The Oregonian

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 68 deg.; minimum, 52. Precipitation, none.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer. Northerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1904.

THINGS THAT ARE NOT RELIGION.

The superstitions of religion are not religion; neither are the equally artificial superstructures of fallible theology built upon it. It has been the service of science to clear away many of the superstitions of religion; and it has been the service of literary criticism to correct the errors and rebuke the frauds with which theology has been framed and promulgated. These tasks have been of the highest value for there is no religion worth having or fighting for except it rests on truth. Whoever conceives it necessary to combat truth in the interests of his religion pays that religion the very poorest sort of compliment.

But these corrections or emendations of religion do not destroy religion any more than the sculptor destroys the block of marble from which he strips away everything foreign to his vision. The basis of religion is double—part existing in the nature of man himself where the religious principle is one of the most vital and persistent, and partly in the physical fact of the universe and of man. Religion is the expression of man's relation to the universe, and to get rid of such relation and a faith about it and a code of conduct consistent with that faith it would first be necessary to get rid of the universe itself. Man bears some relation to the universe and his belief as to that relation constitutes his religious faith.

The atheist has his religion, for which he would cheerfully go to the stake. It is only the shallow soul of careless nature that takes man's destiny and duty so lightly as to be indifferent to his own relation to the universe and indifferent to the religious beliefs of those about him. It does not lie in the mouth of Hume or Voltaire, Paine or Ingersoll, to complain of the proselyting spirit, which they possessed in so eminent a degree. Yet the expression of religion in conduct varies greatly with temperament. Some men disbelieve profoundly, yet accept and obey the ordinances of the church, while others who cherish every outworn superstition have not the resolution to govern their lives by their creed. The credulous and the profligate are often combined in one; and the agnostic may show lofty and consistent practice in harmony with his ethical philosophy.

That the truths of religion are in no danger from error within or without the church is obvious enough; and yet, as with every human institution, the vogue or service of religion to humanity may be seriously imperilled by the course of its devotees or the assaults of those who hate it. The greater danger here is with the exponents of religious belief; for science does not concern itself primarily with religion, but with physical fact. It is the exception for scientific inquiry to be directed by either a religious or an anti-religious motive. Some scientific men of the highest attainment are professing Christians; others are out and out infidels; but the natural and more general experience is that science seems to attack religion only when its discoveries and demonstrations encounter tradition which is manifestly false, but is tenaciously clung to by the church.

The idea that religion is doomed has arisen readily from casual observation of the desperation with which theologians cling to beliefs that science has clearly disproved. Fifty years ago it was thought irreligious to accept the facts of geology, just as it is accounted irreligious now to accept the facts of Biblical history. Churchmen said as plainly as actions could say, If geology is true then Christianity is a lie; just as their descendants today tell us by their actions that if evolution is true as applied to man and as applied to the Bible, then Christianity is false and must fail. Yet though the churches are full of those who accept the teaching of modern physical and literary science, religious belief and church attendance never enjoyed greater vogue than today.

The logical end of the unbeliever's hope would be the destruction of such words and ideas as God, conscience, duty, faith and holiness; but this is a result whose achievement is at least so far off as to be negligible. The great question of the hour has been as to whether rational interpretation of religion would be accepted by the churches in time to save the whole fabric of religious belief and practice from some such calamitous though temporary shipwreck as it suffered at the hands of the French revoultion. It is necessary to remember, however, that the adaptation of belief to new discoveries is very slow in every department of human thought; and the hopeful thing is the rapid advance of modern ideas among the most eminent living preachers.

It has been a long time since Henry Ward Beecher in America and Canon Farrar in Europe emancipated thinking minds from the age-long terrors of the orthodox hell. It has been twenty years since Henry Drummond and Phillips Brooks led the way for pulpit acceptance of modern research as to evolution, as to the Bible, as to foreign missions. The great preachers of the day, like Dr. Bradford, Munger, Gordon, Lyman Abbott, Gunsaulus, Hillis, Potter, have long since ceased to press upon their hearers the exploded notions of a bygone day. And yet their message to the heart and the life is as eager and potent as that of the old Hebrew prophet—Rend your heart and not your garments, saith the Lord; fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

FROM EGYPT TO JAPAN.

He seems a very shallow critic who objects on grounds of humanity to the extermination of Egyptian tombs and temples for the precious relics that are subsequently disposed for study in the museums and libraries of the world's capitals and institutions of learning. The notion of reverence, when applied to the mummies some thousands of years old, is grotesque enough to be ludicrous; and we may well believe that if these ancient dignitaries could speak they would prefer to serve any useful purpose that might be required of them than to slumber unprofitably in their buried house of death.

What the world needs today as it needed in Solomon's time is wisdom; and there is no more effectual rebuke to the purse-proud or the socialistic ignorance of the time than the lessons of the dust. What fine and instructive meditations have been prompted in Sir Thomas Browne and Joseph Addison and Washington Irving by the relics of departed grandeur! The mark of vandals on the effigy of Henry V showed one the vanity of earthly ambition, and the fact that Pharoah is sold for balsams impressed another with the shortness of life and the precariousness of power. So in Hamlet one of Shakespeare's most striking passages is built about the discovery of Yorick's skull and its desecration by a ribald gravedigger.

What man needs to know is what has happened to man in the past. It is only by studying the faith and ambitions, virtues and vices, success and failure of old civilizations that we are able to lay our own course aright. The sciences that exhume and exhibit and explain the dead languages and the fallen temples and the buried monarchs are those that truly teach us how to live. There is no morsel of hierogyphic or sepulchral lore but contributes something of value to the problems of today, in pointing us to the ideals and customs, the daily life and even the dreams of ages long asleep in their graves. The heights their noblest reached we may attain. The rocks on which they shipwrecked we may escape.

One thing only less important than study of the alien past is study of the alien present. Of incalculable worth to Western civilization is this war between Russia and Japan. It is going to teach us the merits as well as the defects of other systems of thought and life. The Anglo-Saxon mind, especially, has been living in a sort of provincialism, which regards the world outside itself with mingled pity and contempt. The successes of Japan, for example, will tend to waken us out of these delusions. The sources of Japan's power lie in things almost diametrically opposed to our own way of thinking at nearly every point. It will alter our ideas for the better when we have come to understand the strength and weakness of the Oriental mind, the Oriental view of life, the Oriental religion and philosophy.

Ideas survive in Asia today that were cherished by the Egyptian kings at whose desecrated tombs the London Mail and Rider Haggard are fain to weep. Something must have been worth while in those persistent ideas, or they would have perished from the earth. Something must be worth while in the Japanese system of thought and code of conduct to have produced such results as astonish mankind day by day. Whatever mission our own nation is to discharge on the stage of history, we shall not be fully prepared for it until we have mastered the lessons of the past and appropriated the truth that is uncovered for us in this unfamiliar but virile people of the East.

GUARDING DOMESTIC SECRETS.

It has been decided by the Police Commission of the City of Portland that eating by a patrolman while on duty is an unpardonable offense subject to heavy fine. An example has been made of one officer and with this precedent set it will not be easy for the Commission to reverse itself and let off the next guilty man with only a reprimand. Better discipline is the laudable aim of that part of Mayor Williams' cabinet which directs the peace guardians. And the only way to have discipline is to enforce it all the time without fear or favor. If among those who wear the city's blue with white trimmings for the hand there be one not willing to abide by the rules and regulations, let him make room for a man who is willing. Recruits will not be wanting.

Still it is worth while to ask, may not General Beebe and Senator Sichel in seeking to enforce discipline work injustice on sensitive and chivalrous servants of the city? May there not be extenuating domestic circumstances that cannot be publicly offered in defense of a culprit guilty of coffee and doughnuts, or even a porterhouse steak between meals? It may be safely assumed that a policeman on duty who enters a restaurant and orders food and eats it, is hungry; perhaps he is faint, and yet when he is hauled up and set on the gridiron, who shall say why he did not fill his stomach before he left home?

Must he confess his wife stayed too long at the club and that he couldn't wait for the roast to be cooked? Is it expected that any loyal husband will declare he cannot abide underdone veal when such declaration involves indictment of his helpmeet for lack of culinary skill? Will any honorable man make it known to a court of inquiry that his home-brewed coffee is wanting in strength and savor? Isn't it enough for him to be cognizant of the fact that sogginess marks the undercrust of pie in his household or must this domestic sorrow be given to the world? Shall he be required to explain that because the neighbor who brought her baby to show its first tooth stayed too long and the peas on the gas stove burned and had to be thrown out and they had words, and he started to work doubly handicapped by anger and an empty stomach?

No need to multiply mishaps from which few households are free. The policeman must report for duty on time disregarding mental or physical ills. If he summons himself from labor to refreshment, there is probable cause, but the great trouble he runs into is that his excuse is public property. These enterprising reporters are not less eager to print a poor fellow's defense than the charges on which he is haled before the Commission, but chivalry seals his lips. Possibly the new rule may be modified so as to permit explanations in private. Certain it is that if the full truth could be made known many a hungry man caught eating down town would be a target not for censure but for sympathy.

THIS ALSO IS VANITY.

"Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." So says Ella, a connoisseur in all things printed, except indeed those "books which are no books—biblia-a-biblia—court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught boards, bound and lettered on the back (such as sometimes conceal ardent spirits in this year of grace, 1904), scientific treatises, almanacks, statutes at large . . . and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without.'" And here, before discussing Ella's pronouncement on the deceptive allurements of journals, it may be proper to suggest that an election year contributes many volumes to the list of books that are no books. What use has the browser upon unacted dramas and half-forgotten poems for such masquerading volumes as the Republican textbook? What to him are the pamphlets that scatter abroad wisdom from Esopus? How is he to stomach the raillery of John Sharp Williams in a disguise of print?

And how shall he dodge the myriad volumes of Rooseveltiana, that come not single spies, but in battalions? Here is one no bigger than a thumbnail; for use as a watchcharm. This may be avoided; its appearance is against it; but what of the Putnams' two handsome volumes? Masquerading as books, those no books may gain entrance to the home of the bookworm before he is aware of the enemy. Yes; Ella would have to increase his list of deceitful volumes did he live in a Presidential year. And were Ella alive today we have no doubt that he would make his remark about newspapers apply to the monthly magazines instead. "Magazines always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." That sounds reasonable enough. There is a pleasurable curiosity about picking up a magazine, gay of cover and prosperously fat with advertisements. A thing so pleasing to the eye must contain something to arrest the attention; let us explore within. It is a sensation that Ella did not fail to experience. "Poor Tobin," he remarks, "who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kind of reading—the 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Comus,' he could have read to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet."

We pick up a magazine from the over-burdened bookstall, any magazine of the scores that go forth monthly, we skim it over with our own eye, and, after reading the advertisements, throw it away without the recollection of a scintilla of interest. We have seen some pretty drawings, some very purple and yellow "color illustrations" of scenes in the Mojave desert or Sahara desert—apparently color of sufficient purple-and-yellowness is to be found only in deserts. We have noticed a serial, each chapter full of "action;" a few short stories writhing in their efforts to attract attention; a few pages of googoo babytalk written around some pictures of impossible cherubic babies, drawn by Fanny Y. Cory or Jessie Wilcox Smith, and looking like designs for a stained glass window; and probably an article, in the style set by McClure's, on "Fanatical Finance," or "The Real Grafters," or "Why Rockefeller Isn't Broke." Then we turned over a page, and came slap up against an article telling why one should sleep on a mattress made of banana skins, and were in the advertising section, having passed instantaneously from the literary atmosphere into the commercial.

Despite the attractions of the soap pictures, we lay the magazine down with a feeling of disappointment; only to have our curiosity aroused ten, fifteen, twenty-five or thirty-five cents' worth by another frescoed sepulchre the next time we pass the newsdealer's. Matters are made worse, too, by the magazines that use their own prescription—"advertise." To pick up the Metropolitan and in the course of our journey through it to fall in with a story of Kipling would be well. We should read it from a personal pride in its discovery. But when we read in advance that the issue of such and such a month will contain the greatest soldier story that Kipling has written, we heave a sigh for Mulvaney and proceed to read from a sense of duty. We are not displeased to find that the story is far from the author's best, and that Mulvaney is likely to wave for a long time to come. Or we read that Thomas W. Lawson is about to flay the plutocrats in Everybody's. With innate dislike of all plutes, we hasten to see them flayed. Alas! the plutocratic hide does not yet hang upon the wall in the office of Everybody's, and we are disappointed of a great spectacle.

Disappointment is the invariable lot of the purchaser of magazines, and yet, if one were unlucky enough to fall blind, he would, like poor Tobin, long for "the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine or a light pamphlet." As for the newspapers, Lamb's genial nature was probably soured in that one respect by his job of writing jocular paragraphs at sixpence a jocular. Especially does this appear reasonable when we read that he sometimes got out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning to write funny things for the Post—think of being funny at five! And besides, Lamb wasn't on The Oregonian's mailing list.

SECRETARY SHAW'S VISIT.

Secretary Leslie M. Shaw, of the Treasury of the United States, who comes to Oregon Tuesday and addresses the people of Portland at the Marquam Theater Wednesday evening, is a notable man in many ways. He is somewhat less than 56 years of age. After a boyhood of poverty and hard toil, he educated himself and achieved eminence both in the law and in business before the issue of the gold standard drew him into politics, where he distinguished himself in two useful and popular terms as Governor of Iowa and for nearly three years as Secretary of the Treasury.

In view of Mr. Shaw's eminence as a man, and fame as an orator—for he is accounted the ablest speaker in President Roosevelt's Cabinet—the City of Portland should esteem it a privilege to greet Mr. Shaw with every attention of courtesy and respect, both in attendance upon his address Wednesday evening and in every other way that opportunity may present. It is a time when Portland and Oregon need friends at court. It is a time when it is greatly to our concern to have men in high office who know our country and people and sympathize with our needs. Whatever arrangements are proposed by the Republican State Central Committee or the commercial bodies should meet with general and hearty co-operation.

SMALL MEN AS SOLDIERS.

Frederick William I of Prussia conceived among his other half-insane and autocratic schemes the idea of producing a regiment of giants for his army—men who by their size would be able to carry all before them. The fallacy of this idea has long ago been proved. If it had not, the events of the present war in the Far East would have put it to rout. The events of this war have shown that the Japanese—known to the nations of the world as "the little brown men"—are the equals of any other soldiers on the globe, whether the test has been one of bravery, endurance or accuracy in firing.

The severest tests of modern warfare have been repeatedly, for months past, applied to these small soldiers of the Orient. Pitted against soldiers of large size and boasted endurance, they have emerged from the smoke of conflict in every instance, whether on sea or land, victoriously. The preference for large men for military service is still marked in the armies of all of the nations of the world, except the Japanese, and since Japan does not produce large men, she was forced to make the most of what she had.

The idea of great size as essential to acceptable service in the army came down from a day in the history of mankind when prowess lay in brute force. Battles were fought with clubs and spears and axes, and the armor that the soldier found necessary for his defense could only be carried about by men of gigantic strength. But methods and implements of warfare have changed. Hand-to-hand conflicts are practically unknown. The clumsy Cossack with his heavy equipment is at the mercy of the lithe and lively little Jap with his finger quick on the trigger.

There is nothing to hinder the little man from being a good marksman, while he is not so conspicuous a target as is his tall, broad-shouldered opponent. With the example before us of the Japs as fighters it may be well to reflect that our own military requirements of height and weight are probably keeping some of our most effective fighting material out of the army. The slugger in the prize ring needs brawn and bone, both for offensive and defensive purposes, but the man behind the modern gun needs to be quick of movement and keen of sight. Size and weight are minor considerations.

A SUMMER STORY.

The story of timber fires is repeated again in this vicinity. It is the same old Summer story of the settlers' hot distress, loss of homes and crops and the huddling together, in some temporary retreat, of singed and smoke-begrimed men, women and children, looking about them ruefully upon the little in the way of household effects that they have been able to bear with them in their flight before the pursuing flames. Except in the minor details of names and incidents of the fight with, and flight from fire, there is nothing new in this Summer's tale. Neither is there any variation in the cause of these dry-weather, devastating fires. The smouldering embers of a deserted campfire, fanned into activity by a mountain breeze; the match applied by the settler to his slashing; the stump of the Summer idler's cigar thrown carelessly into the dry fern and grass by the roadside; these make up the ordinary list of causes that lead, year after year, with now and then a season of immunity, to fires in timbered farming districts or mountainous stock ranges, that leave desolation, destitution and discouragement in their track. It is manifestly difficult, and, indeed, practically impossible, to apprehend and bring to punishment the man who starts the forest fire.

If the settler who fires his slashing is the culprit, he can only be held for allowing the flames to get beyond his control. In any timbered section or on any ordinary "brush claim," fire is the indispensible ally of the man who would bring the land under cultivation. Men of good judgment use this means of clearing land year after year without disastrous results to their neighbors, and with invaluable advantage to themselves. The wind must be right or the day perfectly still; the slashing must be properly arranged in the cutting so that the fire may not spread too rapidly; sufficient space must be left between the windrow of dry brush and the neighbor's fence or the green timber on the lot adjoining, to protect these from the fierce contagion of the flames, and after every precaution is used the prudent man watches with sleepless vigilance until the work of the fire is complete.

Hundreds of settlers clear land by the aid of fire every year without allowing the flames to get beyond their control. They simply must burn their slashings or stop adding to their cultivated area. To forbid this (providing the interdiction could be inforced) would be to stop the clearing of land. To discriminate between the careful man and the careless or inconsiderate man in this matter is impossible. Hence the forest fires that are due to clearing land may be expected to occur with more or less frequency while there is land to clear.

As to the other sources of danger—the Summer idler and the inconsiderate camper—strenuous effort has been made and is being made to watch them and reduce the disastrous results of their carelessness to the minimum. There is plenty of law for their punishment, but it is exceedingly difficult to catch the happy-go-lucky marauders. The most that the forest rangers who are kept in the woods for this purpose have been able to do is to arrest fires, set by these men, in their incipiency. They very seldom succeed in arresting the men.

In looking over the situation, therefore, it seems more than probable that the fire sufferers will be with us annually. These unfortunate people are worthy of intelligent, helpful, material sympathy. The aid that they receive is not always judiciously bestowed, though it is seldom that it is bestowed unworthily. In other words, while these people are entitled to help, the offerings of well-meaning people are not infrequently of very little use to those who receive them. It is mistaken philanthropy, for example, to make a set of muslin nightshirts for a farmer's boy who needs instead working shirts of stout cheviot which by preference and habit will serve as nightshirts as well. And it is neither kind nor charitable to send to the little daughter of the burned-out settler a dainty white dress—good as new, but outgrown by the child for whom it was made—when she needs instead a flannel petticoat, a calico dress, common underclothing—anything, in fact, that is suited to the daily needs of a country lass.

Philanthropy and humanity went full-handed to the relief of the fire sufferers of this vicinity two years ago. They carried a great bulk of suitable, much-needed and highly-appreciated supplies. The intent was generous and the bounty large. The mistakes that were made were those of inexperience joined with an abounding desire to help. They were not of a type to deserve criticism, but reference may properly be made to them in order that they may be avoided when supply is called again to meet demand in this field of urgent necessity.

A man who devotes the intelligent, unflagging energies of a long life to ameliorating in practical ways the ills from which mankind suffer through ignorance, may justly be extolled as a hero. Such a man was Sir John Simon, who died recently in London in his 89th year. He was the pioneer in modern methods of sanitation which make the great city a model of healthfulness rather than a breeding-place for disease. From 1848, when he was appointed Health Officer for the City of London, to 1876, he was constantly in the public service in the interest of municipal health reform. His reports and investigations during that period were the basis of most of the sanitary reform legislation in England during the last half of the Nineteenth Century. The scope of this effort may be judged from the fact that he inaugurated a sewer system for London, abolished the system of central cesspools under houses, and started a strong agitation against intra-mural graveyards, impure water and overcrowded dwellings. He defended Jenner's vaccination methods successfully against the outcry that was raised against them. His record is that of a man who loved his fellowmen, and made practical demonstration of that fact throughout all the effective years of his long life. A hero of peace, his triumph consisted in saving life and making it, at the same time, worth the living. When such a man goes down to his death the record of his endeavor belongs not to one age or nation, but to succeeding ages, and to all humanity.

A superannuated minister at the general conference, leaning heavily on his staff and urging in a voice trembling with age that he is still able to work effectively, is a spectacle that awakens the tenderest sympathy, without in the least convincing those in authority of the old man's ability to rise above the infirmities of age and do the work of a younger man. The political candidate, who thus attempts to discredit the claims that time has levied upon his working powers, is not the less an object of sympathy, because he is urged by younger men to undertake work and assume responsibilities for which he is manifestly unfit by reason of age. Poor old Grandpa Davis no doubt exerted himself to the utmost to acquit himself acceptably on the occasion of his speech accepting the candidacy of the Vice-Presidency. It is possible that he did very well under the circumstances, but the exhibition of his vanished powers were nevertheless pitiful. Criticism does not belong to him, but to the men of his party who placed him in a position which he is, by decree of Nature, unable to fill acceptably.

Meat is high and going higher, but diamonds are cheap and getting cheaper. This is according to the law of compensation. Heads of families who cannot afford a three-rib roast may be served with Irish stew by a waiter who wears a solitaire diamond on his shirtfront. The generous output of the Premier mine in South Africa has brought this about. To be sure, Premier diamonds are not equal in quality to the De Beers diamonds, but to offset this arises the suggestion of Sir William Crookes that inferior diamonds may be improved by the action of radium. This being true, and inferior diamonds likely to become as plentiful as glass beads or aluminum trinkets, it is clear, says the Kansas City World, that many society men and women must improve their minds and manners or sacrifice all hope of class distinction.

Missouri recently celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of her admission into the Union. The great state was in 1821 a wilderness of the Far West. She is now a prosperous and populous commonwealth and is scheduled as the fifth state in the Union. Her 66,557 inhabitants eighty-three years ago have expanded into 3,500,000. Her story past and present has just been printed in a thick volume of 600 pages by the World's Fair Commission. The story is good reading, not only for loyal Missourians, but for patriotic Americans generally. It is a tale of energy and growth and development of resources of which the country may well be proud.

Two young men of Portland, William L. Finley and Henry T. Bohlman, have achieved something entirely unique in natural history. While they were attending the University of California they made six separate trips up a steep mountain trail to the aerie of golden eagles and succeeded in getting photographs of two from the egg to full feathers. Their observations and their work with the camera covered a period of three months. In simple but entertaining style they tell on page 30 of this issue the story of their investigations, which makes a valuable addition to the ornithological lore of the Pacific Coast.

The Czarevitch, notwithstanding his tender age and heavy responsibilities, is doing well. Like any other infant he is "Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms," and even in this cheap and common role is the abounding delight of a vast empire.

One is inclined to feel sorry for the inmates of a poorhouse until he hears the story of the woes of its superintendent.

ON AIDS TO CUPID.

(To the Editor.)—It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with the public than promote its real service, that they accommodate their counsels to its inclinations and advise it to such actions only as its heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. H—— was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend, Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely and represented his sweetheart to him in such strong colors that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before 12 o'clock had his head punched by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon the young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless—Celia, forseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a congé d'elire to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions and set them to asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidante that she hopes to be married in a little time, and in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts asks very gravely what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand dollars in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an income of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts and see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to an heiress whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since and asked me in his most serious look whether I would advise him to marry Betty Single who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question, upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter which comes to me from some young woman who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her goodwill nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public without returning any answer to it:

"Dear Sir—Now, sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the finest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall, neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he ties his ascots! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure if you saw him you would like him. He is a very good scholar and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now, you must understand, poor Mr. Shapely has no job, but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him because he has no job; but I am sure he has that that is better than a job; for he is a good-natured, ingenius, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man, and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good fortune which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be 14 on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But everybody I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire, therefore, you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, sir, yours truly, —B. D." J. ADDISON.

Swimming Feat of New York Girl.

New York Evening Telegram.

Friends of Miss Jennie Farless, 21 years old, of Depot lane, Fort Washington, are congratulating her on her latest swimming feat. Miss Farless, who is known as an expert swimmer, started to swim to Jersey from the Inwood bathing pavilion, at the foot of Two Hundredth street, North River, Monday, but before she reached there the tide had carried her about two miles up stream, and she was almost exhausted when she reached the shore, opposite Englewood.

Friends followed her in a rowboat, but she declined to allow herself to be rowed back. After she had rested a while she plunged into the water again and headed for Inwood. This time the tide was on the return and she did not have such a struggle, and when she pulled herself out of the water at the bathing float the crowd cheered her vigorously.

Miss Farless is a sturdy swimmer and almost lives in the water. She has performed so many feats that her friends have almost ceased to marvel. Last Summer she swam across the Hudson, from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and back, and was as fresh at the end as when she started.

Hohenlinden.

Thomas Campbell.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as Winter was the flow,
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Samovar and Samisen.

Our great serial story of the Russo-Japanese War.

(Summary of previous chapters—Michael Popoff Falls In and Is Out a Rouble.)

CHAPTER III.

Popoff surveyed the grimly-barred Japanese cell and felt that he had been sold. Escape seemed impossible, and it was not until the Cossack found a few pieces of hoopiron that he saw a way of escape. Wrapping his whiskers around his body, Popoff, with the aid of the bands, transformed himself into the semblance of a bale of hay.

In a few moments voices were heard outside. Popoff was in a fever—a hay fever—of impatience, but with a great effort he managed to control himself and to breathe as much like a bale of hay as possible. The voices approached, but not alone. Their owners were with them, and proved to be Japanese cavalry officers. Their quick eyes fell upon Popoff, and a few minutes later he was aboard a Japanese transport bound for Nieuchwang. A cavalry officer's horse began to nibble at him.

"Hey, there!" said one of the attendants.

Popoff, thus addressed, sprang to his feet and saluted.

"I wasn't speaking to you," said the Japanese.

"You're another," said Popoff, "you called me 'hay.'"

"Dog of a Cossack," cried the infuriated Jap, drawing his kimono and lunging at Popoff, "with this I'll slit your throat."

"I care not," answered the gallant Michael, "before now I've had slits in my throat."

Seeing the jest, the Jap sheathed his kimono, and as a sign of friendship for his quondam enemy began to instruct him in jiu-jitsu.

As the lesson was about to be concluded, there was a terrific explosion and Popoff—

(To be continued.)

An Irvington Ballad.

"They're off!" is the cry, and with eyes on the track
The people are cheering the horse that they back;
And Samuel smiles, for he sees a new hat,
New clothes—a new outfit from shoes to cravat—
For Cyclone in front is a sure thing to win,
And he fondles the ticket he hopes to cash in.

They're rounding the turn and they're hitting the stretch,
And Cyclone's in front, and he's certain to fetch—
But Hurricane's closing, and, going like fire,
He noses out Cyclone just under the wire—
And Hurricane's name that is heard on the din
Is not on the ticket Sam thought he'd cash in.

Ah, not his last nickel on Cyclone went down,
And dusty's the road that leads back to the town;
No clothes for poor Sam, 'twill be all he can do
To borrow enough to buy doughnuts and stew,
And he kicks up the dust and he swears worse than sin,
As he tears up the ticket he couldn't cash in.

Russia has called her reserves from their reservation.

A Kansas man is said to have coughed up two live toads. Too much to swallow, thanks.

Government Chemist Wiley says Americans eat too much meat. More power to the packing strike.

We hope for Colonel Dosch's sake that it is not now obligatory upon him to go about in a kimono.

The power of the pessimist is shown by the public's familiarity with the word "dyspeptic" and its unacquaintance with "eupeptic."

So far as we have been able to observe the usual way of boarding a street-car is to catch on wherever you can and fight your way in.

College students investigating the meat strike may not be strike-breakers, but they're likely to be strike-broken, if the mob gets 'em.

Rear-Admiral Schley describes the battle of Santiago in the Saturday Evening Post. From his description we incline to the opinion that he was an eye-witness of the fight.

"Are there any members of the nobility living in your flats?" asked an English Judge of a lady who was on the witness stand. "No," was the reply; "they are all respectable people."—New York Evening Sun.

This is something like the story of the Albina grocer who was asked if one of his customers was a gentleman. "I don't hardly think it," replied the grocer, "he don't keep me waiting over a week for my account."

Recent events indicate that the rich get more fun out of their jewels when the jewels are lost than when they are in the safe-deposit vault. This is not strange. What pleasure is there in having a lot of stones locked up in a safe, while paste imitations take their place in public? When a thief has run off with the valuables, there is at least the excitement of the chase, and there is also a chance to spend more money on rewards. No wonder it is becoming fashionable to lose one's jewels.

There is nothing like letting the people know that you're on, wise, next. Here is an extract from a New York letter to a Pittsburg paper:

I am assured that a political sensation of the most startling character is likely to be sprung very soon. From what has leaked out regarding its character, it is safe to predict that it will prove to be nothing worse than a "roorback." Although intimations of it have reached me from two sources widely separated, I decline to have anything to do with its circulation.

There you are. I know something that will cause a political sensation of the most startling character, but I won't tell what it is.

Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

That is what the artists of the illustrated papers are doing. They are letting the winged Fancy roam out to Manchuria, and she is bringing them back all sorts of fine things. One of the best is the woman who leads a horde of Cossacks in a wild charge against the Japanese. Arrayed in a perfectly-fitting habit, as spick and span as if she had stepped from a bandbox, her face as radiant as an ad. "for Dingbat's Soap," this Amazon sits a curvetting steed with the utmost grace. Around her lie dead bodies, shells shriek past her, but her back hair, the most usual sign of emotion in her sex, refuses to "come undone." She is a noble, a heroic figure, and we would wish her long life if we didn't know that the newspaper artists will never let her die. She will remain—

Forever panting, and forever young.

She is the best thing that the winged Fancy brings from the scene of war, and she has but one rival—the woman who is due presently to inspire the defenders of Port Arthur in their desperate resistance.

WEXFORD JONES.