The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Subscription Rates-Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.) day included, one year..... \$8.00 day included, six months..... 4.25 day included, three months... 2.25 Sunday included, three months.
Sunday included, one month.
without Sunday, one year
without Sunday, six months.
without Sunday, three months.
without Sunday, one month.
one year
y and weekly, one year. (Hy Carrier.)

How to Remit-Send posterfice money rder, express order or personal cheek on the state of the senders of the personal cheek on the senders risk. Give postoffice adcess in full including county and state. Peatings Rates—10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 16 128 pages, 2 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 3 cents; 5 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage ouble rates.

Eastern Business Office—The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1909.

THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE.

History, says Taine, has been revo-lutionized, within one hundred years, by the study of national literatures. It is realized that a body of literature is not a mere play of chance, but a transcript of contemporary manners. modes of thought and action, filustrating the inner life of a people. From this principle, history has undergone a complete change—in its subject-matter, its system, its machinery, the appreciation of laws and causes. tom or dogma is nothing in itself; look at the people who made it. It is a type and expression of their life and

Literatures, ancient and modern, stand alike on this basis, and on this principle are used for the interpretaflon of history, for reconstruction of the life of peoples of past ages, and for perpetuation of knowledge of the mansers and events of the present and passing time. Modern industry and literary work have reconstructed for our time an almost full knowledge of society in the days of r. They have reconstructed for nodern world, from the remains Homer. of Biblical literature, the life and thought of ancient Israel. The Homeric poems mean, therefore, to our age far more than they meant before this method of study began. So do the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. It is discovered that nothing is isolated, detached, accidental or miraculous but the human spirit, under the various changes and conditions that have belonged to each people or race, is all

Thus, the literature of an age is the reflection of its existing manners and modes of thought, etherealized and refined in the alembic of genius—each and every great epoch possessing its o a striking peculiarities. The truth of this position will be apparent if we turn to any of the great literary eras the world. It is apparent, too, from the study, and the truth lies in the nature of things, that the intellectual character of an era must be in a great measure moulded by and modified by contemporary exigencies. Therefore, of course, the brutalities of an age affect its literature, and often are embedded in it. But even such materials are very often not inconsistent with the products of the highest human genius, flowing from the same sources

in the same age. word about Homer. On the thres held of Greek literature, as Dr. Hermann Bonitz remarks in his famous essay, as the earliest work of this literature known not to us only, but to the Greeks themselves at the height f their historical development, stand other works in all literatures can be grandmothers and their time. compared, either for manifold influ-What is remarkable about them, beyond their marvelous poetic impression, is their succession of pictures of the life out of which they The painstaking efforts scholarship have, by the comparative method, reconstructed for the student, and even for the general reader, the general life and habits of the people of that day. No one now thinks the Iliad and the Odyssey, which we call the poems of Homer, are the work of a single They certainly are not, but are made up of the separate rhapsodies of dif-ferent poets, covering a wide space of time, but brought together with skill ong after their use in detached pieces Among the latest of the remarkable ooks on this subject is one by Gilbert Murray, a scholar of Oxford, entitled The Rise of the Greek Epic." The book is not a minute analysis so much rise and growth and formation of the oems and reconstruction of the times that produced them-one part of the as alding the other. work forms an impressive illustration

ture grows out of the life of a people and is both a transcript of their life and a special monument of their genius and character. Besides the Homeric poems, the literature of the Old Testament may be named as a similar and even greater monument flooks of this description are works o history and literature combined; and the mind and spirit of the people out of which they have grown, are revealed by their historical side. Every great literature is a growth then, which differs from every other great literature of the past and even of contemporary ages by that something which is peculiar to the mind and spirit and situation of each race or ation. But when that era is past, among any people, it returns no more.

of the manner in which a great litera

either to that people or to another No more shall we have an Isaiah or Homer; no more a Dante, a Shakespeare or a Milton. What form, what expression, great literature hereafter will take is far and away beyond pre diction, and even beyond conjecture. Imaginative and romantic literatures are now in their aphelion; who can tell when they will come near their sun again?

Some one has said that the crown ing glory of woman is her hair, and there are a great many admirers of the lovely creature who will agree with this unknown observer with such To these admirers the efforts of Manager Lynn, of the Wana-maker stores in New York, to force

understand how the beauty or attrac- to place this standard of ture are so homely that public atten-tion may be diverted from their faces by which the women puff their hair is at the best only a poor imitation of the styles which have been worn by the Hottentots and the Fiji Islanders for ages. Among the heathen, such styles are interesting. Among white women they are neither interesting nor beautiful, and Mr. Wanamaker's hired man is entitled to a medal for

PRO PATRIA ET PRO LEGIBUS.

his effort at reform.

It is with some sorrow, yet not with hopeless sorrow-for though there is distress-"sunt lachrymae rerum." vet mercy endureth forever"-that we behold those who characterized "the assembly" the other day as an effort to destroy the primary law, now preparing to hold a like assemblage of their own for the purpose of "suggest-ing" candidates of their own for the primary election. Such is the weakness of human nature, such the frailty of the human spirit, that these people also want to talk over beforehand the merits or demerits of their candidates, "recommend" such as may deemed most fit and turn down others. But here is a ring, or clique, or machine, plotting to take away the sacred rights of the people, secured, as we had fondly supposed, by the direct primary. Hence we sound the

But we sorrow not as those without ope, for nothing can crush the exuberant spirit-even if our professional reformers do fall into ring methods; and we shall not bate one jot of heart

or hope, but steer right onward. In spite, too, of the fact that a third section of our fellow-citizens, constituting a select yet seldom elect body-we mean that more or less imaginary and ghostly train known as the Democratic party-has been holding its "assembly" every year since the sacred primary law was enacted to nominate its candidates in advance; and even now, just now, it proposing to do the like thing, the same thing, again.

But sorrow and grief, because of these treacheries, must not be too demonstrative. When grief is inex-pressible a decent veil should cover it. Our Democratic brethren introduced "the assembly," and now everybody Even Republican antiring patriots are corrupted by the ex-"The people" are to have no ample. chance at all, in their own sacred primary, in any quarter.

Reason there might be for despair; only we learned out of our copybooks at school that truth crushed to earth will rise again; and, moreover, we know, in spite of every seeming apocatastasis, that we shall find that ever the right comes uppermost, and ever s justice done.

We are not disconsolate, therefore, and shan't give up, even if our Repub-lican reformers shall try by an "assembly," as our Democratic brethren have tried heretofore and now will try again, to circumvent the sacred pri-We are for the laws of country, and for the rights of the people.

"WOMAN'S INVASION."

The current number of Everybody's iam Hard and Rheta Childe Dorr on "The Woman's Invasion," which deals in a practical way with the present industrial status of the women of Amertwo majestic poems, to which few ica as compared with that of our greatquestion as presented is one of simple ence on the intellectual life of their evolution, not of forced growth, though awn nation, or for admiring recognition among all peoples of high cultistandpoint by flippant writers and ture, even after the lapse of thirty superficial thinkers. As treated by these writers, who have long been close students and intelligent observers of the conditions of which they write, the matter is one of simple evolution that, so far from being contrary to nature, is in strict accord with universal nw of growth. It presents the pic ture of "Bessie Smith, who got through her work in a department store at in the evening, went to a mart where ready-cooked food could be procured bought and carried away in little thick paper pails a mutton stew, a rice pudding and two codfish balls; preceeded out three miles on a streetcar to a mottled brick building, wherein was kept a day nursery for children women who worked, caught up with true motherly affection and many caresses the boy of 3 years (fatherless) for whom she worked, and bore him' to their rooms in a flat around the corner, where her evening was spent delightedly cuddling and talking to and putting the child to bed.

Over against this picture of modern life in the whirl of present industrial conditions is that of Bessie's greatgrandmother, "Hephzibah Brown, whose grave is marked by a little white tombstone in a Southern Illinois burial plot. What home-flavored "hog and ominy" and "apple sass" this traditional but one-time very real greatgrandmother of the department store worker and buyer of cooked foods to get ready for her men folks on the embers of a huge fireplace that occupied half of one side of her log surd. Though cognizant of the abuse cabin kitchen! And what a variety of the telephone service, as above of "woman's work," as assessed at that their literary than day, this meal, cooked over the em-side. bers, represented!

The bacon had been "manufactured" literally from the hog through several stages of its development from fresh pork in tubs of pine and huts smoke; the hominy from Indian corn in a rough, mother-wit-devised fron-tier grinding mill; the dried apples lowed, or did not presume to visit the from fresh apples that had been pared, ut and strung on flaxen thread by and and swung from the rafters near the shriveling warmth of the burning

Having drawn these word pictures of representative women in the industrial life of two centuries, the writer asks tentatively: Hephzibah Brown was every inch a woman, wasn't she? But Bessie Smith! Isn't she far away from the right kind of life? Isn't sh exploring the perilous edge of things? That depends upon the way things are viewed and the intelligence or lack of it that is brought to the task. In the first place, with greatgrandmother Hephzibah has passed her time, its conditions and surroundings. A good and useful woman-in common phrase, a "hard-working

woman's thorses of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestiveness of woman was enhanced by work before great-granddaughter Bestive Bestive Bestive Bestive Bestive Bestive B rule, the women who thus reinforce and wrought? The log cabin, where? the supply of hair given them by nature are so homely that public attention. And the home-slaughtered hogs and ture are so homely that public attentions. What is it that the critics of women would make great-grandmother Hephzibah's part in industry possible? Scarcely, since that would make necessary the resurrection of great-grandfather Jeremiah, husband of Hephzibah, and the most captious critic of accept and play the role of Jeremiah. and Hephzibah, capable though was, could not in the nature of things play this drama alone.

And Bessle again. She who was separated from this phase of life by three generations of change in industrial, commercial and domestic condithem? Can she in reason be censured for not adhering to them? And is she to blame in that she took up the work | done. that became necessary through cir-James Smith died, and Bessie was one of the 800,000 widows who in the last census year in the United States were earning their living and that of those

dependent upon them. And there were others not included in this class, but wage-earners still; narried women to the number of 700,-000; divorced women to the number 60,000-one million six hundred thousand of them altogether. Appalling is it not that these classes combined represent a full third of the grand total of 4.800,000 American working women of 18 years and over in the last census year! Nor is this all. There were, according to census tabulation, 1,500,000 women, 25 years of age and over, who were earners in the industrial world. That is to say, that in a total female population in the United States, married and unmarried, working and not working, rich and poor, twenty-five years and over in the year 1900, one woman out of every eleven had passed her wedding day and was still a breadwinner!

All this and much more is prelim lnary to the subject treated under the head of "Woman's Invasion." It shows first that changed conditions in the natural order of evolution led up to this invasion; second, that modern methods, as applied to housekeeping, beginning when the cookstove supplanted the crane and trammels in iomestic cooking, and continuing to the gas-equipped, electric-lighted, furnace-heated kitchen, have taken "housework" in the former interpretation of that term away from the daughters of the house, whence follows the spectacle of young girls at-tending domestic classes or dabbing way with pencil and notebook in the basements of our High School buildings with formulas like this:

The Liquid—Milk—I C—1½ thep fat.
The Enricher—Butter—2 thep—1½ thep fat
The Thickener—Flour—2 thep—1½ thep

The Thickener-Flour-2 tosp-1% they starch.

What is it? It looks like a laboratory gaperiment that would have to involve hydrochloric acid, a couple of Finsen lamps and a mask over the face.

As a matter of fact, it is a sauce, a white sauce, the white sauce, the same standard hierorical white sauce that grandmother used to make out of 'some' milk, some flour, and a piece of butter as big as 'that.' It is the same sauce in every respect, in proportions of ingredients, in tasks, and in nutritive value. The demestic scientist has simply set gwen in his dialect precisely what grandmother used to do.

But dight's grandmother teach mother? Then why dight's mother teach Bessie? Why should Bessie have to go and learn it in a echool?

It is extremely difficult to answer that

echool?

It is extremely difficult to answer that question except on the assumption that cooking is beginning to sense to be a home art and that it is getting ready to be transformed into an outside industry.

And it may be added that conditions that we call or miscall "progress." changed conditions certainly from the time of great-grandmother Hephzibah, have ordered it. Professor Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, a mature student of sociological developments, sums it up in the following emphatic words:

ONE ABUSE AND ITS REMEDY.

A correspondent, writing of the abuse of telephone service by wilful young girls, through holding communication with boys or young men who to the parents are unknown and who in many cases would be forbidden the family home, asks despairingly if "the telephone company cannot do some-thing to stop it." The answer must be a plain and decided "no." we have a situation acknowledged to be offensive to good manners and a menace to morals. Young girls, as stated, "call up" on the family telephone or are called up by boys unknown to their parents and make appointments with them, hold long conversations characterized as "drivel. weak repartee and sometimes worse, to the disgust of everybody in hearing." The astonishing part of this statement follows, viz: "Often parents sit by in humiliated helplessness," and it is this parental delinquency, this astounding parental inmpetency, that the telephone managers are asked to correct.

The proposition is manifestly absurd. Though cognizant of the abuse noted, it was not supposed that this Lord. misuse of the telephone, not to use a harsher term, was allowed to prevail in the home and in the hearing of 'humiliated but helpless parents.' Numerous instances have been reported wherein a neighbor's telephone was used by wayward girls to "make girls in their homes, and sympathy has been extended to parents were thus decelved. But when the telephone in the family sitting-room or hall is used in this way, and par-ents hear what is said at least at one end of the line, what further evidence is necessary to prove to them that disgrace is shadowing their home? helplessness or stolld unconcern to conversation carried on between his coung daughter and a lad whom perhaps he does not even know, which proves a familiarity between them that trenches upon morality? Is not his duty plain in such a case? And, if he shirks it, has he any right to be surprised or any call to be humilfated when open disgrace follows an unnaidenly association and conduct of

commended. Mere man never could is it not unreasonable, to say the least, ity is the home and the father is the

ceive their parents in regard to their associates or their whereabouts after school-the neighbor is gravely fault. It is an abuse of courtesy that to the extraordinary "top-hamper" in the industrial life of today desire? should not be tolerated the second they are carrying. The modern method A return to the only conditions that should not be tolerated the second plng it is a disagreeable one, it is a nevertheless that should not be shirked.

"I am ashamed to have such stilly talk going on over my telephone and in the hearing of my little girls," said a perplexed and anxious woman recently, referring to this prevalent abuse of neighborly courtesy, by a bold and exceedingly vivacious young daughter of an acquaintance. why not put a stop to it? And if it "makes trouble," as timidly feared, plainly state the facts in the cas and avert graver "trouble" for the tions—can she be expected to live in friend with the possibility of being considered accessory before the fact after irreparable mischief has been

THE RESURBECTION. In the mind of the Apostle Paul, the question of the resurrection of the dead was inseparably associated with that of the immortality of the soul. To us there is no particular difficulty in conceiving of an existence for the soul apart from the body, but Paul's intelligence was not satisfied with the idea of complete disembodiment. He was assured that the mortal body would become immortal, that the corrupt would put on incorruption, and that from the tomb we should be raised in glory; but that in the next world, as well as in this, the ethereal part of us would be clothed in a body of some kind he firmly believed. But unless the resurrection of the dead was placed beyond the possibility of doubt he could not discern whence the immortal body was to come. Perhans it would be more correct to say that, like most of the ancients, the great dissionary apostle drew no clear disfinction between the soul and the flesh. He was probably not a dualist, but a monoist, holding with many enlight-ened modern thinkers that we exist as an indivisible whole and that it is scarcely rational to think of a spiritual life apart from that of the physical frame. At any rate, his concept of immortality was that of a renewed exstence of this earthly tabernacle which vas to be raised from the grave and clothed upon with the attributes of heavenly blessedness. What was to become of the soul while the flash slumbered in the tomb Paul does not say, and this confirms one in the opinion that he believed the whole man was buried and rested in the earth waiting the coming of the Son of Man on the morning of the resurrection.

But what evidence was there that this divine event would ever happen? No evidence at all, Paul argued, unless we accept the truth of the resurrec-tion of Jesus. He held to the proposition and its converse in all strenuous ness. "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen, and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised, and if Christ be not raised your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Paul dared to put the terrible alternative with unwavering confidence because he seemed to himself to possess the best of all proof that Jesus Christ had risen from the dead. He had actually seen him. "And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." The inner consciousness that he had beheld his risen Lord glorious in the heavens encour-aged Paul to stake the hope of immortality and the happiness of mankind on The truth is, woman's work has been taken away from her home and she must follow it out into the world. If society will stand back of her in her attempt to regain it in its new forms, she will be able to convert the cheap todeling, as she has changed the wilderness but into a coeffer dwelling. The observate that stands between is our occidental concept of the seclusion of aristocratic woman borrowed from the Orient and slowly sitting downward to blight the energies of half the wealth-producing world. to pass.

> There is no hesitation in saying that next to the crucifixion and resurrection, Paul's conversion was the most important event in human history. We cannot doubt that it saved the wavering flame of the Christian religion from extinction and led the new faith to the triumphant struggle which ended in the conquest of the world. Without Paul the Shepherd of Galilee would have been forgotten in the whirl of Roman life and all the blessings we have received and the vastly greater ones yet to come from his teachings would have been forever lost. can we doubt that every word Paul says about the facts of his conversion is true. On the road to Damascus, as he journeyed thither raging against the Christians, he suddenly saw a great light from heaven shining round about him, and when he had fallen to the earth he heard a voice asking: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Neither can one for an instant doubt that when Paul had inquired in amazement who it was that spoke to him he heard the voice answering: am Jesus, whom thou persecutest that Paul could truthfully say he had

to set certain limits to the evidential value of Paul's testimony. Professor William James, in his great book on "Religious Experiences," has clearly shown how a narrative which is inexorably true for the man who relates it may be worthless as evidence for anybody else. Doubtless Paul's vision belonged to the wonderful world of subjective experiences. Indeed, the account in the Acts revealed as much, for the narrator goes on to say that the men which journeyed with Paul stood speechless during this marvelous scene, "hearing a voice, but seeing no man." Of course it was Paul's voice that they heard. The real evidence Fancy a father listening in distressed for the resurrection of Jesus Christ his soul. The unspeakable wretched-helplessness or stolid unconcern to must be sought in the gospel narra-ness of the London slums presented tives of Matthew, Mark and Luke. The later testimony of the author of be solved, and he believed with his "John" not only adds nothing to the credibility of the event, but it sadly the Christian religion. If these wicked mars the force of the other evidence and foriorn people could be "brought by contradicting it in essential partic- to Jesus" they would be saved, not only ulars. The gospel of John was a late production, written after partisanship had appeared in the church and with the purpose to discredit the supremacy

three former gospels, Matthew, Mark to the primitive worship of the church, nd Luke, are in substantial agreemen about the events of the crucifixion and the resurrection, and it is upon them that we must base our faith. How fortunate it is that, while the three synoptic gospels are in some measure independent of one another, while they were in part composed by different men and at different times and undoubtedly represent different currents of tradition in the church, nevertheless in many important particulars they harmonize so completely. To the man who is determined to accept the dinary following.

Christian faith and live according to Booth began his evangelizing mis-Christian faith and live according to its precepts, the three synoptic gospels present no insuperable evidential difficulties. What other religion can say as much of its sacred books?

What with paranola, paresis, dipso-nania, brain storms and all the rest, there are now so many different ways of going crazy that it is a wonder anyody escapes. The eminent Joshua Klein, Tacoma's expert in the occult, who is just now in durance vile for assaulting Miss Dora Sauvageot with a deadly weapon-to wit, a knife-declares that nobody does escape. Acording to him, we are all more or less paranolacs. Whether the incomparable healer of the Tacoman halt and blind meant this for a compliment to the human race or not may be open to question. Perhaps he emitted the Delphic utterance out of mere spite because the learned doctors had pronounced him crazy. Perhaps he had in mind the dictum of Max Nordau, who averred that pretty nearly every genius of modern and ancient times had suffered from paranola. If the latter supposition is true, we must believe that Joshua meant his broad assertion for a compliment, since it is beautiful to be a genius, even at the ost of being crazy, too.

How many persons could tell at once just what they mean by perfect sanity if they were called on suddenly to do so? Does sanity consist in doing precisely what others do? If so, then nobody is sane, for every person's conduct has some peculiarities which his neighbors neither imitate nor approve. Is a person to be called sane as long as his conduct keeps within certain lines? Within those lines we may differ from others, outside them we are to be numbered among the Who shall draw the lines? The The greatest benefactors the world has known have differed so widely from their neighbors in standards and action that any such definition of insanity as this would include them all, not excepting even the Savior. Who can measure the differences which, on the human side alone, separated him from the people of his time? What of Socrates and Luther? Were they insane? tainly there was a wide gulf between Luther and any other priest who then lived. Was Lincoln crazy? What other man of the last century was like him in character or conduct? Is it not better to turn our definition around, and, instead of saying that every man is insane who towers above the multitude, conclude that the great mass of mankind is crazy and the only truly sane people are the geniuses, the ideal-

GENERAL BOOTH.

ists and dreamers?

Saturday, April 10, 1909, was the 80th birthday of William Booth, who will probably be numbered among the religious geniuses of the world. The Salvation Army, which he founded, resembles in some respects the other sects of Protestant Christians and in others the religious orders of the Mid-The complete devotion of the Salvation Army officers to their cause finds no parallel in the modern world. For anything of the same sort we must go back to the times of St. Bernard and Loyola. As a sect, the Salvation Army is more vigorous than any of its Protestant compeers. Its propaganda is relentless and incessant. It is carried on from morning till night in every civilized country of the globe except Russia and in many barbarous countries, with which probably Russia ought to be included. bigotry of the benighted priests of that unhappy nation forbids the Salvation Army to carry on its work among the miserable inhabitants of its slums Russia can tax her poor and murde them, but she does not dare to permit General Booth's Army to pray for their souls.

This remarkable man was born in Nottingham, England, in 1829, of middle-class parents who were members of the established church. As a boy was unusually zealous in religious matters, differing in this respect from that other great English pietist, John Bunyan, who lived a worldly life until the prime of his manhood. Booth was converted in a Methodist chapel at the age of 15. His conversion must be reckoned with that of Bunyan and the inward illuminations which visited George Fox among the epoch-making events of history. It is not the battles which have been fought by famous Generals and the speeches which the Pitts and Burkes have delivered Parliament that have truly woven the fabric of human history, but such in conspicuous and often forgotten incidents as the influx of celestial light into some agonizing soul and the re-sults of the conversion which followed It is perfectly conceivable that the magnitude of events as they appear on the records of eternity differs amazingly from the scale which is familiar to us. Perhaps the recording ange has blazoned the conversion of Booth with his mortal eyes seen the risen as the prime occurrence of the first half of the nineteenth century, and his life in the long run may count more for terrestrial happiness than Tennyson's or Darwin's.

When he was converted he joined the Methodist Church, and no doubt caught from its preachers some lingering sparks of the divine fire that John Wesley had kindled. At any rate he became a traveling evangelist and thus pushed the itinerant a which is inherent in Methodism to its extreme limit. When his eccle siastical rulers finally required him to settle over a regular congregation, he withdrew from the Methodist denomination and became an independent preacher. From the beginning the miseries of the poor had weighed upon itself to him as a problem which must from the torments of hell in the next world, but also from the torments of the slums in this one. The Christian religion, as Booth understands it, difthe women in his employ to abandon the woman" of her day—she did her part, which he was fully cognizant? Clearthe use of the monstrosities which her laborious part, in the industrial as are now used for headgear are to be well as the home life of her era. But

which laid great stress on active worl for humanity and dwelt more lightly upon formal belief. Not that the Salvation Army belittles the value creed. Its theology is stern and unbending. Sin, redemption through the blood sacrifice, the Day of Judgment and hell, figure with inexorable rigor in the exhortations of its generals and captains, but after all it is as an active power for reforming the miseries of this world that General Booth's enomination has gained its extraor-

sion in the slums of London, and his

officers have extended it to the slums

of almost every city in the world. A person ignorant of human nature would suppose of course that men and labbring as the Salvation vomen. Army does, solely for the good of the unfortunate, must have been comed from the beginning everywhere. The fact is that mankind has never welcomed its benefactors until it has done its best to kill them. If they survive the ordeal which always await the man who works for others and neglects his own interests, people may in the end come to tolerate them. Thus it has been with the Salvation The insults, the outrages, Army. which it suffered at first in English cities are incredible. To be jailed was the least of the hardships which the preachers underwent. They struck down on the streets, pelted with missiles, sometimes beaten senseless by the very men and women they were striving to aid. Such is human nature, The beautiful trait in their story is that, no matter what happened to them, they never resisted. They obeyed literally the command of Jesus Christ not to strike back, and for their forbearance they have been rewarded. The miser able population of the slums have learned that the best earthly friend they have is the Salvation Army, and they trust its officers as they do no other religious propagandists. spiritual power, the Salvation Army has been victorious over all its initial difficulties, and now its work proceeds with universal respect and admiration. The defect of that work is that it deals with symptoms and has never taken pains to study causes. It raises the fallen woman by converting her soul, but it makes no effort to convert the soul of the man who betrayed her. Naturally a mission which is thus purely emotional and shuns scientific battle with the underlying causes of social disease must finally change its methods or follow the well-trodden path which most of the other sects have traveled to quiet acceptance of things as they are. Swinburne, the poet, is dead. His

quality as a poet it is not easy to charecterize, since his originality defeats ittempts at making comparisons Master of melody, and master of as-sonances, he was mastered by them and carried by them into new and daring forms of expression, whose rapidity at times almost leaves the reader behind him. With the assonances that led him away and on and on, into surprising intricacies of verse, there is an undulating rhythm that often carries the reader away; yet the sound a often obscures the sense. The body or volume of his poetry is very large. As an artist in verse he has scarcely any equals in English, yet except in a few pieces his rank is not among the first poets. His work abounds it highly original technique, much of which, however, carries with it but little poetic feeling. But he had a voice attuned to melodies of verse, with unexpected suggestion, really miraculous.

Objection now is made to Fulton by the Democratic press of Oregon, for the mission to China, because he has objected to Chinese immigration Oregon and the rest of the United States, and therefore wouldn't be ac ceptable to the Chinese government Ah, well! this is partisanship. haps Fulton may not wish to go to China, but may conclude to meet the Philistines at home.

The House passed the tariff bill merely to get rid of it and put it up to the Senate. The Senate will work at it a while, and then it will go back to the House, which will only partially concur in the amendments, and then there will be a conference As a result of all, committee. many protected interests will get left.

That Pennsylvania man whose wife presented him with twins, in consequence of which exciting event his mother-in-law dropped dead of heart disease, would know better the next time how to nall the horseshoe over the door if he had not gone immediately to the barn and hanged himself. Now there is suggestion that Presi

dent Taft may turn to Mr. Fairbanks, recently Vice-President, for Ambassador to England. Very likely. Mr. Fairbanks would be a very proper man for the place and the honor. But he mightn't want the place and the honor. Both are costly.

A butterine plant in Chicago burned

yesterday, whereupon every cow in the land will adjust her horns and wear a smile that cannot come off. Butterine, you know, every cow abhors,

Well, now, in Portland, on the Wes Side, Bu" Run water is cut off, and the water you use will be Willamette Valley soup. Let the whole West Side govern itself accordingly.

-it gets Bull Run first, and doesn't have to cross the river for it,

East Side is proud of another ad-

Boil the water, and while it is hot just drink a cupful for the stomach' sake. It is good for indigestion.

Every faction now will have "an asembly" or "a conference," to name candidates for the primary Mayor Lane will be asked to run again. Of course he didn't expect it.

Ever see him smile? Now it must go up in Congress from Cannon to Aldrich, and Aldrich will be

the wickedest man. Now the West Side has a small idea of what it means for the draw to be

If the lawn grass would grow without having to be cut, what a boon!

SILHOUETTES

BY A. A. GREENE Those who have followed the debate on the Payne bill are prepared to agree with General Hancock that the tariff is a lo

A corporation is a small body of stockholders completely surrounded by law-

NAMELESS TERROR.

"O, monstrous shape That doth my fear-transfixed gaze compel And makes my heart to pause, affrighted! What shall I call you? By what atrange, fearsome name Art known to mortals?

Thus spoke I, much afraid: Addressing what I saw before me As in the sanctuary I sat And trembled at the apparition There before and wondered how it came to

church. Then rubbed my eyes and looked again And lo! It was miladi's Easter hat. . . .

beat up a wandering evangelist of the "Billy" Sunday type would, on the face of things, seemed to have had adequate justification.

The bartender in a nearby town who

A man who is able to reconcile his own faults to himself imagines he is a philosopher.

Too many public officials are canonized as "great statesmen" for merely doing what they were compelled to do. A fat purse frequently breeds a lean

disposition. Too often those who throw bouquets at the dead have nothing but mud for the living.

Recognize no man as an enemy today, for tomorrow you may recognize him as a friend. . . .

When a man wins, it is easy for him to believe that right always triumphs.

Too many girls who pretend to be hightoned are only mezzos after all.

The chief reason why some people take European trips is because their poorer friends cannot afford them.

It requires wonderful strength of character to abstain from discussing the

Nobody who has read the comments of the French press on Theodore Roosevelt will ever again accuse European journals of lack of perspicuity. If the music teachers would teach do-

mestic harmony rather than the import-

ed brand, there would be many more sucresaful duet singing of what Grover Cleveland called "one grand sweet song."

No girl arrives at the age of discretion until she outgrows the hammock habit.

It should be easy for children to believe fairy tales who listen to what their mothers say to callers.

Only a poor man knows how to be extravagant. . . .

When you hear a flock of fond females talking to a toddling baby, you cease to wonder why we speak the language so badly.

When a husband or wife goes to the devil, he can always explain it through his family relations.

Every woman nurses a gnawing secret whose rats are not made from her own hair.

. . . When a man gets the political bee in his his commonsense goes out and jumps off the bridge.

innocence one often meets the gaze of unexposed vice.

Some people still believe the world is square, but they must have had very little experience in business, politics or love,

It isn't the first drink nor the last that makes a man a drunkard. It is the ones he takes in between.

A Tale of Buttons, There was a single man who had No buttons on his clothes, A fact that made him very sad, As you may well suppose.
He used to put those buttons on
In every sort of way;
With patient care he fixed them there,

He hitched them on, he stitched them or Securely, one may say,
Then presently he found them gone—
What was the reason, pray?
In time, as surely you have guessed, This man was much annoyed, He beat his polpitating breast, And with his tresses toyed.

Portland should win the pennant this year, and if it be necessary a Beaver might resort to Los Angelan tactics and kill an Angel occasionally—by accident, of course.

A comely maiden passing then Beheld his horrid plight, And laughing, cried, "You cidmsy ment And fixed his buttons right. Need more be said: They soon were wed Girls, hear the song I sing; Beauting their buttons work stay on The men are marrying. —Chicago News. Because their buttons won't stay on

> The Loeb Gont in Africa. A lioness missed her precious cub On t'other side the globe; Who shot me child!" she roured in rage, The hunter stammered: "Leeb!

> A bullet scratch his robe,
> "S'death," bellowed he, "who did this
> job?" The hunter answered: "Loeb!"

An elephant some proof sheets found Which tried his life to probe; "Who wrote this rot?" it trumpeted,

The author whispered: "Loeb! A rhine found a photograph And did not act like Job;

"Who made me look like this?" he snarled. The hunter stuttered: "Loeb!"

-New York Sun.

A Lenten Saint. The fair Priscilla fasts through Lent; No devotee before a shrine

Shows such determination fine The fair Princilla eats no meat, She dines upon a crust of toast. She does not drive along the street-She walks more miles than she can

Nor seeker on perfection bent

And thus she goes her daily rounds
In patience fasting. What's the use?
Priscilla weighs two hundred pounds,
And says she simply must reduce!
—Chicago Evening Post