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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 48; minimum temperature, 24; precipitation, none.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

WILL CHRISTIANITY FAIL?

Undoubtedly one reason for the state of suspended judgment in which the world of religious thought is contented to hold itself at present concerning disputed questions of inspiration and human destiny, is supplied in the swiftness with which discovery succeeds discovery in the antiquities of Babylonia and Egypt. In Germany, Professor Delitzch has astounded certain exalted circles, enlisting the interest and quasi approval of Emperor William, with discussions of Babylonian sources of the Hebrew Scriptures; while in England and this country the lectures and publications of Professor A. H. Sayce are commending themselves to the open-minded by their moderate spirit and scientific method.

The strenuous life has, indeed, taken hold on epigraphy and archaeology. We are devouring the relics of the ancient world faster than we can digest. Before the mass of explorations in buried cities and tombs of humanity's cradle in Northern Africa and Western Asia, the thinking world stands aghast and dumb as it stood early in the seventeenth century in the presence of the fantastic tales and marvelous spoils brought across the Atlantic to England and Spain. In all these discoveries, however, there is increasing proof of the continuity and the approximate uniformity of religious thought. Just as liquids move unfailingly by their own peculiar law; just as we have seen savage tribes advance through barbarism to civilization by the same successive steps; so the rise of man from grossest superstition to a semblance of moral and intellectual cogency has been measurably consistent wherever he has been cast by chance upon his parent earth.

Long before the days of Abraham Canaan was a Babylonian province, obeying Babylonian law and reading Babylonian books, and writing in Babylonian characters. Along with Babylonian culture necessarily came also the religion of Babylonia and the theological or cosmogonic dogmas which accompanied it. Abraham himself was born in a Babylonian city, and the religion of his descendants was nutured in an atmosphere of Babylonian thought. The Mosaic law shows almost as clear evidence of Babylonian influence as do the entire chapters of Genesis.

So says Professor Sayce; and much more than this, in regard to the common origin of Babylonian and Egyptian and Hebrew traditions, has long been available for all who cared to learn. Professor Sayce traces the many resemblances between the Jewish festivals and the Babylonian ones. "As we come to know more of the ritual of the Babylonians the resemblance it bears to that of the Hebrews becomes at once more striking and extensive," but between the two there is this vast and essential difference. Between them, indeed, lies the deep gulf which separates the religion of Israel and Babylonia. One is monotheistic, the other polytheistic. The trappings and suits of the Hebrew narratives are borrowed from older traditions; but their distinctive hope, that "God is in his world," constitutes their peculiar charm and explains their hold on the human mind.

Interesting, however, as are the origins of religions, they are surpassed in concern by their destiny. As these old creeds have come and gone, what light have they shed upon the unrevealed future of Christianity? Truth, of course, is impervious to the assaults of human hands, but however true a system of belief may be, its power will fail with the decline of its adherents. The truths of Judaism, the supernatural in Judaism—to concede all that is claimed for the Old Testament—have not saved it from being superseded except by a scattered remnant among all nations. The old Hebrew prophet is ably represented by his worthy descendants in German and English and American rabbis; but even these complain bitterly of the vanishing of religious instruction in the home, while agnosticism and even Christian Science are invading the ranks of our Hebrew citizens. If supernatural and monotheistic Judaism fails, will not Christianity also fail?

No one who understands the depth and seriousness of the religious principle in man will expect Christianity to fail until something arises to take its place. But the creation of religions is a lost art. It was born with poetry and architecture, whose foundations have been laid once for all, and whose beginnings belong with the golden age of humanity's youth, when the vision splendid of the East is at its full effulgence and not yet faded into the light of common day. Sects spring up on every hand, but they are built on the Christian tradition. It is by the Bible that they justify themselves. But it is probably as vain to look for the founder of a great religion today as for another Homer or another Michael Angelo or another Athens. The modern spirit runs increasingly away from consuming religious emotion towards demonstrable scientific truth, and the amelioration of man's material lot. Even the churches spend themselves in intellectual culture and practical benevolence.

Under such circumstances the inevitable thing is to adapt such religion as we have to the changing conditions of the time. No fallacy is wider spread than the notion that races and peoples are made different from each other by their different religious beliefs. No truth is harder to inculcate than the fact that man adapts his religion to his needs. Where physical surroundings and intellectual impulses combine to produce an advancing race, there religious ideas will advance and improve. The Greek Church of benighted Russia, the hierarchy of harassed Italy, the religious darkness of Spain, the Lutheranism of Germany, the Calvinism of Switzerland and Scotland, the caste-ridden regime of France, the established Church of England and the more liberal system of the United States are all based upon the Christian tradition, but they have flowered into institutions of antagonistic and even hostile belief as well as practice, from the variant air and soil with which their widely scattered habitat has surrounded them.

It has been the life-preserver of Christianity that it has adapted itself everywhere to the needs of the people unto whom it ministered; and this is not its peculiar merit, but the inevitable property of every human institution that keeps from solidifying into a fossil. It lives because it grows and changes, puts off the old, puts on the new. It typifies as truly as does any humbler denizen of the vegetable or animal kingdom that continuous adaptation of an organism to its environment which the Spencerian philosophy has stamped indelibly on human thought. It would be as unjust to identify the Christianity of today with that of the apostolic church as to identify the British constitution with King Alfred or the latest work on astronomy with Copernicus. In the fact that Christianity survives the scientific reading of creation and the critical exegesis of Isaiah and the gospel of John, may be found assurance that it will also survive whatever attacks the future may have in store. It will suffice for the twentieth century as for the upheavals of the sixteenth, because the centuries to come will fit it to their needs. It has been a conquering religion because it is the religion of a conquering race.

AN IMMORTAL STORY.

In all history—and it is history; in all poetry—for it is enshrined in no less majestic setting than the Devina Comedia of Dante—there is no more moving story than the artless tale of Francesca of Rimini. Known to myriads of sympathetic hearts as of Rimini, she was really of Ravenna. In that beautiful city of countless architectural and historical treasures, where some of Byron's happiest hours were passed and noblest lines were wrought, where Dante himself was sheltered by kind hands from the storms of his exiled lot and died at last in peace—there it was, 600 years ago, that Paolo, agreeable to the plot of two conspiring fathers, unfairly won the virgin heart of young Francesca and gained her hand for his ill-shapen and ill-visaged elder brother, who is variously called Giovanni, Sciancato and Lanciotto.

Yet in Rimini the tragedy belongs; for thither, as Bocaccio tells the story, went the Ravenna maiden on her wedding night, and knew not the imposture that had been practiced upon her until it was revealed to her by the morning light. The dramatist has wisely made the marriage ceremony itself the occasion of the discovery, and joined to it the warlike husband's departure for the field in a scene of singular deftness and power. As to the subsequent intimacy of the bride and the younger brother accounts disagree, though history seems to lean to Dante's understanding of it rather than to Boccaccio, who avers the innocence of the pair. Dante himself should have known the truth; for while Carlyle's impressive comment on the bitter fate that led forth the child once fondled on Dante's knee to such cruel miseries and death, is set at naught by later chronologers, there is little doubt that Dante was long quartered at Ravenna. The tradition accepted by Carlyle is vitiated by the date of the double murder by Lanciotto (1285) and that of Dante's probable arrival at Ravenna after the death of the Emperor in 1313. The Ravenna noble who cared for the great poet was probably Francesca's nephew, rather than father.

The story, however, owes much to England as well as Italy; for its most critical point is made to turn about one of the most moving episodes of the Round Table. Lancelot's conquest of Guinevere had greatly impressed Dante, so much so that he repeatedly recurs to it in his "comedy." It is while wandering through the Inferno that he comes upon Francesca and gets first-hand from her the story of her fall. Paolo was reading to her of Lancelot and Guinevere, and at the point where Lancelot "kissed her full upon the mouth" Paolo stopped and kissed Francesca, and the fall was speedy. Like the true poet, Dante covers the guilty sequel beautifully in Francesca's words (Cary's translation)—"In its leaves that day we read no more." The lovers were buried together; and 300 years later, when their graves were reopened, their silken burial robes were fresh and beautiful—symbols of their immortal story.

The modern audience is as likely to lose sight of the ancient background where maidenly love was unknown and the parents' will covered all in espousals as it is to yield to the Teutonic predilection for enthroning law above love. The supreme significance of this thirteenth century story is that modern romantic love was unknown to the ancient or the classic world. It was born with Dante, and stands out no less in this stirring tale than in his own luckless and almost grotesque affection for Beatrice. In the old days the woman loved whom her father gave her to wed. In these days she weds whom she chooses to love. There are, perhaps, fewer unhappy marriages, but there are certainly more divorces. No law, unfortunately, is proof against the blunders of parents or the weakness of human emotions, and guns are loaded every day for Paolos and Francescas as guilty as those of Rimini, and with far less excuse.

Louis James makes his entrance on the stage in no other part with which his fine talents seem so thoroughly and conscientiously enlisted as in his great part of the jester in Booker's masterpiece. Perhaps he remembers that it was in this role, when with Lawrence Barrett, some twenty years ago, that he made his reputation—a reputation that has had to sustain itself against such heavy odds of by-play and indifference. Perhaps it is in "Lanciotto," also, that Mr. Warde comes nearest to losing himself, amiable man and accomplished reader that he is, in the part he is playing. We anticipate much pleasure from the handsome and graceful "Paolo" reasonably to be expected from Mr. Norman Hackett. Tragedy will not die until the tragedians are gone, and in James and Warde we have two of the most eminent survivors of that once sublime estate.

WHY MACEDONIA REBELS.

Charles Johnson writes, in the current number of the North American Review, of the present situation in Macedonia that "throughout Macedonia anarchy has reigned for generations." Of the 2,000,000 inhabitants of Macedonia, five-sixths are of Bulgarian race and speech, the minority being Turkish soldiers and officials, Greek merchants, priests and settlers along the Aegean. Macedonia is chiefly a land of Bulgarian Slavs, Christians of the Oriental rite, under Mussulman rulers, largely of Turkish race. The prevailing anarchy has its cause not so much in the malevolence of the Turk as in his administrative impotence. The 4,000,000 subjects of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria heartily sympathize with their 3,000,000 brothers in Macedonia, and for their aid have organized Macedonian committees, despite the fact that Bulgaria remains nominally a vassal state of the Sultan. The bond of common religion and worship strongly attracts the sympathies of the Russian nation to the Macedonian struggle for freedom. The chief support of the Turkish power in the Balkans is found in Albania, along the Adriatic, where there are 800,000 Mussulman mountaineers, who are as full of valor as they are of fierce religious fanaticism.

These robber tribes have a traditional hatred and contempt for all Slavs. The arrogance, cruelty and rapacity of these Albanians are daily becoming more and more intolerable to the Christian peasants of Northern Macedonia, who have always been a prey to their violence and extortions. The insurrection of Macedonian Bulgarians that began last October was organized with the hope that the Bulgarian government would invite the intervention of the great powers in the dispute, since the Macedonian peasants could not possibly stand unaided against the Turkish armies, but no appeal for intervention at that time could be obtained from Bulgaria, and the Macedonians were left to fight their battles single-handed. Semi-barbarous warfare was carried on against the insurgents through the month of October, and the fall of snow the last week of the month was a general signal for a relaxation of hostilities, which are sure to break out with fresh violence this Spring. The outrages that have driven Macedonia to revolt include street murders by Turkish soldiers, tortures of the most terrible description inflicted with a red-hot iron upon political suspects. Bulgarian women are frequently assaulted by Turkish soldiers, and the crime of rape goes unpunished.

These outrages are of daily occurrence wherever there are Turkish garrisons. The Macedonian teachers, merchants and priests are tortured as suspects and then banished to Asia, and last April a Macedonian Superintendent of Schools was arrested, tortured, and, confessing nothing, was shot in prison. Some Turkish officials in Kratow fifteen years ago went to eat and drink in a Bulgarian's house and then drove away the parents to assault their daughters. In another village three Bulgarians were taken and killed, their captors first putting out their eyes and flaying them. These assassins, though known, were not brought to justice. The bishops of the Church of Greece in Constantinople enforce religious persecution of orthodox Bulgarians, and lose no opportunity to call down the penalties of the Turkish inquisition on the schools, churches, language and aspirations of the Macedonian Bulgarians, who are thus ground between the upper and nether millstone of a two-fold religious persecution of Turks and Greek ecclesiastics. This statement of terrible facts answers the question why the Bulgarians of Macedonia rebel.

For more than four months—from March 3 to July 13, 1878—Macedonia was a free province of independent Bulgaria in virtue of the treaty of San Stefano, dictated by the victorious Russian army at the gates of Constantinople. The Russian people wished to see all Bulgaria, including Macedonia, free from oppression, and under the treaty of San Stefano the Bulgarians from the Danube to the Aegean were set free. England, under Beaconsfield, interfered; Austria joined hands with England, and the treaty of Berlin placed the Bulgarians of Eastern Rumelia and Macedonia once more under the Turkish yoke, Russia liberated Macedonia, Crete and Armenia, but England and Austria returned them to subjection. It was the blackest page of Beaconsfield's career, and cost him his loss of office to Gladstone in 1879, who was not slow to point out to England that Beaconsfield's policy had thrust liberated Macedonia back again under the iron heel of the Turks.

PROGRESS IN VERMONT.

A law passed by the Vermont Legislature last November providing for local option and high license was submitted to the people on the 3d inst. and approved by a small majority of about a thousand, the large towns being responsible for the victory. This small majority by which prohibition is expunged from the Vermont statute-book was about the same as that by which it was established in 1852, when the state had about 315,000 population against 343,641 in 1900.

Vermont enacted prohibition in 1852; the same year it was passed in Rhode Island. Connecticut enacted it in 1854, and in 1855 it became a law in New York, New Hampshire, Michigan and Iowa. Prohibition has been killed by the successful application of local option and high license, which began with the so-called Slocumb law in Nebraska in 1881, but the results of the Raines law, passed in New York in 1896, carried the day conclusively for the high-license movement. This measure increased the revenue greatly and at the same time diminished the number of saloons.

Vermont will soon find out that her local option-license liquor law is a better temperance measure than prohibition. Under this law the people of the state can have prohibition wherever there is local public sentiment to sustain it. Of course, where a majority of the people are against prohibition it is folly to enact such a policy and expect to enforce it.

Prohibition can be enacted wherever it is wanted, and it is probable that two-thirds of the towns of the state will decide for prohibition at the March town meetings. The cities and large towns, where liquor has been sold freely in defiance of law, will choose a license policy so regulated that the legal traffic cannot possibly exceed the lawless, demoralizing sale which prevailed under prohibition. High license with local option has succeeded in Massachusetts, and ought to prove quite as satisfactory in Vermont. It is the only fair way to deal with the liquor traffic. The towns that desire prohibition can have it, and the towns that don't want it can reject it for high license.

A SAD PICTURE.

The inhumanity of parents of a certain class, as disclosed by the investigation of the opponents of child labor as carried on during the past six months in New York, is so shocking as to be scarcely believable. Taking advantage of inadequate laws for the protection of their children, many parents send their little ones into lives of slavery the features of which are long hours, unhealthful surroundings, enforced ignorance, insufficient nourishment and an utter absence of childish pleasures. Imagine the life of a child who is totally deprived of play; of children untidy, loveless, old before their time, with slender shoulders bowed beneath their load, taking up the burden of self-support and family support at the age of 10 or 12 years, and carrying it from twelve to fourteen hours daily! No matter about the wage. That is meager enough, no doubt, as the earning power of the child worker is small. There is, indeed, no such thing as adequate recompense for child labor under such conditions. Large or small, their pay is but the exaction of blood-money—parental blood-money—and the low greed that is behind it is insatiable.

The law of New York requires as a condition precedent to employment in any of the gainful industries of the state that every child shall present to the Board of Health an affidavit signed by parents that he is 14 years old. The extent to which greedy parents lay perjury upon their souls in this matter is shown by the fact that in New York City there are hundreds of children less than 12 and 13 years old employed at labor that taxes their physical endurance to the utmost and absorbs every waking hour. Employers must take their share of the blame for this condition of affairs, and it is not small. But compared with the blame that justly falls upon parents who swear their children into bondage, it is insignificant.

It is a common error to suppose that dire necessity is always behind these little ones, scourging them to their tasks. Investigation systematically carried on proves that this is not true, since in a vast majority of cases there is no other reason for pushing the children out in their tender years as wage-earners that is not founded in the greed of parents or in habits of indolence and insobriety. It is manifestly easy to protect children from the greed and exactions of employers, as compared with the greater task of protecting them from the greed of parents. The enemy within the home is always more difficult to deal with than the enemy without. And in the just condemnation that every sympathetic heart feels toward the employers of child slaves, whether these are indentured to cotton manufacturers in the South, coal operators in Pennsylvania, the bottle factories of Jersey or to the sweatshop drivers of New York and Chicago, let the fact that this indenture would be impossible without the connivance and false swearing of parents not be forgotten.

THE VITALITY OF PREJUDICE.

We wonder at the vitality of the prejudice against the negro, but the taint of Jew prejudice that still lingers in some parts of Europe today is astounding when we remember that the Jew represents one of the most gifted and intellectually versatile people in history. Modern civilization is indebted to the Jew for the expansion of music, of art, of science, of philology and finance. The Jews had a noble theology and religion, a great literature, at a time when not even the Greek mind had risen to the conception of monotheism. The other day there arrived in New York City a little band of Spanish Jews, refugees from Roumania. Their Jewish ancestors were driven out of Spain in the fifteenth century in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Thousands of them went to Turkey and finally settled in Roumania. These Spanish Jews, through all the five centuries of their enforced exile from Spain, have kept the customs and language they brought with them from that country. In their Roumanian synagogue at Crajova they worship as their people worshiped in Spain, and in the family circle they speak pure Spanish. The Spanish tyrant of the fifteenth century, through the machinery of the Inquisition, drove the Jews out of his kingdom. Some of them found refuge in Paris, Amsterdam, Antwerp, London, the West Indies, Dutch Guiana, Brazil, America. Some of their descendants today speak pure Castilian Spanish, but none of them have preserved their autonomy so thoroughly as the colony in Roumania.

What a grim fate it is of these Spanish Jews of Roumania that five centuries after their expulsion from Spain they are driven by race prejudice and religious hate from Roumania to seek an asylum in America! The Roumanians have closed the Jewish schools; they exclude the Jews from the public schools unless there are places not filled by Roumanians. Later the Jews were allowed, if there was room, to enter the schools by payment of a large fee. The university, open to Roumanians without money and without price, costs the Jewish student about $75 a year. Military academies are closed against the Jews. They can serve in the army, but without pension privileges. They cannot hold government positions; they are shut out of the professions and out of journalism. Jews may not take out licenses or sell their wares in the streets; they cannot own farming land or even live in the agricultural sections, and the law provides that no one should employ a Jew without also employing two Roumanians, which kills Jewish labor on all small estates.

The shame of all this lies in the fact that this brutal, senseless persecution of the representatives of an illustrious race of people only survives today in the barbaric regions of Europe; in Russia and wretched little governments like Roumania, whose despotism is periodically "tempered by assassination." Even in Spain the Jew is no longer an object of religious and political proscription. The decline of Spain began with the vile policy of the fifteenth century, which was expressed by the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from that country. The Spanish Jew had been a most gallant and loyal soldier; he had been an enterprising trader and manufacturer; he had been a man of learning in all the medical and chemical science of his day. The Moor was distinguished for his architectural skill, his attainments in medicine and chemistry, his respect for classical learning. The Inquisition expelled the Jews; the fanatical Cardinal Ximenes destroyed the library of Cordova, which contained manuscript copies of the classics of inestimable value.

When Spain lost her Moors and her Jews she lost her refinement, her scholarship, her skilled artisans, her manufacturers; she had nothing left but a land of soldiers and agricultural slaves, and she never recovered from this loss. The wealth of her mines in America put off her fate for a time, but in less than a century after the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews Spain had begun to be the sick man of Europe. Surely race and religious prejudice cost Spain very dear. With this decline of Spain contrast the condition of Great Britain, where the Jews have intermarried with the highest nobility; with that of France, where Jews have been conspicuous leaders in statesmanship and finance. In Austria some anti-Semitic prejudice prevails among the nobility, and there is a noisy anti-Jew faction in Germany which is without any substantial political influence. The anti-Jew prejudice which was once intrenched behind vile laws in every country in Europe has no longer any legal standing room in enlightened Europe. Russia, which is really an Asiatic despotism, and Russianized governments like Roumania, still permit Jew-baiting, but with these exceptions the social and political proscription of the Jew is without force in Europe. Even Italy, which might be suspected of sympathy with anti-Semitism, is entirely free from it. The Jews are largely intermarried with the leading aristocratic families of Italy, and are subject to no sort of civic or social disabilities. It is a notable illustration of historic justice that Spain, which expelled her Jews who had defended Toledo against the Moors, is today in a state of comparative agricultural decline and manufacturing paralysis, while Great Britain and France, which welcomed her exiles, lead the march of enlightened Europe.

The American alarmists who talk about the German navy as directed primarily against the United States are contradicted by a lately published book, "Germany and International Policy," whose author, Professor Schlemann, is the writer of the articles on foreign politics in a leading German newspaper, the organ of military and bureaucratic opinion in the German Empire. Professor Schlemann says frankly that the expansion of the German war fleet is directed, not against the dual alliance of France and Russia, much less against the United States, but primarily and mainly against Great Britain. Although Germany by 1906 will have eighteen battleships and by 1917 will have thirty-four battleships, Germany's navy today is not equal to that of the United States. The total American naval tonnage is given as 597,494, and the German tonnage as 458,482. A number of Germany's battleships are of a small, inferior grade. Germany does not possess a single naval or coaling base in this hemisphere. No European fleet could cross the Atlantic without at once recoaling on this side before it undertook warlike operations. A German fleet bound for the West Indies would have to steam from the North Sea. Cervera, after steaming a much shorter distance from Spain, reached Santiago with empty coal bunkers. Germany is in no condition to attempt territorial expansion in South America. An expedition against Venezuela would fare no better than the French did in Mexico, and would have to overcome the naval power of the United States before it could effect a landing. The whole suggestion is absurd. Germany wouldn't if she could, and she couldn't if she would.

The Board of Directors of the Lewis and Clark Fair judge rightly. There is no time to be lost in outlining the general plan for laying out the grounds of the site chosen for the Fair, and in getting to work to improve them. In the words of Director Willis, "Trees are waiting to be planted," and there is great need of getting the ground in order at as early a day as possible. Nature, craftily cajoled by the florist, may be hurried somewhat in producing flowers and blossoming shrubs, but the landscape gardener is compelled to wait her slower processes in the production of trees and plants of larger growth. The history of great expositions is that of unreadiness at the time set for the opening of their exhibits to public inspection. If history repeats itself in this particular in connection with the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, it will be because of delay in the beginning, which is now.

The abolishment of the State Normal School at Drain is in the interest of public economy. The need for this school as a state institution did not exist. With the Ashland Normal at the south, the Monmouth Normal to the west and the Milton Normal to the east of it, the Drain Normal was merely a sop to local pride, useful in a way, but superfluous so far as its special function as a mill to grind out teachers went. A multiplicity of educational institutions carried on wholly or in part by state appropriations does not advance the cause of education. It is the concentration of effort in the buildings and general equipment of such institutions that tell upon the educational life of the state.

The Alaskan treaty, ratified by the Senate, does not submit any American territory to the adjudication of arbitrators, but creates a commission of three American and three British experts to determine where the line between Alaska and British Columbia should be drawn, as laid down by the treaty of 1825, and, if they can agree, to mark the line. This treaty plan is the exact plan of settlement proposed to Canada three years ago by the American representatives on the Joint High Commission, and rejected by the Canadians, who demanded a seventh and neutral member of the proposed commission.

The cases of the coal miners and operators have been committed to the commission. Chairman Judge Gray showed a true appreciation of the duties and responsibilities involved when, in taking leave of the counsel on both sides, he craved their good wishes for the "safe and righteous deliverance" of the commission from the grave questions that confront it.

FIVE-MINUTE BOOK TALKS.

No. 21—The Works of Christopher Marlowe.

High praise to have wrought an immediate metrical revolution. The form of modulated blank verse introduced by Marlowe—the product of exact scholarship and a fine ear for the musical capabilities of English numbers—became henceforward the unrivaled medium of tragedy. His ranks, moreover, among pens the most powerful—fiery and imaginative, throbbing with passion, and of melting pathos

Shakespeare and he were born in the same year, 1564, as it seems only a few weeks apart. Marlowe was baptized in February of that year, the younger poet in April. Their names are associated, on account of the conjectural opinion, founded on "internal evidence," but generally accepted, I believe, that the second and third parts of "Henry VI," found in our copies of Shakespeare, were written for the greater part, by Marlowe, to whom is ascribed besides the authorship of beautiful verses among the miscellaneous poems embraced in that treasure. I find these words in the tribute of a critic fresh from reviewing Marlowe's tragedies: "He is the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer in all our poetic literature. Before him there was neither genuine blank verse nor a genuine tragedy in our language. After his revolution the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare."

"Tamburlaine the Great," "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second" and "The Massacre of Paris" comprise the list of Marlowe's dramatic works. He translated "Hero and Leander," a very beautiful production, instinct with the spirit of the Renaissance; Ovid's "Elegies," and the first book of Lucan. "Dido," a tragedy, finished by another dramatist, Nash, is said to have been begun by him.

Opportunity was benevolently provided for this son of a poor shoemaker and parish clerk of the historic city of Canterbury to acquire a classical education. He made his preparatory studies in his native place, whence he proceeded to Oxford, where he was graduated B. A. in 1583, and M. A. in 1587. Upon leaving the university he is said to have become an actor, but gave up histrionics as the result of an accident in which he broke his leg. His dramatic labors were begun while he was a student at Oxford, with "Tamburlaine the Great." The presentation of this tragedy, years after, was a great event in the history of the drama. Rant and fustian—nothing new—were heard associated with a range of beautiful expression from the tender to the grand and sublime, musical and varied beyond precedent—the beginning of a new dramatic era. Marlowe was poor and dissipated, reputed to be an apostle of atheism, and was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford, near London.

* * *

"Doctor Faustus" and "Edward the Second" are the most admired of Marlowe's works. It was in keeping with the strong and daring quality of his genius to trace the career of the scholar and necromancer who made a contract with Lucifer to sell his soul for 24 years of earthly enjoyment, had his good time, and, in pursuance of the bargain made, was seized and torn in pieces by infernal beings at the expiration of the stipulated period. Between the time when Faustus is discovered in his study and the terrible close of the tragedy, the reader hears the pleading of good and bad angels, makes the acquaintance of a spirit, Mephistophilis, sent by Lucifer to wait on his victim, and accompanies the two in scenes of luxury and splendor which present a considerable variety of place and incident. One of the most interesting episodes is the attempt of an old man to win Faustus "unto the way of life."

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shalt conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof comports the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Temporary relenting is killed by the loveliness of Helen, summoned by Mephistophilis. And here follows one of the finest passages in literature:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burst the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul; see, where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips.
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

The speech which precedes Faustus' horrible death is too long for full quotation, and I commend the reader to look it up, contenting myself with a scrap or two of this heartrending soliloquy:

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
. . . . . .
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!
. . . . . .
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
Oh, no end is limited to damned souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

The story of "Edward the Second," of his weakness and folly, his unfaithful wife, of intrigue, violence, cruelty, and a death of unutterable shame and agony—what material for Marlowe! Charles Lamb wrote but justly, as every reader of sensibility must feel when he reads this tragedy: "The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarcely improved in his 'Richard the Second'; and the death scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted."

These looks of thine can harbour naught but death!
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
. . . . . .
Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
. . . . . .
I am too weak and feeble to resist.
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

I end my talk with a contrast, the death of Barabas the Jew, as to be found in "The Jew of Malta." He has taken vengeance on his enemies, is overmatched, confesses his crime, and dies:

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution;
Know, governor, 'tis I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow;
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels.
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs.
Die, life; fly, soul; tongue, curse thy fill, and die.

HENRY G. TAYLOR.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Did you like your valentine?

It is nearly time for somebody to describe as a social upheaval the tidal wave that swept away 1000 Society Islanders.

After looking at that high board fence erected on the property line between two fond neighbors one has a doubt as to just who the builder had the spite against. And then suppose the builder should paint that high board fence black: Nothing is ever as black as it is painted.

If the allies carry out their agreement to restore Venezuela's captured war vessels it might be well to enter into a contract with them for the restoration of the steamship Great Republic and a few other craft in similar condition on the shores of the North Pacific. They will have proved themselves very efficient wreckers, in both senses of the term.

Ex-President Cleveland delights in a style of diction at once involved and lucid, and when he was at a New York club the other evening he told with evident enjoyment of the effect of his phrases on a young reporter. He had dictated an interview to the youth, and at the end said: "Have you got it all down?" "Yes," said the reporter, "but I will straighten out the sentences when I write it up."

My Valentine.

I heard the ring of my door bell,
So I ran with all my might,
And flung the door wide open,
Looking out into the night,
I saw a fluttering envelope,
Addressed in a single line,
And picking it up from the step I read,
"For my sweet valentine."

"Now who in the world can have sent it?" I asked,
As I held it to the light,
But I got not the slightest suggestion,
For the writing was strange to my sight.
And I slowly went back to my chair,
And stared at the single line,
That spoke in silent words so dear,
"For my sweet valentine."

I tore the envelope open,
And a bitterness filled my mind,
For the little paper greeting
Was of the five-for-a-nickel kind.
And into the flames I cast it—
Then vanished that joy of mine,
For I cussed that satirical statement:
"For my sweet valentine."

Limerick Competition, No. 5.

We thought the Limerick fiends were going to take a day off, but the postman brought us the following. The point in the first contribution is well taken. The second is written in a spirit of malevolence:

I.

To the Editor of Note and Comment: Your Willamette and Cathlamet rhymes are well enough in their place; but it is to be regretted that the authors missed the keynote of the affair. In the Sun's rhymes it is to be noted that the hero of the story is the bucket. First Nantucket, then Pawtucket, afterwards Manhasset, and when they took a partner Cohasset, while the man who tried to steal it and got kicked Narragansett. In view of these facts, the publication of the following little idyl with a word of commendation as a proof of lack of jealousy of a true poet will be appreciated:

Three gentlemen (not from Skamania)
Feared Mount Hood would decline to remain here.
But a lunacy commission
Make the awful admission
That the gentlemen all had ski-mania.

Yours, BYR-N.

II.

The original feminine offender sends in this:

Oh! give us a rest from Mohamet,
Also from the man of Cathlamet,
The public is sore, and won't stand any more
Bad rhymes on the river Willamette.

Some of Mexico's Wonders.

Washington Post.

It is far better than reading a book about Mexico to hear E. L. Doheny, of California, tell of what he has seen and heard in the big republic beyond the Rio Grande. He has made large investments in that country, and by virtue of native wit and keen observation, is almost an encyclopedia as to its political, social and economic conditions.

"There are many things down there," said he to a group of friends, "that surprise American visitors. Since coming to Washington I went through your renowned Central market, but in Guadalajara there is a bigger one, with a greater variety of food products and surpassing the one here in everything except the exhibits of meats. The warmness of that climate forbids extensive dealing in fresh meats.

"Then there is a theater in the mining town of Guanaguato that is of surpassing beauty and magnificence. In fact, until I saw the Congressional Library, I considered this Mexican playhouse the most superb building I had ever beheld. The interior is finished in marble and onyx, while the outside is of a particularly beautiful igneous rock. The decorations are gorgeous, one wall containing $50,000 worth of gold leaf. In this same town are some of the oldest silver mines on the continent, and one that is still being worked is known to have been producing the white metal since 1592, there having been taken out of it from first to last the enormous amount of nearly 1,000,000,000 ounces."

Booth Tarkington's Oratory.

Boston Herald.

We get an idea of the quality of the Hon. Booth Tarkington's oratory from his speech in the Indiana Legislature nominating Senator Fairbanks for re-election. Said he:

"Mr. Speaker: It is a truism that no word has been more misused than greatness. The specialist measures it. An entomologist calls Professor Staeffer the greatest man of the 20th century. Professor Staeffer made a classification of butterflies; a chessplayer says Steinitz is the greatest man of the century; at Yale they believe that Glass, the right guard, is much greater. And while I realize that such words as greatness should find the mouths of the discreet only the rarest use, yet I hazard the declaration that there have been great Democrats."

The Hon. Mr. Tarkington then proceeded to show that true greatness was to be found only in the Republican party, and that it would remain there until present faiths, conditions and the leopard's spots change. With these few preliminary observations he presented the name of the Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indianapolis. We think we prefer Novelist Tarkington to Orator Tarkington.

Rescued Starving Musicians.

New York American.

Edouard de Reszke's generosity has just saved a family of Polish musicians who recently arrived penniless in New York from South America from starvation. Paul