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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain, with brisk to high easterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 57; minimum temperature, 48; precipitation, 0.36 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOV. 16, 1902.

Devotees of magazines will find nothing better in the November numbers than the paper on "The New Ethics," contributed by William DeWitt Hyde to the Atlantic Monthly. In strength of thinking, enticement of style, and especially in moral effectiveness, Dr. Hyde is not surpassed by any man that writes English today, and by few of the great authors of any age. Perhaps there is no more seductive place for the writer of power today than the almost vacant field where recent scientific discovery and philosophic deduction may be applied to the supreme problem of living. In the Atlantic for July, 1901, Dr. Hyde had an article on "The Cardinal Virtues," which was widely read and noticed, and which no man or woman could read without a conscious lift into higher levels of personal resolve. His present contribution is as good as that, possibly better. It holds out hints of the resultant in ethics from the rapid strides made in recent years by psychology and sociology. It is suggestive of the herculean task that awaits that practical philosopher of the twentieth century who shall supply for cultivated society the moral impulse that formerly arose out of the supernatural. How great is the need for this achievement is attested in society everywhere, from the frivolous rich to the malignant poor. Apropos of the current indictment of education, it is reassuring to recall that Dr. Hyde is not only a great writer, but the president of Bowdoin College. It means almost everything to a young man to fall under the influence of such men in his college course. No one knows anything worth while of education in the United States who has not grasped the significance of great institutions of learning with men at their head like Dr. Hyde and Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Berkeley, who is another contributor to the November Atlantic. Posterity will owe them a greater debt than to Pierpont Morgan with all his wealth and Carnegie with all his charities.

Our strenuous President takes naturally to strenuous play. There is more method in his bear hunts than the mere fancy of a bellicose temperament. Respite is a necessity for the mind of great responsibility and worry, and the essential requisite of its vacations is that they must be absorbing. Rest that only enables a man to think more freely and consecutively about his work is not rest at all. It is only a little less mischievous in degree than the night spent in dreaming dreams of the day's work. It must be feared that the President himself does not correctly apprehend the philosophy of rest, for certain of his utterances convey the impression that he looks upon bear hunts and fierce pleasures generally as of a higher moral efficiency than the pursuits of the library, for example, or the drawing-room. Herein he shows the impulsive as distinguished from the reflective man as we are fast coming to know in him. He does right to go on the bear hunt, and he does right to defend it. But what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Cleveland is out after ducks, Quay is fishing in Florida, William was frisking with Sir Henry and Boucher. Each is at what can engage and hold his attention. Bear hunts would leave the great majority of men with nothing to keep their minds off the business they had sought to escape. Numbers of gentle and upright souls indulge themselves at football games, and even prizefights, because in the excitement of the contest they forget their debts, their duties and their troubles. Doubtless it would be unjust to the President to sit for hours gazing at the Bay of Naples; yet Shelley did that and was consoled. Byron swam the Hellespont, and Poe the ebbing James, but Wordsworth's joy was in meditation on flower and tree, and English literature doubtless owes as much to Mermaid Tavern as to Sherwood Forest. There are statesmen in Washington who seek surcease of democratic virtues in jackpots and red liquor. Take your bear hunt, Mr. President, but let the rest of us choose our sport with equal freedom.

Attorney Wilcox is shrewdly pressing home upon President Mitchell the weakest spot in all the framework and pretensions of organized labor. This is its animus toward the independent workman and those who employ him to do the work of his hands. Who can estimate the hostility unions have excited among the fair-minded by the mere use of those opprobrious epithets "scab" and "rat"? Who can palliate the simple fact that organized labor looks with displeasure upon men sworn and assigned to keep the peace? They hate the militia, they hate the regular Army. They discipline men for joining the National Guard, but when have they ever disciplined a man for dynamiting a nonunion workman's home? To all these things President Mitchell pleads not guilty, and it is not to be said that he approves violence any more than he relishes its rehearsal. His demurrer that punishment of lawlessness is the law's affair, and not the union's, is ingenious, if not convincing. There is, we take it, little or no excuse for the physical and moral persecution which organized labor has been too ready to employ. But its emancipation from this awful stigma already begins to appear. An earnest of it is in President Mitchell's disclaimer. Nor may we forget that the labor leader is himself a product of conditions. Why he hates the Army and the militia is a little evident in view of the instances of hard-heartedness in the one and snobbery in the other, and very much because he has recognized all too clearly in both a persistent ignoring of his rights and his personal rights. Society cannot expect much of the man it is determined to make into an Ishmael. Take Mr. Agitator himself, dress him up, good clothes every day, set him down at a banquet with gentlemen once a month, introduce him into the magazines along with preachers and lawyers and college presidents, have him to dinner at the White House—and in a generation you won't know him and his class. He is coming on up the ladder with the rest of us; and he will not be helped the least bit by starvation wages and purse-proud disdain and the badgering of sharp-tongued lawyers.

We are indebted to Senator Burrows, of Michigan, whose arduous labors to preserve the gold standard by some contrivance for silver are still green and painful in memory, for a three-sheeter in colors designed to defeat the cause of Cuban reciprocity, and to create sympathy for the beet-sugar industry in the United States. The mailing of this paper under Mr. Burrows' frank was synchronous with the arrival of the redoubtable Oxnard at Washington—a coincidence that may or may not signify. At any rate, it is gathered from the exhibits offered that the production of beet sugar in the United States has grown from 1000 tons in 1888 to 185,000 tons in 1901, under all sorts of tariffs; that while the world's cane sugar has stopped at 2,850,000 tons per five-year period, beet sugar has risen in twenty years from 1,843,000 tons to 6,860,000 tons per five-year period; that the profits of beet-sugar production in the United States have been such as to attract to the business some $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 capital now employed in preparation or construction of plants, in addition to the $30,000,000 already at work; that something like $80,000,000 of American capital is invested in Cuba and involved in its prosperity. These representations are interpreted by the Oxnard literary bureau as showing the peril and inadvisability of granting concessions on Cuban imports to the United States; but they are readily susceptible of a contrary reading. And if the United States is really able to make all the 2,500,000 tons of sugar it consumes annually, at a fair profit, is it justified in shrinking at a moderate concession to the unhappy island to the south of us? The bureau's aspersions upon the nefariousness of this sort of literary activity (when indulged by opponents of Oxnard) we pass over as of too painful and obvious pertinence.

FARM-BORN AND WELL-BRED.

Among recent notable deaths is that of Philip H. Blodgett, general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. He was a native of New Hampshire, who went West in 1864, when he was 21 years old, worked as a farmhand in Illinois, and then got a place on the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana road, which subsequently became the Lake Shore. From this petty place he worked up until he became general manager. He was in his 60th year when he died, and was regarded as one of the foremost railway managers in the country, and had a remarkable talent for dealing with workingmen. It is written of him that "during times of dispute and strikes and blockades it was his voice and his hand that turned chaos into order." His last service was in arbitrating the teamsters' strike in Chicago.

These are the men that redeem our civilization from the sneer of Europe when it says: "There is no art or literature that is not a pale reflection of that of the Old World." There are not lacking distinguished American critics who say our millionaires are not equal to their fortunes. "They live in fine houses and have common tastes; they buy costly libraries and cheap culture, and rich clothing poorly hides their coarse feeling." Granting that this criticism is true in measure, nevertheless the multiplication of such men as Railway Manager Blodgett disproves the view that our civilization stands for little besides a Nation of peddlers and traders; it stands far superior to Europe in this—that we breed, because of our free schools, the largest number of superior men. In England, in spite of its free institutions, the distinction is still drawn so sharply between the man who is a gentleman and the man who is not that the public or "board" school in England is a mock for the upper classes and a synonym for cheapness and vulgarity. When Wendell Phillips addressed the Boston school children in 1865 he said that the boy who sat by his side in the public school and shared his dictionary with money earned by picking chestnuts Phillips was the son of a rich man who was then Mayor of Boston, but it was Boston's pride to make her public schools so good that no rich man could find a better school than Boston furnished to all her boys and girls.

This American free school helps to multiply men of exceptional quality, for it gives the American youth a thirst sufficient elementary impulse so that he will be sure to find the water if he seeks it in earnest. Railway Manager Blodgett was a child of these New England common schools, which produce exceptionally useful and efficient men every year. Ninety per cent of the great railroad men of the country were, like Mr. Blodgett, country-born and country-bred. The city-born and bred man seldom has that robust vigor of intellect in the whirl of social life, which is not favorable to the practice of indomitable industry and unwearied economy. The temptations to habits of self-indulgence are numerous; the opportunities for various pleasures are always present; the pressure to make a worker a machine rather than a man is immense and intense. The early influence of city life is so destructive of independence and individuality of character that rarely does a city-born or bred man become a leader in any walk of useful and elevated outdoor talent. The city childhood and youth stands for the extinction of individuality, the stunting and suppression of versatility, the emasculation of rugged, boisterous virility of mind and body. The city-bred man has courage; he has indoor brains and talent sometimes, but he is cynical, indifferent, languid and nonenthusiastic compared with the country-bred man. Mental and moral virility, vivacity, intense and energetic individuality, if they do not dwindle and die in cities, are very seldom born there.

From the foundation of the Government to the present time the men who have ruled America in the world of inspiring ideas and the world of innovating revolutionary action have nearly all been farm-born and bred. The examples of Lincoln and Greeley are familiar, but they were only the highest types of hundreds like them whose Harvard College had been the rude prairies of the West, whose culture had been only such as farm life and labor can give, but was sufficient to teach them what Harvard College had not taught Everett, Choate and Winthrop—that men were not cattle, that a human soul was not a thing to be bought and sold like a steer. These farm-bred graduates of the primitive American common schools stood up for primitive human rights when New England college-bred statesmen were either silent or cheered on the hounds that followed the flying negro's track. These farmer-born and farm-bred statesmen created an atmosphere of humanity in our politics, and this same type of farmer-born and bred men like Manager Blodgett enforce humanity and justice in the administration of the railroad business. When we read the brutal answer of President Baer to the striking coal miners, when we read the evidence of gilt-edged depravity in rich circles of New York City revealed in the Molineux trial, we naturally wonder if the spirit of Baer stands for the commercialism of America; if the Molineux trial fairly reflects the social life of our great cities. The answer is that the preservative excellence of the American body politic do not stand for the ruling spirit of American life in business or society. The cities of our land have never ruled our National life.

Antaeus is described in Greek mythology as a giant who gathered new strength every time he touched the earth, and so it might be said of America—that whenever she seems fearfully to dwindle, her strength and spirit are restored by some stalwart farmer-born and bred son, through whom his country renews its touch with the unexhausted kindliness of mother earth. Great cities will continue to breed corrupt dudes and great colleges multiply myopic snobs with the fecundity of rabbits; may continue to prove in the present as in the past that mere academical culture cannot nourish moral courage nor high-souled humanity, but out of the ranks of the plain people will continue to come the men who, whether in peace or war, in business or statesmanship, will be sure to rule and fix our fate.

A CURIOUS SECT.

The Doukhobors originally lived in the heart of the Caucasus Mountains, in Russia. One of the articles of their religious creed was that they should not bear arms, and because they refused to do so they were cruelly persecuted by the Russian government. Count Tolstoi persuaded Canada to accept them as colonists. He paid the expense of their transportation to Canada, and the Canadian government paid a cash bonus of £1 per head, as well as giving them the free land. Ten thousand of them came to Canada in 1899 on these terms and settled in several colonies in Northwestern Canada, about 280 miles from Winnipeg. These colonists were supplied with horses, cattle and farm implements by Philadelphia Quakers who had become interested in their welfare. These fanatics abstain from all kinds of animal food, and refuse to wear as clothing any animal product, or to employ animals as beasts of burden. In the matter of marriage they are little short of free-lovers. A man takes a woman as a wife, and if, after living with her, he finds he does not like her, he simply tells her so, and she goes back to her parents. They are a very industrious, energetic people, and the men are of splendid physique, tall, stalwart and handsome. They live under a communal system. Each village has a central treasury or common fund, a common granary, the threshing for which is done by the whole community and the yield pooled.

A few years after their arrival in Canada, realized that their old ideas must be adapted to new conditions and have become prosperous, but in two settlements, one at Swan River and the other near Yorkton, the Doukhobors have clung to their old doctrines. They follow the dictates of their own consciences and refuse to submit to the authority of the state. In obedience to their faith, they refused to use their cattle for more than two years, they drove them into the forests and performed all the farm work themselves. Women were harnessed to the plows, and young men have pulled the loaded wagons to the market forty miles away.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

Frances Fuller Victor, whose death occurred in this city Friday afternoon, was a notable figure in the literary life of Oregon and the Northwest. She was not one of the earliest pioneers of the state, but she was a pioneer in its literature, and one of the earliest compilers of its history. Her style was graceful rather than forceful, and though, from the difficulty experienced in collecting data for her early historical work, this work may not always be accurate, still it may fairly be said that accuracy was Mrs. Victor's aim in her historical work, and if she had been able to revise her books, as she fondly desired to do, many errors that unavoidably crept into them would have been corrected by her own hand. She had written some before coming to the Pacific Coast in 1863, her literary efforts up to that time being chiefly poetical. She saw, upon her arrival in the Pacific Northwest, its story waiting to be written, its data (confined mostly to the domain of memory) in peril of being lost forever, and with much painstaking care collected, set about the work. "The River of the West," published in 1870, was the first fruit of this endeavor. This was followed in 1872 by a more comprehensive volume, "All Over Oregon and Washington," in which such facts as she could collect upon a subject so vast were attractively set forth. Her diligence, in connection with her ability in historical research, collecting facts of history in an attractive way, secured for her employment for a number of years in San Francisco upon the Bancroft historical series. After that she returned to this city, where for several years she has lived in quiet seclusion a life of gentle womanliness and patient endeavor, waiting for the end.

The life of Frances Fuller Victor is in itself a history. It touched at many vital points the life of a wide section still too new to civilization for its full and permanent history to be written. Those who knew her in the earlier as well as in the later years know that she was always a struggler in the ranks of labor, though never an obtrusive one. Disappointment rather than success followed many of her endeavors, but she kept through all a gentle courage, admirable in the days of her effective strength, and became touched with pathos in the weakness that attended her declining years. Among the wide circle of acquaintances formed by Mrs. Victor during the long years of her active literary labors she left many friends who recognized the value of her work and admired the sterling qualities of her character. The voices of her critics, never harsh, will now take on gentler tones or cease to be heard, and Frances Fuller Victor will take her place among those who did what they could for those that are to come after them. A woman so utterly alone in the world as regards kindred as was Mrs. Victor is in her age a pathetic figure on the dial of time. Her passing is in the course of Nature, and can only be viewed in the light of a gentle release from untoward conditions.

The true friends of labor, the champions of independent manhood, those who find in thrift, economy and personal responsibility the saving grace of humanity, must protest against the resolution before the American Federation of Labor which declares that any citizen who has reached the age of 60 years and whose annual income has been less than $1000 shall be given a life pension of $12 a month. The proposition is absurd, and its spirit is belittling to manly endeavor. Its tendency is to discredit saving and put a premium upon unthrift to relieve children during their active accumulative years of the filial duty of providing for parents who have spent the returns of their industry upon their offspring. While there is fortunately no reason to suppose that this resolution will obtain serious consideration or indorsement, the spirit that it represents is to be deplored as having found expression before an intelligent body of men, to the possible detriment of the cause which they represent. The popular heart has been brought to indorse all legitimate efforts for the improvement of the condition of workingmen; it will never respond "aye" to a proposition to sap their independence and virtually pauperize them in their old age.

The razing of Trinity Church building, just completed, is an example of the inevitable surrender of sentiment when it comes in contact with business. The old church building had its day and time. It served faithfully its generation and denomination in churchly lines. Bridal parties stepped to the joyous strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march up its aisles, and funeral processions, headed by the clergyman, repeating with solemn voice, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," passed through them, in and out, with bowed heads. A tender chapter, now joyous, now pathetic, of community history is written in the archives of the old church building, which, together with its unwritten history, now belongs to the past. Against the hopeful, cheerful exhortation to "look forward, and not backward," which is the essence of spiritual teachings, sentiment protests for a moment as the old church building totters to its fall. But taking counsel of experience in the futility of battling against the inevitable, it stifles its plaint, taking refuge in the assurance that the new will speedily and effectively supplant the old in a widening field of use and usefulness.

Volume XIV of the official records of the Union and Confederate Navies includes a note found on the Island of St. Simon's, Georgia, April 17, 1863, fastened to a stick in a prominent position on the road. This note, which was directed to the "commander of the Federal forces," and signed William M. Hazzard, is a bitter denunciation of our soldiers, who are accused of "desecrating the graves of our family." The note closes as follows:

> Beside their graves I swear by heaven to avenge their desecration. If it is honorable for you to disturb the dead, I shall consider it an honor and will make it my ambition to disturb your living. I fancy, sir, the voice of the departed issues from their desecrated homes exclaiming that such a Nation may truly say to corruption, thou art my father; to dishonor, thou art my mother; vandalism, thou art my ambition!

If a Northern Yankee had written this bit of fulminating rhetoric, we should at once suspect that he was better fitted to manufacture blatherskite than to face bullets, but there is a type of Southern man who is a perfect Gascon; he is as prompt with his sword as he is with his tongue, and never loses a chance to use either or both against a real or fancied enemy.

Last year 5698 soldiers were discharged for disability or dismissed by order of court-martial, and 4667 deserted. General Corbin intimates that this startling record for our comparatively small Army is due to the abolition of the former privileges of the canteen. Inspector-General Sanger is of the same opinion, and so is Surgeon-General Forwood. Major Ebert, Chief Surgeon of the Department of the Columbia, remarks that the habits of the men are not up to the standard existing before 1898, or to what they were under the canteen system now abolished. From the Philippines it is reported that intemperance has increased since the post exchange was abolished.

The restive spirit shown by different branches of the Federated Trades in the matter of control must be curbed or unions will soon be fighting among themselves. This seems to be the opinion of labor leaders from President Gompers down to the presidents of all local unions. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Are the men composing the rank and file of labor unions wise? The test of wisdom confronts them. Will they stand it? Their leaders are hopeful. Let us also hope that a labor war within labor ranks will be averted by the timely advice of the great labor chief.

The "high-priced meals" taxed up against the city by jurors of the Municipal Court furnish a sample of the "little leaks" through which the substance of the city has been filtered while its bridges have rotted, tottered and fallen. This is relatively a little thing, to be sure, but "many a little makes a mickle," as all economists admit, and even spendthrifts, when put to the test, must allow.

HISTORIAN OF THE NORTHWEST

A Woman Who Loved Oregon.

Poems, 1851.
Florence Fane Sketches, 1863-65.
The River of the West, 1870.
All Over Oregon and Washington, 1872.
Woman's War Against Whisky, 1874.
The New Penelope, 1877.
Bancroft History of Oregon, 2 vols., 1886.
Bancroft History of Washington, Idaho and Montana.
Bancroft History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming.
Bancroft History of California, vols. 6 and 7.
History of Early Indian Wars in Oregon, 1893.
Atlantis Arisen.
Poems, 1900.

By the death last Friday of Frances Fuller Victor there was removed the most versatile figure in Pacific Coast literature, a literary pioneer on the Coast, and a woman to whom Oregonians owe much. Frances Fuller was born in the township of Rome, New York, May 23, 1826, and had, therefore, reached the ripe age of 76 years. She was a near relation of Judge Reuben H. Walworth, Chancellor of the State of New York. Through her ancestor, Lucy Walworth, wife of Veach Williams, who lived at Lebanon, Conn., in the early part of the eighteenth century, she could trace her descent from Egbert, the first King of England, while Veach Williams himself was descended from Robert Williams, who came over from England in 1637 and settled at Roxbury, Mass.

When Mrs. Victor was 13 years of age her parents moved to Wooster, O., and her education was received at a young ladies' seminary at that place. From an early age she took to literature and when but 14 years old wrote both prose and verse for the county papers. A little later the Cleveland Herald paid for her poems, some of which were copied in English journals.

Mrs. Victor's younger sister, Metta, who subsequently married a Victor, a brother of Frances' husband, was also a writer of marked ability. Between the two a devoted attachment existed, and in those days the two were ranked with Alice and Phoebe Carey, the four being referred to as Ohio's boasted quartet of sister poets. The Fuller sisters contributed verse to the Home Journal, of New York City, of which N. P. Willis and George P. Morris were then the editors. Metta was known as the "Singing Sybil." In eulogy of the two sisters N. P. Willis at this time writes concerning them:

> One in spirit and equal in genius, these most interesting and brilliant ladies—both still in earliest youth—are undoubtedly destined to occupy a very distinguished and permanent place among the native authors of this land.

In her young womanhood Frances spent a year in New York City amid helpful literary associations. Being urged by their friends the two sisters published together a volume of their girlhood poems in 1851. In the more rigorous self-criticism of later years Mrs. Victor has often called it a mistaken kindness which induced her friends to advise the publication of these youthful productions. But in these verses is to be seen the true poetic principle and their earnestness is especially conspicuous.

Metta Fuller Victor after her marriage took up her residence in New York City, and continued her literary work both in prose and in verse until her death, a number of years ago. Frances' husband, Henry C. Victor, was a naval engineer and was ordered to California in 1863. She accompanied him and for nearly two years wrote for the San Francisco papers, her principal contributions consisting of city editorials to the Bulletin, and a series of society articles under the nom de plume of Florence Fane, which, we are told, by their humorous hits, elicited much favorable comment.

About the close of the war Mr. Victor resigned his position and came to Oregon, where his wife followed him in 1865. She has often told how, upon her first arrival in this state, she recognized in the type both of the sturdy pioneers of Oregon and of their institutions something entirely new to her experiences and at once determined to make a close study of Oregon. As she became acquainted with many of the leading men of the state, and learned more and more about it, she determined to write its history and began to collect material for that purpose. In doing this she performed a service of inestimable value to the state, since our statebuilders were then nearly all alive and facts concerning the beginnings of the state were well known to them, which, had it not been for Mrs. Victor's efforts would have been lost to posterity.

Her first book on the history of Oregon was "The River of the West," a biography of Joseph L. Meek, which was published in 1870. Many middle-aged Oregonians tell what a delight came to them when in their boyhood and girlhood days they read the stories of the Rocky Mountain adventures of the old trapper Meek as recited by this woman of culture and literary training, who herself had taken so great an interest in them. The book was thumbed and passed from hand to hand as long as it would hold together, and today scarcely a copy is to be obtained in the Northwest. Mrs. Victor before her death prepared a second edition for the press and it is to be sincerely hoped that the work will soon be republished. For, intensely interesting as the "River of the West" is, the chief value of the work does not lie in this fact, but rather in its value to the historian. Meek belonged to the age before the pioneers. It was the trapper and trader who explored the wilds of the West and opened up the way for the immigrant. That historians are just beginning to work up the history of the fur trade in the far West, the number of books in that particular field published within a year will testify. And such men, for instance, as Captain H. M. Chittenden, who last year published his "History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West," freely confess their indebtedness to Mrs. Victor's "River of the West" for much of their material. And so the stories of the Rocky Mountain bear-killer Meek, romantic though many of them are, check with the stories given by other trappers and traders and furnish data for an important period in the history of the Northwest.

In 1872 was published Mrs. Victor's second book touching the Northwest, "All Over Oregon and Washington." This work, she tells us in the preface, was written to supply a need existing because of the dearth of printed information concerning these countries. It contained observations on the scenery, soil, climate and resources of the Northwestern part of the Union, together with an outline of its early history, remarks on its geology, botany and mineralogy and hints to immigrants and travelers. The preface closes with the prophetic words:

> The beautiful and favored region of the Northwest Coast is about to assume a commercial importance which is sure to stimulate inquiry concerning the matters herein treated of. I trust enough is contained between the covers of this book to induce the very curious to come and see.

Her devotion to the Northwest and her interest in it could not be more clearly expressed than in the words just quoted. Her interest in the subject led her at a later date to revise "All Over Oregon and Washington," and to publish it again, this time under the title, "Atlantis Arisen."

In 1874 was published "Woman's War With Whisky," a pamphlet which she wrote in aid of the temperance movement in Portland. Her husband was lost at sea in November, 1875, and from this time on she devoted herself exclusively to literary pursuits. During her residence in Oregon she had frequently written letters for the San Francisco Bulletin and sketches for the Overland Monthly. These sketches, together with some poems, were published in 1877 in a volume entitled "The New Penelope."

This last volume was printed by the Bancroft publishing establishment in San Francisco. The Bancrofts were an Ohio family of Mrs. Victor's early acquaintance, and Hubert Howe Bancroft laid before her his plan for writing the his-

(Concluded on Page 7.)

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

No. 8—Of the Imitation of Christ.

Thomas a Kempis, that is to say, Thomas from Kempen. This, his birthplace, is near the city of Dusseldorf. Thomas Hammerken's father was a peasant, married to a frugal wife who taught as dame schoolmistress in addition to her toils as the house-mother. Marked out and destined for the devout and intellectual life, Thomas was 12 years old when, in 1393, he entered as a student the headquarters of the Brethren of the Common Life, at Deventer, in Holland. There were monastic features about this institution, but life there was freer than that of the established orders and without vows. One step more and the outward life of Thomas Hammerken ended. This was his removal in 1399 to the Convent of Mount St. Agnes, at Zwolle, Holland, where he died in 1471, at the age of 91. He had lived in years as politically troubled, perhaps, as any since the beginning of the Christian era, copying manuscripts for his support and sparing time enough to write three collections of sermons, tracts on the monastic life, some hymns and the Imitation. Speaking of this the late Archbishop Trench says it is "the book, which, after the Bible, we may be bold to say is dearer to more hearts than any other book in Christendom, which has been printed many thousands of times, and for which orders and kingdoms have contended; a book which, despite of all that is wanting to it, deserves the reputation which it has obtained." An anonymous writer, tersely and well, puts his conviction on record that in his work "Of the Imitation of Christ" Thomas a Kempis sums up "the heart religion of Latin Christianity." A book of the heart indeed, and hence so widely used; and protracted controversy as to its authorship, which was undisputed until the beginning of the 17th century, leaves the majority of scholars content to believe, with universal Christendom until then, that the little fresh-colored man, with soft brown eyes, of few words and who quietly withdrew from company in which conversation had become lively, who was known as Thomas a Kempis, but whose surname was Hammerken, and who spent 72 years in the convent at Zwolle, was indeed the author of the book usually now, perhaps always, printed with his Christian name and birthplace on the title page.

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The scholar reads his Imitation in Latin and finds the copy published by the leading Roman Catholic house of New York convenient for the pocket and the study table. Of English editions the name is legion, and he is a poor man indeed who doesn't own a copy, that is, if he wants one. For a dime or even less it is procurable at the second-hand stall, where one is apt to "browse"; and such an edition as that of Rivingtons, London, 1881, well edited, in compact and durable form, with Biblical references, may be easily picked up.

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The work itself—the wonder grows that the dignified ecclesiastic and the untutored religious enthusiast both find spiritual nourishment in its fervent pages. John Wesley must needs print an edition for the use of "the people called Methodists," when his followers had no more than an accidental association, excepting in their leaders, with college-bred divines and scholarly tomes and periodicals. The composition of a Roman Catholic recluse, none the less is the Imitation a book for Protestants. The devout believer of every name relishes, as he needs, the comfort and succor it brings in the struggle against sin and worldliness, and the means experience finds in it of access to the common father by the faith of the common Christianity. It consists of four books: I, Admonitions, Useful for a Spiritual Life; II, Admonitions Concerning Spiritual Things; III, Of Internal Consolation, and IV, Concerning the Communion. In its more than 100 sub-titles the pious reader is apt to find meditations, counsel, comfort and devotion helpful in the many various conditions of the Christian life. And the breadth of the book is the more remarkable as the writer is stanch to the sacraments and activities of the organized church; he is no mere mystic, rapt in individual, exclusive contemplation; while the concern of his earnest pen is for the reader's right relation with the Supreme, to whom he owes personal consecration and service.

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To quote from the Imitation is by no means an easy thing, if this be done with discrimination and judgment. Possibly the following, from chapter 21, of book III, may be regarded as a sort of key to the whole contents:

"Above all things, and in all things, O my soul, thou shalt rest in the Lord always, for he himself is the everlasting rest of the saints. Grant me, O most sweet and loving Jesus, to rest in thee, above all creatures, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honor, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtilty, above all riches and arts, above all joy and gladness, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all hope and promise, above all desert and desire, above all gifts and benefits that thou canst give and impart unto us, above all mirth and joy that the mind of man can receive and feel; finally above angels and archangels, and above all the heavenly host, above all things visible and invisible, and above all that thou art not, O my God."

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Chapter 54 of the third book presents a masterly analysis in antithetical form "Of the Different Stirrings of Nature and Grace." 'Tis here that is said:

"Nature is unwilling and loth to die, or to be kept down, or to be overcome, or to be in subjection, or readily to be subdued; but grace studieth self-mortification, resisteth sensuality, seeketh to be in subjection, is desirous to be kept under, and wisheth not to use her own liberty. She loveth to be kept under discipline, and desireth not to rule over any, but always to live and remain and be under God, and for God's sake is ready humbly to bow down unto all. Nature stirreth for her own advantage, and considereth what profit she may reap by another; grace considereth not what is profitable and convenient unto herself, but rather what may be for the good of many. Nature willingly receiveth honor and reverence; grace faithfully attributeth all honor and glory unto God."

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The substance of the concluding section of the book has been often expressed, but where else so well?

"All reason and natural search ought to follow faith, not to go before it, nor to break in upon it. For faith and love do here specially take the lead and work in hidden ways, in this most holy, most supremely excellent sacrament. God, who is eternal and incomprehensible, and of infinite power, doeth things great and unsearchable in heaven and in earth, and there is no tracing out of his marvelous works. If the works of God were such as that they might be easily comprehended by human reason they could not be justly called marvelous or unspeakable."

HENRY G. TAYLOR.

A Villanelle at Verona.

Century.

A voice in the scented night,
A step where the rose trees blow—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

Cold star at the blue vault's height,
What is it that shakes you so?
A voice in the scented night.

She comes in her beauty bright,
She comes in her young love's glow—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

She bends from her casement white,
And she hears it, hushed and low,
A voice in the scented night.

And he climbs by that stairway slight
Her passionate Romeo:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

And it stirs us still in spite
Of its "ever so long ago,"
That voice in the scented night;
O Love, and O Love's delight!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Pay dirt—politics, especially in Colorado.

A wedding ring—a matrimonial syndicate.

The eagle never flies so high as when on a $20 gold piece.

Steam heat will do for other days, but Sunday must have an open fire.

A musical comedy may be described as the place where jokes go when they die.

Now a famine in eggs is announced. It has always been a mystery what the chick died of.

The man who marries and then declaims against women in general proves himself twice a fool—the fool he made of himself when he married and the fool his wife knows him to be.

A good example of what "news" is demanded by the public is contained in the dispatch from New York that says a maniac who stabbed three people escaped. Not a word about the welfare of the victims.

Two young women were walking down the street yesterday, and a man who happened to have nothing better to do was favored with the following scrap of conversation: "Look at that chap across the way. He looks much like the man I was engaged to first."

"Sarah, tell me the truth. How many times have you been engaged?"

Dainty finger was laid on rosebud mouth and presently the answer came in perfect simplicity: "Why, Jennie not very often. Just four times with a ring."

Many of those who decry tradition and demand progress with the chisel marks on it are not aware of the deep debt they owe to what is of despised antiquity. When the church bells are ringing the instinct is to take out one's watch and see whether they are on time. Before the modern chronometer is back in its pocket the mind has slipped away and into a past where love and affection, joy and pain, high hopes and dear memories were companions to the house of simple prayer. How many a man will spend a happy moment in the closet of his heart each time the church bells ring. Some day these gentle reminders of religious duty will cease forever. And a share of our inheritance will be dissipated.

A small and inquisitive youth was taken by his father into the telephone exchange not long ago. The little chap watched proceedings for a while, and as he gazed commenced to rub his left hand up and down on his coat. His father recognized this as a sign that he was puzzled, and asked him what it was that he didn't know. The diminutive questioner pointed a finger at the young woman who sat at the switchboard and said, "What are them women doing?" "They're making switches," said his father, casting an admiring glance at one of the fairest of the maidens. The kid stared a little while in silence, and then said shrilly, "Are them the switches they wears on their heads?" The man laughed and lightly answered that they were. "Well," said the sprig of humanity, "Mamma's in't a bit like that."

And all Portland tried to get central for 10 minutes in vain.

Mr. Horace Lewis, the actor, tells a story on his friend, Edwin Morrison, that illustrates the difficulty artists sometimes have in keeping up appearances. Morrison was down on his luck, but believed in making a good showing publicly. His room in New York was not expensive, but in a good part of the city. One of the stringent rules of the house was that no cooking was allowed in the rooms. Morrison emptied his trunk, lined it with oilcloth and placed a gas stove inside, connected to a jet above. This was his kitchen. The suspicions of the landlord were aroused, and one noon he knocked on the door of Morrison's room just as some liver and bacon were frying on one side, and a pot of coffee was making on the other. The astute actor winked at Lewis, turned off the gas, dropped the rubber tubing into the trunk, closed the latter, sat down on it and yelled, "Come in!" The landlord, whom Mr. Lewis describes as a lady-like man, came in and sniffed the air suspiciously. "Mr. Morrison, sir, you know the rules of the house about cooking?"

"Yes, I do. Not allowed, I believe."

"But, sir, I distinctly smell it here, have smelt it, sir, several times."

Morrison took a turn at sniffing the air and failed to find any trace of obnoxious vapor. Then he assumed an attitude of injured innocence, and said: "See here, where do you suppose I would do my cooking? In my trunk? What do you mean?"

And after the landlord had retired with apologies, the trunk was opened and the cooking finished.

The London Critic publishes "a conversation at Skibo Castle," apropos of the recent visit paid to Mr. Carnegie by King Edward:

(BEFORE HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL.)

Mr. Carnegie.—Dear me, what did I say in "Triumphant Democracy" about kissing the hand of royalty? (Refers to the book.) "The man who feels as he ought to feel would smile and give it a hearty shake or knock his Royal Highness down." Perhaps I'd better shake it.

(ON ARRIVAL.)

H. M. (extending his hand)—Pleased to meet you, Mr. Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie (shaking it heartily)—Thank you, sir.

H. M.—You have a fine place here, Mr. Carnegie. Balmoral is nothing to it, but then we're poor people.

Mr. Carnegie—Ah! Your Majesty, you should have tried iron works, they pay better than monarchy. As the poet says:

> Pig iron is more than coronets,
> And rolling mills than Norman blood.

Your Majesty did not begin rightly for colossal wealth; the only way to get that is to start with half a crown. Your Majesty has a whole one.

H. M.—What is your rule of life, Mr. Carnegie?

Mr. Carnegie—It may be summed up in the phrase, "When in doubt, found a library." I find the rule admirable, and most restful. If I receive a begging letter, and don't know how to reply to it, I found a library, and when that is over the solution is simple. If I miss a train, I found a library. If dinner is late, I found a library. The other night I couldn't sleep; I got up and founded three libraries. On wet days, when I can't play golf, it's something fearful the number of libraries I found. The past Summer has much to answer for.

H. M.—You wrote a book, I believe, Mr. Carnegie, called "Triumphant Democracy." (Mr. Carnegie winces.) I haven't read it (he revives), but I understand you contrast the condition of affairs under a republic and under a monarchy. In what way do you think a republic superior?

Mr. Carnegie—I don't. I did once, but I hadn't met Your Highness then.