

# The Orient Awakening From a Sleep of Ages

## WHAT THE AWAKENING MEANS FOR THE CITIES OF THE PACIFIC COAST

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 15.—I never can or shall forget the vast wonder and ecstasy of John Boyle O'Reilly, as he gazed from the heights of Seattle upon the deep blue waters of Puget Sound and its wooded shores, and the wondrous mountains that towered aloft in the distance. Sixteen Summers have gladdened the world since then. Summers that O'Reilly saw not, for he died, like leaves, in his prime, but I can see him still standing on the deck of a steamer, and as gazed on the lovely waters of Puget Sound, lost in thought and reverie. I can see him even today, with head uncovered and reverent air, beholding Mount Rainier in all its sublime grandeur as it soared 10,000 feet beyond the lesser peaks and primeval forests around it.

And from Rainier his gaze would wander across the sound to the snowy peaks of the Olympic Mountains, whose dazzling heights untrudged by man, when sits at eve the golden glow of day, bidding the darkening world farewell. "Oh!" he cried at last, "what would I not give for a home in this wondrous land, where I could gaze upon their inland sea and hold converse forevermore with these glorious mountains." It was the cry of the dreamer, the rapture of the poet.

That night he attended a St. Patrick's day banquet at the Tacoma hotel, and in the course of the most eloquent speech I ever heard him deliver, he prophesied a future of unparalleled glory and prosperity for this enchanted land. Its future was to be "as gorgeous and as grand as the creations, wherewith teems the poet's haunted brain amid his noonday dreams."

When the next St. Patrick's day came round the poet's voice was hushed, and he burst forth, "And, perhaps I might have exclaimed: 'All my ideals have died of grief and left me wedded to the rude and real.'"

The world in which Reilly worked and dreamed no longer exists. He had suffered almost the torments of the damned because he loved his native land, not wisely, but too well. "Oh!" he said to me more than once, "you can never realize the torments inflicted on us by our English jailers in the convict prisons of England. Irish rebels were as wild beasts to them. The very murderers and felons that they herded us with had some show for pity; we had none. And then the horror of the convict ship, its appalling brutality and beastliness, are beyond the power of words. The burning sands of West Australia and the stifling prison cells, were as Heaven compared to the torture we suffered on the high seas. Several were driven stark mad. Indeed, the poor, wretched criminals were mostly mad already."

Later on came his escape, so full of romance, and I might add, of unspeakable paths. And then we saw him, outwitted, hounded and branded, landing on American soil, and received with open arms by the people of the great Republic. I might ask, "Would his reception be equally enthusiastic today?" He was not. He was penniless and alone. But in 20 years he won the love and admiration of America, and he enriched the world forever with his genius and his song.

Great men grow greater with the lapse of time. We know those great whom we have seen the latest, and they amongst those whose names have grown sublime in human liberty are greatest. Who worked for human liberty are greatest. I have said O'Reilly's world has gone forever. It is a pity that it is so, but it is. The world has changed. Its ideals are changed. The philosophy of Thomas Jefferson is no longer in vogue, and the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson is laughed at by men calling themselves Jeffersonian Democrats.

And wherever is the change more apparent than here in Seattle, where its people call it the Queen City of the West. I saw this city in ashes once, and its people living in tents, and the victors of the battle laid its foundation deep and broad. And I saw them suffer adversity such as try men's souls. But they triumphed over it, and turned disaster into victory, and its place among the commercial centers of the world.

This is the gateway of the commerce of Alaska. That commerce, which is still in its infancy, but which will expand to fabulous proportions as the boundless resources of that territory in oil and coal and gold and copper are exploited. It is the gateway of the commerce of the Orient. Seattle is 700 miles nearer to Manila than San Francisco. That one cold, hard fact tells how and why Seattle shall attain to the commercial supremacy of the Pacific Ocean. President J. J. Hill has built the greatest ships ever floated in American waters for the Seattle and Asiatic trade. Each of these ships can carry 2,000 tons of flour to feed the Japs and Chinamen. These ships can make money transporting that flour across the Pacific for 1 cent a pound.

There are 10 first-class travel on these ships with a telephone in each room. They are in fact the largest freight carriers in the world, save the Baltic, and they float like floating hotel palaces at the same time.

And the Orient is awakening from the sleep of ages. The crush and thunder of conflicting battles of the new century reveal the new order of things. The frightful slaughter and the succession of disaster and humiliation that has befallen Russia, and which is more eloquent than words that we live in a world entirely different from that of our fathers. It was hard to tell whether it were a better world or not. Russia deserves and is receiving punishment for crimes against liberty and humanity, but the man that believes that the ultimate triumph of Japan is either desirable or possible is, in my judgment, past praying for.

John Dryden, England's greatest lyric poet, wrote a prose classic, "The Life of St. Francis Xavier." A brother of the late Lord Chief Justice Colclough, of England, compiled "The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier." I recommend both books to Oriental students.

Francis Xavier was the Apostle of Japan. From his letters we get vivid pictures of what the Japanese were three and a half centuries ago. There are Philistines who will say "Why do we need such a source?" But let them go and read the letters of Francis Xavier, and if they have not feelings akin to those which the poor little boy, who has been parted from the dying regicide, I do not know human nature.

In his youth Francis Xavier was the very dower and embodiment of the chivalry of Castile. It was that chivalry which saved Europe from the yoke of Mahomet, for it was the bulwark of the cross against the crescent for 300 years. An athlete, proficient in all the acts and sciences, Francis Xavier was the idol and the glory of the 2,000 students that thronged the University of Paris, in the early years of the 15th century. It was at Paris that Francis Xavier formed the friendships and acquired the knowledge which shaped his life. It was there that the inspiration came to him to renounce all things and live for God alone. It was there he fitted himself to become the apostle of the Indies and the Indies, Paul was the Apostle of the Gentiles, Francis Xavier stands alone in the mod-

ern world. He is to his age what the great prophet of the Chirvas was to the age of the Crusades, and what St. Paul was to the early church.

And this was the man who first bore to the Japanese the great truths of Christian revelation. No other Oriental nation has received the gospel so gladly as did the Japanese from the hands of Francis Xavier. They were intelligent, quick and faithful, and the whole Japanese people might have embraced the religion of the crucified had European statecraft blasted and blighted the flowers and the fruits of the seal, and the labor of Francis Xavier. Persecution followed, and blood of Japanese martyrs proved the constancy of the Christian people of Japan. They showed themselves that rare people. They showed that they could suffer and die for a principle in a cause. They showed themselves different in thought in character and in conduct from the races of China. They were as far apart even then as the poles in their ideals and pursuits. And now this people have advanced and amassed the power of an exhibition of skill, bravery and perseverance without a parallel since the days when Wellington and the Spaniards rolled back the tide of French invaders.

And further to the south are other islands of far greater interest to Americans than ever the islands of Japan. I mean, of course, the Philippines. The Philippines are capable of supporting a larger population than the islands of Japan. The Philippine soil will grow coffee, sugar and tobacco more luxuriously than any other soil in the world. It excels in the quality and quantity of these products. It will grow hemp for the world, and so superior in quality that it is vain to try and compete with it in any other soil. In those islands grow the choicest fruits and flowers, and its forests are mahogany, of lignum-vitae and black ebony are the most extensive and valuable in the world.

The coast line of the Philippines equals that of Continental Europe, and its harbors are infinitely the best of tropical countries. Its climate is the climate of the lotus-eater, healthy, not deadly. In fact, nature never gave to the sons of men lovelier and more prolific lands than the islands of the Philippines. This is what you hear at Seattle from the merchants and sea-captains and sailors who have been there. This is what you hear from the Filipino sailors who frequent this port, and who serve the ships of this Republic, Tacoma, and San Francisco. They prophesy great things from the acquisition of the Philippines by the United States, and any man who advocates the independence of the islands has a thousand maledictions hurled at his devoted head. Seattleites are for a colonial policy and state expansion and imperialistic ideas. They are for ship-subsidies, and high tariffs, and a navy equal to England's, and an army sufficient to overawe the Japs. And the same talk that you hear in Seattle you hear in Tacoma, in Portland and in San Francisco.

It never occurs to these people to take into consideration the views of the Philippines themselves. A little while ago every American believed that no man no poor or ignorant or illiterate could be great enough to govern another man or another people without that other's consent. That used to be a principle, and it was a principle under these conditions that the Filipino took his place among the civilized people of the world. P. A. O'REILLY.

## The Bostonian Opera Company Career of Famed Organization, Now in Eclipse, Which Was Formed Twenty-Five Years Ago.

THE news that the Bostonians were in serious financial straits and likely to be disbanded, not merely for the time being, but permanently, came as a surprise and a shock to most of the admirers of this famous comic opera company. A few of those on the inside, it is true, were aware that the season was proving disastrous and had come to the culmination of a series of reverses. But in which the staple was the profound and indeed display of feminine charms, the Bostonians held firmly to the older and better traditions. They did their best to evade the public taste, and offered as variety one knows, for ten years or so they have been trying to find a successor to "Robin Hood," a work so pretty and so light and so full of good things, and the undoing of the company. Frank Stockton in his ingenious story, "My Deceased Wife's Sister," tells how a woman who had been married to anything else of his that it brought him to the verge of ruin. Editors would return his manuscripts with the remark that it was very nice, but not so good as "My Deceased Wife's Sister."

It was written in 1884. The Bostonians were always received with delight, but a company cannot go forever giving one opera, and the mischief began when the lights were put on "Robin Hood." It was the maddest venture, and great sums were thrown away in experiments. Mr. Herbert came nearest to killing the chasm with the "Serenade," a delightful work of legitimate high order, but lacking something of the freshness and romantic charm of "Robin Hood," which was exceptionally fortunate in its theme. It has since been found four or five years ago, it is likely that the company could have survived the present, and it is to be hoped temporary eclipse of legitimate light opera, an eclipse which already shows some signs of lightning around the perimeter.

Of the origin of the Bostonians and the outgrowth of the Ideal Opera Company, formed in Boston in 1879 for the purpose of singing "Pinafore." In 1887, in connection with William H. MacDonald and "Tom" Karl, Henry Clay Barnabee formed the company known as the Bostonians. In the early days the company was like a family. There was the utmost harmony among the members of the company and it was in reality an

"ideal" organization. Marie Stone was the first prima donna of the company and some of the earlier singers were "Tom" Karl, Henry Clay Barnabee, William H. MacDonald, Camille d'Arville, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Mr. Frothingham and Mrs. Brown, and many others. Tom Karl and Edwin Hoff were added to the force, and several well-known sopranos had sung for a season or more with the company. The most notable figure in the company was Henry Clay Barnabee, who is still connected with the company, and has been from the very beginning.

Mr. Barnabee was born in 1832 at Portsmouth, N. H., where his father kept the leading hotel. Young Henry went to school until his father thought he had learned enough to help him in life, and then apprenticed him to the proprietor of a dry goods store in his native city, and in that capacity he acted until 1858. Another dry goods store at that time he became connected with the Mercantile Library Association of Boston. This was an organization in which many of the members were actors, and they received their early training for the stage, and it was at the entertainments of this association, formerly so popular with the Bostonians, that he developed his powers. He assumed the duties of church singer soon after coming to Boston, joining first the choir of Rev. Baron Stowe's church on Chauncy street, and a year or two later taking a position as quartet in a Jamaica Plain church. After two years' service in the latter connection he became a member of the Unity quartet, in which position he continued his engagement for 19 years.

His formal debut on the concert stage, in 1862, was marked by a benefit concert at Music Hall, in which among Louise Cary, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Sarah W. Barton and other well-known artists participated. In 1868 Mr. Barnabee appeared at the Museum for Robert MacClannan's benefit, playing "Toby" in "The Two Glitters Is Not Gold," and Cox to William Warren's "Box in Morton's Museum farce," "Box and Cox." This was his first appearance in a musical comedy. In 1868 Julius Eichberg's operetta, "The Two Cadis," was brought out at Chickering Hall, with Mr. Barnabee, Miss Julia Gayland, Allen Brown and Warren Davenport as dramatic personae. He was especially successful at this time in "Sir Marmaduke," a musical version of the old farce, "Betsey Baker," the words of which, having been written by Benjamin E. Wolf and the music by Julius Eichberg. This latter work was a happy conception of Mr. Barnabee's and was given for several seasons to good business by the Barnabee Opera Company. In 1870 Mr. Barnabee organized a regular concert company, which included Arthur Tucker, the famous violinist, and many other prominent artists. Many of Mr. Barnabee's engagements were made through the Roberts Lyceum Bureau, an agency at that time managed by Mr. E. Ober, who also conducted the professional engagements of prominent concert artists. In May, 1879, Miss Ober bequeathed herself of the immense possibilities of a "Pinafore" performance with an ideal cast, and the thought resulted in the Ideal Pinafore Opera Company, with such artists as Mary Beebe, Miss Phillips, Myron Whitney, Tom Karl, Henry Clay Barnabee, the leading members of the cast. Mr. Barnabee's Sir Joseph, K. C. B., settled his future career. He followed up his identification was dropped. At the close of the operatic tour of 1880-1881 it became desirable for the leading artists of the company to withdraw from that organization and organize into a new offshoot, called the Bostonians. For a

man as ripe in years as Mr. Barnabee, he is remarkably spry as the Sheriff of Nottingham and the Duke in "The Serenade." One misses, perhaps, that nimble debut as Siebe in "Pinafore" and Pasha in "Fatinitza," but when one takes into consideration that 30 years have elapsed since we first saw him in the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham, and that it was in this city that he achieved his first vocal success. As a contralto in the choir of the Church of the Messiah his voice charmed thousands.

In July, 1879, he joined the Chicago Church Choir Pinafore Company and gained fresh laurels as Little Buttercup in the production of the opera. She played her debut as Siebe in "Pinafore" in "Faust" in New York City, then joined the Carleton Opera Company, and later the American Opera Company, touring America in both. Mrs. Davis headed one season in Paris before entering into a contract with the Bostonians, with which company she was long associated.

Once a dozen years ago Eugene Cowles was adding up long columns of figures at the First National Bank of Chicago and adding to his wage by singing Sunday in the church. At that time he was noted for his bass voice, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that he would succeed in opera when he was once induced to desert his desk for the stage. He entered the dramatic profession with some misgiving, and it is now one of his pardonable bits of pride that he can draw a check for a good-sized figure on the bank of the stage.

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Various rumors concerning the plans of Henry Clay Barnabee have been set at rest by the announcement yesterday of his manager, Lawrence J. Anhalt, that the veteran comedian will make a short vacation tour to vaudeville. His first New York appearance will be about the middle of September. This decision to enter the ranks of vaudeville was reached after a conference with Loudon G. Charlton, managing director of the Bostonians, with another green spot, "Rest Cottage." Rest, indeed, for weary, dusty farmers' wives and daughters, after their long drives in the early days. Here is everything for their convenience, before and after their shopping jaunts. Thoughtful women of Eugene, say we who have not heard of such a haven for weary women in larger cities.

Over there to the north, tradition tells us, Chief White Eagle, of the Calipatria tribe, with 300 of his warriors, were encamped, when there was a great earthquake which shook all Oregon, and the side of the mountain came down upon them.

When, with climbing-stick, I loosed a shell embedded in it, I think of the mighty Pacific, which once flowed where we now stand.

Eugene, Or., August, 1904.

Compensation. Atchison Globe.

Living in a country town has its satisfactions. The street-cars do not stop for a citizen at Fifth and Main streets yesterday evening. The street-car conductor, meeting the citizen this morning, apologized and explained why he could not stop.

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## FROM TOM LONGBOW The Hard-Luck Man—His Fortunes Have Taken a Turn for the Better—A Rich Uncle Appears—By Wexford Jones

(Telegram from G. Whillikins, of Seattle, to Tom Longbow at Long Beach, August 8.) Your uncle is looking for you.

(Telegram from Tom Longbow at Long Beach to G. Whillikins, of Seattle, August 8.) Tell him I don't want to redeem the watch.

(Telegram from G. Whillikins, of Seattle, to Tom Longbow at Long Beach, August 8.) Not that uncle. One from Northampton, Mass. Has money for you.

(Telegram from Tom Longbow at Long Beach to G. Whillikins, of Seattle, August 8.) Why didn't you say so before? Ship him here next train.

(From Tom Longbow, at Long Beach to G. Whillikins, of Seattle, August 12.) Dear George—Uncle William arrived here O. K., having met none of the Indians he half expected to waylay the train through the wilds of Washington. He is not a bad sort of old Puritan ancestor or relative—he looks now like an ancestor. When he landed here he gave me a serious talk. Said he felt kind of lonely in his old age and he wanted to take his brother's boy into partnership in the shoe factory he runs back East—you've heard of the "3250 Longbow Lasts to the Last." I thought this pretty fine, until he went on to tell me about a Massachusetts girl he had selected for me to marry. I hinted to him that this marrying business was a somewhat different from the famous Longbow Last which is made by rule, but he was inclined to think a wife should be picked out like he would a piece of leather.

At last I got him to say he would see Mrs. Dingbat and Ethel before he made up his mind that I was to marry the lame Aunt Maud, or be cut off without a shilling, or a piece of shoe-leather. I thought maybe it would be best to humor the old fellow and that if I went back East with cheer, I could in time persuade him into consenting, so I squeaked out and found Ethel getting away with her fourth "peach Wednesday." I told her how things were—first time she heard I had an uncle, and as far as that goes I had nearly forgotten it myself—and she said she wouldn't do anything to spoil our chances, so we went up to Mrs. Dingbat's room.

Uncle Bill had just come in and was introducing himself to the old dragon when we got there. He looked surprised at seeing Ethel and I thought she'd soon have him going when she could get a chance to hand him the honey talk.

"I want this nephew of mine to come back East and go to work," says Uncle Bill to Mrs. Dingbat. "I understand he has been on friendly terms, very friendly terms, with your family."

"Well, I mean that he's had the impudence to follow my daughter around the Coast and make her ridiculous with his sea-sawer's tomfoolery," he says, "Mrs. Dingbat."

Old Uncle Bill sorter stiffens up at this. "That is not precisely what I meant," says he.

"Well, there's more," says Mrs. Dingbat. "Not content with making a public exhibition of my daughter, he has had the nerve to ask her to marry him—a Dingbat marry a penniless unknown."

This touches Uncle Bill up for fair. It seems a Longbow was the first Knight to land when old William the Conqueror—after whom all the Longbows call their first boys William—invaded England. Also William Longbow was the first man to stub his toe against Plymouth Rock, and there has been a William Longbow around there ever since. Unc's gets up on his hind legs.

"Madam," he says, "no Longbow can be coveted high position. Social honors are not more easily won than literary fame or brilliant success in any direction. She must pay the price in tireless effort day and night. To many the game may not seem worth the candle, but that depends on one's ambition. The athlete does not scorn any denial if he may win the prize, small as it seems to those who are not athletes; the poet is willing to eat his crust with tears, and the scientist will spend a lifetime in the laboratory trying to solve some haunting problem."

Like these, the social leader has her place in the order of the universe, and whether appreciated or not, she really performs for the world good service.

Chicago Chronicle.

Mrs. Brown's wife posts who died for beauty as martyrs died for truth. She might have gone farther and written of numberless women who have sacrificed themselves to the inordinate demands of society and who deserved for it a crown of honor which none of them ever received.

It is so easy to talk lightly of the frivolities of the "smart set" and of the waste of time which fashionable people give to dress, to social functions and to mere etiquette in which there is no more than the unprofitable so-called duties are more exacting than the tasks of day laborers and the mistress might well envy her maid the hours she spends in the kitchen.

Even a Summer season does not always bring the needed vacation. If a lady has a country house she must entertain, must hold her own parties, must receive her guests ever mindful of her guests rather than of herself.

She may attempt escape by going abroad, but she cannot escape her duties there? At the fashionable balls and various health resorts in the Old World she is still under a certain tension that, far from restful, in polite society. Massage, tonic and beautifiers of various kinds must eradicate every trace of it before she appears in the fashionable throng.

Plain people see nothing but nonsense in all this. They little realize the full situation. What woman who sympathizes with her husband's aspirations for political honors would not exert every nerve to second his purposes? She must work for him socially, use diplomacy and become as popular along her own lines as he is actively.

What have the leaders in Washington society not done for the sake of their husbands' promotion, and what expense of time and strength have not English women been to for the honors won by their husbands?

Or the lady may seek for herself the coveted high position. Social honors are not more easily won than literary fame or brilliant success in any direction. She must pay the price in tireless effort day and night. To many the game may not seem worth the candle, but that depends on one's ambition. The athlete does not scorn any denial if he may win the prize, small as it seems to those who are not athletes; the poet is willing to eat his crust with tears, and the scientist will spend a lifetime in the laboratory trying to solve some haunting problem."

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Although she has some strings on the Mayflower—the Battle her folks came over in, and at storage at that, which doesn't matter cut while he chins with Mrs. Dingbat. When it is over, he comes out and tells me it's all fixed up. "I'm to go with him to get next the Last that Lasts factory, and if Ethel D. and T. L. still wish to be affianced in six months, why, they are to be. If— Well, I'll see you soon. I'm going to get the old boy to go home by Northern road so we'll go through Seattle. Look out for me in about a week. TOM.

## MARTYRS TO SOCIETY. Some Women Deserve Crown of Honor for Sacrifices They Make.

Chicago Chronicle.