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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum cipitation, 6.21 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DEC. 28, 1902.

THE STATE CONSTITUTION. The annual meeting of the Oregon State Historical Society for 1902, which occurred a few days back, was given over to consideration of the making and the makers of the Oregon state constitution. The formal address of the occasion and the speeches which followed it were reminiscent and personal rather than critical, but nearly every person who spoke gave an estimate of the state constitution. "It has," said Judge John R. McBride, the formal speaker of the occasion, "caused less difference of opinion for the courts than any organic law with which I am acquainted. It has protected for nearly half a century the life, liberty and property of the people." "The framers of the Oregon constitution," said Judge R. P. Boise, "were founded in solid moral principles and their minds were set on great questions of liberty and policy. They were men who would not sell honor for the wealth of the Indies. Our constitution has been a godgend to the people. Although we may increase in wealth, we need not increase in extravagance." "In my association with men," said Judge George H. Williams, "I never saw a body which exhibited more real ability, more solid statesmanship or more complete knowledge of what a constitution should be than did the members of the Oregon constitutional convention." "The constitution of Oregon," said Mr. W. D. Fenton, the president of the day succinct fundamental law. Attempts of later days to improve fundamental law by putting into it statute law are mischievous." "For many years," said Governor T. T. Geer, "I have been persistently opposed to radical constitutional revision. I believe in letting well enough alone."

This is high praise. Something of its tone may have been drawn from the centiment of the occasion; but we believe that it reflects pretty fairly the judgment and feeling of the people of Oregon respecting their state constitution. Indeed, we have in the failure of many attempts to medify this constitution a positive assertion of the respect popularly entertained for the work of the ploneer constitution-makers. Even at points where the weight of argument has clearly supported proposals for change, the people have declined to make it, in the fear, doubtless, that once begun, the work of tearing the constitution to pieces would not cease until the whole fabric was destroyed. And when it has been suggested from time to time in the State Legislature that a convention be called to make a new constitution, the popular voice has been emphatic in dissent. The people of Orecon clearly are satisfied with their constitution, preferring to suffer such triffing annoyances as are inseparable from its limitations than to risk the dan gers of a new fundamental law. The people clearly have no hopes that a conattutional convention to be elected at this time would equal the ability, statesmanship and representative quality of the convention which assembled at Sa-

The point is well taken. In 1857 Ore on was a little community of pioneers with almost no development of the "interests" which now make such persistent appeal to the lawmaking and lawenforcing powers. There were no politteal "machines," unless the little Lane clique and the missionary clique could be so called; there was no criminal class; there were no large business orbers, no self-seckers of any kind. The members of the convention were chosen by neighborhood election entirely free from the motives and methods of contemporary politics, the single purpose being to select good and true men; and in pioneer society, which estimates men by their qualities rather than by outside and artificial standards, the good and true men are easy to identify. And when the convention came together at Salem there was a common purpose to make an efficient fundamental law There was no lobby of importunate claimants for special favors; no schemng corporation lawyers seeking to work "jokers" here and there into the body of the code; no effort to promote any private and interested purpose in connection with the provisions of the constitution. The one subject of political tion of the new state was an ambitious rivalry among the then villages of the Willamette Valley for the honors and profits of the etate capital.

Of course, human nature was not es Men contended for what they for manual labor in the tropics. wanted then as they do now, but in the

pioneer conditions of the country there was nothing that anybody wanted from the state, strange as it may appear, but good government. The spirit of the constitutional convention was essentially the spirit of the whole community; its wish was the single one of providing a system of civil government that would protect the life, liberty and property of the people.

It must be admitted that in some things the view of the constitution-makers was limited and narrow-sultably to the times and conditions. It will not be denied that in some-perhaps in manyrespects changes would be desirable These concessions, we believe, are uni-versally made. But the instinct with which the people of the state oppose all suggestions of radical constitutional retising, subscription or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian." The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solici-tation. No stamps should be inclosed for this would be filled up, not with men chosen hastern Business Office, 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49 for personal and representative char Tribune building. New York City: 510-11-12 acter, but for subserviency to private and mercenary interests. Every great department of private interest would see Hotel news great Cody I. E. Lee, Palhave "representation" on the floor of Suiter street; P. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; the convention, while no member of that J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street, near the body would have the real authority of one or more political bosses wholly outstand: Frank Scott, 80 Ellis street, and N. side the lines of official responsibility. side the lines of official responsibility. Wheatley, 413 Mission street.

For sale in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner, 250 South Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 250 South Spring street.

For sale in Kansas City. Mo., by Ricksecker be a grafter's harvest. Whatever might The lobby would be crowded from berow the phrase of Judge Boise-"it is a godsend to the people."

NEGRO LABOR IN THE TROPICS.

T. Thomas Fortune, the editor of the New York Age, le Special Labor Com-TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy, with possibly an occasional shower during the forenoon; winds becoming northerly.

be solved by the importation of American negroes. Vice-President Scarborborough of Wilberforce University, at possessions, since our exclusion laws against him. He meets boycott, refusal labor unloss; he meets proscription, disfranchisement, colorphobia, all over the of ancient or modern literature. land. In the South an educated negro of refinement must ride in a "Jim Crow" car with the most brutal and filthy any inordinate amount of national concreatures of his race; hotels and places of amusement are closed to him, hie civil and legal rights are subject to restriction, he is lynched on mere suspiclos of crime. The deportation of eight of our writers has small permanent millions of negroes to Africa or South America, a Quixotic scheme seriously entertained by Abraham Lincoln, is, of | Harte and Mark Twain as belonging to course, out of the question, but Mr. For- the permanent; they are the artists of tune and Professor Scarborough think that we should seriously consider the possibility of using our new possessions as an opportunity for the American negro. Mr. Fortune once made the sagaclous remark that "the more dark peoples that we have under our flag the better it will be for those of us who came out of the forge and fire of American clavery."

There is small color prejudice in England, because at a court reception or in never rose above the limestone state in the drawing-room entertainments of the highest society you not seldom meet distinguished representatives of the dark races. The Arab dignitaries are dark, and some of them have a strain of negro an enormous number of books, but of blood. The Hindoo and Malay Princes solid, memorable literature of sul gen-English society are men of color that Men of fine talent for the transient we such a thing as the exclusion of an educated, well-behaved, well-bred man from an English hotel or theater is unknown, and the same is true of the wateringplaces and health resorts of Continental Europe. Colorphobia exists in America. because negro slavery is too recently extinct to permit of the dying out of ancient prejudice and the race hostility that has been cursed by the universal suffrage. President Thomas Jefferson invited Mr. Melbourne, an educated tourist from Europe, to vielt him at Monticello, and among those who accepted Mr. Jefferson's invitation to meet this negro were Chief Justice Marshall and the famous lawyer and orator, William Wirt.

It has always been comparatively easy for Southern men of intellect and culture to tolerate the presence of intelligent, educated, well-bred men of color, but colorphobia has its most tenacious life among Americans who belong to the vulgar, enobbish rich, or belong to the lower classes in point of brains and intelligence. In England the court and the nobility fix the law of social distinction, and since the court circle declines to treat color as a bar sinister, the Engitsh people naturally are not colorphobists. Mr. Fortune and Professor Scarborough confess that the present social situation is one of hardship for the negro, and think his condition might be a good deal ameliorated if American neto the Philippines. There are not many negroes in the Philippines today, and those who have gone thither are doing exceedingly well. They have no race prejudice to combat from the native, and when compared with white men of equal attainments they possess the vantage-ground. The ablest and most successful teacher that our Government has thus far obtained for the Philippines is an educated American negro, a graduate of a Northern college. The Fillpinos and the Japanese, who hate white people most, receive the colored man with open arms, and are delighted when they see and hear a man of color of superior ability and attainments.

Mr. Fortune and Professor Scarborough think our Oriental possessions present a rich field and enlarged opportunities to American colored men of education, push and energy. This is true not only of the Philippines, but of Japan, Corea, Siam, Java and Ceylon. Why should not the educated negro, the capable negro, be able to better not only himself, but the Oriental land of his adoption? The Filipinos prefer colored men as school-teachers and in other official capacities. The negro would not be a member of an isolated, experimental negro colony, like Liberia; he would simply be a valuable and indispensable factor in the Philippines. The Chinese intrigue associated with the organiza- are sure to be excluded, and their places must be taken by labor that is both willing and able to work in the tropics. The Southern negro is trained to cultivate sugar, cotton and tobacco; he can work under malarial environment that sentially different in 1857 from the pres- destroys in the white man all capacity

The Filipino is a sharp trader, but he

cannot or will not do the labor hitherto performed by the Chinese. Somebody must do it; the American negro is equal to this kind of work. Why should he not do it? The Filipino thinks the American colored man is "a distant relative of theirs" and above all he is not a white The colored regiments of the man. Army that have served in the Philippines have been afforded an opportunity to see and study the country and its people, and not a few of the best of ose negro soldiers propose to stay in the Philippines and to start out in life there. The trouble will be to get thrifty, energetic negroes to settle in the Philippictes. The Southern negro is a man of very strong local attachments; the Southern planters will do their best to keep them from going, and of course the ignorant, thriftless negro riffraff that swarms in cities or belongs to the desperado clars would be worthless as an industrial factor in the Orient.

NO GROUND FOR NATIONAL VANITY. David Blepham, who stands in the front rank of men of musical culture and learning, and is an American by the convention, while no member of that birth and breeding, says in the current number of the North American Review that while we are a very energetic, enterprising people, great traders, uni-versal money-makers, we have yet to and private purposes. It would literally we are as grossly utilitarian as were ancient Tyre and Sidon, whose merchant come from it nobody can foretell; but ships traded with all the known world one thing is certain, namely, that it but who contributed nothing to the would not be a code of which half a world's present inheritance from the tions. Mr. Bispham points out that America has no original art or literature that we have some fine singers whose whole training had to be obtained in Europe; that we have a few painters of distinction of American birth, like missioner appointed by the President to Whistler, whose life is spent in Lonvisit the Philippines and Hawaii, and is don; that we have a few American the ablest negro journalist in the coun- sculptors, like Crawford and Powers, try. Mr. Fortune thinks the labor prob- who lived and died in Rome, but that try. Mr. Fortune thinks the labor prob-lem in Hawaii and the Philippines can there is no fine American art in paint-of the Kings of modern Europe is not ing or sculpture that is of native birth borough, of Wilberforce University, at speak of English art, or French art. Zenia, O., agrees with Mr. Fortune in We have no body of great original litthe opinion that the Southern negro is erature, like England or France, There the best possible labor for our tropical has never been an American musical composer who could write a fine opera. prevent the importation of Chinese. At while Germany, if she perished tomorthe North the negro finds everything row, would leave behind a bequest of to work by his side and closed doors of | would be an certain of immortality as | them, Katherine Howard, confessed her

> have in a century achieved no large body of original American literature. value. We cannot claim the work of such clever American humorists as Bret all Cooper's novele, the "Leather Stocking Tales" alone have any claim to permanent literature. Holmes and Longfellow are both second-rate poets erected on English models, while Bryant is an American whispering Wordsworth to our native woods. None of our American historians compare in ability with Macaulay, Froude or Green, Emerson said that Bancroft, Prescott and Motley style; marble, which is crystallized limestone, they never reached. It is safe to say that in literature our accomplishment has been very small; we publish rank Poe as most noteworthy after him. have in considerable numbers, but such men are not the men of literary geniue that create a memorable and permanent

Mr. Bispham's view that our Ameri-

literature. If we turn from literature to states manship, leaving out Franklin, Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson, were the fathers rather than the chil-dren of the American experiment, we have Lincoln and Webster, and Webster was premature endowment of the negro with a great orator, who turned to Edmund Burke, a far greater statesman, for his soundest political thought. If we turn to jurisprudence there is only one man, Chief Justice Marshall, who deserves to rank with the great English jurists, Mansfield, Eldon and Stewell. The very principles of public law and freedom we organized into our experiment were inherited from England and were defended and expounded in our behalf during our colonial struggle by Burke and Fox. The English Revolution of 1688 broke the back of the Puritan ecclesiastical tyranny in New England. George III's usurpation of royal absolutism was as great a constitutional outrage to Fox as it was to our own Franklin and Ad-

Nor can it be said that within our p culiar sphere of utilitarian energy and progress we have exceeded the great peoples of the past, measured by the appliances they had to work with and the utter absence of the art of printing, of all knowledge of the power of electricity and steam applied to the problem of groes should emigrate in large numbers transportation on land and water, and the economizing and increase of mechanical power. Given an America today without the art of printing, with out steam to move cars or boats, without telegraph or telephones, and how much would she accomplish? And yet the Phoenicians, the great merchants and traders of antiquity, without any of our advantages, in wretched galleys sailed through the Medite reapean to the coasts of France, founded the great and powerful City of Carthage. The ancient Egyptians in wretched vessels sailed down the Red Sea, doubled the Cape and salled around to the Mediterranean. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, in the sixteenth century, Martin Frobisher sailed as far north as anybody until the

recent expedition of Peary. The real explanation of our remarkable success as a utilitarian people Hes more in adventitious circumstances than in our superior native American energy and hardlhood. Our free institutions from the start unleashed the working mergy and ambition of all classes of society. There were no barriers of rank, no walls of circumstance to leap; there was plenty of cheap, fertile land and ample room for ail, but, even with this death by hunger and thirst. The lot fell great initial advantage, our progress was discouragingly slow until we began to build steamboats and railways. Fulion's steamhoat appeared in 1807, but no steamship crossed the Atlantic from America until 1819, and until the advent of steambosts the navigation of the Mississippi was crippled, because you could take a raft to New Orleans but could not bring her back. Lincoln always sold his flatboat in the city. The

electric telegraph came in 1845, and the later application of electricity as a monation and mechanical labor we have adopted all this as we did the steam engine and the railway locomotive from Europe. Ether is an American discovery, but chloroform was discovered by an English scientist. France taught us the whole art of making sun pictures American surgeons, like Dr. McDowell and Marion Sims, have made some valuable additions to surgical knowledge, but on the whole Europe has been our teacher in the matter of important scientific discovery. We are apt scholars, energetic investigators; that is about all.

We are a great people for energy, courage and enterprise, but we need to be reminded that we inherited enormous advantages from the sudden advent of the application of steam and electricity, which took place before our experiment had completed fifty years of life, Suppose our Republic should suddenly collapse and sink into political and social decline, as did Greece and Romewhat could be said of it? We say that Athens lives today through her art and her literature; we say that Rome lives through the impress still felt of her genius as a lawgiver, a roadbuilder, a soldier and a military engineer. If England perished Shakespeare would be the immortal head of a splendid literature. achieve a really great civilization; that Italy has left an immortal mark in her painting and sculpture; Germany will always live because of what she has done for music. If we should perish today, we should leave no more mark than did ancient Tyre of commercial For sale in Omaha by Barkalow Bros., 1612 century later it could be said—to bor- past of art, laws, literature or institu- glory, and our political struggles would form no more heroic story than those of Europe. Let us be modest for a time of its own, and he is right. He admits yet, and not forget that there are others.

SOME ROYAL INTRIGUES. The scandal concerning the wife of the Crown Prince of Saxony only Illustrates that human nature is about the same in the ranks of royalty as it is in common memorable for conjugal filelity, and the and home nurture in the sense that we records of the Queens is not much better. Isabella of France, Queen of Edward II of England, had Roger Mortimer for her lover, and was privy to the murder of the King. Shakespeare makes Queen Margaret, wife of Henry VI, the mistress of the Duke of Suffolk. Two of the Queens of Henry VIII were sent opera music and lyrical music that to the block for adultery, and one of guilt. Mary Queen of Scots was both an adulteress and a murderess, and George IV charged his wife, Caroline of can civilization does not call today for Brunswick, with adultery, and while her trial was not decisive, her corona-

ceit is both timely and well taken. We tion as Queen of England was refused. The record of France is not better. One of the Queens of France, Elinor of Outside of Hawthorne and Poe, the work of our writers has small permanent band for adultery, but her territorial dower was so rich that she promptly secured a second husband in the person of Henry II of England. Isabella of Ba varia, Queen of King Charles the Simficeting moods of speech and action. Of ple, had the Duke of Orleans for a lover. Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII of France, was reported to be the mistress of the famous Cardinal Richelley, and to have had an affair of the heart with the Duke of Buckingham, the bandsome favorite of James I. Dumas incorporates this historical intrigue in "The Three Guardsmen."

Prince William of Orange, the liberor of Holland, was divorced from one of the several wives he took because of her adultery. Queen Joanna of Naples was an adulteress and privy to the murder of her husband. Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, had lovers galore, and caused one of them to be murdered in France are very dark, and so are the chief men eris quality Hawthorne is our most re- by her attendants. Catherine II of Rusof Great Britain's native subjects in the markable product, and foreign critics sia and the Empress Josephine of ties has submitted to that body a bill she lost her throne.

The wonder is, not that some Kings and Queens have had disagrecable pasthere have not been more of such scanmatches; they are marriages of state olicy. Queen Victoria by good fortune selected him for a husband, and so did Emperor of Germany for three months and the father of Emperor William II. William the Conqueror and Edward I of England were happily married, and Edward III loved his wife, Philippa of Hainault; but as a rule royal marriage have been very mercenary and very unhappy. Henry VIII was forced to marry his brother's wldow, Katherine of Aragon, who was much clder than himself, when he was but 15.

EXTREMITIES OF STARVING SEA.

MIEN. The story of the Australian castaways who, starving on a raft in midoceae sucked the blood of the stewardess while she slept until she died of weakness, is a terrible tale, but there have been many such dreadful scenes following ehipwreck. Many years ago an American vessel foundered at sea. The only seaworthy boat was crowded with the survivors of the passengers and the crew. The sea was running so high that it was plain that the overloaded boat would soon be swamped if her load was not lightened. 'The mate said that, with the exception of the seamen necessary to keep the boat afloat, all the men, including himself, would have to cast lots to decide who should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat sufficiently to carry the rest. The first man on whom the lot fell was a very wealthy young fellow from Philadelphia. He offered the mate a small bag containing a very large amount of money in bills for his life. The mate at once flung him overboard and proceeded with the casting of lots. The men selected were at once thrown overboard by the mate and his crew. After terrible suffering from lack of food and water during eaveral days, the boat was picked up. The mate voluntarily surrendered himself to the authorities. but never suffered any legal punish ment.

An English sea captain cart away with his crew in an open boat in the Pacific Ocean decided to cast lots as to who should die to save the rest from on the cabin boy. The captain killed him and his body was eaten. The boat was picked up, and on his arrival in London the captain surrendered himself to the law and confessed all he had done. He was tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to death, but was pardoned by the ciemency of the crown. De Long and his fellow officers died of starvation side by side without a muralways sold his flatboat in the city. The Eric Canal was finished in 1825; the rail-way began to be extended in 1825; the feeding on each other. In Lieutenant

Strain's famous expedition across the Isthmue of Darien in 1851 the party was reduced to starvation, so that they ate toads, various other repulsive reptiles and vermin.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia, the fond but sorely disappointed parents of four daughters, show a magnanimous spirit in a very cordial telegram to the Prince and Princess of Wales congratulating them upon the birth of their fourth son. The fates have, under the circumstances, been exceedingly unkind to the imperial couple at St. Petersburg. and over-generous, as it would seem, to their royal cousins in London. There would be some prospect that Russian traditions might yet be ignored and a woman be made eligible to the throne but for the fact that there is any number of imperious Grand Dukes to dispute the title of a Czar's daughter to the succession. The gentle Czarina is herself generally conceded to be the power behind the throne, while her austere mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress, ruled the empire in her husband's day only less despotically than does Tsi An, the terrible Dowager Empress of China, It is a fiction of imperial Russia, however, that women are not born to rule, and, looking straight, at the history of the empire under two Catherines and Elizabeth, this fiction is raised to the status of a fact, and the demand for "an heir to the throne" continues though four daughters have been born to Nich-

The Oregonian desires to commend the Bostonians for the liberal recognition of 'Robin Hood" in their repertory; and the task is the more cheerfully underwas expressed in these columns upon a former occasion when a clientele clamoring for "Robin Hood" was required to hear "Rob Roy" and perhaps something else instead, or else stay at home. It is a duty as well as a pleasure to welcome this sterling company to Portland, for there is probably no single organization that has contributed so much in the past fifteen years to the enjoyment of the American public. Amusement-lovers have no fonder recollections than those of Mr. Cowles in the armorer's song, Mies Davis in "Oh, Promise Me" and the legend of the chimes, Mr. Frothingham's inimitable comedy, and, last but not least, dear old Barnabee himself. genial of soul, agile of foot, and, rare among comedians, sweet of voice. It is no wonder that Mr. Barnabee creates enthusiasm wherever he goes. He is the grand old man of American opera.

Kipling was no doubt spared for some good purpose when his terrible illness in New York a few years ago promised for many days to terminate fatally. Whatever this purpose was, however, it is clear that it was not that he might become a writer of politico-martial poetry. All doubt in this direction, if any existed, has been changed to certainty by the publication of his latest poem protesting against the action of Great Britain and Germany in Venezuela. Keved high with indignation, the author blurts through six stanzas of rumble and jingle the purport of which seems to be that British sailors are tired of war and would much prefer to lie on their "banked oars" for a while, rather than join Germany and "help her press for a debt." Perhaps this is poetry; certainly it is Kipling's poetry, but we are fain to believe that he was spared when death threatened for some other purpose than to write such stuff. To doubt this is to arraign divine mercy as shortsighted or misguided.

A Socialistic member of the lower house of the French Chamber of Depu-France had scandalous passages in their which embodies the proposal to abolroyal lives, while Queen Isabella of ish all titles of nobility in France. Sev-Spain in the last century was so licen- eral ineffectual attempts have been tious that her people rose in revolt and made to tax French titles out of existence, but this proposition attacks them boldly as meaningless and, in a republic, absurd. "What prestige do titles of norages in their married lives, but that bility confer in these days?" asks this bold legislator. Let Count Boni de Casdals. Royal marriages are never love tellane, who bought an American Gould with his title and was enabled thereby to indulge his taste for bric-a-brac to the oved her husband before marriage, and amount of several hundred thousand dollars, answer. French titles have a Queen Victoria's daughter, who married distinct commercial value—in the Amer-Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards | ican market. To deprive the sham aristocracy of that realm of titles would be to destroy their stock in trade and break them up in business, so to speak-a procedure that is distinctly forbidden by republican institutions.

It is a fact worth recalling that, had it not been for the fact that General Grant wrote during his last painful sickness his "Memoirs," which earned for him about \$500,000, his widow would not have had any property left to will to her children. Ferdinand Ward, by his embezzlement and forgery, robbed General Grant of all the money he had lent his sons, who were partners with Ward, and by his criminal use of General Grant's name stripped him of every dollar. Then General Grant, with cancer's fangs already fastened in his throat, determined to write a book that would redeem his lost fortune. He wrote the book; he lived long enough to know that it would bring his wife \$400,000, and then he died with resignation.

Representative Jones' bill for opening the Colville Indian reservation looks like another attempt on the part of the Northern Pacific to locate forest reserve scrip. The -bill provides for restoring the curplus Colville land "to the public domain." Northern Pacific scrip applies to the public domain. Is there no end to the land greed of that railroad corporation or to the simpleness of public servants who so innocently do its bidding?

Kipling on the Latest War. Rudyard Kipling, in a signed poem in the London Times of December 22, protests strong-ly against the action of Great Britain and ermany in Venezuela. The poem says:

The banked cars fell an hundred strong.

And banked and thrashed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song. As they brought the war boat round. Last night ye swore our voyage was done, But seaward still we go, And ye tell us now of a secret vow

Ye have made with an open foe. There was never a shame in Christendom They laid not to our door; And ye say we must take the Winter sea And sall with them once more

"Look south-the gale is scarce o'er past That stripped and laid us down When we stood forth, but they stood fast, And prayed to see us drown.

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold, Our wounds are bleeding yet; and ye tell us now that our strength is sold To help them press for a debt.

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas O'er half the world to run With a cheated crew to league anew With the Goth and the shameless Hun."

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

No. 14-Hood's Whims and Oddities "Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse: with Forty-two Original Designs, by Thomas Hood. First Series." Of what sort is this little book of about 159 pages, is indicated pictorially on the title page by the legend "Spring and Fall," under the illustration of a man leaping a fence, who finds himself in the way of pitching inevitably upon the long and pointed horns of a grim-looking ox reposing exactly in the wrong place. Here, then, are a good pun and an equally characteristic drawing.

Of both classes of work thus represented,
Hood was a fertile producer. As regards
the one, in his address to the second edition-prefatory remarks are three in number-he eays, with reason as with wit: "I am informed that certain monthly, weekly and very every day critics, have taken great offense at my puns—and I can con-ceive how some gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required."

Of the pictures: "The designer is quite aware of their defects; but when Raphael has bestowed 7 odd legn upon 4 apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper, —'with all their errors.'" The general character of the work is felicitously ex-pressed: "It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crochets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The author has caught his, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly; and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses"; and the final words of the third address are of the genuine Hood variety: "Having parted with so many of my vagaries, I am doubt-ful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist." Has the gentle reader lived through a London November or experi-mented in reading "the dismal science"?

I know 'tis affected by some that Hood's humor was the forced art of a clever man making money to boil the pot, and a good deal has been said about the true Hood being the man "who sang the song of the shirt." Now there is no trace that I can find of a want of enjoyment, not to say spontaneity, in his process of funmaking. on the part of this prince among punsters, humorists and wits. His astoniching versatility appears in the strong contrasts presented by his work. Why not let the matter rest there, it being granted that this gifted author would find a better market for his lighter than for his graver productions?

It would be superfluous to say that the enjoyment of Hood's "Whims and Oddities" is enhanced by the reader's acquaintance with the best English literature of the period and antecedent to it. Evidence abounds, moreover, that the author was very widely read, and his utmost abandon is that of the scholar. Somebody has said, or might have said, or ought to have said, that he made the pun classical. Making moral reflections sloft on the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, he sees people like emmets below, and recognizes his aunt among them, for a whimsical reason:

And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist. Se long and thin. And so pinch'd in. Just in the pismire taste.

On this speculative height he "looks over London's naked nose," citting "above the ball"; and sees the Thames "a tidy kennel." The careful piece of work, "A Val-entine," presents many temptations to quote. Let this lachrymose question suffice:

Will not tears of wor.

Water thy spirits, with remorae adjunct,
When thou dost pause and think of the defunct? "Please to Ring the Belle" speaks best for itself:

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:— Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door; So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock— Like a spruce single man, with a smart double

Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat; So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was For the moment will come when such comers So she kisa'd him, and whisper'd-poor, inno-

a ring." The ballad of "Faithless Saily Brown" will be recalled by the stanza relating how, after the return of her sailor sweetheart, who had been taken away by a press gang two years before, finding that "she'd got another Ben, whose Christian name was John." he lamented thus:

O Saily Brown! O Saily Brown! How could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow! The sad catastrophe:

His death, which happen'd in his berth, At forty-odd befell; They went and told the sexton, and The sexton toll'd the bell.

'Tis at Margate Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes-Like the ocean—to cast her weeds. There too

The tumbling billows like leapfrog came, Each over the other's back. The following is perfectly in the Hudi-

brastic view: Neither can man be known by feature Or form, because so like a creature, That some grave men could never shape Which is the aped and which the ape, Nor by his gait, nor by his height, Nor yet because he's black or white, But rational-for so we call The only Cooking Animal! The only one who brings his bit

The only one was brings his of of dinner to the pot or spit.

For where's the lion e'er was hasty.

To put his ven'son in a passty?

Ergo, by logic, we repute,

That he who cooks is not a brute— But Equis brutum est, which means.

If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary. A successful essay in the Spenserian tanza, "The Irish Schoolmaster," is an

quote one stanza. What could be funnier than the college gown being used an a scarecrow, and the use of such dignified verse and language in the transmission of humorous ideas? But this is one of the leading charms of Hood as a writer. The boys are at their sports after school, But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift, But careful Panning, was caused in the Now changeth ferula for rural hoe; But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift His college gown, because of solar glow, And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow; Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappied bean, Or trains the young potatoes all a-row, Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green, With that crisp, curly herb, called scale in Aberdsen.

abiding feast to the appreciative. I will

The volume-authorized edition, E. Moxon, Son & Co., London-ends with "Fancy Portraits," introducing grotesque carica-tures of literary men, which remind me that Tom Hood's career included a period graver. He was born in 1798 and died in 1845. In 1821 he adopted literature as a profession, taking a chair in the office of a Lordon magazine. "Whims and Oddities" was his first volume. Dedicating it to the reviewers he wrote:

What is a moders poet's fate? To write his thoughts upon a slate;— The critic spits on what is done,— Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone. As if the versatile and genial Hood could AS II the ever be forgotten.
HENRY G. TAYLOR.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Good morning! Going to church?

When a young woman has an engaging smile, the young admirer may take courage.

The man who takes measures to put imself in the front rank frequently finds himself short.

Some of the young men are now pondering whether it is absence or presents that makes the heart grow fonder. Those Poles who burned Uncle Sam's mail for fuel must have been terribly un-

lettered. Still, it was hardly polite. (Boston joke.) The chief sculptor of the St. Louis fair has resigned in anger. In other words, he gave the directors the marble heart as a

proof of his ability.

The young fellows (and older ones as well) should be careful about crowding the doors of elevators. Many a woman feels injured because she is compelled to stand in a crush of men while going to the 'steenth floor of a big building, and her feelings are not a particle soothed when some bumptious youth with more Ill manners than brains makes her squeeze by him to get out. But then the ladies should remember that most men's heads are simply knots tled by the Creator to keep them from raveling out,

Miles M. O'Brien, ex-president of the Board of Education, dropped into the offices of the Guardian Trust Company the other day to have a chat with Bird S. Coler.

In the course of the conversation he related one of his experiences while visiting a West Side grammar school. He asked a number of questions of the various pupils to test their knowledge of the branches taught. Of one of the small boys in the arithmetic class he asked:

"If your father should give your mother \$3 today, and \$6 tomorrow, and \$4 50 the next day, what would be the result?" The boy, who was at the bottom of the class, replied: "She would throw a fit."

A little lass in this city, whose tender life is guided by a spirit of exemplary plety, had a very merry Christmas. The day seemed to develop for her a new joy every minute, and when at last the fair head and its shaking curls sought the pillow, she was in a state of blissful exuberance. Finally her mother told her it was time to go to sleep. The hint was taken and little girlie climbed out of her crib and knelt by it with closed eyes, After her prayer had reached its accustomed end she got up and started to kiss her mother good-night. A thought struck her, and she gravely resumed her place at the cribside. "I'm much obliged, God," she whispered, "for my merry Christmas, and I hope you've had the same. Amen."

Many of today's sermons will speak of faith as the saving force in the world. It were well if more people took this lesson to heart. If the friend would only have faith in his friend, if the father would only have faith in his child, the lover faith in his beloved. Suspicion, halfhearted trust, jealousy-these are the things that take the bloom off life. So many long for the happiness of the little child. The little one trusts implicitly, and its joy bears no tinge of evil-thinking. And the pity of it all is that faith is usually the true feeling to cherish. Perhaps it is a proof of natural sinfulness that faith and its divine quality are so little compatible with ordinary life. We suspect because we know ourselves, and the punishment is heavy. Yet there are those who have learned to trust, and to these is given a boon that brings with it untold happiness and contentment.

Although it was reported that Mr. Pollight's injury was due car, the real story is this: Mr. Poilight had got on a Morrison-street car at 6:15 and pre-empted a seat in the rear. Three minutes later some ladies embarked, and Mr. Pollight, seeing that there was no room for them to sit down, wearily arose and tendered his seat to one of the new passengers. She accepted with thanks, and the car rumbled on up Morrison while Mr. Pollight swayed on the end of a strap. Finally more people got on, and Mr. Pollight retired to the platform. At Sixteenth street the conductor called him and said: "Lady wants to speak to you, sir." Mr. Pollight jammed himself into the car, and the lady to whom he had yielded his seat said quietly: "Here is your seat. I am much obliged to you." That is why Mr. Pollight had to seek air on the back platform, and why he fell off.

E. M. Holland tells the following story in the New York Times:

"I was playing years ago the part of the Judge in 'The Danites,' before nose putty was invented, and the following incident happened to me at that time. All others who claim it are impostors. Look for the signature on the label.

"To make the Judge's nose blossom properly I found that dough was the most effective material, and kept a supply of flour on hand. But one night 1 found myself out of flour, so I sent a boy to get some in a hurry. I made up as usual and began to play. The night was warm, the Judge worked hard, and at the end of the first act a large white crack appeared on one side of his nose, There was no time to remake the nose, so I painted out the crack and went on again. More cracks appeared, more paint was applied, and all the time the nose seemed to grow larger and larger. By the last act it was as full of cracks as the side of Pelee, and so big I couldn't see around it.

"The boy had bought self-raising flour.

Atlanta Constitution.

Crossed the last dim river—ended now the way;
Faithful in life's Winter, and singing in its May: Love that still was loyal-love that nothing

with flowers its graves.

Stormy days or sunny, Knowing not to roam Till that-"Good-bye, honey-Mammy's gwine home!"

Tolling, ever faithful; by those hands caressed, ed left its playthings-climbing to breast; the old, sweet songs she sang in twilight And th shadows deep, Sing us all to sleep, mammy-sing us all to

> In Life's storm or splendor. Knowing not to roam Till that farewell tender

'Mammy's gwine home!' And I think somewhere the angels-far from

this world of sighs, Let the first light of heaven dawn on the dying eyes: And they said there, of the angels, as they felt the shadows creep: "They are singing you to sleep, mammy; they

are singing you to sleep!" And the Lord-he will deliver, And to the lives that roam Comes that echo d'er Death's river "Mammy's safe at home!"