The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with occasional light rains; cooler; westerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 52; minimum temperature, 46; precipitation, 0.35 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

FIVE MOTIVES.

This unanimous uprising on behalf of the Lewis and Clark Centennial is the most impressive fact in the history of Portland. It springs, no doubt, from a diversity of impulse, and some of the influences at work may be worth setting down, for reproof, for counsel and for edification.

First let us mention a decent pride in state and city. The isolation of this region in years gone by and its general misconception by the world at large have engendered here a patriotism of locality of a finer type than marks the more uniform abodes of the East and the Middle West. The Oregon sentiment is like that of the Southron for the South, or the exile's for the fatherland. We are proud of our history, of our scenery, of our resources. We rejoice in the past, we glory in the future. This is the universal feeling of the Oregon man, at home or abroad. At length the opportunity has arrived to make Oregon known, in all of its many aspects of achievement and promise. There is the pride of the historical student, the pride of the Nature enthusiast, the pride of the true-hearted optimist, all of which find their expression in committee work and on the subscription roll.

Here in Portland there is also the municipal ambition. For years we have been told, by others and by ourselves, that Portland is a name unknown in the great world without. Whether true or false, it is an accepted tradition that while other Pacific Coast cities are household words in the realms of travel and trade, nobody ever hears of Portland or reads its name in the press dispatches. Resentment at this real or fancied inequality has been growing apace for a long time. It is ready to break out in something tangible, and that something is the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

A third consideration that cannot be ignored is the hope of making money. We are all after money, though we are too proud to own it. We recognize that the preacher has an eye for salary as well as souls, that the doctor remembers his fee through all the blessed work of alleviating suffering, that the noble profession of law only gets its wheels in motion after they have been duly oiled by coin of the realm, and that the engines of public opinion do not hitch on to the car of progress until subscriptions and advertisements have first started a crackling under the boilers. These things are accounted base in all circles outside the offending ranks; but upon reflection we should doubtless surmise at length that the impulse to acquire a competence and support a family and leave some tangible relic behind us of successful achievement is as worthy as most of the motives that struggle in the maelstrom of life and ornament the highest circles of society. "Mercenary" and "money-grubbing" are well-known terms in the lexicon of those whose patrimony has been squandered, whose wives in patient suffering strive to hide the marks of shiftless improvidence, whose shuffling steps wear out the pavements and barroom floors for which other men have paid. Without the money-grubbers, there would be no exposition, nor poorhouses in which to shelter the knocker when at length the hammer falls from his nerveless hand.

The curious and the inquiring mind should welcome the opportunity to see the world of invention and travel brought to his own door. Will every man who would spend $500 to go to Buffalo put $100 down on the subscription roll? If so, it will be money in his pocket, and if not, why not?

There have been subscription lists of many sorts in Portland, but never one like this. It will be scrutinized and compared as no similar record of contributions was ever compared and scrutinized before. Because the enterprise is a public undertaking. It belongs to the people, and on the showing made the people will have an opinion.

A Seattle paper argues for improvement of the navigation of the Columbia River, above Portland, but insists that nothing be done below Portland or at the mouth of the river. But what could be the use of improvement of the Upper Columbia, if nothing is to be done at the outlet to the sea? If provision is not to be made, so that deep vessels can get into the river and out of it, what is the use of improvements on the upper river? Of course, the Seattle paper's statement is merely obstructive. It wishes to shut up the Columbia River. The little stupid papers of Astoria—being nothing—simply echo Seattle, in the hope of injuring Portland. They would shut up the Columbia River, to injure Portland, if they could. And yet it remains that the great obstruction to shipping on the Columbia is the bar, at the mouth of the river. There is ten times as much detention of commerce there as between Portland and Astoria. Vessels can be taken up and down the river with little detention or expense. There can be lighterage, if necessary, and there are ready means of doing it, as there is lighterage at Hamburg, the leading port of the continent of Europe; but there can be no lighterage from Astoria, out over the bar. The jetty, at the mouth of the river, is the chief work required. Astoria is no more a seaport than Portland, and the work most required is between Astoria and the sea. What good is improvement of a river, unless marine vessels can get in and out of it? The main detention of the commerce of the Columbia Basin is at, or just below, Astoria. That is to say, between Astoria and the sea. The worst of all the bars below Portland is the bar below Astoria.

THE CONDITIONS OF MANHOOD.

No one need doubt that Indian Commissioner Jones strikes at the root of the problem when he says that the reservation system must be broken up before the Indian can be civilized. What ails the Indian is not his inherited brains, but his barbarian environment from youth up. There was nothing of human progress in Paradise. The beginning of human development was "Paradise Lost."

Here in Oregon we are familiar with the catastrophe of the educated Indian. Take the young buck or maiden from the ancestral tent, administer a course of whatever length at the Chemawa School, and in contemplation of the proud product hope burns brightly in the philanthropic breast. Then comes the day of departure from the scholastic halls, the glad return to the reservation. Quick curtain, and the brave is discovered overtaken by firewater, while the valedictorian of her class, clad only in a blanket, scurries over the Umatilla plain astride the hurricane deck of a cayuse.

We are wont to say that this is the Indian nature cropping out. Blood will tell. What's bred in the bone, etc. But science at length has taught us that the difficulty is not so much in the birth as in the training. The Indian is a brainy race. In native force and capacity, maugre the differences of breeding and education, the Iroquois sachems were a match for the French diplomats who confronted them in council. The degenerate Indian is the product of the reservation system, just as the isolated fish Indian of Western Oregon and Washington has risen in the scale of living when he has been thrown from childhood among the whites.

Those isolated cases where children of alien races have been raised among us from infancy prove, for all nationalities, how much depends on training, how little on heredity. Born in this country an Italian or a German, and subjected wholly to American surroundings, the child grows up as good an American as anybody. A negro reared in an English family will have none of the characteristics of speech or manners that distinguish our American darky, but would be taken, if he could be painted white, for an English gentleman. The Indian youth himself, transplanted in tender years to an American home, grasps the thoughts of his books and imbibes the manners of his instructors as readily as do his whiter comrades.

What makes the American or English man or woman of today is not the ganglia or convolutions of cranial substance, but the multitude of impressions that have been borne in upon those vacant tablets since the dawn of infancy. Heredity is a great mystery, but the one thing certain about it is that of the infinite streams converging in the original germ of any individual, which is to dominate or which will be called into activity or lulled into nothingness by environment, nobody can calculate or conjecture. Features and traits of ancestors that died generations ago may reappear, and progeny of the same father and mother may resemble both, or one, or neither, and may be as far apart in their later life as North from South. Nothing can be predicated concerning heredity, but much concerning training. The foundling may and often does rise to great heights of achievement. The great man's son may be entangled into failure.

The Indian, therefore, is what his bringing up has made him. The bright minds of the race can be made much of, and they will be as many to the hundred as we ourselves can show. The feeble minds will stay in the background, along with our own paupers and pensioners, tramps and poor relations. Our Indian is no more abject in utter dependence than are thousands of mighty England's victims of systematic and soul-destroying philanthropy or the broken-down office-seekers of our National capital. The Indian will remain a child so long as he is treated like a child. When he is put on the reckoning of a man, he will rise to that basis. So he did in his tribal existence, when the fit survived and bred and the weak ones went also their appointed way instead of being nurtured to multiply their kind. How much man can improve on Nature's way is seen in the colossal failure of our Indian system.

Unfortunately, nobody wants the problem settled on the score of what is best for the Indian. We have contractors to enrich and political hacks to be provided with snug berths as agents. A good law can be passed and doubtless will, when it can be enacted without the votes of Congress.

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The New York Evening Post on Saturday last commemorated the 100th anniversary of its publication. The management and editorial staff were on that day the guests at a luncheon given in honor of the Evening Post's service to the cause of good government and good citizenship by eminent men of both parties, including ex-Mayor Hewitt, Levi P. Morton, John G. Carlisle, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie. The guests included Archbishop Corrigan, St. Clair McKelway, President Patton, President Schurman, of Cornell, and Whitelaw Reid. This tribute of honor from men of all parties, all religions and no religion is well deserved.

The New York Evening Post in its long life has done more for high thinking and right living, for good government and good citizenship, than any newspaper in our history. It has been able to be influential for all that is best in American life, not alone because it has included such able men as Bryant, Parke Godwin, Godkin and Horace White, but chiefly because from first to last the New York Evening Post has always been, not simply an able journal, but because it has always been in serious earnest, always been incorrupt and always rational, never whimsical or erratic in thought, expression or purpose. These are the rare qualities that bring a newspaper length of days, honor and troops of friends. Horace Greeley was a great editor; he was not only a very able but an absolutely honest man; he made the Tribune a great power in his day, but Horace Greeley was in some respects a very whimsical, erratic man, who allowed his crotchets or prejudices to decide his policy and then resorted to his reason to find a good defense for his whims.

The Post has always obtained and retained public confidence because it always refuses to be whimsical; it insists first of all on reasonableness; it may not always in stern times have what has been called a "sweet" reasonableness; but the Post always starts with an appeal to eternal reason, not transient popular whim or prejudice. It is always conscientious as to its facts; it does not deal in garbled statement; it stands manfully by its guns, and when fairly beaten does not pervert the truth or evade unanswerable argument by spitting sneers in the enemy's face. It is a formidable adversary, but it is always a fair, manly foe. It does not lie; it does not sneak or retire; it does not carry water on both shoulders. If it is not always benevolent in debate, it is never malevolent. It is strong and it has always been strong, because it has always been not simply able, but because it has been of earnest, serious purpose, has been upright, has been absolutely incorrupt, and, above all, has been always rational, never whimsical or erratic.

The method of the Post has been absolutely simple; it always gives the facts and then frames its argument from the facts. If the reasoning can be upset, it wastes no time in dishonest defense; but until its statement of fact is successfully overthrown or its reasoning fairly controverted, the Post always stands resolutely by its guns. During the recent campaign against Tammany the Post devoted nearly its entire editorial page to the discussions consequent upon that contest. While all the great papers of New York were zealous against Tammany, the influence of the Post doubtless was the greatest in rousing to action that inert, well-to-do class that Justice Jerome called the "dress suit brigade." Men who have a taste for literature, art and music, for easy living, both within doors and without, are not always nor often ready to discharge their full personal responsibility in politics. To this number of people who do a little thinking on a very few subjects and "think they know it all" the Post was like a firebell ceaselessly ringing on a dark night; it would not let them sleep.

Of course, the higher grade of educated men are admirers of the Post, but they do not need to be energized and organized by its utterance. It is the educated mediocrity and respectability, that means well but never acts, that needs the New York Evening Post. The entire daily newspaper press of San Francisco opposed, derided or ignored the candidacy of Mr. Schmitz, who was elected by a large majority. The San Francisco press united has no influence because it is a press known to be "altogether commercialized, or altogether hesitanized," and if this had been the case in New York City Tammany would have won in spite of the united opposition of the great newspapers. When a great paper like the Post is known to be unbought, unterrified, incorrupt and without political or sectarian prejudice in its anxiety to upset Tammany, its influence is in time resistless, for all the open or covert gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.

James Russell Lowell once made the statement that our political methods were so repulsive that "ambitious and able men, who felt that they were fitted for a political career, that by character and training they could be of service to their country, found every avenue closed to them except at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek." The methods of politics are not seldom offensive, but so not seldom are the methods of business, the methods of not a few legal practitioners, the methods of some physicians, the methods of a good many journalists, but we do not believe that the spectacle of the abuse of the ideal functions of any legitimate field of human effort ever kept any man out of it who was really ambitious and able, confident of fitness by character and training for that field. The reason pleaded by Mr. Lowell is really not much better than the plea offered by men who are by temperament too fastidious and hypercritical for the rough, dusty field of effort in business, law or politics.

There is no field of human effort that deals with the world, the flesh and the devil that is not full of base men, lending themselves to base practice. This has always been true of the world of business, of law, politics and journalism, which are far purer today in both England and America than they were in the last century. But really strong, able, ambitious men, conscious of fitness for these spheres of action, do not avoid them because the arena is always dusty and not seldom dirty in atmosphere and environment, for to do so would be neither patriotic nor courageous. Able, ambitious, self-confident men do not shrink from the battles of public life because the sights and sounds and environment of the battlefield are not inviting nor the methods of warfare always humane and honorable. They seek these fields because they know they are needed there to help purify the air and ameliorate the horrors and vices of its warfare by higher example and nobler leadership. The field in which men like Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Clay and Lincoln did great and far-reaching work for our National welfare was quite as base in practice and repulsive in aspect in their day as it is in our own.

The day of Pitt and Fox and Burke was a time when the field of practical politics was saturated with corruption, but these great men, absolutely incorrupt and patriotic themselves, did not plead their own classical culture and personal hostility for current corrupt political practice as a reason why they should avoid the arena of politics. It was their duty not to abandon the field to base politicians and corrupt practice; it was their business to refuse to abandon to corrupt partisanship "what was meant for mankind." If Lincoln had been fastidious, he would have been lost to both law and politics, but he knew that there is nothing in public life worth doing in which honorable achievement does not involve hard work and not seldom repulsive experience, and he knew that there is always honor, if not profit, waiting for an able, ambitious man who carries an honest purpose in his heart in any great field of human action. We do not believe the world of politics, law or business ever repelled a man really fitted to serve it well and ably because of transient sordidness or impurity in its methods, but we do believe that some able men fitted to shine in these great fields of energetic human action have avoided them chiefly because of natural indolence, or moral indifference, or intellectual fastidiousness.

A man like Lowell, who is nothing but a fastidious critic when he was not a poet, would of course feel repulsion for the world of business or law or politics. He tried the law, but soon left it for literature, the proper field for a fastidious man who possesses a fine poetic imagination and a hypercritical spirit. These fastidious, poetic-minded, critical natures always look at politics in the mood of the dude described by Hotspur as saying but "for these vile guns he would himself have been a soldier." The men who do not like guns and wounds will never win any battles worth fighting, either in the tented or the political field. Justice Jerome, had he consulted his personal aversion for the atmosphere as he found it, would be counted today with the rest of "the dress suit brigade," but he determined to enter the field and help make life better worth living for thousands than it had been under the obscene political despotism of Tammany Hall. If the field of politics is in possession of the banditti of bribery and corruption and base partisanship, no able, ambitious, upright man with consciousness of fitness for this field of action will stay out of it because he finds it in vile hands. He will prove his fitness to occupy the field by conquering it and wresting it from the exclusive possession of knaves and of fools who are the dull tools of depravity.

THE BOTTLED IMP.

A Western father, college educated, writes a long letter to the Springfield Republican in denunciation of the whole method of primary school education as not only irrational, but cruel. He holds that every child ought simply to play until it is 10 years old, and that it is as wrong to shut up little children in schoolhouses and make them study as it is to shut them up in factories and make them work. He teaches his children at home, and by a very little effort puts them at 16 years of age away ahead of the average pupil in the schools. This reformer insists that he can take any child of ordinary capacity and let it fish, frolic and be happy and learn little more than the alphabet till 10 years of age, and then with very little effort run that child right in over your school children by the time he is 16. He is content if his child can count nineteen and recognize the letters of the alphabet on sight by the time he is 7. By the time he is 9 he will know how to count because he has picked it up. This reformer makes it a cardinal point of his system of home teaching that his boy "must not go chasing around with all sorts of boys, must not associate with trashy boys, must not chase around too much with any sort of boys. Home is his place, and he must know it."

The boy will not be given a daily newspaper to read, because "the mind does not grow on a diet of gossip and love stories." He will be allowed to read "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress" and child's histories of England and America. History and science first, fiction and philosophy later, will be the motto. But there will be no set tasks, no recitations, no examinations. The boy will go at will; he will not be driven, only guided. He will work enough to be useful; he will have plenty of books and maps, but he will not study grammar until he is 18, and will then learn all he needs to know in a month, for this reformer thinks that "grammar is only a pedantic amusement of little real value." He will be taught to add, subtract, multiply and divide, and then turned loose. If he has a taste for mathematics, he will take care of himself. At 18 this home-taught boy will have read many thousand pages of carefully selected books and periodicals; he might misspell the plural of some words; he might "fall down" on parsing a conjunctive adverb, but he will be an intelligent boy in all the essential groundwork of knowledge. This reformer says he never went to school a day in his life till he entered college; never till then had he been assigned a task or recited a lesson, but he could easily hold his own with boys who had been "disciplined" through the drill of schools for ten or fifteen years, and he closes his screed with a reiteration of his opinion that the method of primary education in use in America is irrational, useless and cruel, and that his facts show it.

Of course, in justice to this reformer it should be said that his method, for its execution, implies that the parent is both able and willing to undertake it. It means, of course, that the parent will have the time, the ability and the mental equipment to be the constant companion, overseer and spiritual guide of his children. It implies a parent who knows the worth of books, who has money enough to furnish his home with the best books and best aids and conveniences for self-education and instruction. Granting such a parent, there would be nothing surprising in a boy educated carefully at home by a wise and devoted father coming to college the peer, at least in scholastic attainments, of the average graduate of the common schools. It is quite possible, perhaps probable, that the boy educated at home by his father would come to college in possession of more superficial refinement of manners and speech than the graduate of the public schools. It is quite possible that out of some boys this exclusive education by an ideal parent and teacher until he was 18 would build just as useful and serviceable a man for the versatile work and duties of the world as school life.

But it is very doubtful whether the majority of boys would turn out any better for this exclusive home education until 18. The boy trained at home exclusively would be in great danger of certain defects of mind, manner and temper which are usually found in boys who do not go to a public school and chase around a good deal with other boys. A public school is a little world, a small democracy in itself. It is full of boisterous vitality, vulgarity, perhaps, but the boy has to taste of life in its wisdom and folly, its sweetness and bitterness, its sorrow and its joy, its passion, pugnacity and conflict, sooner or later; and because this is so it is better that he should go to a public school at 10 years of age and stay there until he is 18 in the rough, vulgar little world of school life, even if it is certain that he will not become as good a scholar or as well-read a boy as the boy whose only schoolhouse is the home, whose only teacher is his father until he is 18. Home-bred and trained boys escape some dangers that are encountered at public schools; but the chances are that the average boy exclusively taught at home until 18 will be a shy, sensitive youth, who will bleed whenever the world pricks him with a pin, or if he is naturally strong in mind and body he will be arrogant, dogmatic, supercilious, self-sufficient and repellent, qualities that will be sure to disqualify him for popular leadership in the future.

If the value of education lies not simply in making a boy an accurate scholar, but in making a man able to do a man's part among all kinds and conditions of men, the public school education, with all its defects of methods and instruments, is far better for the average boy than even the best home training by the most devoted parent up to the date of entry into college or business. A famous bishop of the Episcopal Church brought up a large family of boys upon this system of exclusive home life and training until 18. All the able boys in mind and body, as soon as they escaped from their father's tutelage, rushed headlong into wild dissipation, while the only boys who did any credit to their fathers' care were the boys of delicate physique and mediocre mentality. Shakespeare somewhere says in substance that the boldest, bravest birds are never those that stay longest in the nest in which they were hatched. The eaglet's home life is short compared with that of a sucking dove or timid domestic fowl. The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is not wise to keep a boy bottled up at home until he is 18. He cannot avoid the touch of life, with its risk of taint, so let him be tested with the other boys who will people the world in which, win or lose, he must ultimately work.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer represents the great manufacturing trusts of the country as eager, anxious, studiously contriving means to pay labor highest possible wages. They don't want "Chinese cheap labor" at all; and it is a slander to intimate that they do. But they do continually contrive to get laborers, by tens of thousands, from the lowest classes of the population of Europe; and their profits are largely based on the employment of such labor. They would be as glad to get Chinese, if the way were open. Through the coming of the trusts the old connection between employer and employe is lost. The trust magnates and the trust stockholders want dividends. They don't care for men.

A prodigious movement for the abolition of traffic in "white slaves" is under way in conscience-smitten Europe. On what grounds does not appear. Not for humanity, it is certain, for when did black skins not smart beneath the lash as well as white, or black breasts not yearn at sight of offspring torn away to glut a stranger's cupidity or lust? White slaves are no more to be pitied for their miseries than black slaves, nor are their owners less to be abhorred. The brotherhood of man, though established by science as well as announced long ago by religion, is slow in coming to its inheritance in popular esteem.

Canvassers for the subscriptions for the Centennial of 1905, who are to start tomorrow morning, will have no time to listen to arguments about the propriety of holding the Centennial, or to make arguments in reply. The case has been argued. It has been presented in every light. Every citizen knows all about it. And it is believed that every citizen, every firm, every local corporation, will have their minds made up, so that the subscriptions may be written without parley or delay. Portland must do this thing, and the call comes to every citizen as a call to duty by the city he lives in.

An admirable arrangement has been made for the peace and good order of Colombia, by the terms of which the Vice-President will turn the government over to General Reyes. No obstacle appears in the way of this delectable programme, the President being opportunely in jail by order of the aforesaid Vice-President. Yet these governments actually coin money and make treaties, and when the national treasury of one of them was opened in state the other day it was found to contain various moneys of the gold value of $450! Alack, why is not Mr. Gilbert 40 instead of 65?

Some of the Democratic and assistant Democratic papers of the state are in the habit of giving currency to certain innuendos concerning the administration of the State Land Board. Governor Geer has thought best to notice these accusations in a statement printed this morning on another page. The Governor certainly shifts the burden of proof upon his accusers and makes certain promises whose conditions they should either fulfill or else hereafter hold their peace.

We have understood from various sources that the late result in Iowa was due to the Democracy's staying with Bryanism, and also to the Republicans' casting loose from prohibition. Comes now the Boston Advertiser with the news that the 80,000 Republican majority was due to the party's declaration for reciprocity. Doubtless several other true and only explanations are yet to be heard from. Wishes generate a large progeny of opinions.

It is not the purpose to buy land, with any part of the proceeds of the stock subscriptions, for the Lewis and Clark Centennial. It will properly be the function of the city to obtain or prepare a site. The improvements to be made by the city may be, to large extent, of permanent character. All this may be done, legally, under municipal authority. The city, as a municipality, may thus take an important part in the preparations

The Indianapolis News, discussing the straits of the Democratic party, says its need now is another Grover Cleveland. It is to be hoped the saying will escape the notice of Colonel Watterson, Governor Pennoyer and other Clevelandphobists.

Portland "gets together" on the Lewis and Clark Centennial. To "get Portland together" is a result worth far more than the cost of the celebration.

The money subscribed for the stock of the Lewis and Clark Centennial will be controlled by directors elected by the subscribers.

WOULD YOU WRITE A NOVEL?

The American public has as voracious an appetite as all-swallowing Kronos. The popular craving is for novels. The millions of copies of fiction turned out by never-tiring presses, in comparison with the circulation of famous novels of the great masters, is almost fabulous. Once upon a time publication of 20,000 copies of one work was extraordinary, but now, an issue of several hundred thousand is not unusual.

This mania is incubated by publishers. They know how to hatch it from a popular whim, to brood it, to toady to it, and to fawn upon it. Humbug has developed into one of the spectacular fine arts, with everybody so poor as to do it reverence. The art has a horde of practitioners whose growth keeps pace with the popular appetite like tapeworms. The horde embraces all classes, without distinction as to race, color or previous condition. The muse of fiction, if there be one, has descended from Parnassus, in one case to clatter about in the slippers of a chambermaid or in another to tread in the high-heeled shoes of dignity. Many of these panderers to the public mania are answering the divine voice of conscience. Criticism only shuts their ears to the base ridicule of men. Are they not therefore noble? Whether it be right to obey God or men, judge ye.

The debilitating effect of so much garbage, as it were, dumped into the public mind, may be a fit subject for cynics. Enthusiasts have rejoiced that modern methods of education and study expedite the evolutionary climb of mankind. But the good of indiscriminate reading may be doubted; the enervating effect on mind and memory may be feared.

Do you wish to write a novel? Then cast the die to see whether you will make your work an art or a trade. If you are greedy of gain, here's your trade. If your conscience cannot be debauched, here's your art. But remember, unless you charm the coy dame of fortune, the paths of both lead but to the grave.

Two of the seven ages of man are given either to fiction writing or fiction dreaming. Are you a simpering youth, you have your reveries. Are you a lone, lorn old maid, you must enjoy your single blessedness in writing a novel. Are you a dried-up teacher, make all the world your pupil in a novel. Are you a worn-out preacher, fallen behind the mad rush of belief and doubt, point a moral and adorn a tale which will make you wealthy, and mankind healthy and wise. But first make up your mind. Will you follow the art or the trade?

If your object is money, you must adopt the trade. In the art, no person who has started out to get rich has ever succeeded. In the trade, however, the object has been attained. But think at what cost and in what a maze of chances. Stock in the trade is flippancy, and flippancy is a slave to luck. In a thousand efforts to tickle the fancy of the public, only one succeeds, and in ten thousand, only one can keep up the tickle long enough to make money.

Judge whether the trade is noble. It violates the revered traditions and standards of the language. Not what is established usage will suffice, but what is as odd as possible. Not patient literary excellence will avail, but some easy trick to reach the popular vanity at a leap. An adjective, a phrase will not do in its natural place, nor a word in its natural meaning.

Novel-writing as a trade is levity. It does not dip below the surface of wisdom, but skims about like water-striders over ponds where, as boys, we used to swim. Trade writers are the base mechanicals. But the whirling index of fortune stops only with one of many of them, a chief among ten thousand.

As an art, novel-writing is more epidemic. For such unfortunates as are obnoxious to the malady, the only antitoxin is experience. Hardly a person has not had an idea in his mind for a novel. The most respectable is not above suspicion. Your grandfather, your wife, your sister, your physician, your banker, perhaps all have been inoculated. Do not ridicule, facetious friend. A critic would be something else without experience.

Failures in trade fiction perhaps do not deserve pity. But in art fiction there is true pathos. The struggle of wretched writers covers a multitude of disappointments. Ambition with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on the fate of one single, often miserable manuscript. Diffidence, no matter how painful, has an element of confidence until turned to grim despair.

Successful art writers have not been serfs to mammon. Writers who have been serfs have failed. Scott had made himself before he started out to make money. The living conspicuous authors have been slaves only to their ambition to write. Miss Johnston, Miss Glasgow, Gilbert Parker, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Cable, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Norris and Mr. Churchill are examples.

Sales of novels have increased enormously in the past few years, whereas demand for other books has not appreciably enlarged. According to the World's Work one publishing house has received within a certain period 800 manuscripts, 650 of them novels. Of the latter only four were accepted.

According to the Review of Reviews the most popular novels have been sold as follows:

	Copies.
David Harum	520,000
Richard Carvel	420,000
The Crisis	320,000
Janice Meredith	275,000
Eben Holden	265,000
Quincy Adams Sawyer	200,000
D'ri and I	100,000
To Have and To Hold	285,000
The Christian	200,000
The Eternal City	100,000
An English Woman's Love Letters	250,000
Black Rock, The Sky Pilot, together nearly	500,000

It is estimated that 3,000,000 copies of popular novels will have been sold this year. The library statistics of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston will show a circulation of 4,000,000 volumes, 4,800,000 of them novels. The circulation of novels in the libraries of the United States this year will reach probably 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 volumes.

Compared with this voracious demand, the sale of Dickens, Trackeray, Eliot and Scott is insignificant. Perhaps less than 100,000 volumes of Scott will be sold this year, about 100,000 volumes of Thackeray, 150,000 of Eliot, and 250,000 volumes of Dickens.

Quite as much virtue lies in advertising a new novel as in the novel itself. Therefore, if you write a novel, first choose your publisher and then do your work. But first choose the art or the trade. If you are true to your conscience, then yours is the art. If you are true to your purse, then yours is the trade.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Modern Classics.

OLD DOG TRAY.

Old dog Tray, ever faithful;
Grief cannot drive him away.
Nor brickbats, for that matter,
And though poisoned meat you scatter,
You cannot lose good old dog Tray.

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
A barrel full o' rye,
Four and twenty Colonels,
Each one fierce to buy.
When the barrel's empty,
The Colonels will not be;
Then we'll see the Coroner
Busy as a bee.

THE BRASS KITCHEN FAUCET.

How dear to my heart was the brass kitchen faucet,
The fizzing and spluttering faucet, whereat
I would fill up a dipper and carelessly toss it
With very delightful results at the cat.
'Twas there I would go when in Summer I thirsted,
To fill up that dipper and take a long drink.
'Twas there in the Winter the water pipe bursted,
And made of the kitchen a fine skating rink.

The brass kitchen faucet,
The spluttering faucet,
The oft leaky faucet
That fizzed o'er the sink.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stood,
The smith shod horses cheerfully
And earned whate'er he could,
But with the horseless carriage he
Has disappeared for good.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes, he was a good old man,
Unversed in modern lore;
He tried to run an auto, and
We ne'er shall see him more.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a boy again, just for tonight,
A gay happy urchin, who never has known
The trials and woes of the long-distance 'phone.

JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill
Came down a hill
Upon a tandem bike;
The pace was hot.
They now know what
The golden streets are like.

What May Happen.

The following letters are likely to be received by J. P. Morgan & Co. almost any time:

Amsterdam, January 3, 1905. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.—Gentlemen: As I am at present out of employment I thought perhaps my services might be of use to you. I have had many years' experience as President of a republic, and can furnish very fair references. I understand the Washington job is occupied, but would be content for the present with the position of Chief Executive of France, or even Mexico. Hoping to hear from you at an early date, I remain, yours truly, PAUL KRUGER.

Manila, November 30, 1905. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.—Gentlemen: Haven't you got a vacant throne somewhere or other that would about fit me? I haven't done anything in that line for several years, but I am sure I could do the work, and I am said to look the part. I would prefer Spain, if you have no choice yourself, as there are several people in Spain who mI should be happy to rule. If all the thrones are vacant perhaps you have a police chieftancy I could fill until a vacancy occurred. Yours truly, EMILIO AGUINALDO.

New York, April 1, 1905. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.—Gentlemen: I see by the papers that the office of Captain-General of Spain is soon to become vacant, and I think I could fill the position with much satisfaction, both to you and myself. If you will direct that a number of people whom you and I know very well be sent over there after my administration begins I will undertake that you will not be troubled with them further. Book reviewers would find a permanent home with me, and I think I could also use a few lightning-rod agents and a paragrapher or two to advantage in the galleys, which I will make a feature of the Navy. Yours truly, MARK TWAIN.

Berlin, June 3, 1905. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.—Gentlemen: As you without doubt are aware, your recent harmonization of this Continent has thrown me out of a job, and I feel that you owe me one. I am well equipped for the office of King, but if you have no such at your disposal, can do most anything else. I am an expert yachtsman, a crack shot, a famous author, a fine playwright, a good soldier, a scientific navigator, an admirable architect, a capable marine designer, a great painter, a competent poet, and have mastered the details of plumbing. Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, as I need the money. Yours truly. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

The Three Tomcats.

Three tomcats sat on a back-yard fence,
Three sour, dyspeptic malcontents,
And pleaded with clamorous eloquence
To a beautiful green-eyed tabby.
They shrieked a trio of passionate love,
And called her their velvet-eyed turtle dove,
She merely winked from the shed above—
A trick which was certainly shabby.

But in point of fact she couldn't decide
With which of the three she'd be satisfied
To tie up for life as a blushing bride;
For each one sang so sweetly.
And hauled from the clouds an extreme high C,
With such a remarkable purity
Of tone that to each of those tomcats three
She had lost her heart completely.

In default of a choice from the tabby fair,
The lovers concluded that then and there
They would fight it out, and they rent the air
With the sound of stern endeavor;
And when the fur flew thick no more,
And the noise of the savage strife was o'er,
Each Tom reclined in a pool of gore
With his heart-throbs stilled forever.

Alas, for the tabby who sat on the shed,
And beheld her admirers cold and dead;
Ere yet a bride she was widow-ed
Because of her hesitation.
Ah, husbands are scarce in this vale of tears,
And the maid who the fate of spinsterhood fears
Should hail the first one that appears
Without procrastination.

—J. J. MONTAGUE.

A Look at Seattle.

The editor of the Eugene (Oregon) Journal has been looking at Seattle, he writes:

We did not see many ships in the harbor nor many new buildings erected recently, but was told that business is "very swift." And it really is a wonderful city for its age and population. It was 50 years old in this month. November 12, 1851, A. A. Denny, with whom the writer of this roomed in Washington, D. C., when Denny was the Territorial Delegate in Congress, in 1866, built his cabin where Seattle now is, and founded a great commercial city. So far as the land is concerned, it is one of the worst locations in the United States for a city, but its location for trade and commerce is unsurpassed. There is scarcely a level piece of ground large enough to build a house on in the whole city, and there is often a rise of 50 to 100 feet in going a distance of a few hundred feet. The lower end of a building will be twice as high as the upper end. In going up the hill to the Courthouse there is an ascent of several hundred feet in a few blocks, some places so steep that long flights of stairs have to be climbed.

It always rains in Seattle—at least we have never been there. Summer or Winter, when it did not rain. The railroad accommodations are the poorest of any town on the Pacific Coast. There is no depot. Passengers are dumped out on a wharf or front street, in the mud, with hacks, cars and engines running on both sides of them. They are in danger of being run over before they can escape.