The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy, with probably occasional rain; cooler; southeast to northeast winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 54; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, 1.35 inches.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOV. 9, 1902.

With whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning.

Such is the noble tribute paid to Deity in the gnomic philosophy of the so-called epistle of St. James, one of the profoundest bits of sacred Wisdom Literature, part of whose title to fame is its inspiration of the allegory of Sin and Death, which ornaments and enforces the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. The passage is one of those curious outbursts of truth which occasionally illumine the somewhat tedious and labored arguments of the New Testament writers. An inkling of the true meaning of the cosmic problem breaks through these ancient speculations at times, like the sublime guesses of the Greek philosophers, or like the little opening in a nebula of Orion, through which we seem to catch a glimpse of fairer worlds and brighter regions. Immutability is, however, generally incompatible with biblical conceptions of Deity, for God's caprices run through the whole story from Genesis to the Apocalypse. The quotation from St. James is recalled just now in connection with the final word on these questions from the late John Fiske, who speaks as from the grave in the November Harper's, enforcing his lofty conception of the God of creation. How much nobler is the God of Spencer, truly "without variableness or shadow of turning," working steadily to an orderly far-off event, than the Being of spasmodic and revisionary method so long depicted by enchained theology! Fiske is dead, with honors and grateful memories, and while his work as a harmonizer of religion and science has failed for obvious reasons, it is an inspiring thought that for himself he came up through great tribulation of unbelief to a Christian's hope, and a stronger faith than is possible to those who have never explored the basis of their creed.

If Portland wants to be a big city of 250,000 population in 1910; if Oregon wants to be a state of 1,250,000 people, with four Representatives in Congress, that greatness and progress must be paid for. Money must be put out to bring money in. The Greater Oregon and Greater Portland movement means taxes and voluntary contributions; a big Exposition in 1905, including $1,000,000 to start with in stock subscriptions and state appropriation, with the resultant co-operation of other states, the General Government and foreign nations. It means a building at St. Louis and an exhibit at Osaka. It means subscriptions for immigration and co-operation in irrigation. It means here in Portland new streets, bridges and sidewalks. These things will all cost money, but they are necessary to the great end ahead of us. The first essential preliminary is an aroused public spirit that will talk hopefully, enthusiastically and uncomplainingly. It means a disposition to "dig up." It requires a willingness to pay taxes. Put $100 into the investment and take $200 out by 1910 in increased wealth and population, higher land values, doubled markets for our products, doubled employment for our labor, doubled conveniences of transportation, a higher and fuller life, commercially, socially, intellectually, morally. Nebraska grew from 452,000 in 1880 to 1,058,000 in 1890. That is just what Oregon can do from 1900 to 1910. We have better resources than Nebraska, and 11,520,000 more acres of land. She is inland; we have a grand Pacific seaboard. Everything is in readiness for a tremendous move forward here, and the only condition is the sturdy spirit that, having put hand to the plow, looks not back. Don't give any encouragement to the man with niggardly contributions and plaintive wails about high taxes.

Senator Teller will be 73 years old in the Spring, and his closing years seem destined to bitterness of controversies from which one would suppose he would shrink. A querulous old man, of ample means, and a long record behind him, it seems as if he might prefer to end his closing years in peace rather than to rush again into the strenuous warfare of malignant personal politics. It is to be feared that a life so absorbingly devoted to politics has left him with little relish for those pursuits which may ornament and dignify the declining days of the great and good. Yet the other side of the picture is the simple truth that the man of active habit and resolute spirit prefers wearing out to rusting out. Many a man retires from business to a round of complaining ease, only to find that he would have been happier to die in the harness. There is no rule in these things by which variant lives can be uniformly guided. To some men the reward is more in the struggle than in the prize; and at the last it is questionable whether one should prefer to die like Wolfe at Quebec or live on a possible prey to calumny and neglect. The man who lives too long, like Grant or Sherman, is infinitely more to be pitied than the hero martyr like Lincoln, or the genius untimely snatched, like Keats or Chatterton. The plain lesson of public life, however, shows the part of generosity to lie in retiring before driven ignominiously from the field, and intrusting both leadership and labor to younger hands. It was from retirement that Washington addressed his most venerated words to the American people, and there is no finer and more inspiring sight for the young than the picture of a venerable sage, surrounded in his peaceful seclusion by devoted followers, who honor his memory, revere his counsels, the while he refrains from violent participation in the struggles that filled his active years. Age is the time for rest; and he has misused his time somehow who at the twilight hour finds himself unable or unwilling to enjoy the peace and solemn joy that Nature kindly spreads over her sunset skies.

A SOUND SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, in his recent farewell sermon after twenty years of service to his congregation of the famous Brick church on Fifth avenue, New York City, said:

Make your life more simple, even if you have to make it less fashionable. The world wants to see a real difference between Christians and other people in their attitude toward money. A Christian can use money as a servant, but if he makes it the ruler of his life, his practical God, then his Christianity is a lie. Men blame the church for paying too much reverence to wealth. It is not the church that is at fault; it is the people who make up the church.

In the same sermon, which was one of sincerity and rare beauty, Dr. Van Dyke warned his hearers against the three great heresies—the heresy of worldliness, the heresy of avarice, and the heresy of hatred. The immortal things of our century should be "faith, hope and love—faith that binds mind to God, hope that binds man to future life, and love that joins man to God and his fellow-man. And the greatest of these is love."

The eloquent and timely words of Dr. Van Dyke doubtless sounded in the ears of those who needed the rebuke they contained like the voice of a poetic-minded dreamer, but the dullest preacher of any Christian church could not say less without being false and recreant to the teachings of his faith. The churches teach the growing child and the grown-up children that the problem of life is not to amass great riches, but by self-conquest to achieve great character; the children are taught that this life is only a way station, a preparation for a nobler life to come. The churches teach that great character is placed far above the winning of great wealth, because wealth is "of the earth, earthy," and cannot be carried to another world, while great character stands for moral and spiritual purification, which whitens the soul of man for the hereafter. The whole drift of the teachings of Jesus is in contempt of wealth-winning for mere wealth's sake, and in honor of upright and pure-minded poverty for conscience' sake.

This is the philosophy of Christianity, whether it is preached from the Protestant or the Roman Catholic pulpits. The men of the most saintly memory in either church are the men who have insisted that the supreme duty of every Christian is self-conquest, ennobled character rather than superfluous wealth. In the schools, too, the great teachers have always taught that the purpose of education was "the production of men and women who have an intellectual and spiritual outfit for the work of life." Dr. Van Dyke knows that there never was a time when congregations of churches that pretend to be Christian need more to be reminded that the imitation of Christ stood for great character rather than for the glitter and ostentation of great wealth. Dr. Van Dyke knows that to preach one thing and live another is to breed and multiply a race of hypocrites and cynical skeptics, and so he fearlessly preaches the Christian ideal of life and conduct in a grossly utilitarian age to a congregation that probably has its share of plutocrats of the quality of Presbyterian President Baer. Dr. Van Dyke was clearly determined that if the growing children of his congregation were badly taught by the example and philosophy of their parents at home, they should hear the whole truth concerning the Christian ideal of the conduct of life from his lips, so that they should never be able to say in after life that he was silent in his pulpit lest some potential pewholder molest him and make him afraid.

Dr. Van Dyke has done his duty, and it is not his fault that the average plutocrat is in his heart as complete a skeptic as was Iago, who says that the only life worth living is "to put money in thy purse." Iago does not believe in virtue; he does not believe in the moral government of the universe, in the existence of God or the devil; he does not believe in honor, honesty, humanity, fidelity, friendship, gratitude or mercy. The philosophy of Iago, "put money in thy purse," is the plutocrat's substitute for the golden rule of Christianity, and it is not an extravagant statement to say that the plutocrat's morals of trade and business are colored by the cynical, sordid philosophy of the villain Iago than by the teachings and example of that immortal humane doer and dreamer, Jesus.

But these worldly-wise skeptics are wrong, and Dr. Van Dyke is right. The gross utilitarian has always been the transient charlatan of his century. The high-minded dreamer, like Dr. Van Dyke, really stands for the permanent forces that underlie and uplift a people to the level and condition of a great state. A people that expects to live long in the land must be something better than an obese, opulent epicurean trader with a full purse and a fair round belly. It must be what the founders of our Republic were—thinkers and patriots in peace, who sternly stood off poverty without abjectly worshiping wealth as the be-all, the end-all of life, rather than as a means to higher ends; who were prompt, when liberty was in danger, to stand up and be counted in the dread ranks of war. The great city may be the triumph of the trader, but the security of the great city and the expansion of a great state date back to the sentiment, the patriotic memory that reminds every trader that if he is a true man at bottom he is a possible soldier. Great states rest for protection and perpetuity on great hearts that are ready to die with their armor on, not only in defense of their merchandise, but in defense of liberty when assailed, and human rights when trampled in the dirt. The strength of a great state does not lie in the Carnegies and Rockefellers and kindred folk, who suffocate individual enterprise in the folds of their corporate constrictor, and afterward throw books and bouquets to the people they have robbed. The strength of a great state is found in men of the quality of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant—men who dwell on a heroic past and gather enthusiasm from it for a noble purpose; men who do not dream in vain because they make their most blessed dreams come true; men who hope to high and splendid performance; men who believe that the greatest good of the greatest number, not the greatest greed of the individual self—is the pole star of duty to all men of patriotism, peace, justice, honor, honesty and good-will.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOULD TOUCH LIFE.

President Eliot has unjustly assailed our public schools for not doing what it is not their direct function to do; to-wit, furnishing the moral and religious training that it belongs to the church and the home to impart. Nevertheless, the American public school system is severely criticised by the leading teachers of the country, who are not responsible for the system, but deplore its errors and defects. These critics point out that the public schools teach arithmetic, philosophy, algebra, geometry, music, botany and history to pupils seven out of ten of whom are to earn their bread by the labor of their hands. At 16 these pupils leave school utterly unfitted for any kind of bread-winning work. The average public school graduate cannot read aloud intelligibly. More than forty years ago a most accomplished scholar, Wendell Phillips, in an address upon "The Education of the People," said that this kind of education injured the boy or girl, first because they had to forget what they had learned to earn their day's bread; second, because their education made them work reluctantly for a living, and third, because no ambition for perfection was aroused. Mr. Phillips said that seven-tenths of the people born into the world earn their living on matter and not on mind, and that the whole system of common schools of Massachusetts lacks the first element of preparation for life. Even in the matter of boys or girls whose parents are able to lift them into an intellectual profession, Mr. Phillips strongly urged that they should be given other than intellectual training for the business of life.

The same complaint, the same criticism, of our public school system uttered by Mr. Phillips forty years ago is reiterated today; namely, that our public school system lacks the first element of preparation for life. The old district school of sixty years ago was a rude affair compared with our modern public schools. The building was poor and ill kept; it lacked ventilation in Summer and it was imperfectly warmed in Winter; it taught the scholars little beyond reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and the history of the United States. But the boys who studied their books in those days were thorough scholars, because they were not obliged to cover too much ground. The result was that there were fewer college boys who could not spell fairly well; fewer college boys who were ignorant of the geography and history of their own country. Out of the district school boys of sixty years ago came all the famous first High School teachers of Oregon. The late Judge Shattuck was one of these boys; so were President Marsh and Professor Marsh, who gave reputation to Forest Grove College for thoroughness in scholarship and teaching. Nobody wants to go back to those days of limited accommodations in public schools and narrow range of studies, but our present public schools ought to be reformed in the matter of thorough instruction in the fundamentals which are indispensable to the work of life. No boy should reach the age of 15 in our public schools who does not know enough of the history of his own country to make him a patriotic citizen. It needs no argument to show that it is of the highest practical importance that the public schoolboy at 15 or 16 should spell fairly well and know the geography of his own country at least. There is a vast deal more that it is desirable he should know, but, so far as the state is concerned, it is of vital consequence that the boy should learn enough to do business and should know enough of his country's history to be proud to live well for it, and if need be to die fearlessly for it. It is easy to say that the American school system does set up the boy thoroughly in these fundamentals, but the testimony of the colleges is that the boys come up from the public schools in a very bad state of preparation in this respect.

We ought to imitate the thoroughness of the German school system, which Matthew Arnold pronounced the best in Europe, because it stood for both liberty and science. The Germans teach English in their schools so cheaply that all Germans in comfortable circumstances have their boys study English before they think of instruction in classics. Germans do not neglect the studies which boys who mean to be mechanics, clerks, engineers, machinists and other men in active industries need. The fault is not with the teachers. It is with the system, which covers too much ground and teaches too much that does not closely touch the probable life-work of the pupil.

OUR NAVY-BUILDERS.

A certain number of cadets from the Annapolis Naval Academy are detailed every year to the study of naval architecture, going for this purpose to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, the United States Government paying for this post-graduate course. These cadets were formerly—that is to say, until within about ten years past—sent to England for this study. But the Royal Naval College at Greenwich is no longer open to foreign students. Fortunately, our own Government has decided that the Massachusetts Institute is fully equal to similar schools in Europe, and American cadets have lost nothing by the change.

Naval construction, with its ever-changing details, is in comparatively few hands, the total number being fixed by law at forty. Admiral Bowles, Chief Constructor of the United States Navy, is in favor of increasing the number to sixty, but naval men are exceedingly tenacious of their rights—real and supposed—and it is doubtful whether the increase will be permitted. From each class that graduates from Annapolis, however, some three or four students are selected to be trained in naval architecture. These are the men who were formerly sent abroad for instruction, but who now find it in Boston. Briefly stated, "the Naval Academy carries their instruction to a point at which they are capable of commanding a warship, and the Institute completes it to the point at which they are capable of building one."

Under American naval architects, educated and trained in America, the United States Navy has grown into a fighting force of tremendous power and vast possibilities in offensive and defensive warfare. The school of practical naval construction is one from which no student graduates. He continues to be, on the contrary, a student all his life, or as long as he engages in the work. This is a condition made necessary by new inventions in projectiles, armor-plate and armament, with which he must become familiar, looking to their use or rejection. For obvious reasons, there is no royal road to the attainment of the position of naval architect. Its attainment is one of the few things that neither political influence nor personal favoritism can secure. Here merit and industry, brains and persistence, hold absolute sway, with the result that the work of our trained naval architects has given us a Navy that commands the admiration and the respect of the world.

The Springfield Republican predicts that the nine colleges of the Northwest which recently at Spokane formed an Intercollegiate Athletic Association will be torn by jealousy, recrimination and accusation before it is very old. Chicago and Denver have been full of protests flying back and forth between the athletic tribunals of the various colleges. A Colorado college has suffered the protest of four or five of its best players by a rival on account of professionalism. There was a row last Spring at the East on this same matter of professionalism, which was charged against Glass of Yale and Cutts of Harvard. Professor Hollis indicts the present system of college athletics as benefiting few and arousing the indirect interest of many because of the preponderance of competitive features. The Republican, in conclusion, says:

We deserve the sneer of the man who suggested the establishing of chairs of intercollegiat athletic eligibility law, and are fast coming to be as bad as the finicky English in our over-eagerness for our side to win. The millennium will be at hand when every college student gets through athletic training, and eagerness for victory is tempered by the desire to gain it fairly; neither by the playing of men not bona-fide students, nor by the malicious ruling out of men who are.

The Cedar Mills girl who manufactured ghostly disturbances at the house of William King is a very common type of freakish, hysterical creature. The most famous "ghosts" in history have been the work of young girls. The famous Cock Lane ghost, which so deeply interested the great Dr. Johnson, was the work of a young girl. The origin of modern spiritism dates from the pranks of the Fox sisters at Rochester, N. Y., in 1850. The youngest sister married the famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, and confessed that the so-called "rappings" were made by trickery. The old Salem witchcraft trials are full of evidence that the accusing witnesses were not seldom young girls. This same type of girls make up the hypnotic subjects of the famous Dr. Charcot. Such creatures are prone to lying, to malicious pranks of a sensational nature. They are generally subject to hysteria, and are always deficient in moral sense. Men who are principals or confederates in such acts of malicious deception are of the same degenerate quality.

"Isn't there enough worldly things, such as hens and the schoolma'am, for neighbors to fight about," says Samantha Allen (Maretta Holly) in one of her inimitable character sketches, "without taking what religion they have got and pelting each other with it?" This homely question is pertinent at this time in a section of the city torn with churchly but most un-Christian dissension. A faction in a political party is bad enough in the hatreds and falsehoods that it begets. But it is when a church is divided into factions, and even the minister's veracity and Christian spirit are bitterly arraigned, that factional strife is fully equipped for mischief. The dissensions in the Second Baptist Church of Portland have been a scandal to Christianity, so far as a great principle can be scandalized, by those who profess without practicing its teachings for years. It is high time for this unseemly broil to be settled. Otherwise the building might better be closed to so-called Christian services.

Dalzell of Pennsylvania boldly declares that his state is entitled to the Speakership of the House of Representatives. In support of this view he will wage active warfare in his own behalf for the coveted position. Littlefield of Maine begs leave to differ. He does not enter a plea for the right of his state in the matter, but sees in his own elevation to the Speakership a substantial vindication of President Roosevelt's policy, especially in the matters of tariff revision and anti-trust legislation. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the rank and file of the Republican party is with Mr. Littlefield. The outcome, however, is in the hands of politicians skilled in manipulating such matters. The people have only to look on, and, if they are wise or care to take the trouble, take notes.

The power of Senatorial jawbone is held to be illustrated in the victory of Tom Carter in Montana. His friends date the beginning of the political landslide that terminated in a big Republican majority in that state last Tuesday from his all-night speech in the United States Senate, by means of which the river and harbor bill was held up and went over two years ago. This speech, it is said, made the irrigation law possible by convincing the East that the needs of the great inland states must be considered if the demands of the Coast sections were to be allowed. Be this as it may, Carter is again on top, and Montana is strongly Republican.

At Charleston, S. C., on the 1st inst., Mrs. Carrie Nation, with a right-hand swing on the jaw, knocked down a cadet of the South Carolina Military Academy because he was smoking a cigarette on the street. Mrs. Nation, when the cadet drew back to return her blow, shouted: "Come on; I am Carrie Nation!" Mrs. Nation dined at a restaurant with a bartender. This woman is clearly a lunatic, and ought to be placed under restraint.

At the recent election the regular Socialist party had tickets in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Kansas, Washington, Utah, Colorado and California. There was a Public-Ownership ticket in Missouri, and Populist tickets in many Western States.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

Extra Session Useless.

North Yamhill Record.

The probability of a special session of the Legislature seems to be very remote, and it is doubtless best that this is so. The Legislature should appropriate a liberal sum to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and we believe that it will do it. However, it appears to us that it would be a useless expense to call a special session now, when the regular session is less than four months away.

Japan's Star Is Rising.

Eugene Register.

There are people in the West who have as little use for the Jap as they have for the Chinaman, but now that the wide-awake little Japan has decided to prepare a great exhibit for the Lewis and Clark Fair, and when that exhibit comes to this country and is seen, there are thousands of people who will get a broader conception of Japan as a nation, even though some of its subjects are not quite up to the American standard. Japan is already the bright particular star in the Orient firmament and its lustre attains, with each successive year, a greater scintillating brilliancy. The time is coming when America and Japan will be formidable allies in controlling the commercial supremacy of the Pacific.

Something Behind It, Maybe.

Baker City Herald.

The opponents of the proposed Blue Mountain forest reserve are manufacturing thunder out of the fact that just prior to the promulgation of Commissioner Hermann's temporary forest reserve order, a vast acreage of state school lands within the proposed limits were purchased by a small clique of speculators at $1.25 per acre. These lands, in the event of the reserve being made permanent, will serve as lieu scrip base, and the United States Government, after creating the reserve, will be compelled to issue lieu scrip therefore at the rate of $5 per acre. The allegation is made—and there is an element of truth back of the assertion—that some one connected with the Interior Department sent out a "tip" that the Blue Mountain forest reserve would be created and the above mentioned clique took advantage of the advance information and grabbed up the school lands embraced therein.

Democracy and the West.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Democracy pandered to the West when it was wrong and insulted it when it was right. It worshipped the silver calf without a word of rebellion—simply because there were votes to be won with it in the West. But when those votes were no longer interested in silver, it proceeded to tell the people of the West that their new prosperity must be destroyed by breaking down the tariff; that their sons who had fought in the Philippines were murderers and assassins; and that their great new future opened by National expansion, must be closed again because the Nation was too cowardly to perform its duties either to others or itself. So the battle has once more been lost and won; and the study of policy at the cost of principle has utterly ejected Democracy from the West, and restored to its ancient seat and influence there the party with which this section by character and history is naturally allied.

Cigarettes and Football.

Chehalis Bee-Nugget.

The University of Washington is minus a president at the present time, but it has one man who is doing the kind of service that will make the University of Washington a respected institution among the colleges of the country. That man is Coach Knight, of the football team. On the eve of the departure of the team for an important series of games east of the mountains Fullback Wilt was dropped from the list of those who were to go. It was for only a little thing, the thoughtless will say, but it is the little things added together that make winning football teams and successful men in later life. Fullback Wilt had an idea that he could smoke cigiratte and play football. Cigarettes are the abhorrence of trainers of athletes, and Coach Knight had given the members of the eleven to understand that cigarette smoking would under no circumstances be allowed among the eleven while training or playing the game. The limber-jointed, four-eyed dudes who carry beribbened canes and make spectacles of themselves outside the lines on football days might smoke the pesky things to their hearts' content, but not the husky gladiators who were to represent the University of Washington on the gridiron—so said Coach Knight. Hence the downfall of the fullback.

Benignity of a Healer.

Tacoma Ledger.

Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, is now in San Francisco. He will be remembered as the scientist who was brought over by Mr. Armour to operate upon a crippled child. The authorities of Illinois did him the honor to make him take out a license to practice medicine, but otherwise his treatment in this country has been marked by courtesy. Dr. Lorenz is not striving to advertise himself. He has passed the position where this is necessary. He has fame and riches, and he seems bent upon spreading among physicians the special knowledge of which he is master. It is fitting that this generosity be appreciated. The doctor cures dislocation of the hip joint, not hesitating at cases that had been deemed hopeless. He does this without the use of the knife, but by the strength and skill of his hands. He makes clear his method so there appears no reason why the use of it may not become general. He has demonstrated that many people who go through life crippled and supposing their condition to have been without remedy might as well have been walking on two sound legs. The defect, taken early, can be overcome. This is an important fact to humanity. There is nothing of the miraculous about it. It is not backed by the claims of any charlatan. It is simply the result of the study of a scientific and scholarly physician who is good enough to give to the world the benefit of his research and experience, and the world is indebted to him.

Opposition Groundless and Injurious.

Oregon City Courier.

No matter of legislation that is before the State of Oregon today is of more vital interest to all of the people of the state than the proposed appropriation of $500,000 in aid of the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held at Portland in 1905. We are surprised that it should meet with opposition from any quarter. Nothing that has been done by the State of Oregon in the past two decades to exploit her resources and advertise her wealth will have accomplished as much as this Exposition in celebration of Lewis' and Clark's discovery and exploration of this country 100 years ago. More than one-half million of people from all parts of the world will be brought by the Exposition to the garden spot of the Pacific Coast. They will be largely people of means. While here they will look about them, see our resources, discover our native wealth, our beautiful farming land, our wonderful timber resources, our mountains of minerals, all untouched, and just as the good Lord made them. When these people go home they will advertise our state in all countries and will start a flow of immigration in this direction that will ere long build up the waste places and in a few years increase to a large extent our material resources. It will only take a few years for this influx of new blood, and addition to our population to turn back into the treasury in the way of taxes all of the money asked for from the state treasury to make this venture a success. Clackamas County at that Exposition should be ably and accurately represented. Her native and acquired resources should be shown at their best, and out of all she should gather 5000 new people, 2000 new homes and $1,000,000 in wealth. Then up with the flag, boys, and on with the work and put Oregon's best foot to the front.

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

NO. 7—WORKS OF BEN JONSON.

The Jonson enthusiast—if not numerous, he is thorough—is proud of his Gifford's edition of the poet's works, that of 1816 preferred; or that of 1875. A one-volume reprint of the dramas came out in 1838, and a well-known London house published a good edition within the present generation, and at a popular price. "There were giants in those days" of Elizabeth and a few years after, when the intellect and enterprise of England exulted in a freshness of realized power, perhaps unequaled before or since. Of contemporaries in dramatic literature—the name Shakespeare first, and Ben Jonson second—the list is too long for quotation here, and suggests an exuberance of strength and beauty which presents the English language in perhaps its greatest capacity of expression. Jonson's life began in 1573, and ended in 1637; so that he was living in the best years of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, and witnessed that decline of national splendor which culminated in the great rebellion. A posthumous child, the son of a poor clergyman, he was nevertheless well cared for in his boyhood, and laid the foundation of his solid scholarship at Westminster School. Rather than lay bricks for his stepfather, he fought bravely as a soldier in the Low Countries, while but a boy in years. He was a married man and a professional actor when 20; so that his traditional stay at the University of Cambridge could have been but a short one, and his name does not appear on the rolls. Jonson was a poor actor, and his career behind the footlights ended with his imprisonment for killing a fellow-player in a duel. Upon his release, without trial, he began to write plays. When a revised version of his "Every Man in His Humour" was produced at the Globe Theater, in London, Shakespeare was one of the actors who appeared in it, as he was in Jonson's "Sejanus," brought out in 1603. The two men were sharers in the fellowship and combat of great wit at the meetings of the Mermaid, a club founded by Sir Walter Raleigh. Our admiration of Shakespeare is increased by what Jonson says of his regard for him: "I loved the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions." And the reader needs not to be reminded that the First Folio of "Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories & Tragedies, Published According to the True Originall Copies," contains a portrait of its author, with an address to the reader bearing the initials of Ben Jonson, of which he says:

. . . the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdoo the life;
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

Manifestly, Ben Jonson did not doubt the capacity of his genial friend to produce comedies, histories and tragedies. In "Fuller's Worthies" is the following, which nobody could forbear to quote: "Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

In his declining years, when the great company had been thinned out sadly—Shakespeare died in 1616—Jonson was oracle at the Old Devil Tavern, where met the Apollo, a club of his own founding. He was unquestionedly at the head of English writers for a good many years before his death, having built up supremacy by his prodigious industry, learning and genius.

"Sejanus" and "Catiline" are classical tragedies, somebody says, "statues without life," but the statues are exquisite in art. His comedies, of which he invented the plots, are numerous. "The Alchemist," "The Silent Woman," "Volpone," and "Every Man in His Humour," are regarded as the best. He was the author of masks and other works which add nothing material to fame achieved by performances in higher branches of literary production. The poet was self-reliant and self-conscious, immoderately proud of his classical learning, and contemptuous of ignorance; combative, sometimes to the degree of violence; strong in his love and hate; genial in his cups; a tender father, but, as he lived five years apart from his wife, there might have been something wanting in his character as a husband. As in his book, so in the man, there were seen strange extremes of coarseness and refinement. He was a Roman Catholic 12 years, and returned to the Church of England with characteristic enthusiasm. "O, Rare Ben Jonson!" inscribed on a tablet in Westminster Abbey may be viewed as a no less just than striking tribute to the sturdy peculiarities as well as to the cultivated and surpassing genius of this author.

In "Catiline" occurs a magnificent passage describing the fall of the conspirator:

The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near enclosed him, it pleased fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honor:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.

. . . . . .

. . . Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land
Had broke between too mighty seas, and either
Flowed into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirled about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield.

Catiline seeing—

. . . that now his troops
Covered the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in—
Armed with a glory high as his despair—
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t'embrace it where it lay.

Here is a notable passage from "Epicene," or "The Silent Woman." Sir Amorous La-Foole is speaking: "They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and we do bear for our coat yellow, or or, checker'd azure, and gules, and some three or four colors more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house; but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company;—there will be a great lady (or two; my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, Mistress Epicene, that honest Sir John Daw has promised to bring thither—and then, Mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourself, Master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance.—I have been a wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my Lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Blessed are the cooks.

Bred upon the waters—a duck.

The back door belle—the cook.

A gambling device—case dismissed.

The text of some sermons is only a pretext.

The virtue of repose is nurtured by a long sermon.

"Held by the Enemy"—the nickel-in-the-slot machines.

Yellow journalism is that which seizes on the infinitely pitiful and makes it infinitely degrading.

Many men who paid a dollar to see Herrmann thought it a good deal to pay for so sleight a performance.

Lovers are frequently stated to have become ghosts, but Hillsboro has the palm for the opposite transformation.

When babies are discovered in baggage, as was the case in Chicago yesterday, it is time that a check should be put on it.

The Sultan has warned Miss Stone not to return to Macedonia. This is another example of the rivalry between authors.

Virginia railroads no longer permit women to smoke in their waiting-rooms. The reason is that it made the porters sick.

Advances in telegraphy have made it possible to transmit 70,000 words an hour. Telegraph editors are organizing a defensive union.

Henry James says an American wife knows nothing of her husband's business—except that it is not of the slightest consequence. He refers, of course, to the wives of his English friends.

When one looks at some of Portland's pavements there arises an indefinable fear that the travelers thereby must be bound to that bourne whose approaches are said, on good authority, to be paved in the same fashion.

The Eastern papers have been publishing the opinions of scientists on what they call "the habit of kissing." The unanimous verdict is that this habit is dangerous. These charnel-house investigators have simply proved the old adage that faint heart, etc. Anyway, a post-mortem on a kiss is bad form.

There were strict orders in the Philippines regarding looting, and one day a Lieutenant's suspicions were aroused by a private whom he saw peering eagerly under the piazza of a house on the outskirts of Manila. "What are you doing there?" he demanded in his gruffest tones. "Why, sir," said the soldier saluting, "I'm only trying to catch a chicken which I've just bought." Lieutenant K. stooped and caught sight of a fine pair of fowls. "There are two chickens under there," he exclaimed, excitedly: "I bought the other one. Catch 'em both."

An ingenious method of milk adulteration is practiced in Athens. The residents have a penchant for goat's milk, and herds of these animals are led along the street by Greek milk-sellers wearing long blouses with capacious sleeves. Their cry of "Gala! Gala!" brings the housewife to the door, and she prudently demands that the goats shall be milked in her presence. This is done, but the milkman has in one hand the end of a thin tube which runs up his sleeve and connects with an india-rubber receptacle full of water, which is carried under his ample blouse. At each pressure of the fingers on the udder there is a corresponding compression of the water sack, and milk and water flow side by side into the milk-pail.

"Policeman," said the Judge severely, "this is no light charge that you are bringing against this man. What proof do you offer?" "I entered the Warm Bug cigar store and found the proprietor watching a man play the nickel-in-the-slot machine. He lost $2.50 and then I —" "See here," said the Judge gravely, "can you prove that he put into the machine exactly $2.50? Are you positive that it was neither more nor less?" "Well, he might have lost more than that. I only saw —" "This is outrageous," exclaimed the Judge. "You only saw? Where are your ears? This case is dismissed and the machine will be instantly returned to the owner. Officer, what right have you to interfere with this man's business?" And the upright judge made a manly apology.—P. S.—This did not happen in Portland.

It was a crowded car, and the steam rose from the wet clothes of the passengers, and made the interior of the place a place of dreary discomfort. As it was near dinner time the young men who lined either seat were immersed in thoughts of warm expectancy. The few women looked as though they were at outs with the cook. The car jerked around a curve and came to a stop. The people flung weary glances toward the door as if to repel by force any further crowding. But all that appeared was a little old woman with a parcel splotched with rain. She was very dingy looking and the young fellows who had glanced up relapsed into flat immobility. The lurch of the car as it started threw the new passenger back into the arms of the conductor, and he growled politely: "There's more room up front, ma'am." Too short to reach the straps and too weary to keep a good footing, the old woman made her way past the stolid men. In the middle of the car she timidly halted, afraid to go farther. Her bundle showed signs of coming apart and her skirt caught on a slat on the floor of the car. A young girl waited till she caught the old woman's eye and then got out of her seat and helped the now thoroughly dazed passenger into it. After this was accomplished the girl tried to reach up for the strap. She was not tall enough, and after a second effort there was a low laugh from one of the men. Flush after flush mounted her cheeks. She felt that she was in the position of one who had gone out of her way to put herself in the public eye. Presently in what was almost convulsive agony, she turned to catch again the old woman's kindly glance. In an instant these two had formed a mute league. The younger girl forgot the dense mirk of the stifling interior and her face showed plainly that her thoughts were pleasantly roaming. Her revery was broken by the conduct