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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 58; minimum temperature, 38; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Rain; brisk southerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1903.

MOMMSEN'S PECULIAR SERVICE.

The work of Professor Mommsen has been of the supreme kind in the world of thought, just as the things that enchained his attention was of the supreme kind in the world of affairs—Rome among governments, Caesar among men. It may not be a fair test of intellectual power, but it is certainly a suggestive one—whether a historian or a critic suffers himself to be occupied with incidents or eddies in the stream of time or can not be stayed or interested until he has fastened on the vital points of human history—Egypt, Rome, Greece, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Washington. Perhaps here is a key to the mystery of Parkman's limited vogue, despite his pre-eminent workmanship. The highest mind is content with nothing less than the highest theme.

Another explanation of Mommsen is his comprehensiveness of view. In art, perhaps, we see the master mind occasionally revealed in concentration upon limited range of objects; but in affairs and in literature the proudest names are those to whose genius nothing was foreign. Shakespeare has touched all history and all human nature with his transcendent versatility. The majesty of Caesar, as Professor Mommsen himself points out, the difficulty of producing by the pen his character, must be ascribed to the perfection of his many-sided nature, which leaves no peculiar characteristics such as the historian readily lays hold of in other great men. The eye of Napoleon ranged all fields of diplomacy, war, education, administration. The philosophy of Herbert Spencer embraces the results of every science known to man. On this universality of Mommsen's talent, we may quote Freeman, himself a historian of no mean powers:

> The greatest scholar of our times, wellnigh the greatest scholar of all times. Language, law, mythology, customs, antiquities, coins, inscriptions, every source of knowledge of every kind—he is master of them all.

It is often true, it is almost inevitable, that the prime service of a life work like Mommsen's is to supply some supreme need of his time. This supreme need supplies the worker with his motive, and without this motive the work would never be done. Such a work as Niebuhr did in exploring the insecure foundations of tradition upon which classical history rested; such a work as Ferdinand Baur did in unearthing the internal evidences of the Hebrew scriptures, could only have sprung from a consciousness, burning in the soul like a consuming fire, that mankind was living in a world of self-deception. No less than the ancient prophet, these modern revealers of hidden truths have seen like Hamlet and like Hamlet cried: "The world is out of joint," and took up the task to set it right.

The lesson the world needed to learn, before Mommsen lived, was the continuity of human history; and in its study his part was most important. Only through him, perhaps, should we have begun to realize how fully our civilization is a mere succession to Roman ideas and Grecian thinking, how "through generation after generation," as Mommsen says, "mankind reverts again and again to the lines that Caesar drew." For it was through Mommsen that the Roman constitution—the constitution of the Roman state—was made known for the first time to the modern world. Niebuhr had done much, but his work, though informed throughout with the philosophy of history, was fragmentary. Great as his service was, he became for Mommsen, as for others, the mine whose ore was yet to be refined for its complete and perfect use.

The grandest thought that ever took possession of the mind is the thought of creation as one consistent, continuous, harmonious, orderly process. To this sublime conception has all the intellectual effort of the nineteeenth century been tending. This was the unseen goal to which such minds, widely sundered by time and space, as Copernicus, Columbus, Newton, Goethe, Darwin, Tennyson, were working. There was no harder link to cast on the chain than the continuity between the ancient and the modern world. The key to that connection was in the Roman Empire, and as it has slowly been fitted to its place, what a noble fabric has risen from the ruins of the Coliseum and upon the foundations of Tacitus and Livy!

The consecrated talents of Merivale; the patient researches of Niebuhr; the magnificent conceptions of Gibbon; the splendid pages of Macaulay; the informing genius of Mommsen, have given to modern life a new significance and stamped with a vital meaning the very name of the Eternal City. Five hundred years after the classical revival of ancient art and learning in Europe, we see at length the true Renaissance, in the apprehension that Rome and Greece are in reality eternal, that to this day we obey their laws, we copy their buildings, we think their thoughts, we dream their dreams. It has been the service of Mommsen to turn the thoughts of the race again to its memorable camp upon the Seven Hills. He could hardly have done anything more profoundly influential.

MAN OF CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

In his life of Gladstone John Morley has produced a memorable book. This was to be expected of an eminent writer nearly the whole of whose large literary achievement was in the field of biography. A man who has published admirable critical estimates of Rousseau, Cobden, Voltaire, Burke, Walpole, Byron, Mill, Carlyle, Macaulay and Cromwell, could not fail to make a monumental book out of the career of Gladstone, covering as it did the whole political history of Great Britain from the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 until the defeat of Home Rule in Ireland and Gladstone's final retirement from power in 1894. Even if Gladstone had been a far less gifted man his political life would be a story of surpassing interest. When he entered Parliament in 1833 William IV was King. In a single year Gladstone had attracted the favorable notice of Sir Robert Peel, who to the day of his death was Gladstone's political preceptor. Within five years after his entry into political life Gladstone had written a book in defense of church and state, of which Macaulay wrote: "The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly a leader whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor."

Gladstone was then a Tory; he believed in "church and state"; he had opposed negro emancipation in the West Indies; he had opposed extinction of civil disabilities for the Jews; he was hostile to all the great measures of political reform of which he finally became a most energetic and eloquent advocate. The greatest glory of Gladstone in Mr. Morley's judgment does not lie so much in his oratorical genius, which was very great, not so much in the measures of legislative reform which he forced to enactment, as it does in the fact that above and beyond all English statesmen of his time he was always a growing man because he always religiously obeyed the voice of his conscience. Whether he failed or succeeded in his public efforts Mr. Morley believes that he failed or was victorious for conscience' sake, and Mr. Morley knew Mr. Gladstone long and well. He was his personal friend and political confidant for more than twenty years; he is and always has been a Rationalist in his religious views, while Gladstone was an orthodox High churchman so strict that he seriously defended the authenticity of miracles against Robert G. Ingersoll; he is a man of calm, judicial, philosophic mind, a clear, strong speaker, but in no sense an eloquent man, while Gladstone was a man of genius in his capacity to sway an audience by his extraordinary eloquence.

In spite of this difference between a man of unquestioning faith and a man of skeptical quality; this difference between a man of ardent, poetic temperament and a man of cold, judicial, philosophic mind, these two men loved and trusted each other, and Mr. Morley firmly believes that Gladstone, whether the event proved him right or wrong, whether he won or lost the day, never stooped to follow any flag but the flag of his conscience. To illustrate: Gladstone in 1862 in a speech asserted that Jefferson Davis and the South had made a nation. Gladstone came subsequently to number this statement as among his serious errors; that it was not only founded upon inadequate knowledge but was in any case an indiscreet utterance to come from a member of the Cabinet without the approval of his chief. But Mr. Gladstone was the friend of America in the Trent affair, for it was due to his appeal to the Queen and Prince Albert that Lord Russell's dispatch was softened and abridged. Mr. Morley shows by written evidence that the assertion that Mr. Gladstone never thought of Home Rule for Ireland until he discovered he needed the Irish vote is utterly without foundation, and he pronounces the statement that he (Mr. Morley) himself converted Gladstone to Home Rule to be "the merest moonshine."

Mr. Morley does not deal in unmixed panegyric of his great leader; there is but one opinion among intelligent men concerning the extraordinary intellectual power of Mr. Gladstone, his versatility, his industry, his amazing eloquence in great critical times in the House of Commons or before vast popular assemblages. There is but one opinion concerning his possession of extraordinary intellectual powers, but there always has been a dispute among intelligent Englishmen as to his sincerity, as to whether he was always an eloquent enthusiast or only at times "playing to the galleries" with admirable skill. Mr. Morley says that Gladstone had "a perplexing dualism of both mind and soul; that he was the ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotchman; a mediaeval schoolman and yet a thrilling tribune of democracy." Given a man of this dual quality and he will be sure, if he is a party leader, to be accused of sophistry, insincerity and subterfuge. Mr. Bagehot is quoted to this effect, and Mr. Morley agrees with him and says that it was the hair-splitting scholastic habit of Gladstone's mind that exposed him to the gibes of the so-called "plain people," the kind of "plain people" represented by the English pedant who when asked what he thought of Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner," replied, "Improbable, highly improbable."

The same kind of "plain people" who were puzzled when Mr. Gladstone attended Sarah Bernhardt's public reception in London, cordially shook her hand and congratulated her on her histrionic triumph; that kind of "plain people" thought that Mr. Gladstone had no business to remember anything about the great actress save that she had been a mother, who had given her name to her child and taken care of it, and yet had never been a married woman. Mr. Gladstone was a very religious man, and a man of very pure life, but he was no more of a Puritan than was Mr. Browning, who called on George Sand, or Longfellow, who welcomed Adelaide Neilson. Nevertheless Mr. Gladstone never ceased to advocate the doctrine that the principles of morality and religion must have sway in public affairs as inflexibly as in private life. Hence his prompt, unyielding demand for the retirement of Parnell from the leadership of the Irish Home Rule party, and the Catholic priests and the Nonconformist Protestant ministers of his party gave him their blessing for his firmness. It defeated Home Rule, possibly, but no matter, Mr. Gladstone would not insult public morals by further recognition of Mr. Parnell. Gladstone's mastery in finance was wholly acquired exactly as Napoleon acquired rapidly his mastery of public business, by the intensity and vigor of his mental application.

Cambaceres, an able lawyer, records that Napoleon by intense mental application and unwearied daily industry would absolutely master a difficult subject in less than sixty days that would take an ordinarily studious man a year to acquire. Through sheer concentration of mind Gladstone, like Napoleon, made himself a master in finance. At 82 years of age, Gladstone could hold the charmed attention of an audience of 4000 people for two hours with an eloquence of voice and action, a vigor of argument that no man in the British Parliament or the American Congress has ever matched at so advanced an age. Despite the fact that he began a bigoted Tory and protectionist and became the great Liberal leader and radical free trader; despite the fact that he was originally the advocate of church and state and finally disestablished the Irish church; despite the fact that he supported Sir Robert Peel in his coercive measures in Ireland and yet became the great leader and orator of the Irish Home Rule party, despite all seeming inconsistencies Mr. Morley believes that Gladstone was always a growing man, who grew because he fearlessly followed his conscience. He did not find himself politically until fifty, but when in obedience to his conscience he finally burst the cerements of his early Tory education he was always ever after the lover of liberty for all men, the champion of oppressed people, and the devoted lover of peace, and Mr. Morley finds nothing in all Gladstone's mass of letters, journals, diaries that diminishes the tribute paid to his memory by Lord Salisbury when he called him "a great Christian statesman."

SLANG.

The history of slang is an interesting subject. It is defined as the language of street humor, of fast, high and low life, while cant is the vulgar secret language of vagabonds and criminals. They are both ancient and universal. Slang is as old as speech and city life; it is the result of crowding, excitement and artificial life; it has been employed by mercurial, vulgar and worthless persons in every part of the world at every period of time. The pages of Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence and Martial are full of slang. Martial calls an uninvited guest who accompanies his friend his "shadow," and when a man was trussed, neck and heels, he was called jocularly "quadruped." Some slang phrases in our language are merely old English terms which have become obsolete through the caprices of fashion. A great many old words, once respectable, have fallen into disrepute and been stigmatized as vulgar. Bone, in old times, among high and low, meant to steal, and the phrase "made no bones of it" was most respectable. Crack, in the sense of excellent, and crack up, to boast or praise, were not considered vulgarisms in the time of Henry VIII. Dodge, a cunning trick, is from the Anglo-Saxon. Gallivanting was once a polite expression, and clergymen bade a noisy hearer to "hold his gab" or "shut up his gob."

Gadding was used in an old translation of the Bible. Bacon in his writings speaks of the lower part of a man's face as his "gills." Shakespeare used many words which are now counted as vulgar, and are part today of the rude speech of the London costermonger. Prig, in the sense of filch, is one of Shakespeare's words, and so are pepper and pay, in the sense of beat or thrash. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and other playwriters of Shakespeare's time employed many old words which have since degenerated into vulgarisms, such as crusty, lark in sense of frolic, lug, and pickle in the sense of a sad plight. Old English slang was coarser and more instinct with downright vulgarity than our modern slang. It was confined to nicknames and improper subjects and encroached but little on the domain of authorized speech. Cromwell was called "Old Noll," just as Bonaparte was termed "Boney" by the English and Marlborough "Malbrook" by the French. Cromwell's Legislature was called "the Barebones, or Rump Parliament," and his followers were called Roundheads. Butler's Hudibras is full of vulgar words and phrases, and the court of Charles II talked a great deal of very naughty slang.

Swift was fond of vulgar or slang language. Arbuthnot used the word "cabbage" in the slang sense of purloining, Johnson put it in his dictionary, labeling it, however, as "cant," while Webster years after accepted it as an ancient and very respectable word. The dramatic books of the eighteenth century are crammed with slang, and naturally enough, for the writers of comedies and farces in those days many of them lived in the streets, wrote their plays in public houses. Written slang was checked rather than advanced by Addison, Johnson and Goldsmith, despite the fact that Johnson for many years was driven by necessity to associate with low life in London, while Goldsmith enjoyed it whether he was in luck or "on his uppers." Slang is not an English word; it is the gipsy term for their secret language, according to the authority of Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue. Every workshop, warehouse, factory and mill in this country and Europe has its slang of native growth or imported. Printers have a large variety of slang words; so have actors, sailors, public schools and universities.

There is no end to the English dictionary of slang, for the whole civilized and uncivilized world has contributed to it. Much that is undoubtedly slang is worthy of attention as the expression of irrepressible popular humor. The actors say, "Stab yourself and pass the dagger," which means "help yourself and pass the bottle." The English sailor when he says "Tap the Admiral" means to suck liquor from a cask by means of a straw. This was first done with the rum cask in which Lord Nelson's body was brought to England to such an extent as to leave the gallant Admiral high and dry. Weak whisky or diluted tea is said to be "water bewitched." "Scandal water" is a humorous name for tea, from old women's tea parties being generally a school for scandal. "Playing the Scotch fiddle" is a coarse English allusion to the itch. "Flag of distress" is a term for the kind of poverty that is advertised by the shirt sticking out of the trousers. "Psalm smiter" is a Salvation Army vocalist; "cackle tub" is a pulpit, and "tub-thumper" a clergyman.

A red herring is "a Yarmouth capon," just as a New Yorker calls baked beans "Boston woodcock." A crying child is termed "the cat's cousin." A salt herring in Scotland is "a Glasgow Magistrate" or a "Gourock ham." Potatoes are "Irish apricots" or "bog oranges." In Calcutta dried fish is called "Bombay ducks," just as in England toasted cheese is "Welsh rabbit." When a soldier is tied to the breech of a gun and flogged he is said to be "kissing the gunner's daughter." Autumn is a slang term for hanging. When the drop was introduced the mob were so pleased with the new invention that they spoke of the operation as "Autumn or the fall of the leaf," that is, the drop, with the man about to be hanged. Slang sometimes is so admirable that it enriches the useful and respectable vocabulary, and sometimes words once of good repute drop to the domain of slang.

GOOD ROADS AND HIGH CIVILIZATION.

Good roads have always been from the days of ancient Rome the leading characteristic of a superior civilization. Rome was the best soldier, the best lawmaker, the best military and civil engineer of antiquity; Rome was the first builder of great aqueducts and sewers. Athens "invented" art and had a great literature, but Athens did not know how to drain a city or build a system of water works. Athens had a briefer life of power and greatness than Rome because it aimed at culture as an immediate goal. Athens created an atmosphere of culture and beauty, but Rome, compared with Athens, had a genius for utilitarian accomplishments and of course as a great trader and soldier Rome was the master builder of roads among the ancients. Wherever Rome carried its arms it constructed its excellent military roads. It is a convincing proof how superior the Roman mind was to that of the barbarous Saxons who succeeded Rome in Great Britain that the Saxon made small use of the fine roads that survived the departure of the Romans.

For four hundred years Rome had maintained these roads, but the Saxons do not seem to have utilized these roads by settling along their lines. For convenience, for self-defense, for quick transportation, prompt assemblage and rapid march in war or peace, the most natural thing for an intelligent barbarian would have been to build their towns and plant their settlements along the lines of these superb Roman highways, but Professor Brown, of the University of Edinburgh, in his "The Arts in Early England," says that the Saxon invaders made little account of the Roman roads as routes of intercourse. Remains of the great Roman highways still survive. It is well known that these Roman roads can be traced in almost all sections of England, and that they penetrate into Wales and Scotland. These Roman roads were not the first thoroughfares of the country, for they themselves are superimposed upon an earlier network of British trackways which may still be traced as independent lines, while others have been taken into the Roman system. An imposing survival of the Roman high road leads from the Newport arch of the City of Lincoln in a straight line to the river Humber.

That these Roman roads played little or no part in the settlement of Britain by the Anglo-Saxons is evident from the fact that the chief characteristic of these impressive Roman highways at the present time is their isolation—their aloofness from the settlements and lines of local traffic actually in existence and in use. Lincolnshire is traversed from end to end by a notable survival of the old Roman highway, which can be followed without a break for sixty miles, and yet it only traverses two centers of population, and both of these, Ancaster and Lincoln, are Roman, while to the east and the west of the line of this old Roman highway there are within two miles of it about forty and within three miles of it about sixty villages, all with Saxon names, partly Saxon churches, and not one of these lies upon the old Roman road or even touches it with outlying cottages. This same avoidance of the Roman roads by the Teutonic villages is observed in other parts of England; the so-called Stone street, from Lyme to Canterbury, is a striking example. For through traveling as distinct from local traffic, some of the Roman roads must always have remained in use. Watling street, which runs from Canterbury to Wroxeter, has always been a recognized route, but, like most of the Roman roads, it has little connection with the villages, and it was important as a highway in 1178, long after the Saxon conquest and settlement, which succeeded the Roman occupation of Britain.

The great Roman highway, which can be more or less clearly followed from the borders of Devon to Leicester and Lincoln, sweeps across the country in but little connection with the present life of the inhabitants. The comparative isolation of this great extent of Roman highway Professor Brown cites as a most remarkable object-lesson of the mental attitude of the Saxon settlers toward "these monuments of the unifying influence of Roman rule." The Frank invaders of Gaul assumed a different attitude, for the population in Gaul gathered first of all about the Roman roads, beside which the first rural churches were built, but in later periods of disorder the settlements were moved back from the thoroughfares. In England there is no such evidence of change of domicile. Professor Brown's conclusion is that the Teutonic settlements in England were independent, self-centered little communities that did not consider the means of intercourse with their neighbors the matter of primary importance.

The Saxon had the German traits referred to by Tacitus, who says that they "avoided cities and even contiguous habitations, settling down in detached bodies apart from each other." All over England the existing Roman roads passed through certain villages and towns that had their origin in military stations, but as a rule the seats of the Teutonic communities were placed a mile or two away on either side. The Saxons were so indifferent to means of intercourse that they did not settle in the Roman towns nor along the Roman highways. This indifference to civil and military means of communication and transportation shows that the Teutonic invaders of Britain were neither enterprising traders nor scientific soldiers; they were pirates of a primitive sort, who had not sufficient knowledge of the arts of peace or war to appreciate the value of the great Roman roads.

The registered vote of New York City for the election of Tuesday next is 628,808. The highest estimate of the probable vote that will be cast is 597,000. Of these 18,000 is the estimated vote of the Prohibition, Socialist and other minor parties. Devery's vote will be very small. On these figures Low or McClellan, in order to win, must receive not fewer than 290,000 votes. In 1901 Low received 296,807 votes, against 265,175 for Shepard. If Low can hold his vote of two years ago he will be reelected. On a strict party fight Coler carried New York City by a plurality over Odell for Governor of 122,533, and of course if the Democrats vote their ticket generally McClellan will win, but the Democrats in Brooklyn seldom vote their ticket. In 1901 Low carried Brooklyn by 25,367, while in the Gubernatorial campaign of 1902 Coler carried Brooklyn by 26,514. The Germans do not like the Low administration because they consider that it has been too rigid in the enforcement of the Sunday law, and the liquor dealers are openly against Low on the ground that, in conjunction with Governor Odell, he helped hoist the liquor tax from $800 to $1200. The election law does not allow an election district in New York City to include more than 650 voters. The average number of voters to a district this year is 406. District Attorney Jerome won the election for the Fusionists in 1901 because he is a Democrat and swings a large Democratic following and because he inspired the young men with his enthusiasm and working energy. If Low is re-elected he will owe his victory to Jerome. Without Jerome the young fellows would not work very hard for Low; but Jerome has the magnetic quality of speech and manner that makes a man a power in a close, hot campaign.

It is said that the consumers' turn has come in the soft-coal industry. Indications are that instead of having to beg for coal at any price, it is now a question with the operators of getting the coal off their hands at prices that will pay the expense of production. This situation is easily explained. Stimulated by the great demand for fuel last year the bituminous mines were worked as heavily as possible; in spite of the enormous production prices were very high, much higher that was necessary. This year, it is said, operators overestimated the price which they could obtain for soft coal. The result is an oversupply and a rapid lowering of prices. This is not true with anthracite, owing to the fact that the combination between the mines and the roads is much more complete than in the case of soft coal. The independent miners of anthracite cannot break prices because, should they attempt to do so, a sudden shortage of cars would be developed and none would be available for transporting the cut-rate coal. However, the cheapness of soft coal will in time affect the price of anthracite by gradually supplanting it for many purposes until oversupply will force down the schedule of prices.

Agents of the Pension Bureau who have secured the indictment of T. A. Wood and his son, Hosea, for making and filing false pension claims have not sprung a surprise upon this public. It is possible that some of the Indian War veterans whose acquaintance with "Commander" Wood was limited to the occasions of their annual reunion and banquet in this city believed him to be a sympathetic and disinterested friend of the poor, long-defrauded veterans and thought that the noise that he made, in season and out of season, in behalf of the pension bill was attuned to patriotism, pure and undefiled. But this belief was never for a moment shared by this public. It has known Tom Wood as preacher, politician and pension clamorer too long to be mistaken in his quality. He has lived in Portland many, many years. As to his son Hosea, he was born here, or hereabouts, and it is generally understood that he is a man after his father's own heart.

The spectacle presented at the bier of Emma Booth-Tucker in Princess Rink, Chicago, on the evening following the day of her tragic death was a most unusual and impressive one. Standing with streaming eyes at the head of the casket that contained the mortal remains of his wife, Commander Booth-Tucker delivered a eulogy that was touching in its simplicity and affected to tears every individual in an audience of 3000 people. The eulogy pronounced by Robert Ingersoll, rank infidel that he was, beside the bier of his brother is regarded as one of the most touching and eloquent tributes ever paid to the dead. That of Booth-Tucker at the bier of his wife was not more inspiring or consoling, though illumined by the Christian's faith.

William L. Elkins, the great traction magnate and multimillionaire, of Philadelphia, has been dangerously ill for many days, as the result of wearing a tight shoe. His foot became inflamed, abrasion followed and blood-poisoning set in. The efforts of the most skilled physicians were required to save his life, and though he is now improving he is not yet held to be out of danger. It was supposed, erroneously, as it now appears, that the era of wearing cruelly tight shoes had passed. Another erroneous idea that has been disclosed by this case is that only vain young women wear shoes that pinch their feet.

It is extremely unfortunate. The laws of the state relating to taxation and to levy and collection of taxes ought to have been left as they were. But the desire of innovation—which is not reform—was dominant in the Legislature; the law was changed, and everything is upset. It may be, therefore, that a special session of the Legislature, to cure a meddlesome blunder, will be found imperative.

The notable success of the Neill-Morosco company is fittingly crowned this eighth and last week with William Gillette's great play of love and war, "Secret Service." The merits of the production, as well as the admirable quality of the actors, should, as they doubtless will, earn a reception of unusual cordiality and popularity.

And, if a special session is to be called, shouldn't it be called as early as practicable? There's the "imitative and totherendum." Can a law go into effect before the expiration of ninety days?

HERS BY PURITAN BIRTHRIGHT

As a practical demonstration of the noble and heroic qualities latent in American womanhood of today there is no more helpful or illuminative subject for study than Nordica. No woman in any clime or any age has attained greater heights in her special art, and that without sacrifice of womanly purity and goodness. This is the more remarkable when we consider that in no other profession are found so many subtle and alluring temptations for the penniless aspirant as those of the footlights and the greenroom. Both as woman and as artist she embodies the grand and enduring traits of the old Norse mythology, transfigured and Christianized by Wagner's genius. And this has been achieved in the face of great odds by means of purely American qualities—a stubborn will to do or die, sturdy optimism when the skies were darkest, tenacious, clinging to simple truth and moral purpose even in an atmosphere of frivolity and sham, quick adaptability and self-reliance, untiring energy, the genius for hard work—these were hers by Puritan birthright.

She may be regarded as a representative American. Her Yankee ancestry dates back to the days of the Mayflower, and is entwined with quaint legends of Miles Standish, Governor Carver and illustrious soldiers and preachers without number. From these she has the fighting blood that plucks victory out of defeat, and the religious fervor and intensity of dramatic utterance that has made her the greatest Brunnhilde, Elsa and Isolde on the operatic stage. An ancestral line that can outweather bleak, storm-racked Maine through so many generations, and evolve force enough to control the destinies of the state, is quite likely to develop also a very superior type of physique. Nordica's splendid girth of chest and heroic build make up an endowment that has given her a title to success where a great host of singers have signally failed. She seems indeed to belong to a race of demi-gods rather than of men. And so radiant is her presence that she suggests an incarnate Brunnhilde, war goddess of the Northern skies sent to earth to learn the ways of men and to become softened and humanized by love and suffering.

As we see Nordica today she is the product of the noblest elements in our national character and the transfused genius of Richard Wagner. It was inevitable that, as she passed onward in her career from L'Africaine to Marguerite and from Violetta to Aida, she should at last choose to identify herself with the grand and impassioned figures in Wagnerian music-drama. No artificiality or overstrained sentiment here, but spiritual earnestness, truth and verity, the primordial, elemental forces of life and love working out their tragic ends upon a purified and fire-swept world.

Since Nordica's impersonation of Brunnhilde has absorbed so generous a share of her life energy and sympathy, it is but natural that her own character should have been profoundly influenced by it. To preserve the prime characteristics of the godlike and human in one and the same person without doing violence to either is certainly a complex and delicate problem, viewed merely as an intellectual feat. But it is much more than this when viewed in its moral aspect.

The sudden impulsive yielding of Brunnhilde to protecting pity for a human being in distress in disobedience to Wotan's commands, dooms her to exile from Valhalla. Wotan, both god and father to her, tender but inexorable in the moment of parting, gently kisses the godhood from her and sends her down to earth, where she sleeps, guarded by a circle of fire. She can be awakened only by the hero who knows not fear. Siegfried frees her, and adventures of tragic import tread fast on one another's heels.

The curse of the love of gold is symbolized by the theft of the magic ring which brings to the holder all earthly power but no spiritual satisfaction. This curse hangs over the gods and hurries them on to their doom—total annihilation. These gods of a worn-out pagan mythology are, in the end, lost in a whirlwind of fire, and are replaced by the new creation of a fresh race of men. Free will is established, reparation is made and justice triumphs by means of Brunnhilde's final act of immolation. Spiritualized by love, after many sorrows, she is able to return the accursed ring to the rightful owners, the Rhine maidens. To complete the expiation she then voluntarily suffers death. Thus are self-conquest and atonement achieved. Love, purified of all its earthly dross, conquers death, and the curse of the Rheingold is removed from the world through the self-sacrifice of woman.

The splendid power and profound moral significance of Brunnhilde as created by Wagner make her the most noble, poetic and daring type of womanhood in dramatic literature. It is clearly impossible for one living so close to great primeval verities such as these not to be in a measure molded by them; and Nordica by her transcendently noble interpretation of this role has demonstrated in very direct fashion the potential power of American womanhood.

GERTRUDE METCALFE.

Big Prizes for Pennsy Employees.

Philadelphia North American.

After carefully examining every foot of track and right of way between Pittsburg and Jersey City and Philadelphia and Washington, the Pennsylvania Railroad officers decided that the best-kept piece of track and road was that section of the system extending from the Zoological Gardens to Trenton, technically known as section G, of the New York division.

The first prize of $700 accordingly was awarded to Supervisor J. J. Rhoads, the second portion of the prize amounting to $500, being awarded to Assistant Supervisor W. G. Shaner. Following an established rule, the $1200 will be divided equally among the workmen on the division.

A cash prize of $500 was awarded to J. J. Keenan, of the Philadelphia division, and a second cash prize of $300 was also awarded to C. P. Cook, also of the Philadelphia division.

The yard supervisors' prize of $100 for the best main line yard between Jersey City and Pittsburg and Philadelphia and Washington was awarded to W. T. Covert, who has charge of the Philadelphia yard.

The other prizes for line and surface during the year were awarded, as well as special supervisors and foremen's prizes.

Baked Squash.

New York Evening Post.

Cut a ripe Winter squash in half lengthwise, take out the seeds, but do not pare. Place the halves in a baking pan with a little water, cover, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. A quarter of an hour before the squash is done remove the cover and with a spoon take out the water in the pan. Sprinkle with plenty of salt and put a generous lump of butter in each half. Return to the oven to brown slightly. Serve with a spoon from the half shells. Pumpkin cooked in this way is even better than squash. Pumpkin requires long, slow cooking for several hours.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Files.

(Kipling somewhat amended.)

Files—
The files—
Office files!
Oblige me by referring to the files.
Every question man can raise,
Every phrase of every phase
Of that question is on record in the files.*
But to seek the date and place
Or the very slightest trace
Of the question neatly phrased,
Is to end up feeling fazed,
For the paper with it in
Is missing, sure as sin!
Oh, the files,
Blasted files,
Nothing so the searcher riles
As the neat, but incomplete, array of files!
On you look through every column,
Church notes, local briefs, editorials solemn,
You do it in a trice,
Then, more slowly, twice,
And, still more slowly, thrice—
Oh, it's nice,
Seeking something that lies low
As through dusty files you go.
Then perhaps the seventh look
Is the blankest one you took,
And a friend looks o'er your shoulder,
As a casual beholder,
And he points out, sure enough,
Just the very piece of stuff
That you've looked at seven times!
Files,
Sphinxy files!
How the searchers' anger biles,
How he earnestly reviles
The files,
Office files,
Oblige me by an imprecation on the files,
Senseless, sin-provoking, story-cloaking
Files.

*Seven lines copyrighted, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling. Remainder copied wrong.

The Ambassadors.

Sir Mortimer Durand declares that he looks upon his duties as more social than diplomatic.

As a star in the sky diplomatic
My place is admitted by all,
I'm received with a welcome ecstatic
By the people on whom I may call.

But I visit no dull politician,
No matter how great is his weight,
For I think the Ambassador's mission
Has nothing to do with the State.

I hear no political speeches,
Nor of fame-bringing treaties I dream,
What I'm after is merely the peaches
That float in Society's cream.

To commerce I pay no attention,
Nor to questions of boundary zones;
I care for no other convention
Than one that Society owns.

At coon-songs and cake-walks a winner,
I add to my countrymen's name,
And dowagers take into dinner
With an air that increases my fame.

I remember hard work was my notion,
Though the service declared I was "off,"
Till I happened to win my promotion
By beating the Premier at goff.

Since then I don't bother to toddle
The road where the old-fashioned fare,
But now I adopt as my model
The distinguished American, Lehr.

The Oregon Cottage.

Rosy-cheeked apples up on the trees,
Rosy-cheeked boys down under;
Juicy red apples blown down by the breeze
For hungry young boys to plunder.

Bright-painted cottage by tree-lined street,
Bright-looking wife inside it;
Gay little cottage, cozy and neat,
Roses and creepers hide it.

Labor-stained workman clicks the gate,
Rosy-cheeked kids to greet him,
(Blow the mill whistle prompt or late),
Wife at the door to meet him.

From the Infants' Examiner.

The Illustrated Sporting News points out that even the lads of the Interscholastic Association have a one-year playing rule in football, and says that we may expect "eligibility clauses" to be used in kindergartens to keep the "athlete-student" from breaking into blind man's buff.

It is usually a scrub man whose wife is a scrubwoman.

Kipling has ceased to "kipple," and, on the other hand, does not ripple.

Nurse Gorman rebukes the impetuous infant who occupies the Presidential chair.

We have some high rollers in Portland, but Corvallis leads us with a bunch of Holy Rollers.

Crows are unaccountably numerous in British Columbia, when one considers the frequent diet of her politicians.

The La Crosse Butter and Cheese Company failed in its attempt to corral cheese. There are no cowboys in Wisconsin.

Strange that a man should tremble because he thought airships pursued him, when all he need do to escape is climb a ladder.

Canada, it is announced, will establish three naval stations. If she has any scrap in contemplation she had better select inland sites.

To prevent so much talk of foul play and professionalism, why not make football like that game of cards wherein cheating is the recognized mode of play?

A New York woman, who gives bridge parties, has evolved the plan of sending the prizes to the homes of her guests. This is an idea worth copying—it would be so easy to blame a forgetful memory when the prizes were not received.

Victor Napoleon is quite ready to abandon all his pretense to the throne of France, or the place where the throne was, if only he be allowed to live in Paris. Portlanders in the East will understand his feelings.

"Broadway and Forty-second street," said a New York politician, "is only the Bowery in a dress suit." This sounds clever, but might easily be changed to, "The Bowery is only Broadway in reach-me-downs."

Eastern exchanges tell of a Russian who murdered 18 persons, drank their blood and fed their bodies to his hogs. A story has only to be incredibly exaggerated and incredibly repulsive to be welcomed by some editors.

Old Subscriber—The authors of the books you mention are as follows:

Hearts Adame—Senator Platt.
Questionable Shapes—Lillian Russell.
Limerick Up-to-Date Book—Andrew Carnegie.
The Silent Maid (autobiography)—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Little Stories of Married Life.—Chauncey Depew.

Tom Tig has been sent to the training bottle by Haryale Kindergarten, but some opposition is expected from Princepenn, as it is said that Tig is not taking a course on the orrery, but merely one in football. If the protest be upheld, Haryale's squat tag line-up will be materially weakened.

Complaints are being made that Princepenn has emissaries in most of the nurseries in the West, gathering in likely babes for the ring around the rosey team. This is condemned as unsportsmanlike, and an appeal is being made to mothers by the student-bodies and faculties of the Western kindergartens to discourage the practice.

WEXFORD JONES.