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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 52; minimum temperature, 40; precipitation, .27 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy to partly cloudy, with occasional rain; slightly lower temperature; variable winds, mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1903


## HANDICAPPED BY TEMPERAMENT.

A correspondent recently called the attention of the public through the columns of the New York Evening Post to the fact that "a New England man whose second volume of poems was reviewed very favorably by the New York Evening Post, and whose poetic talents had obtained the personal indorsement of Charles Eliot Norton and Professor William James, is keeping the wolf from the door by acting as superintendent of a gang of Italian laborers in a New York subway." He is a man of frail physique, unfit to endure the damp cold of the tunnel. He is a man of simple tastes and without evil habits, and yet the man whose recent book of published verses is regarded by Professor James as the work of genius is keeping body and soul together by means of a job that is prejudicial to his body and not calculated greatly to expand his poetic productivity. It is easy to smile over this tale and repeat the attenuated platitudes that "Life is an opportunity," a struggle sure of conquest by a "strenuous" man; that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," but there is no lack of historical instances to prove that life is not seldom a lottery even when men strive to do their duty, even when they are tender to their fellow-men and true to themselves.

Take the case of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a man who was not only gifted with rare literary genius but was a man industrious all his days with his pen. He was a man of simple tastes, and without evil habits; but he did not find a market for his work until he was about 45. When he was removed from a place in the Salem (Mass.) Custom-House in 1849 he was so poor that James Russell Lowell wrote a letter to E. A. Duyckink, of New York City, under date of January 13, 1850, saying that "Hawthorne has been turned out of his office, which was his sole support; he is now very poor, and some money has been raised for him by his friends about Cambridge. Could not something be also done in New York? You know personally all those who would be most likely to give." Hawthorne was then in his 46th year, and had been steadily at work for more than twenty years, trying to make a living for himself and family with his pen. He had published his charming "Twice-Told Tales" as early as 1837, he had contributed to the Democratic Review, he had been recognized by Poe, by George Bancroft the historian, by Emerson, Thoreau, Bryant, Holmes and Lowell as the most original force in American literature. Bancroft had twice obtained for him an office in the customs service, but the Whigs turned him twice out of office.

This gifted man, industrious, sober, pure of life, of exceptionally handsome face and impressive, stalwart physique, in his 46th year was as poor as the half-starved poet that is now working at uncongenial labor in the New York subway. This very year of 1850, when Lowell wrote this begging letter for Hawthorne, "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, which obtained an immediate popularity, as did the "House of the Seven Gables," which followed it. Hawthorne had after twenty-five years of hard struggle found a market, but his suffering during all this time had been very great. To the last day of his life he had a bitter memory of his financial obligations incurred in those years, despite the fact that he had finally, discharged them all in full, with interest. But he was a high-spirited, sensitive man who even accused himself for accepting the generous offer of assistance from his lifelong friend and classmate, Paymaster Bridge, of the Navy. Bridge, who was a thorough man of business, saw Hawthorne's rare genius, felt sure that he must win, and with his money he pushed "The Scarlet Letter" forward to publication. But in one of his letters Hawthorne reveals that he suffered all his life from the recollection that he had at one time been the subject of such "begging" letters as that written by the poet, Lowell, in 1850.

What was the matter with the man? He had fine face and figure, fine manners, was so social that old sea captains at Salem who had known his sailor grandfather loved to take a smoke and drink claret with him and talk about their deep-sea voyages. He was not timid, for he more than once knocked down rough men who insulted him. His life was pure. He was industrious with his wonderful pen, and yet for twenty years he lived from hand to mouth, dependent for six years upon the Salem Custom-House, of which he wrote: "Neither the front nor back entrance of the Custom-House opens on the road to Paradise." The matter with this man was that he was handicapped by his temperament, and of temperament it has been said that "it makes or mars fortunes and renders life happy or the reverse." He was not what is called a "bashful" man, but he was a man of invincibly shy nature. He was amiable and agreeable in conversation with his intimates, high or low, but in general society his shyness was mistaken for moodishness and want of social sympathy. He was handicapped by his temperament. He did not make enemies, for he was always courteous and self-possessed, but he did not make friends easily except with ingenuous women and artless children.

There have been many men of genius like him; Dante, Milton, Shelley. None of these men could have got on in the world any more rapidly than Hawthorne if they had been thrown on their own resources to angle for opportunities. Dante was always grinding his teeth at the bitter thought that he had sometimes eaten a patron's bread when he could not win his own. Shelley fortunately inherited property which gave him an income, but on his own resources he would have been as shy and isolated a man as Hawthorne. Byron, on the other hand, was a man of the world, a man of keen business sense; he was born a poor lord and made himself rapidly well to do. But Byron was handicapped by temperament, by being born of a crossgrained, unhappy mother, and was surrounded by unfortunate influences. No man is really master of his own fate, for we think as our temperament inclines us, and, as Horace Greeley always said in substance, fate lays a heavy hand upon some men at the very outset of existence.

## IF JAPAN SHOULD FIGHT.

The news from London indicates some apprehension that Russia and Japan might yet go to war over Corea, which is really the storm center. Japan cares nothing about Manchuria, for it is too late to interfere in that quarter, but she cares a great deal about Corea, and she insists upon complete safeguards against Russian expansion in that quarter. The ultimatum of Japan requires that Corea shall not be absorbed by Russia. Japan wants Corea as an outlet for her own population, which is increasing beyond the capacity of the Island Empire. But Russia needs a Corean port, and so the interests of Japan and Russia are irreconcilable. This situation may be transiently quieted until Spring, but it will never be settled short of a war between Russia and Japan. Russia knows that Japan will be driven by passionate popular feeling to appeal to arms if she does not concede to Japan the same supremacy in Corea that she claims for herself in Manchuria.

If Japan appeals to arms, no result can reasonably be anticipated but the ultimate defeat of Japan, a defeat that will be ruinous to Japanese expansion on the mainland of Asia. For Corea Japan will fight to the death, but at best Japan could not hope to exhaust Russia or turn her from her purpose to absorb the Corean Peninsula. Japan might win a few victories; she might beat the Russian naval squadron, perhaps, and hold command of the sea; she might worst Russia in the initial fighting if there should be a Winter campaign in Manchuria, but while Japan might enlarge her present high reputation as a warlike people of remarkable military aptitude, she could administer only a temporary check to Russia's resistless advance, which is as slow and as sure as the movement of a vast glacier in Alaska or the Alps. The only hope for Japan lies in the possible interference of the great powers of the Western world. This interference is not likely to take place. France will not interfere; neither will Great Britain, unless supported in her protest by Germany.

The United States is too remote from the scene of possible war to interfere in behalf of Japan. Japan has the good will of Europe and the United States because of her brilliant leap from medievalism into enlightenment, but none of the great powers of Europe are likely to support the Island Empire in her coming struggle with the Russian bear. Russia has hitherto always won when she seriously undertook to succeed. Sweden, even when her soldiers were led by a military genius, Charles XII, was wrecked in war with Russia; the unqualling, resolute temper of Russia made her a great rock against which the storm and fury of Napoleon's great invasion broke in vain. Russia's warships in 1856 were shut out of the Black Sea, but today she is the dominant naval power in those waters, and could pass through the Turkish straits and waters to the Mediterranean tomorrow if she thought "the game was worth the candle."

Russia today is supreme with the Sultan; Russia's motto has been "Slow but sure," but against such a power and such an inflexible policy of territorial enlargement and absorption Japan cannot hope to make anything but transient opposition. Russia has all the resources necessary for crushing success save money. Japan cannot hope to organize the vast population of China into a weapon of military efficiency. There is no Chinese nation; there is no patriotism in China in the sense that Americans or Japanese are patriotic. Japan not only will be beaten in a struggle with Russia, but she will suffer so greatly by her repulse that she will sink greatly in worldly power and consequence, because she will have lost all chance of advantageous expansion by the loss of Corea. The Western powers could save Japan by calling a "halt" on Russia, but they are not willing to do so.

The Empire of Japan, therefore, before another year, will have to fight or submit to a dispute over Corea with Russia, and whether she fights and is forced to surrender or surrenders without a fight, the Empire of Japan has reached its imperial zenith in territorial extent and military strength. Russia is determined to have and to hold Corea; and when that design is wrought Japan will be remitted strictly to her Island Empire to reflect and mourn over what "might have been" if the powers of Europe had interfered in her behalf. Sweden rose to be a great and formidable military power under Gustavus Adolphus and his successors until Russia was organized by Peter the Great. Since that day Sweden has declined and Russia has steadily expanded. Japan, without help from the Western powers, will fall as miserably in opposing the progress of Russia as Sweden did in her resistance to Russia's supremacy on the Baltic Sea.

## THE MORAL FORCES BEHIND BATTLES.

A keen critic of Kipling's last volume says in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly that his political poetry differs from that of Milton, Shelley, Lowell or Whittier in this, that "his whole gospel is the Neolithic one of carrying a big stick." This is a just criticism. He is a great story-teller, but his philosophy, so far as he has any, is a glorification of brute force quite as repulsive as that preached by Carlyle, who believed in nothing so much as he did in the doctrine of "the beneficent whip." This was not the philosophy of English civilization when Byron was at his best; it was not the philosophy of Wordsworth when he wrote "My theme is justice, and my voice is raised for mankind." The civilization of the future to Kipling is nothing but the civilization that can be wrought by a big club wielded by a muscular arm. Kipling has no voice for justice except such parsimonious justice as the mailed hand of England or America chooses to dole out.

The philosophy of brute force marks the limitations of Kipling when he ventures beyond the province of a story-teller, a domain in which he is a man of genius without a peer in our day. His political philosophy is commonplace; it dates back to Bismarck in Germany, and to Napoleon the Great in France, who expressed it in his famous saying that God was on the side of the most cannon, or perhaps, to more accurately quote it, on the side of the largest battalions. Napoleon knew when he uttered the epigram that he spoke a most flippant falsehood. In his youth he had seen the troops of the first French republic beat back all Europe—Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia and Great Britain. From 1792 to 1796, before Napoleon's star had become ascendant, the raw levies of the first French republic tore the disciplined armies of the allied sovereigns to tatters. Ragged, outnumbered, ill-armed, ill-paid, these heroic peasantry of France had for a leader the thought of the "Marseillaise," and they followed it to victory against tremendous material odds.

Macaulay says that the reason why Great Britain was beaten was because William Pitt could not understand that the France he fought in 1792-95 was not the France ruled by fops and fools and harlots England had encountered under Louis XV. In other words, Pitt did not understand that he was fighting not the mercenaries of Kings but the organized moral forces and popular passion of the French people. Macaulay further points out it was this frantic republican enthusiasm that made the army which Bonaparte led to Italy in 1796 one of the finest that ever existed. In the Franco-German War of 1870-71 France fought less physical but greater moral odds than in 1792-95, for while its troops still sang the "Marseillaise" mechanically its thought did not lead them. Napoleon III had educated France to be what it was under Louis XV, luxurious, money-getting, cynical, corrupt; she was a rich argosy or Venetian merchantman, while Germany was a battleship, "with ports all up and battle lanterns lit and her leashed thunders gathered for their leap." Napoleon, Carlyle, Bismarck and Kipling are wrong; God is not in the long run on the side of the most cannon, nor on the side of the most dollars, unless they are used for just ends; for outrage the moral forces long enough and they will turn on you as surely as they at last turned on Napoleon, and when the moral forces have once turned on you, the cannon and material forces will soon follow the forlorn hope of humanity brought to bay. This is the story of history; it is the story of "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand"; the story of Marathon and Plataea; the story of Bannockburn, the story of Prussia under Frederick the Great; the story of the American Revolution, as told by Sir George O. Trevelyan, Macaulay's nephew, in his history of our Colonial struggle for independence.

This able Englishman makes it clear that not in America alone but in England the strongest spiritual forces were ranged on the side of America. We owed our final success more to the moral and spiritual forces in England ranged upon our side than we did to the money, the ships and the soldiers of France. The defeat and surrender of Burgoyne in October, 1777, was the turning point of our struggle, and that was accomplished before France had lent us a dollar or sent us a ship or a single soldier. The stars in their courses fought for Sisera, and outside of Great Britain the sympathy of Europe was with the Colonies. Catharine II of Russia refused to lend her soldiers for the subjugation of our forefathers, and by joining the so-called League of Neutrals contributed to the pressure which obliged George III to acknowledge the independence of the American Colonies. Frederick the Great of Prussia used his influence with the Russian court to persuade the Empress to refuse to lend her soldiers to England, and Catherine adjured the English Minister to see that his master settled the dispute with America by constitutional methods. The great City of London voted against the coercion of the colonies, from first to last. Distinguished officers in the British army and navy flatly refused to serve against the colonies. Sir George Trevelyan makes it clear that a majority of the British people were opposed to the attempt to coerce the American colonies. Burke, Fox, Burne, Conway, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Shelburne, the Marquis of Rockingham, were leaders of the moral and spiritual forces in England on the side of America during the whole contest. In America the spiritual forces of the people as well as the moral forces were stimulated by the apprehension of Episcopacy. Of this fact Edmund Burke warned the House of Commons.

The Huguenot families in America, the sons of the old English Puritans and the Irish Presbyterians of Scottish descent all had a hereditary distrust of bishops. The clergy of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational churches all embraced the cause of the Revolution, saying that there was not a single instance in history where civil liberty was lost and religious liberty preserved entire. The American Colonies won over Great Britain, which was afterward strong enough when united to hunt Napoleon to death, not because America had the most cannon, but because the strongest moral and spiritual forces were behind her banner both in England and America. So in our Civil War, the North won not because she had the most cannon but because the moral and spiritual forces of the world were alienated from the South by the anachronism of a government with human slavery for a cornerstone. But for this the Southern Confederacy would have been recognized by England.

## HIGH-PRICED COTTON.

If the Government report on the cotton crop is correct, it is not improbable that the price record which was broken in the speculative flurry last July will in turn be replaced by a new record for the 1903 crop. The cotton supply of the world last year was 12,707,000 bales, of which 10,701,453 bales were produced in the United States. These figures show the extent to which the American crop controls the world's markets. This strong American situation last year was assisted by a very heavy world's consumption, which called for 13,986,000 bales, or over 1,000,000 bales in excess of the world's production for that year. Last year at this time cotton sold as low as 8 cents per pound, but, taking advantage of the strong statistical position and reported damage to the crop now coming to the markets, speculators forced the price up to 13½ cents per pound. Unfortunately for the planters, nearly all of the crop was out of their hands before the advance began last season, but this season they have not sold freely, and as a result it is estimated that the growers in the South will this season receive $200,000,000 more than they received last year.

The bears in the cotton market are inclined to discredit the Government report, and state that it is fully 1,000,000 bales too low, and if cotton-crop experts are no more reliable in their reports than the men who make up the grotesque Government wheat reports, the situation will eventually lose some of its strength. An error of 1,000,000 bales, equivalent to more than 10 per cent of the crop, however, does not obscure the fact that the world is sailing pretty close to the wind on its cotton supply, and that the increasing demands of an increasing population, and advancing civilization across the Pacific, will for the present at least prevent low prices. This narrow margin between supply and demand, which has existed for a number of years, has caused much uneasiness in Europe, and strenuous efforts have been made on the part of foreign manufacturers to secure release from the bondage in which they are now held by the cotton-growers and speculators of this country.

The Old World occasionally suffers from a short wheat crop in the United States, but such occasions in recent years have been very rare, for they have to a considerable extent emancipated themselves from the American wheatgrowers by encouraging the production of wheat in India, Argentina and other countries which cut but a small figure in the world's wheat market in the old days when dollar wheat was not uncommon in the United States. The Europeans are now pursuing the same tactics in regard to cotton. Fairly successful experiments are reported from Ceylon, and the Russians are growing it in Central Asia, while Germany is experimenting in West Africa. This desire on the part of the Europeans to open up new fields for securing cotton supplies need not alarm the American planter, however, for a large proportion, and perhaps all of the new supplies of raw material may be needed to supply the increasing demand.

High-priced cotton, even though it does add quite a number of millions to the wealth of the planters, is not an unmixed blessing, for already manufactured goods are advancing, and consumers are complaining, mills are closing down, and employes' wages are being reduced. Europe is this year securing the bulk of her wheat supplies from countries which are willing to sell their surplus for less money than the Americans will sell for, and yet there are no signs of hard times among the wheat-producers of the country. For exactly the same reasons it does not follow that cotton-growers would experience much hardship if the world's supply of that great staple was enough larger to make prices a little lower, so that the consumer, mill-owner and mill hand could all share in the proceeds on a little more satisfactory pro rata than is afforded them with 13-cent cotton.

## "THE HIGHER FAKIRISM."

Under the name of "The Higher Fakirism" the mysteries of popular faiths that are accepted in sincerity by multitudes, while to yet other multitudes they remain preposterous, were discussed quite entertainingly and indeed lucidly in a late number of the New York Independent. During the last half century strange individual ideas have grown into beliefs, and these have expanded under various names into a following that would be astonishing but for the fact that the human mind, reaching after the unknowable, is prone to credulity. It is moreover dominated by the ego in man which refuses to be set aside in the discussion involving great universal truths.

These latter-days faiths in which men have from time to time, for a time, masqueraded with great clamor and much running to and fro, have not all been religious. Some have been political, and yet others economic, but those of the religious cast have been more numerous, though equally evanescent.

We have had for example the spectacle of men selling all that they had to take up life in a desert as followers of a self-proclaimed prophet. Led by him from religious liberty back into bondage to priestly authority, and from the social organization of a ripe civilization back into the patriarchal system of barbarism, a self-denying multitude accepted the word of the prophet as the word of God, and yielded him implicit obedience. Stranger still, women who had been married in love and purity of heart were found fanatically consenting to the introduction of other wives into their homes and loyally helping their husbands to solve or attempt to solve the incongruities and difficulties of a polygamous household.

Again, there have appeared before the astonished public men and women too skeptical to assent longer to the established creeds of Christianity, yet believing, and carrying with them a large following, that the spirits of good men and great seek and find communication with mortals through the mediumship of the ignorant and vulgar. Yet again the astonishing possibility has been revealed that keenly intelligent persons in the very centers of Western civilization can go daft in spiritual submission to Hindu swamis, while the Brahmins of Boston, turning their faces from the light of Asia, burn American incense at the Occidental shrine of Mrs. Eddy. Last, or latest of all, we have seen an entire City of Zion shut up shop to journey half way across a continent at the command of a self-proclaimed Elijah who drives $3000 horses as nonchalantly as if he were a Chicago pork-packer.

Invading the realm of economics, this type of fakirism but now vaunted the conviction that prosperity can be created by paper money and the repudiation of debt. Appearing in the political creed it subverted temporarily the aims of a great political party and led it to defeat, while it bewailed the crucifixion of humanity upon a cross of gold.

These things, says the journal above quoted, become comprehensible only through those analyses of the more or less unconscious side of mental action which modern psychology has achieved, and through broad comparative studies in sociology, which have disclosed the factors universally present in unreasoning popular excitements. In the knowledge thus gleaned three or four elements stand out sharp and clear. The masses of men, even in these days of riotous prosperity, of liberty and happiness, have not been able to eliminate from their lives the note of tragedy. Suffering, disappointment, failure, death are still the human lot as in all ages of the past. Only to the few is given the power to find in straightforward thinking, in scientific comprehension, in philosophic acquiescence in the order of nature—a steadying force that enables them to go quietly forward in their daily tasks, content to do their duty as they see it, and to achieve such happiness as they may. The majority must have alleviation and promise. In this quest they grasp any assurance that is authoritatively presented. It is thus that they accept unquestioningly the leadership of any self-confident guide, whose steadfast faith (even though it be in himself or herself) is full of reassuring comfort. It is upon this hunger of the spirit, this unquestioning faith that the apostles of the higher fakirism play.

There is a radical distinction in the ranks of emotional fakirs. Those who for material gain play upon human fears and longings, by mere trickery, are vulgar wretches whose thin deceits quickly yield to intelligent inquiry. Fakirs of a higher sort lead the really great delusions. The distinguishing mark of these is their own unmistakable faith in themselves. They are truly amazed when men doubt their honesty. Their minds teem with thoughts that are distinctly different from the ordinary. These are catalogued, heralded and finally accepted as visions of redemption or reform, and they speedily meet response in faith from the multitude that is seeking after a sign or listening for a promise.

Concluding, it may well be said that in all human history there has been a no more powerful force in operation than that denominated the "higher fakirism," and to all appearance many ages must still pass before it will cease to play its part in the affairs of men. Whether it takes the form of "mother-eddyism," with its insinuating process of piety, humility and perfect trust; or assumes the bold front of Dowieism and hurls anathema and defiance at those who refuse to accept the authority of the prophet, its basis and superstructure are practically the same. The first is in the hunger of the unphilosophic mind which seeks after promise and alleviation; the second is the undisguised and unmistakable faith of the fakir extraordinary in himself.

President Diaz, of Mexico, was first elected to his present office in the same year that Hayes succeeded to the Presidency of the United States, and has continued to be President ever since, with the exception of the brief interregnum of Gonzales in 1880. An orderly and peaceful Mexico is hard to think of apart from Porfirio Diaz. It is accordingly of much interest to learn that the President proposes to resign at an early date in favor of Limantour. Diaz was a Brigadier-General in the patriotic war against Maximilian, and once elected President, he has continued his power by autocratic methods, under republican forms, to the great advantage of his country, which seems hardly ripe yet for representative institutions. He has placed the economic development of Mexico above all other considerations, and has virtually recreated the country industrially. Material progress has been achieved in a most striking degree. By means of subsidies and guaranties he has secured the building of numerous needed railways, and with the railways has come the opening of mines and other enterprises. The revolutionist, with his pronunciamento, has been abolished by summary means which it would not be courteous to describe in detail. It is sufficient that President Diaz's regime has made Mexico an orderly and prosperous state. Whether his successor will be able to keep the country in equally good order remains to be seen.

Last January, during the coal famine, Congress enacted a bill providing that the Dingley tariff act should not be construed thereafter as authorizing the collection of any duty on anthracite coal, and that for one year from the passage of that act a full rebate of duties on other kinds of coal should be made. This law will expire by limitation on January 14 next, when, unless the present session of Congress makes the suspension of coal duties permanent, the old tax of 67 cents a ton will fall back on soft coal. The Boston Associate Board of Trade has unanimously adopted a resolution recommending that the suspension of the coal duty be made permanent. The board fairly says that the soft coal combinations need no protection, and that the best protection of the people against these combinations is the permanent removal of the customs tax on foreign coal.

Great Britain's happy-go-lucky system of letting her army look out for itself, and keeping supplies in one place and the men for whom they were destined in another, has apparently been adopted by the Admiralty, for the London correspondent of a Canadian newspaper says that the battleship Centurion, recently dispatched to Chinese waters, is fitted with gun sights that give the trifling error of 600 yards in the range. As the Centurion has gone to the most likely scene of naval hostilities the providence of the Admiralty is fully appreciated by the men that will have to serve the ten-inch guns when the navies clear for action.

If material progress is to be measured by the consumption of iron and steel, the United States is easily first. It produced 17,820,000 tons of the 43,574,000 tons of pig iron produced in the world last year and consumed 18,600,000 tons, or about 529 pounds per capita, leaving only 6½ pounds per capita for the rest of the world. But this per capita is raised by the consumption of England and Germany, which consumed 10,000,000 tons, or a little more than half as much per capita as the United States. This left only 15,000,000 tons for all the other countries of the world, or less than 24 pounds per capita.

## KIPLING'S "RED GODS."

As racy a war of words as ever fought on paper, has been going on over Kipling's "Red Gods," just published in his new volume "The Five Nations." The pith of the controversy lies in these lines:

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

A contributor to Forest and Stream who also writes verses and is a sportsman of no small pretensions, but is lost to fame through the ill-starred cognomen of Brown, goes into a spasm of horrified surprise over Kipling's characterization of a Maine "log-jam." Under the heading "Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature," he makes a furious arraignment of the poet for almost every kind and degree of violation of truth in the verses, "The Feet of the Young Men"—the most violent diatribe, it is said, that has ever appeared in the columns of Forest and Stream. Others join in the assault. The cudgels of defense are taken up by Mr. Kipling's friends, among them a bookman, well-known to Oregonians, C. H. Ames, secretary of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, who has eaten roast venison and bandied jokes with Mazamas around their blazing campfires on Mount Hood.

Omitting invectives and reducing the screed of the assailants to the level of fairly polite and rational criticism, some of the arguments against the poet run as follows:

Kipling speaks of a log-jam as "raw," using the word as synonymous with unfinished. A log-jam is an aggregation of tree-trunk sections. No more finished and exquisitely fashioned creation of nature than a tree trunk! No painter ever even approximated the indescribable fineness and delicacy of the lines and work on the trunk of a tree. As Ruskin says: "Nature has taken wonderful pains with its forms, sculpturing it into exquisite variety of dint and dimple, rounding or hollowing it into contours which for fineness no human hand can follow; then she colors it, and its whole substance is full of hidden histories, concealing wonders of structure which, in all probability, are mysteries even to the angels." Kipling, in his blindness to, and ignorance of, Nature, calls such a structure "raw." Texture of bark, anatomy of muscle beneath reflected lights in recessed hollows, stains of mosses and lichens, and wonderful delicacy of hues—all this is "raw." By similar reasoning the rough board sawed from that log, which is raw, should be called finished. As well call a steak cut from a quarter of beef finished.

And Kipling calls a log-jam "right-angled." When one side of an angle is perpendicular to the other, it is a right angle. And it is manifest that no log-jam can be right-angled either to itself or the stream; nor can its logs be right-angled to each other, for the ends point in all directions.

And of course no log-jam was ever "at the end" of a "racing stream." Kipling states that this is where his impossible log-jam is located.

And Kipling's "Indian" used "shod" poles. The genuine Indian certainly does not use them. Instead, when he has to pass up rapid water that precludes paddling, he selects and c[illegible] a pole from the nearest suitable tree, and uses that in its "raw" state. When he reaches quiet water again, overboard goes the pole. He would no more think of carrying a canoe-pole on a trip than he would think of carrying tent-poles. He makes them as the occasion requires.

And this "versatile" writer masking as a gentleman sportsman has his "couch" of "new-pulled" hemlock placed so that he lies on it to sleep, it will be "with the starlight on our faces." Balderdash! The real sportsman sleeps under his canoe, in a tent, camp, "shack" or "lean-to," or at least while protected by thick foliage above his head, to keep off dews and rain. He likes the starlight on his face as he angles at night for big trout, or mingled with the light from the camp-fire as he smokes with a comrade beside it, or as he sits in the canoe while he and his guide return to the camp; but never while sleeping on his bed of boughs.

And now for the other side.

Ever since Chaucer wrote of the "Longen to gon on pilgrimages," says Mr. Ames, and probably long before that ever since the feet of young men have turned irresistibly to adventure in the wilderness, there have been those to whom Kipling's words would have come with ample response and answering thrill.

I will not say there is no finer descriptive poetry than this of Kipling's, but really, if challenged at the moment, I could not readily put my finger on anything better. It is "right as a trivet," every word of it, yet not a word of it escapes the railing abuse of Mr. Brown.

He claims to know all about log-jams and canoe-poles, not only at "Sand Lake, Michigan," but in the whole "United States" and also in "India, Norway, British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces of Canada," and will have it that "no actual log-jam is 'raw,' 'right-angled,' or 'at the end'" of the vista, and that "not one canoe-pole in a thousand" is "shod" or "clicks." He has never heard of a sand bar in his life, but deliberately states that "a 'bar' is always a deposit of alluvium earth-sediment which has gathered and formed a mud bank or island!"

After such a statement no sort of statement can be too extraordinary, and we need not be surprised at his saying that "there never was a 'bar' of 'shingle,'" and if there were, "no sportsman would ever dream of reclining on such a hard, hot uncomfortable seat as a 'sun-warmed shingle.'"

He says there is no "smoky Indian," evidently supposing that Kipling's exquisite epithet refers to the Indian's complexion alone, although it is true of that.

I am unable to infer from any one of his strictures on Kipling's words that Mr. Brown has any familiarity whatever with camp life or experiences in the wilderness. His assertion that campers do not "sleep on a couch of hemlock twigs if they can get spruce boughs" is the exact reverse of the facts in the case as I have known them.

Even if Kipling had committed the trifling inaccuracies with which he is charged, they might well be forgiven him in view of the vivid and true picture he presents on the whole, with a few bold strokes of the brush; there is atmosphere, color, close kinship and camaraderie with nature. The lines, as Mr. Ames says, have "lilt and go"; their swinging, free-hearted jubilance carry the bracing freshness and cheer of a wind from the pine forest.

GERTRUDE METCALF.

### A Song.

A. E. Housman in McClure's.

Far in a Western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marveling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears; long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

### The Travels of Meriwether Lewis.

York is becoming very surly on account of the proposal to erect a statue to Sack. He says that a colored gentleman has as much right to monumentery fame as any squaw that ever lived. I favor the idea, for Sack has helped us out often enough, and even among the Clatsops it is a common thing to hear her called a "bird." Clark is fighting the proposal, because he is afraid the sculptor will put his face on the basement of the statue, and if his girl should visit the Exposition it would be all off with her.

Today I tried to settle the question of Sack's name. She can't spell it herself, and I never was any good. One man says it should be Sakakakta, but that sounds too much like a man that stuttered. Sack is good enough for me, and for her, too, she says. She cut it on a tree yesterday to see how it would look on the statue.

I had a request for a signed article today from a magazine. I wrote to the President about it, and he said that if I yielded there would be no Exposition, as the fame of anyone who wrote magazine articles never lasted a year. He asked me if Washington ever published illustrated articles on his fights? I telegraphed back to the editor that such articles as he wanted were not in accord with the spirit of true Jeffersonian Democracy, and I chipped the paint off Fort Clatsop, as a Populist party was being organized in protest against its "monarchial splendor."

Astoria is expecting Astor, who is hustling to make money for William Waldorf, named after an inn of New York. It is hoped that he will extend the railroad to Tillamook, as the people there want to butt in with their butter.

### The Deadly Linotype.

The nimble linotype, with even face,
Is making readers blase,
But there may be a change—who knows?—
Upon the heels of this well-meant expose.
It seems to me that type, however neat,
Is verging sadly to the decollete,
And, sans the accents that have kept it safe,
Resembles more the dancer in a cafe.
The "well of English," that some poet chap
Once told of, now is absinthe frappe;
The country tongue, that once was clean and sweet,
Is damned like the wench at some poor tawdry fete—
A miserable wretch, a fly-by-night,
Whose mere appearance galls the Lord's elite;
In short, not lusty as a country lass,
But like some sour old maid, extremely passe.
These metaphors are mixed, I freely state
But so are things that form a luscious pate;
The truth dwells in them, as in pates the truffle,
Or tongue-surprising ice that lurks beneath a souffle.
The linotype is not the muses' liege,
But rather is the devil's own protege,
And he who these well-meant remarks derides,
Believe me, lacks completely bona fides.

For once Nat Goodwin couldn't complain of his support.

Lots of girls wouldn't mind being hypnotized if it would make them Nance O'Neils.

The small boy with a big brother understands Panama's position as well as anybody.

There is absolutely no accounting for tastes. There are people that don't like the bagpipes.

Of course it is the consumers' loss—and the growers'—that they do not appreciate Oregon prunes.

Had he gone over the bridge, Nat Goodwin would have regretted most that his exit was ungraceful.

The Mullah's men have turned cannibals to get some benefit out of their fellows before the British eat them up.

Deathbed repentances must be commoner than is supposed, judging from the numbers of men that get shaved on Saturday night.

Hearst must contemplate a yet greater increase in the amount of drivel that supplements his Sunday editions, or his parcels post bill is meaningless.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
When she heard that they mustn't appear on the stage,
She spanked them all soundly, so great was her rage.

When radium first attracted attention in the department stores at a price of $2,721,000 a pound, the improvident buyer was cautioned to wait for a bargain sale. And now sure enough radium is on the counter. It has been discovered in carnolite, and Utah radium may now be had for $450,000 a pound. It must be confessed, however, that the Utah brand shows only 1500 activity as compared with 7000 activity shown by the European brand. What 7000 activity is may be learned by addressing the German Emperor.

Mrs. Lizzie Johnson, of Oregon City, is worrying over the question of whether a hen "sits" or "sets." Far be it from the most foolish to rush in where lexicographers tread, but there can be no harm in quoting an authority. Yamhill stands pat on "set," for the Telephone-Register in its Gopher news has the following item:

William Kirby is tired of the old style of setting and never hatching. He now has purchased a late improved incubator. Look out for future results.

Is it possible that Mr. Kirby, before purchasing the incubator, took the eggs to bed with him? And while eggs are under discussion, didn't those King's Valley hoodlums make a dead set against the revivalist?

A Portland critic of Miss Lulu Glaser's recent performance in "Dolly Varden" alludes with evident gusto to her "juicy personality." Sir John Suckling, who has been tucked away under the daisies these three centuries, must have met a girl like Miss Glaser that May morning in the meadows at Charing Cross—now, worse luck, the site of a busy railway station—when he came home and described her to "Dick." The bride in Sir John Suckling's verses may not be the most beautiful girl in all poetry, but she is the greatest "peach." Here is the earlier critic's rendering of the idea:

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce.
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

It is in "The Bride" that the comparison of feet to mice occurs:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light.

And the famous description of a lip:

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly.
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July

WEXFORD JONES.