the husband," in Missouri and Wyoming; "refusal of wife to cohabit for 12 months," in North Carolina; "excesses," in Texas; "where wife by cruel and barbarous treatment renders condition of husband intolerable," in Pennsylvania. In the great and enlightened State of New York absolute divorce is granted for but one cause, adultery.

The recital of these various causes for divorce that prevail in different states is sufficient to indicate how difficult it would be to frame a uniform divorce law for all the states that include South Carolina with no divorce laws, New York with divorce granted for adultery alone, and other states with divorce granted for "intolerable severity," "inhuman treatment," "ungovernable temper," "indignities that render life burdensome," and other latitudinarian causes. It is easy to say that all these causes could be reduced to three or four leading specifications upon which all the states would agree, but on trial it would be found that upon no subject do men's minds differ more completely than upon the subject of divorce legislation. The origin of these various laws may rest on unreasoning prejudice, but it is hard to say whether the backward State of South Carolina, with no divorce laws, or the progressive State of New York, which grants divorce only for adultery, is the most striking illustration of a narrow-minded policy regarding divorce. The law has enlarged the causes for divorce in spite of the church, because the law is obliged to keep step with humanity, while the church keeps step with tradition. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, in his sermon to the young women of Vassar College, referred to "the divorce records of the times as but the reflection of the falling away from pure ideals." In our judgment they are the indication of better ideals, for the causes for divorce have been increased for the benefit of wives more especially, the great majority of divorces being granted to them.

Protestantism, from its beginning under Luther and Calvin, has found a Scriptural cause of divorce in desertion, and the civil law, proceeding from this point of humane departure, has in many of our states allowed other causes as practically defeating the purpose of the marriage relation not less than abandonment itself, and men have made the divorce laws liberal in the interest of women. Statistics show that three-fourths of the divorces granted in this country have been for other causes than the sole cause of adultery allowed by the present Episcopal canon—for cruelty, desertion, drunkenness and neglect to provide—and that about two-thirds of them were granted to wives. The most frequent cause is desertion. An appeal for divorce is nothing but the exposure of a bad marriage that ought never to have taken place, and which it is contrary to sound public policy to maintain if it ties either a good man or a good woman to a moral corpse or a social leper. A true marriage never troubles the courts, and the theory of liberal divorce laws is that, as a matter of practical morality, it does not pay society to perpetuate a marriage that in good earnest does trouble the courts, since within enforced wedlock one and perhaps both parties will probably insult morality quite as much as they would without the pale of a hateful and corrosive union.

Before the court at Perry, Okla., the other day, appeared one George Washington as an applicant for a divorce from his undutiful spouse. The case is distinguished as the first of the kind ever brought in the local courts, and one of the first ever brought in the territory by an Indian, and the trial was made quite a society event among the plaintiff's fellow-tribesmen of the Poncas. In the front row, just outside the bar, sat Chief Standing Buffalo and his cabinet, New Moon, Knows Country, Little White Snake, On a Bull and George Blacktail Horse, while conspicuous among the court dignitaries was Interpreter Mrs. Belle Crazy Arrow. The noble red man charged that his spouse refused him obedience, contrary to the traditions of the tribe; robbed him of his annuity as fast as he received it from the Government, and spent it in unsquawly extravagance. This course she pursued so relentlessly that, except his illustrious name, which she shared, and the very dilapidated clothes upon his back, this plaintiff declared he had nothing left to attest the beneficence of Uncle Sam. The referee heard all these complaints, but as there was some ground for suspicion that the plaintiff was not averse to firewater and had learned some tricks in gambling which upon occasion he was prone to practice, to the serious shrinkage of his annuity, decision in the case was reserved. Whether the divorce in this instance is granted or not, the trend toward civilization among the Poncas is made plain by these proceedings, while the zest with which they were enjoyed foreshadows their frequent repetition. It may be expected that hereafter only the Indian who has no social position to maintain will divorce his squaw by simply driving her from the tepee, while the dignitaries of the tribe who aspire to name and title will support their claims to superiority by detailing their domestic difficulties before the courts.

Colonel Merritt Barber, of the Adjutant-General's office, will go upon the retired list of the Army July 1, upon his own aplication, after more than thirty years' service. Colonel Barber is at present the senior officer in the Adjutant-General's office after General Corbin. He was graduated from Williams College in 1857, and entered the Army as a private in the Tenth Vermont Infantry in 1862. During the Civil War he worked his way up from a private to a brevet Major, and in 1866 was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Sixteenth Infantry. In 1882 he was appointed a Major and Assistant Adjutant-General through the good will of President Arthur, who was his school teacher in early life. In 1896 he received his present commission as Colonel. By his retirement the Army will lose a very able officer. Colonel Barber served on the staff of the late Brigadier-General John Gibbon, U. S. A., while that officer commanded the Department of the Columbia, and has many friends in Portland. While in the Philippines, Colonel Barber was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

The women commissioners of Washington to the Buffalo Fair appear to have been victims of misplaced legislative confidence. Governor Rogers, in response to a request of W. I. Buchanan, director-general of the exposition, named two very competent and worthy women of the state as honorary members of the executive board of women managers. The Legislature of Washington refused or neglected to give these appointments the necessary financial stiffening. Hence the honor, both for the appointees and the state, was an empty one. The action of the Legislature in the premises is generally regarded as most ungenerous, while from all accounts the state exhibit in some important details has suffered greatly thereby. A legislative body as well as an individual makes a great mistake when it allows itself to adopt a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy.

While the request, the source of which cannot now be located, that the pay of the soldiers at Vancouver, now due, be withheld until after the Fourth of July was meddlesome and irritating, it is a matter of regret that a few of the men at that post, by their lawless conduct, have partially justified the assumption upon which it was based. In the meantime, however, the Fourth of July committee of Vancouver disclaims all knowledge of such a proposal, and denies any desire to have the pay-day of the soldiers postponed. The proposition may therefore be regarded as a "cold and fatherless, forsaken thing," that was begotten in officiousness and has perished from fright.

Among recent appointments by the President are those of Eugene Coffin and George E. Pickett as Paymasters with the rank of Captain, which means that as soon as there is a vacancy these two persons will become Paymasters, U. S. A., with the rank of Major. These places by all rules of public equity and sound public policy ought always to be given to some worthy officer of the line of sterling military record who has become disabled by wounds or disease for further service in the field. The President as a rule appoints needy civilians, the proteges or bankrupt poor relations of Senators and Representatives, to these positions.

General Daniel E. Sickles announces that he has written Mr. McKinley urging the removal of Pension Commissioner Evans, and predicting that unless this is done the next Congressional elections will be lost to the Republican party. Corporal Tanner publicly boasts that Evans' removal was promised in the last campaign by the Republican National Committee, and that a letter making the pledge is in General Sickles' possession.

The people of Hood River, as becomes citizens of a prosperous horticultural community, will spend a portion of the returns of their strawberry crop—a grand total of $75,000—in patriotic noise and fire on the Fourth of July. Prosperity speaking in this voice proclaims itself to all the land as at once genuine and appreciative.

Edward will be crowned next June, and then he will know he is King. This is worse suspense if anything than our Presidential candidates suffer between nomination and notification.

THE NOSE IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

One of the curious turns that the new science of anthropology has taken is to direct attention to the nose as an index to character. Strangely enough, it is coincident with the successful entrance of this feature into the domain of literature through the tragic misfortunes of Cyrano de Bergerac, so that it seems at last this necessary and useful adjunct to the human countenance is to be rescued from levity and given its rightful place in the serious consideration of literateurs and savants.

Dr. Louis Robinson, in the June issue of Blackwood's Magazine, attempts to account for the fact that a large number of persons found among the losers in life's battles—the incompetents—possess insignificant, under-sized, snub noses. He bases his theory upon a study of the inmates in several large London workhouses, where he found that plebeian and puerile noses, especially those with small, immobile and inefficient nostrils, were, without question, more abundant than among the outside population. There is no end to the diversity of noses, both as to shape and to size; one sees the military, the artistic, the cogitative and the commercial nose; but that which has achieved the honorable distinction of being the most perfect nose that nature has yet evolved is the aquiline or patrician nose, with its high bridge, refined, drooping tip, and thin, clear-cut nostrils. This, Dr. Robinson maintains, is hereditary; and he undertakes to give its origin—by resorting to Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest—and explain why the aquiline nose is a mark of racial superiority.

He finds, with Sir Charles Bell—who, however, drew no inferences from the discovery—that the prominence of the nose and of the lower parts of the forehead and the development of the cavities in the center of the face, are all concerned in the voice. This is ascertained by the manliness of the voice coming with the full development of these parts. "It is easy," he says, "for any one to convince himself by experiment as to the vital part played by the nose in vocal expression. Let him, while reciting some moving passage from his favorite orator or poet, suddenly stop both nostrils. The most telling or splendid appeal to the emotions is thus instantly degraded to a series of ridiculous animal noises, as different from the ordinary sounds of the human voice as the squeaks and groans from an ungreased cartwheel are different from the notes of a Cremona violin."

He then goes on to show the part which the voice has played in the history of human progress. During the vast, unrecorded ages, when writing was unknown, man had only two ways of influencing his fellows—by brute force and by voice. Among intelligent savages, such as our North American Indians, oratory is of no little importance to the would-be leader of a tribe, and even today many civilized nations are ruled upon the same general plan. When it is remembered that the emotions respond more readily to tone than to mere words, that an ill-constructed and illogical speech uttered in expressive and dramatic tones will sway even a modern hypercritical audience more completely than the most masterly arguments delivered in dull, mechanical accents—when this is remembered, it is not difficult to understand why the man who is fitted by nature thus to sway his people becomes a power as much to be reckoned with as merely the man who has an extraordinary supply of brute force at his command.

It cannot be denied that, cursorily glancing down through the ages, the people among whom oratory has been a ruling power—from the Greeks and Romans to the Anglo-Saxons, and from the Maoris to the American Indians—are generally, but not invariably characterized by larger and more perfectly developed noses than the "unparliamentary peoples"—the Chinese, the Eskimos, the Malays—who have not been accustomed to choose their leaders by public speaking competitions. The latter have small or flat, characterless noses and thin, squeaking voices that, however unceasingly they may jabber, do not rise to the dignity of real eloquence. Who has ever heard a Japanese or a Chinese orator that could move a great throng of people to tears, or to the performance of any disinterested or noble deed?

The "sounding-board nose," as it is irreverently called, since it tended to raise its possessor in the political and social scale, would become, more and more, a mark of leadership and high caste. Certain moulding influences were also at work, which rendered the patrician nose, to some extent, a product of culture. The muscles of the mouth, which more than any other muscles of the body have sympathetic connection with the emotions, exert a curiously important influence upon the nose. Thus a slightly retroussee nose, Dr. Robinson asserts, may be made straight, and a straight nose slightly aquiline by merely tightning the lips as in self-control or in the impulse to master others. This habit, if persisted in, tends to produce a permanent type, and will perhaps help to explain the nose of the Romans, the Jews, the North American Indians, in whom either a masterful and commanding temper or else self-repression has become a characteristic trait. Other arguments in support of Dr. Robinson's theory will present themselves, also some in opposition to it, such as the riddle of the prominent, well-developed nose of a people so stolid, so wrapped in impenetrable silence as the Sioux Indians, of America, or the Brahman of Hindostan. Superior timbre or tone quality of voice alone can hardly explain this when accompanied with such unusual brevity of speech in the ordinary affairs of life. Again, the negro is remarkable for his imperfectly developed flat nose, yet it would be hard to find a people more susceptible to oratory, or more trully musical in voice. These and other facts are ignored, and one cannot but surmise that some other evolutionary cause has been at work which Dr. Robinson has not discovered.

Dr. Colignon, in his famous studies in the Dordogne District of West Central France, in which he has done some of the most brilliant work that has yet been given to the world in anthropology—formulates the law that in a given race of people the length and width of the nose bears a direct relation to the stature, the long and narrow nose being more common in persons who are above the average height. This law Dr. Robinson does not take into account, yet it probably has more to do with solving the problem than any of his own theories. The tall, large-boned man indicates an ancestrial heritage of more abundant nourishment, physical supremacy, and the increased mentality and culture that naturally result from these advantages.

Alfred C. Haddon in his "Study of Men," one of the most recent contributions to anthropology, calls attention to the fact that the classical or Greek nose never really existed, certain Greek sculptors exaggerating and falsifying the contours of the nose and forehead, so as to give increased nobility to the expression. The splendid and majestic brow of Olympian Zeus in particular was an overstepping of human contours. Haddon devotes an entire chapter in his book to the nose, and in common with other investigators, finds it of the greatest significance in studying the survival of ethnological forms. Nowhere has the distinction between the fine and coarse types of nose been more fully studied than among the castes of India. There it has been found that the nose ranks higher, as a distinctive characteristic, than the stature or even the shape of the head itself.

It is rather a curious fact that the one function of the nose which is not considered by anthropologists is that which makes of it a breathing apparatus.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Glorious Fourth.

Little firecrackers,
Little girls and boys,
Little love of freedom,
Make a lot of noise.
Little lint and ointment,
When the Fourth is done,
Little use, for youngsters
Angels, every one.

The Cook Ladies' Union.

"Ladies," said the chairlady of the Cook Ladies' Union, as she rapped with a rolling-pin on the table, "yez is here assimbled to sthand up for yure roights, which the same has been thrampled in the dust by the grindin' thyranny iv the wommin iv the house. Is there anny remarks?"

"Ay ben tankin'," said Miss Swenson, as she rose to her feet, and stood gracefully rubbing her nose, "Ay ben tanking ve moost mak' rules."

"Sure an its roight ye arre," replied the chairlady, an' has anny mimber here prisint anny rules to suggist? It is a lot iv them we need entoirely."

Miss Kochweib, who at this point secured the floor, waited till the applause which greeted the chairlady's comment had subsided, then she said:

"Mis Shairlady, und (turning around to the sisterhood) die anderen, vat you say dot all die und gake by us ladies make haf von union stamp daran, und dot beebles dot bie und gake midout dot stamp on eat, boygotted be?"

"It's not a bad idy, at all at all," answered the chairlady, and I suggist thot we hov the sthamp an iverything we cr-r-reates in our capacity iv cook ladies, an' that we make the boycott so sthrong thot thim as refuses to ate sthamped a-r-r-ticles moost starve. Are there anny ither suggistions?"

Miss Chairlady," observed Miss Flynn, "I am of the opinion thot imployin' womin had ought to secure permits whin they want to hov company in the house, the same bein' duly signed by the chairlady iv the union.

"Und dot dey not oudt go midoudt permission wenn die cooklady egsbect dot her feller asg her ins theater zu gehen," suggested Miss Kochweib.

"Ant ve gat sax mont' notice if she go vay for goot ant not us more vant," was Miss Swenson's comment.

"Zat ve also her apparel have zat ve may make ze dignify appearannce on ze street," added Miss Mayonaisse.

By this time the committee on rules, consisting of Miss Dolan, Miss Zoghaum, Miss Larsen and Miss Pommedeterre brought in their report, which was ordered read by the chairlady, each member of the committee reading the section she drew up. It follows:

"Whereas, we, the Cook Ladies' Union, havin' been deprived of the right of free speech, which is the palaydjum of our liberties, iv the privilege of havin' what we playse for males, iv the roight to take anny or ivry noight aff, an' iv the coompensation that our talents intitles us to, and,

"Whereas, dot der gompany von der Kooklady in die Kitchen bleiben muss, und dot der hauswoman peoples zu Dinner has wenn she not die Kochlady ask, und,

"Whereas, ve tank dot ve ben mak too early in mornings to get up und ve tank dat vashin' send out ought to, ant,

"Whereas, ve air esteem but as von mentalle, and our labors are too severe, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the Cukeladies' Union, bein' in sound mind an' excellent healt' does assoort with imphasis, thot our roights has auf der Erde getrampled been ant ve tank it not gut dat ve so low wages git, and we declar-re that we moost hov a slidin' scale iv the same which can slide upwards, but niver downwards, und dot di Hauswoman no gombany midout a bermit haf can, und dat ze Cookladees declaire zemselv free and independent, and swear to so remainne and thot we know what we has comin' to us and will see that it is kep gooin' in the roight direction."

Having heard this report, the meeting adjourned, to meet next Saturday, when the right of the woman of the house to come into the kitchen will be the subject for discussion.

The Bridge Guard on the Karoo.

(Continued.)

Few, forgotten an' lonely
We was but a w'ile ago,
But Rudyard, God bless 'im, only
Says "yip," an' we got a show.

Ramparts an' slaughter an' peril,
An' hother things bloomin' 'ard,
'Ad got us plumb over a barrel—
Us 'eros composin' the guard.

The twilight swallowed the thicket,
An' the hocean drank up the sun,
But as food or drink for the picket,
There was never a beer or a bun.

We longed for a chance to be fightin'
For glory, for 'ome an' for fame,
Little knowin' that Rudyard was writin'
Hour hannals in letters o' flame.

The twilight 'ad colored the passes
With beryl, fast fadin' an' dim,
W'en we saw him lamp 'round through is glasses,
But little we know'd it was 'im.

But w'en, through the risin' vapors
Come screechin' the mornin' train,
An' we grabbed for the month-old papers,
The facts, they stuck out bloomin' plain.

For w'ile the hothers was stumblin'
O'er the kopje after Dewet,
An' cussin' an' growlin' an' grumblin'
At the grub that they 'adn't et,

W'y 'ere was hour little poet,
With 'is legs 'anging hover the bridge,
An' 'is heyes on the water below it,
W'ile 'is thoughts soared hover the ridge.

An' 'ere 'e was thinkin' habout us,
An' plannin' to state to King Ned
That 'e couldn't fight battles without us—
That we'd hought to be grogged up an' fed

An' there was hour lastin' glory
Played up in some stirrin' rhymes,
Which set forth hour movin' story
In the bully old Lunnon Times.

. . . . . .

The jackals is sadly callin',
An' the 'ots of 'eaven rise
With a star or two a fallin',
Like tears from a woman's eyes.

The 'Ottentot 'order is yellin',
A 'ideous thing to 'ear,
The sound o' profanity's swellin'
From the faraway muleteer.

The place is most bloomin' lonely,
Hit couldn't be 'ardly worse,
An' w' never could stand it, only
For Rudyard's himmortal verse.

But we clasp the Times in hour jacket,
Close up to hour beatin' 'earts,
An' we swear that we'll make no racket
When Rudyard takes our parts.

We'll feed on the tins, when rations,
As often they does, runs low,
For the life has its compensations,
Even 'ere far removed from the foe.

The river is sorrowfly riplin',
An' everything's bleak an' drear,
But for us, well, we've got great Kiplin'
To fill us with gladness an' cheer.

An' so we will not be lonely,
We will not drink of sorrow's sad cup,
If the Times, dear old paper, will only
'Ave Rudyard keep writin' hus hup.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.