

The Oregonian.

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Advertisements: For the labor employed, those who undertake it will not only add to the fame and glory of Portland, but they will be multiplying their own natural, wholesome pleasures.

FOR SALE IN SAN FRANCISCO: For sale in San Francisco by L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel news stand; Goldsmith Bros., 230 Market street; F. S. ...

FOR SALE IN LOS ANGELES: For sale in Los Angeles by R. F. Gardner, 229 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 106 So. Spring street.

FOR SALE IN CHICAGO: For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., 212 Dearborn street.

TODAY'S WEATHER: Cloudy, with showers. Brisk to high southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER: Maximum temperature, 59; minimum temperature, 37; precipitation, .45 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1901.

THE JESUIT JUBILEE.

Today will be celebrated in New York City the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of St. Francis Xavier Church, now the most important foundation of the Jesuit order in America, and one of the most important in the whole world.

The Jesuit Father Le Moyne, who first discovered the salt springs of Onondaga, N. Y., in August, 1654, was the third Catholic priest to visit New York. Three English Jesuit priests came to New York City from 1683-1690, but after the accession of William of Orange the few Catholics who lived in New York had a hard time of it, and had to travel as far as Philadelphia once a year to go to confession.

Fathers Marquette, Joliet and Allouez were famous discoverers as well as missionaries. Father Rasle was murdered at the foot of his altar at Narragansett, Me., by the Puritan soldiers, who believed him to be a political emissary and agent of the French Governor of Canada.

The Jesuits have written the record of their order in nearly every quarter of the globe. For many years they had great influence in China and Japan, and up to fifty years ago about all the knowledge possessed of modern science had been learned from the Jesuits. Their civilization had been exhibited in Paraguay and Brazil, Peru, Mexico and Central America at an early date.

The Jesuits have always included the ablest intellects and most accomplished scholars in the Catholic church. Macaulay says that Loyola and the order he founded created the reaction against the Reformation, which in its first fifty years of life was victorious in half the states of Europe.

Mr. Frederick V. Holman, the well-known lawyer, who in an article on another page urges all householders to

Portland to plant roses in anticipation of the Lewis and Clark Centennial, has been an earnest, enthusiastic amateur grower of roses for about 25 years. He is a labor of love, and his reward comes from the satisfaction of producing the finest roses in Portland. He spins no fine theories concerning the culture of roses, but bases his statements upon results achieved with his own hand and brain. He has pointed out, not the varieties which would be selected to win prizes at a rose show, but such handsome varieties as are certain to have a profession of flowers from May to December, the probable period of the proposed fair. He urges that preparations be made at once to secure bushes for planting next Spring. It will be greatly to the city's credit if the suggestion which Mr. Holman makes be heeded. The expense will be small. For the labor employed, those who undertake it will not only add to the fame and glory of Portland, but they will be multiplying their own natural, wholesome pleasures.

OUR MISERLY SENATE.

A petition is already in circulation at Manila asking Congress not to reimpose the duties just made imperative by the United States Supreme Court. This is well enough in its way, but it is not the best way for the thing to be done. Such a petition ought not to be necessary. It is not for the islands to be treated as a colony, but as a part of the great nation and fairness; it is for this great nation, 75,000,000 strong, abundant in resources, to deal even generously with the islands.

Free trade for the island imports in our markets is everything to the Filipinos, and very little to us. Their products are their life; we have trade with the whole world, running into the hundreds of millions. The paltry revenue we can derive from customs on their products will only go to swell an already overflowing treasury. Are the Philippines to be made more welcome in English ports than in our own?

It is perfectly plain that in public policy the taxation of Philippine imports will find no defense. Home industries here are sufficiently "protected" by freight and insurance over 7000 miles of sea. There is not the excuse made in Porto Rico—that the island was impoverished and needed bestowal of alms so raised, for the Philippines can be self-supporting without the circuitous process of collecting duties here to be indelicately turned over to them.

The Philippines would have free access to the home ports, but for two things. One is the fear of offending the protected trusts, and the other is the darling prerogative of the Senate. It was generally apprehended that the Foraker act for Porto Rico, now done away, was passed principally as a precedent for the Philippines. Louisiana, Nebraska, Kansas and Connecticut tobacco gained the ear of the House public ledger. They expect consideration again now, and apparently they are to have it.

Here also is an excellent opportunity for the high and mighty Senate to remind the world again that it must always be reckoned with. In the interim between rejecting Presidential appointments, twisting the British lion's tail over canal treaties, undoing the work of reciprocity conventions with half a dozen foreign powers, visiting tariff or currency reform bills, and so on, the House, now can its time be more fittingly employed than in showing the Supreme Court that its interpretation of Philippine needs will not go down with Congress?

The Senate has been the one vicious and incorrigible factor in National danger and disgrace for twenty-five years. It was the stronghold of silver madness for years after the House had been brought up to a level with modern economics. It has delivered every tariff since the Civil War, and every conserving corporation after the House had sent it an honest bill. It has emasculated every currency reform measure passed since 1878. It has stood like a rock against Nicaragua Canal bills sent up to it by the House by an overwhelming majority every session. It blocks the efforts of the House to have Senators elected by popular vote, and it stands today as the army of defense of the protected trusts against the demand of the consumers for tariff reform.

BY RAIL ACROSS ASIA. The great trans-Siberian Railway, as officially announced, is practically completed. That is to say, the great continent of the Old World can now be crossed by railroad conveyance just as it has long been possible to cross the North American continent. The announcement records the completion of a tremendous undertaking—an undertaking in its conception so daring as to challenge the interest of the civilized world, and so unerring in its demonstration as to compel its admiration. A military necessity, in view of Russia's far-reaching ambition in the East, the construction of the trans-Siberian Railway was pushed with the vigor that her big military achievement, and completed in a space of time that, considering the tremendous obstacles to be overcome and the great distance to be covered, is wonderful, even in this age of industrial activity and skill in engineering. While as a great military highway the trans-Siberian Railroad will act as a guaranty of the power of Russia in China, enabling the Czar to move vast bodies of troops across Asia at his will, it will also serve, with year-by-year increasing profit, the interests of the "heretofore trackless areas of Siberia, rich in minerals, in timber and in agricultural possibilities, will be opened to settlement, giving practically a new world to the Russian farmer, miner and herdsmen—a world, too, that is not menaced by drought or shadowed by famine. Not only will Russia reap the advantages of this expansion within herself, but the results will in time have a world-wide economic influence. It is the very nature of things, the millions that will swarm thither will be in the main Russians, political conditions in Russia not being conducive to foreign immigration. Sturdy, contented and

ders, close economists, indefatigable laborers, prolific to a degree unknown among higher types of civilized people, obeying with equal readiness the precepts of peace and the demands of war, the millions that half a century hence will swarm the wide stretches of Siberia that have been opened up to settlement by this great railway will be a tower of strength to Russia and an abiding menace to her foes.

Though open to traffic, the trans-Siberian Railway is not yet completed. Five thousand, five hundred and forty miles have been built, at a cost of \$200,000,000. The remaining work has not been well done, and must be gone over. Much of it is in an unfinished state, but it is except for a short distance, open to traffic, and through its completion the last link has been added to a girde of steam and steel by which the world and its commercial interests are bound together.

UTOPIA FOR ANARCHISTS.

It is comforting to find wide and conservative Senator Hoar echoing the popular demand for an anarchistic Utopia, whether all may be banished who are at war with established society. It is an idea that has taken firm hold on many minds, not only for the relief that would thus be afforded to humanity in general, but because of the manifest fitness the remedy would bear to the complaint. The anarchist resents all law—let him go where there is none. He objects to all government—let him be put beyond its power either to annoy or to protect. A lodge in some vast wilderness or a lonely sea-girt isle would obviously be just the ticket. There the insolence of office and the laws' delay would no longer tempt to suicide or crime. No King or President would exact homage, no army would terrorize happy rioters, no policeman would interfere with the individual's proud prerogative to pursue his own sweet will, regardless of the protests of others.

It is to be hoped that our anarchistic friends will not object to the arrangement on insufficient reflection. There they can keep "rough house" in wide-open saloons for twenty-four hours of the day. On the sawdust floor or under the bar they can eat the bread of idleness, sleep the sleep of the weary and fight the fights of the irrepressible with none to molest or to make afraid. No midnight or Sunday closing, no restrictions on profanity or obscenity, no trial by jury, no constitutional rights, no habeas corpus, no legal redress for anything. Life under such circumstances would be all that the anarchist could hope for, and the boon ought to be clutched at eagerly. In no other way, probably, can this peculiar form of liberty come into his own for as fast as one ruler is killed another springs up in his place. A few policemen may be blown to atoms, but the supply of fresh ones seems discouragingly inexhaustible. In view of the present attitude shown by society against anarchy, the only safe place for its devotees would seem to be some such retreat as is outlined in the Hoar suggestion.

The fatal thing about the plan doubtless is that it is too ideal. It comes too near perfection to succeed in this imperfect world. All Utopian enterprises are probably Utopian. The trouble with most of us, not excepting anarchists, is that we are not so much discontented with specific things as we are discontented on general principles. The man who grumbles at the barking of his neighbor's dog is just as much annoyed at something else so soon as he has poisoned the dog. The man who will be satisfied as soon as he has made a million finds when that goal is reached that he has no more, or any more, alone can bring contentment. In the case of the anarchist, were he at once offered release from all the conventions of organized government, would he be nearer happiness than before. In his island retreat he would still find things to rebuke and denounce. He would find agreement with his views just as hard to find among anarchists there as among human beings here. If the majority had their way, as they doubtless would, the minority would have recourse to war or words or deeds. Some stormy moon when Mars blazed red throughout the long nights, the anarchist settlement might be wiped out of existence through the fury of its own discordant elements—which would be undesirable in more ways than one. If pain and evil have their legitimate place in the moral scheme, along with fallen angels, snakes and earthquakes, let us take the anarchist as a dispensation of Providence and be thankful.

THE ETHICS OF IRRIGATION.

A just appreciation of a very important factor in the development of wide areas of land in the Rocky Mountain section, and in what may be termed the Middle Northwest, is shown by President Roosevelt in his suggestions in regard to irrigation and water rights in the arid districts. To acquire practical knowledge of, and thus be able to form an opinion of value upon a specific subject affecting a special section of the country, it is necessary for a man to come into personal touch with the section and the people who inhabit it. Theodore Roosevelt, when a young man in search of the physical vigor that comes from a life in the mountains and on the great plateau, spent several seasons on the upper reaches of the Missouri River. Becoming attached to the wild freedom of the ranges, he has returned several times to the old haunts of his comparative youth, each time pushing his way farther westward and southward, interesting himself as he went in the country and its possibilities, the people, their needs and opportunities. His canvass as candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1890 took him through the Dakotas, into Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Northern Idaho, and it was made at a time of the year when the need of irrigation as a factor in the development of vast areas was most apparent. Though carrying the burden of a National political campaign in those states at that time, he was alert on matters of local moment and import to the people. As the result of that campaign and the sad event of the President's death, he appears in his first message as President of the United States, and, mindful of facts made known through personal observation in the matter of irrigation, he says: "Whatever the Nation does for the extension of irrigation should harmonize with and tend to improve the condition of those now living on irrigated lands."

words quoted and in those that follow, urging upon the attention of Congress the enduring wrong that will attend the private ownership of streams where the public interest is involved. The irrigator is necessary to produce crops, which the world owes all its most precious things to its moisture. Its change and its progress. For, selfish or unselfish, such men follow a flag, while mediocre humanity, as Hugo said, never know the difference between a weathercock and a flag. If such men had loved ease and had any vulgar fear of death, there would have been small political progress, little geographical discovery.

The world is today what it is because Columbus, Magellan and other bold sailors were not in love with ease and were not afraid of death at sea; the world is what it is today because men like Cromwell, Washington and Napoleon had no vulgar fear of death on the battlefield or on the scaffold. Out of such men's comparative indifference to personal ease or the terrors of premature death has always come the most powerful wave of impulse that has pushed the world forward. Lowell was right when he made his Yankee philosopher say, "Freedom ain't a gift that carries long in hands of cowards," and the best manhood in every century has been represented by those who, when war has braced her drums and death led on the chase, have fallen into line, murmuring: To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

INDIFFERENCE TO DEATH THE LIFE OF THE WORLD.

The other day in San Francisco Bay W. G. Crandall laid his own life when he might have saved it, by going to the rescue of a friend, and a gallant miner is reported as losing his life in repeated efforts to rescue his comrades who were helpless at the bottom of a shaft that was filled with deadly vapor. Human history has always been full of such incidents. In fact, the striking distinction between man and the noblest of the lower animals is not the ability to humanity to laugh, but the proclivity with which men in all conditions of life consent to die for not simply for the sordid prize of pelf or worldly material rewards, but for the sake of a friend, a fellow-man, and even for so palpable a thing as an idea. Fear of death is common enough, but it is the characteristic of mediocrity, which is always in the majority. The minority of superior manhood, from which the world is compelled to take its leadership, have small fear of death in times of trial.

The impulse to self-sacrifice for others is older than Christianity. It is as old as Homer; it is the brightest light that glows out of the darkness of Greek mythology. Antigone goes to her death because she has given funeral rites to her brother's body; Alcibiades accepts death to prolong her husband's life. The Middle Ages furnish few illustrations of social benignity, unselfishness and self-sacrifice compared with the record of our own day. Bayard was an exceptional figure in the France of the late Republic, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert was in the England of Elizabeth, yet Shakespeare, who pictured human nature not only as he found it in his own time, but as it ought to be when it rose to the full height of its possibilities, always endows his finest men and women with the spirit of self-sacrifice and spontaneous heroism that outruns and overtops the vain passion for military glory and the praise that the populace accord deeds of recklessness, while the hand of valor. In Henry VI he makes the English General Talbot urge in vain upon his young son to mount his horse and fly, since defeat and destruction are certain, but the boy answers: Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, The coward horse that bears me and die.

More than 250 years after Shakespeare a gallant English Colonel in hopeless battle against the Zulus in vain urged his little son of 14 to mount his horse and fly. The boy ended the discussion by sitting on the horse with a whip and riding him out of the field at a furious pace. Then the boy took a revolver and fought by his father's side until the savages spared them to death. Shakespeare, through his imagination, always anticipates the future by imputing to his own age not simply its noblest actualities, but its noblest possibilities. Contempt for cowardice, the preference of a brave death above a base life, is always among the endowments of Shakespeare's heroes. Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," when her weak brother Claudio says "Death is a fearful thing," indignantly answers, "And shamed life a hateful." Hotspur, dying, sighs: "I better brook the loss of brittle life than those proud titles thou hast won of me." Isabella tells Claudio: "Oh, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for thy deliverance as frankly as a pin!"

The bond of human sympathy that Shakespeare never cuts between us and even his heroic villains is their chronic contempt for the vulgar fear of death. Richard, Macbeth, Edmund, all villains to the core, are all unflinching fighters to the last; the terrible specters of his last awful dreams do not daunt Richard; the march of Birnam wood and the knowledge that his adversary is not of woman born do not make a craven of Macbeth. Shakespeare's only cowards are Falstaff, whom he makes also a thief, a glutton, a rake, a drunkard and a liar. Villains, who are an unscarred brigadier of the war, a white-livered Thraso; Therastus, a deformed blackguard; and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who is a half-witted dote. But of his masterful villains, none of them ever has any vulgar, superstitious dread of death, in battle or out of it. None of them are indifferent to failure, but all of them are indifferent to what is termed the terrors of death.

Even Iago is absolutely imperturbable when Othello stabs him, saying, "I bleed, sir, but not hurt," and "Othello makes pathetic answer: 'It may be, live, for in my sense 'tis happiness to die.' Othello was as sick of life as Macbeth, to whom it became a walking shadow; both were ready to go, because they were wrecked by fate or crime, and Iago was equally ready to accept death, because he had been caught in his own trap and his life was forfeit. Fear of death in a vulgar sense no more affected Shakespeare's heroic villains, like Richard, Macbeth, Hotspur, Hamlet or Prince Hal, cowardly love of life and ease, lack of ambition and aversion to adventure are the earmarks of mediocre, inferior men. Indifference to ease, ambition, love of distinction, rather than of length of days, are the earmarks of superior men, who for weal or woe inspire or convulse their day and generation. Of course, there is a vast moral difference between the man who does not care for life when he holds it in his own hand and the man who does not fear death when he fights for his friend, his country or his cause. Yet the same, intelligent, non-superstitious

man, who has no vulgar fear of death, whether he dies fighting for his own hand, like Napoleon, or fighting for free institutions, like Washington, stands for that minority of superior manhood for which the world owes all its most precious things to its moisture. Its change and its progress. For, selfish or unselfish, such men follow a flag, while mediocre humanity, as Hugo said, never know the difference between a weathercock and a flag. If such men had loved ease and had any vulgar fear of death, there would have been small political progress, little geographical discovery.

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Portland shipped over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat in the week ending yesterday. The value of this wheat was \$51,792, and the men who produced it all trade with Portland merchants because they find a market here for their wheat. Every merchant accordingly, no matter what particular line he is selling, is interested in giving wheat ships easy access to the port by the improvement of the channel to the sea. There has been delay to ships in the river between Astoria and the mouth of the Columbia—delays which, if not shortened, will diversify some of this business to ports where obstacles are not encountered. A business which puts in circulation \$600,000 in a single week will take care of, and the united efforts of every man in the City of Portland should be enlisted to secure an appropriation sufficiently large to place the channel from Astoria to the sea in as good condition as the channel from Portland to Astoria.

A bill providing for a pension of \$5000 a year for Mrs. McKinley has been very properly introduced this early in the session by the Representative of the late President's Congressional district in Ohio. While as a matter of equity no one should receive from the Government an allowance that is not necessary for his or her support, precedent properly governs in the case of a President's widow, and the pension asked will be granted without a dissenting voice. Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant each draw a pension of \$5000 a year, not because of any need that exists, but as a token of the Nation's appreciation for the services rendered by their husbands as a tribute to the high office which they held. The addition of Mrs. McKinley's name to this list of pensioners will meet with prompt indorsement by the people.

It is given out at the War Department that the Government is thinking seriously of abandoning the New York transport route to Manila in favor of the San Francisco route. In extension of this proposal is offered the fact that the trip by New York takes double the time consumed by way of San Francisco. The excuse appears pitifully inadequate. Nothing should be done on the Pacific Coast that can possibly be done, at however great cost, on the Atlantic Coast. This is the rule hitherto followed with commendable fidelity. The comparative cost of the two routes has been known by the War Department, of course, all the time. Why considerations of economy should have weight now, and not hitherto, does not appear.

The Russian harvest of 1901 in all cereals was most unsatisfactory. The very best yields in the most productive provinces, as scheduled by the Minister of Finance, are only one-fifth of the "near to or somewhat above average," while in many provinces they were "bad" to the extreme limit of failure. To forestall bitter destitution among the agricultural people, who are as frugal and industrious as any in the world, the Government has instituted a relief system that, while it does not promise to prevent suffering, will prevent actual starvation. Hence there has been no general appeal to the charitable inclined and other nations in behalf of the famine-stricken.

One of the most repulsive incidents in connection with the execution of James G. Green last Friday was the petition of the woman who was directly or indirectly the cause of the murder for which Green was hanged to be permitted to witness the execution. It might be supposed that even humanity of the coarser grain would, under the circumstances shrink from such a spectacle and fly from its vicinity with a speed to which horror lent wings. If proof was wanting that both this murderer and his victim died as the fool dieth, this incident has supplied it.

Emile Schanno, whose death occurred at The Dalles several days ago, was one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent fruitgrowers in the state. In appraising that which a man leaves to posterity as the fruits of his endeavor, it is impossible to estimate the value of such work as Mr. Schanno gave to horticulture. Interest upon it will accumulate from year to year, and its beneficiaries will increase with the development of the fruitgrowing industry of the Pacific Northwest.

Bourke Cockran will this evening address the Transvaal League of Chicago on the subject of "What This Republic Can Do to Terminate the War in the South African Republic." Mr. Cockran being well known as "an eloquent orator and adaptable citizen," the Kansas City Star suggests that he be invited to supplement this lecture by another entitled "Why This Country Should Mind Its Own Business."

SHAME THE DEVIL.

"Tell truth and shame the devil." If fiction writers were as moral as the maxim, their craft would not be so near disrepute. The great need of fiction today is truth, not merely truth with fact, but truth with nature, reason and morality. "The great theater for virtue is conscience," says Cicero. He might have said the same of the theater for novelists. "The still small voice" is wanted to repeat: "Truth never was indebted to a lie." That voice is dumb within many authors. If it were not perhaps ere this, conscience would have made crows of them all. Go into any other realm of life and truth must be the eternal watchword. Without conscience you cannot do business nor mingle with your fellow man. But you can write novels.

Novels have more circulation than any other form of literature. Together with newspapers they are the instrument of popular education. A peculiar obligation therefore rests upon the novelist. He is a teacher who should religiously respond to the still small voice within. The novel pretends all knowledge. But the ignorance or imperfect knowledge of many fiction writers is notorious. Their treatment of religion, science, history and philosophy is lamentable. Their analysis of human impulses is often ridiculous and absurd. A heroine could as well love the man in the moon as obey their motives. Authors cannot be false to any man; they are true to themselves. But this is not to be expected. Ignorance is their stock in trade. It is their revenue. They are patronized for it. Ignorance is indeed their what-foley then to be wise? The modern trend of literature is away from patient plodding ideas that thrive in seclusion, to flippant aerial flights, that like rockets, dart up in the air with a swish and a resplendent trail, explode with a bang and then go out forever. We have of this kind of artists. They are only transitory creatures, landed to make a passing holiday. But every such has his day and after his exhibition he melts away into the darkness of oblivion.

In this sense, literature is becoming less a means of education and more a means of passing amusement. Some people say this means a decline in intellectual life. This may not be so. But it does mean, perhaps, that we are drifting away from the intellectual ideals of former generations, from the old love of standard literature and from classic studies.

Men are produced by their environment. Their intellectual life flows in national channels. If the spirit of a people is martial, great soldiers are born. If it is political, great politicians are its children. If it turns to literary and poetic expression, masters of writing are produced. Therefore it may be inferred that when a people has the industrial or scientific spirit, its talents will take the direction of industry and science. In this case it can be conceived that literary expression would not be the ideal of life, and that it would be a means of amusement instead of one of education. It is very probable that we are such a people. As such we are neglecting literary ideals for others.

The venerable ideals may not be obsolete, but they are certainly out of fashion. We regret that intellectual activity has taken another expression. But, after all, literature is not an end in itself. If we lament the decadence of our ideal from an end to a means, let us remember that every custom and institution goes through the same test.

Every transition is attended with abuses. The present transition has its evil in the novel. The evil comes from a want of conscience in authors, from their lack of truth. Socrates enjoined: "Know thyself." The fault of new literature is want of introspection. If the untrue writers knew themselves they would have conscience.

The thousands of copies printed of one novel is not the real source of complaint. Rather let us go behind the printing press to the moral wherewith the writer adorns his tale. Is it elevated or base? Is it true or false? When a single writer can sermonize in a hundred thousand books, the need is apparent of a literary power that works for righteousness.

Fidelity and truth, these are the new requirements of fiction; fidelity to nature and truth of fact. It ought not to be hard for the author to have both. Let him go out into the street. There he will meet a thousand worlds, each true to life. And moreover, in each the sun will shine or gloom will reign according to whether it does or not. Each will be ruled by natural and human motives instead of those of the author's overheated brain. Does he fear that he will not be original if he does not shut himself up? Let him remember that the atoms of his body have been vibrating in space for time eternal. The very soil he turns is the loose detritus of thought washed down through long ages. Let him be not too bent on originality. Nothing is new under the sun and to suffer a sea change into something new and strange were impossible.

Dissemination of knowledge is properly thought to be an incentive to talent. This is undoubtedly true, only we have a false notion about dissemination of knowledge. If the accomplishment of reading actually added to knowledge, thereby aiding psychic evolution, it might stimulate production of genius. But we have every-day life to refute it. An illiterate person frequently has a head fuller of common sense than a professor versed in Aristotle. Artificial education and devotion to standard literary ideals do not necessarily generate talent. Therefore we need not lament that the literature of old is going out of fashion. Nature distributes her gifts in marvelous ways her wonders to perform. She is niggardly or generous, according to her whim. She cheats all effort to breed genius. As the wind bloweth where it listeth so does nature shower her favors. Present day literary manifestations do not, perhaps, show a deteriorating intellectual life. They rather indicate a change in standards of intellectual life. But we can lament that the up-to-date literature is frequently a lie. Nature is twisted out of shape until we cannot recognize her. Human motives are put into so many false forms that we wonder how they got there. "Woman" and "sexual" problems are solved in such absurd ways that we marvel if we are living on Mars or the moon or some other impossible world. Truth indeed is stranger than fiction. And authors are wiser than when they tell the truth, and will shame the devil out of popular literature.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The Jilted Jaguar. Where the mighty Amazon rolls forever on and on, And the rare exotic plants grow tall and rank, When the green mistalal lakes equim with many kinds of snakes, And the alligators crawl along in banks, Where the parrots in the trees hail in many minor keys, That pale planet that we call the morning star, Where the red flamings wheel and their plumage gay reveal, Dwelt a gentle, jolly, joyous jag-u-ar.

He was wont at night to roam quite a distance from his home, Filling all the air with music as he went, And his pleasing roudness, which was in three chords (that's all), Was composed of gay, light-hearted merriment. As he jammed around one night, full of music and good cheer, And awaking ringing echoes near and far, He observed upon a limb which extended over air, A petite and lovely lady jag-u-ar.

Then he made his soulful song most un-us-u-ally strong, And he praised the lady's face and form and air, With a swooning, honeyed tongue he spoke loving words, and sprung, Quite a jag-u-ar jolly, as it were, First the lady heard him swear with an interesting "that's all," But when he was on the most impassioned bar, She rose languidly and said, "You amuse me, on the dead, For I'm wedded to another jag-u-ar."

In the Dressing-Room. "Audrey," said Touchstone, tenderly, "what's the difference between a weary traveler and the tourist who didn't stop at Niagara?" "The gods give us joy," replied Audrey, "you can search me." "One falls by the road and the other robs by the falls. What's the difference between J. P. Morgan and the Count of Monte Cristo?" "You'll have to show me," said the lady.

The Count only thought the world was why. "You're in a chorus girl like the lady that the prima donna lost her diamonds?" "Oh, I know that one," exclaimed Audrey. "They're both made up." "Yes," said Touchstone, "that's right, but what leads us to believe that Ho Peep kept questionable company?" "Give it up." "She always had a crook at her elbow." At this juncture the stage manager shouted, "Second act!" and hastily donning his pointed cap, Touchstone threw away his cigarette and hurried to the wings.

All Settled. What's the Use of Congress meetin', an' a jawin' an' a heavin' 'bout the bust to settle questions when they ain't no doubt about it? Seems to me 's 'twas wastin' money in a way that's mighty funny fur to pay a lawyer that's got git down to business. Haln't he? Question of the chances that we're takin' on business all been fixed up satisfactory a hundred times before? Don't we? Know that we'll git busted if that there feller's trustin' Haln't we settled that hull business at the corner grocery store? What's the Use of Congress handin' 'round that talk about expendin' when we're pointin' to our names 'bout in the Philippines? What's the Use of 'pass pay election, to be talkin' 'bout protection when it's only wastin' speeches, just as sure as beans is beans? What's the Use to talk of fightin'? It is apt to be excitin', an' our country-fur as that's concerned—appears to be on top, Any way, Them little troubles busts as quick as any bubble, an' 's the hull thing's been all cut an' dried in ev'ry barrel shop.

Literary Notes. The 7-year-old step-granddaughter of Old Sleuth is writing a thrilling nursery epic, which is pronounced by those who have seen it to be superior to anything ever written by Homer, Jean Ingelow or Alfred Austin. Miss Mary E. Wilkins' favorite song is said to be "When We Are Married." At last accounts she was still singing it. Edward Bok has been asked to write an essay on "How to Be Happy, Though Truly Great." It is understood that Mr. Bok says the request is an easy one. The next edition of the White House cookbook will tell how to have colored guests—see the luncheon table.

Mr. Smoothjaw Bilker, the celebrated bookmaker, will spend his vacation in one of the charming suburbs of San Francisco this winter. On the last visit of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to this country, writes our special correspondent, he asked to see a cake-walk, and was told that there were none on exhibition, but that he might be afforded an opportunity to hear a cakie ring. Mr. Kipling indignantly replied that as cakie ring, it was absurd to say they could ring.

Consolation. He saw the rich men speeding by Along the boulevard, And he breathed a sad and bitter sigh, For he felt that life was hard. The splendid throng on the avenue Were puff'd with the pride of gold, But around his ears the chill wind blew, And his heart was bleak and cold. The handsome mansions along the street Flashed forth with the glare of wealth; But he, with futile, battling feet, Pined by the side of the street. Their life was a round of gaudy, And his was a load of woe, And it made him envious to see Them proudly come and go. Born as free as the grandest there, He did not have the grandeur of pain; To think how cruel, how unfair, Was stern, relentless fate. For they were fortunate and rich, And he was poor and sad, And he owned a million dollars, which Was every cent he had. Yet why should he grieve? There's a better lane, And a lower millionaire, Will be as happy and great and grand As a really rich man there. —J. J. MONTAGUE.

A Man Has Died. Will Carleton in Everybody. A man has died—and so have myriads more— They will, while yet this dying earth lives on; But when a leader makes the utmost show, We softly look toward where his ship has gone. And only get his message from the dead: "Study the past; my words have all been said."