

GOSSIP ABOUT SOME CURRENT BOOKS

The American invasion of French literature is a matter that is exciting not a little attention from the literati of both countries. France has been slower to take up American literature than almost any other country, translating few of our standard works, and none, almost of our current fiction, and placing but one of our authors among their classics.

Edgar Allan Poe, and Spain has "Leda," which this honor to Washington Irving as well as Poe. At present it is said the works of President Roosevelt are having quite a vogue in France, but this is not the "American invasion" that is creating such a disturbance, but the introduction of American characters into French stories.

The effort with which many French writers are endeavoring to inspire French characters with American spirit seems to alarm many of the more conservative writers of France, who resent the sturdy character and forceful energy of the American. This departure by many of the current writers is said to be due to M. Pierre de Couvertius' efforts to popularize college sports among young Frenchmen. He calls these "dove Roosevelt" as witness of the need of a manly education.

This gymnastic gospel has in some way been transferred to the French girl and has lately broken out in a book called "Nellie" (which?) that has been received with more or less favor according as the reader has grown away from old traditions. There are two young cousins, Nellie and Nellie. Nellie had an American mother and was brought up in America with decidedly practical opinions and possessed of strong individuality.

Nellie, who is all French even to education, is compared to a "fragile piece of Dresden china." The story reaches the climax while the two cousins are traveling in Rome, and a dilemma, poor Nellie, thinking, of course, she is the rich girl, because Nell's independence and energy would indicate a necessity for earning a living and an unfamiliarity with wealth. Finding his mistake, he is about to retract his offer, but Nellie, with true American generosity, bestows the "dot" upon Nellie, which will insure her the "noble husband."

The preponderance of good qualities is so plainly on the side of the American that it is not to be wondered at that an alarm is felt lest the "Dresden china" type be superseded by a stronger but entirely new type of French men and women.

"Sanctuary."—By Edith Wharton. Few books that have been published the past year that would come under the head of fiction have made so profound an impression. We doubt the propriety of classing it among the works of fiction, while it is a story with just enough romance to stamp it as such, it might properly be called a psychological study, for there are more questions involved than a superficial reading of the book would indicate.

The story is divided in two separate periods. Opening with the approaching marriage of Kate Orme and Denis Peaton, with the exhilarating enthusiasm of perfect confidence and happiness on her part and the rather veiled character of Denis, except in the matter of one weakness—the courage to do the right thing when the trial came.

Kate, who had been kept "unspoiled from the world," knowing little of its temptations and none of its vices, found herself crushed and broken, with love gone, when she discovered the weakness of her lover.

Threading her way through a labyrinth of subtle reasoning, wrestling with her own convictions and feelings, she arrives at the decision that it is her duty to let the marriage proceed, that she may hold the controlling hand in shaping the character of a son that might be born to Denis, which would be taken out of her power were another woman the mother.

Here the author draws a veil over the married life founded on such hypothetical reasoning and opens the story again when the anticipated son is a young man grown, talented and possessed of all the accomplishments of good breeding and a superior education, added to a handsome personality. The father's influence was removed by death when the boy was six years old and the mother had every opportunity to put her theories to the test of actual practice.

When the crucial time came, the supreme moment of temptation, the writer brings the story to such an artistic finish, we find we have learned a great lesson in psychology while being held with the intense interest of a dramatic story.

trates a point is so comprehensive that it makes up for the close-brain work demanded by her reasonings. Can't we just see Denis' mother when she comes to call on Kate? "A scented silvery person whose lavender silks and neutral-tinted manner expressed a mind with its blinds drawn down toward all unpleasantness of life." Or the worldly society girl, who "likes to be helped first and have everything in her plate at once." To the believer in the transfer of thought and the power of one mind over another, the book would particularly commend itself, and to the young mother without grounded convictions it could be a great power for good if it was read with the keen appreciation it deserves.

This book is handsomely illustrated and printed on heavy cream paper with deep margin and rough edge. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50. "Henderson."—By Rose E. Young. This is the second book that has come from the pen of this gifted author, though she was well known as a writer and journalist before "Sally of Missouri" appeared. "Henderson" is not a novel, but a series of sketches with the same character running throughout. Highly moral, for a single idea pervades the book—a man faithful to an ideal and a woman who ranks duty higher than love and happiness. The heroine assists Dr. Henderson through epidemics of malignant disease, and aids him at the operating table till the realism of it all makes one shudder, and yet it is told in such clear-cut professional language one is made to wonder where the doctor got her familiar knowledge of medicine and surgery. The terse, incisive style bespeaks the newspaper woman on every page, for every word is made to hold its full quota of meaning, with nothing left to the imagination, and not a word is wasted. The story is laid in Missouri, the home of the writer, but the local coloring is not intense and the events depend not at all on locality. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Violet."—By The Baroness von Hutten. The scene of this novel is laid partly in a lonely lighthouse, in the English channel, and partly in London. Violet, who is first presented as a boy of peculiar temper, later develops an extraordinary genius for music, and during one episode of his strange career becomes an actor. His life is shadowed by a crime committed by his father, yet in spite of this element the romance does not lack humor. It is full of swift changes in incident and scenery and portrays with great vividness a variety of characters, particularly of Bohemian and theatrical types. It deals throughout with intense affections and passions, and the leading figure is drawn with intimate comprehension of the words which sway the artist and the lover. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

"New Light on the Life of Jesus."—By Dr. Charles A. Briggs. An unusual interest attaches itself to this book, for no man has been so much in the religious public eye of late years as the author. Dr. Briggs has had the honor of disturbing that august body, the Free-Methodist Association, from center to circumference, and at one time almost disrupting and splitting in twain one of the greatest religious bodies in existence. Through the bitterness of a storm of criticism, and storms of adverse opinions, Dr. Briggs has held to his views of the Bible, its authenticity and the divine teachings of Jesus. In this volume Dr. Briggs sets forth a new order of the events and teachings in the life of Jesus in the light of which a large proportion of the disputes as to the harmony of the gospels disappear. So far as modern opinions are concerned, the book may be said to be a revolution, and yet the results are conservative and the composition of the various gospels become much easier explained. The author realizes that the work will meet with opposition, for in the preface he says: "The book may be the best of critics, but the hotter the better. If the light is true light, it will abide." The book will undoubtedly enjoy a large sale. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

The new edition of the Lewis and Clark Journals, in convenient small 12 mo. form, which A. S. Barnes & Co. are preparing for immediate issue, will contain a general introduction and an account of the Louisiana purchase, by Prof. John Bach McMaster, and an identification of the route of the explorers by Ripley Hitchcock.

"Beauty Through Health" will be the title of the book which Dr. Emma E. Walker is engaged upon. It will appear in the Woman's Home Library, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Langster, at A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York.

the line. The principal portal, which you can see from where you are sitting—yes, you are right, the big one in the middle—is the Door of Pardon. That large pedestal, which crowns the whole, bears the statue of St. John the Evangelist, the patron of the cathedral. It is getting dark and my eyes are old, but you can doubtless see the eagle at his feet, and the book and pen in his hands. The second door of the transept opens at the court of orange trees, which is precisely like that of the same name in old Seville, in far-away Spain. On the pantheon are the remains of the conqueror and his daughter, Francisca, who left a fortune to defray the expense of celebrating a daily mass at the high altar. Tomorrow you shall go to mass with me, and after it is over I will show you the tombs of the archbishops and the very body of Pizarro, which is yet very well preserved. You can see what a big, strong man he really was, and that he had but one eye, the other having been put out from the blow of a javelin during one of the intrepid soldier's early expeditions.

"Fenced Ground at Night." "I do not know how many priests and nuns there are in Lima, but the number is very great. It seems to me I read there were 1,700 of them, including all orders. I know there was once 700 monks in the house of the Franciscans, but there are not so many now. The site for the founding of the house of this order was selected in an unusual manner. The friars applied to the viceroy for a suitable place, and he offered to give them whatever ground they would enclose in one night, selecting any location they might see fit. Although the time was very short, the monks secured the necessary materials, marshalled all their forces, and built a fence around an entire square. This piece of ground contained an orchard and a pond, and completely stopped up the nose of the viceroy. The viceroy quite naturally protested against this act as an encroachment on their rights, and demanded that the property be released. But the viceroy favored the friars and paid for the ground in question out of his own purse. The order retains this choice piece of property, located in the heart of Lima, to this day." The church and convent of the Franciscans are the most sumptuous in Lima, both interior and exterior. The latter have fortunes invested in them.

"Dominicans Were First." The Dominican friars were the first ecclesiastics who landed in Peru. Alzarró had seven monks of this order in his suite. Father Valverde, the priest who induced Atahualpa, the unhappy Inca monarch, to embrace the Catholic faith, and who held the crucifix to his lips just before his execution, was a Dominican. The first prayers said in Lima, the first mass celebrated in the cathedral, and the first sacrament administered, were all performed by the Dominican friars. As a souvenir of the first administration of the sacrament the members of the order still wear the first baptismal font. In those times the friars lived in reed huts and begged their food from door to door.

"Hundreds of Masses Daily." "Yes, I can tell you how many masses are said in Lima every day. I have it in a little book here. I know it is more than 100 every day, but I have forgotten exactly. Can you make it out by the light of the lamp back of you? You say it is 33,607 in a year? Well, that is considerably more than 100 a day, isn't it? I know that about 30,000 of these masses are said for by the various brotherhoods. Another point you might jot down in your book, my son, is that we celebrate in our churches 459 festivals every year, which is considerably more than one every day."

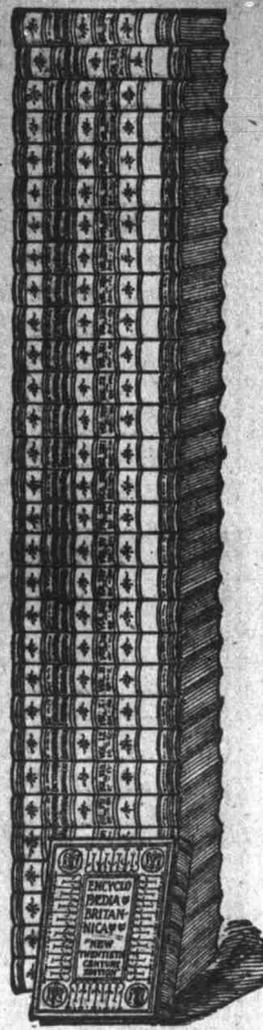
"Fortunes in Furnishings." "I heard a statement the other day which will give some idea of the former great wealth of some of the brotherhoods. When the decree was made by the government that all the property of the various brotherhoods should be managed by the board of relief of the poor, the extracts from the inventory of one altar showed that the weight of its silver service was 2,600 pounds. The heaviest piece was a kind of hand-barrow for carrying the relics of saints. This, together with 12 lamps, comprised about half of the total weight, although the front of the altar, and the virgin's throne were each embellished with several hundred pounds of the precious metal. My informant said the monstrance contained more than a thousand diamonds as well as a large number of other valuable stones, topazes and pearls. I have forgotten the number of

the latter as well as the total value of the whole, but it was a sum princely enough to ransom a king. I can assure you that. "Besides the intrinsic value of the furnishings of the old churches here, the workmanship on the decorations, inside and out, represents a quantity of labor that it is almost impossible to calculate. Take the wonderful carving on the front of the church of La Merced, for instance. Where in the world can we find the workmen to duplicate the carving on that stately old edifice. Its splendid tower, riddled with the bullets of many revolutions, and crumbling with the decay of the centuries that are pressing hard upon it, cannot be replaced when once it falls. Over at St. Augustine's, in a nearby street, they are repairing the church. The other morning when I was there, they were taking up the floor and carting away the bones of the monks buried there hundreds of years ago. The new structure will be very fine, but it will be far different from the old one."

"Saint Rose of Lima." "No mention of the glory of the church in Lima would be complete without the telling of the story of Saint Rose of Lima. The wonderful history of the life of this holy daughter of Peru has few equals in sacred literature. She was America's first saint, and was the daughter of honorable parents. Her baptismal name was Isabel, but as she lay in her cradle, a tiny breathing thing, there were roses in her cheeks, and her mother said: 'Her name must be Rose.' It is written that she consecrated her life to God when she was but five years of age. From her very youth her walk was that of piety. She had purity as white as a virgin's soul. The mere fact that her parents had changed her name caused her great grief of spirit, for she believed it was the result of their vanity, and she considered pride of that sort greatly unbecoming to a worthy daughter of God. She was very beautiful as a child, but steadfastly refused to dress in the gay fashion of the young. Once when her mother insisted that she wear a crown of flowers on her head she pinned it to her flesh with needles, and the pain she suffered was not discovered until her nurse, late at night, found out what she had done. "As a girl she kept a garden and cultivated bitter herbs, planting them in the form of crosses. When men came to court her, she was displeased at the beauty which attracted them and scalded herself with hot lime. After she became a nun, she was not content with the ordinary discipline and chastised her body with instruments of penance. The bed she used was in the form of a rough, wooden box, filled with stones, pieces of wood and broken tiles. The fests she kept were truly wonderful. During the forty days of Lent she took no bread, and at other times she was known to subsist for fifty days on one loaf of bread and pitcher of water. During her supplications she tortured herself mercilessly with iron chains. "Her whole life was a miracle. She was saint if one ever lived in the flesh. Her little habitation was on a place where mosquitoes were very thick. They made it exceedingly uncomfortable for every one else, but one of them never alighted upon the consecrated person of the saint. The birds knew her well. She could command them at her will. When she desired them to come and sing praises to the master, they responded, and went away at once when she wished them to depart. The strangest thing of all was that she knew the day and hour when she was to die, and her white soul winged its way to paradise at the exact time she appointed. Fifteen years later, when her body was laid out, she did not smell of the odor of decay, but was sweet with the unmistakable perfume of roses. In her name many miracles have been wrought here in Lima. A blind boy got his sight when her picture was laid upon his face. A cripple stopped upon a garment of hers and he straightway threw down his crutch. We of old Lima will ever hold her sweet memory in reverence."

"The venerable priest solemnly crossed himself as he finished his story of sweet Saint Rose. It was now quite dark. The evening hours were wearing on. Away off on some distant hill a bell was faintly ringing above the tumult of the city. Life is always beat in old Lima when the sun has gone over the mountains, and the stars are out. Father Francisco arose and gave me his blessing. Being a man of God, he continued on his way to the house of prayer, to light his candles and say his beads, diamonds as well as a large number of other valuable stones, topazes and pearls. I have forgotten the number of

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Churches the Striking Feature of Lima, Peru.

(By Frederic J. Haskin, Special Correspondent of The Journal.)

Lima, Peru. — It was evening in old Lima. The wind was very low and flaming banners of red were waving in the west. Along all sides of the square the porters were busy putting up their wooden shutters for the night. Lights were beginning to flare in the cafes as darkening shadows fell over the old, old city. It was a fit hour to hear the stories that good old Father Francisco told me of this ancient stronghold of the Catholic church. He told of Pizarro, the iron-hearted conqueror, whom the old books say was an illegitimate child, left to perish by an unknown mother, and who would have starved had he not been nursed by a sow. Pizarro became a founding of the church, and although in after years it had cause to blush for his vandal acts, he was a valiant soldier in the cause of God and king, and even though he caused rivers of blood to flow through the fair valleys of Peru, he put a cross on every hill.

"The Sign of the Cross." "When his time came to die," said my venerable narrator, "his assassins dealt him the death blow as he knelt to make the sign of the cross in his own blood. It was his last act, and very fitting, for his way up and down the world was marked by much carnage. It is told of him that he could not read nor write, and that his murder of Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain—whose ruthless act we of today still greatly deplore—was caused by an incident exposing that fact. The written accounts relate that Pizarro had agreed to give the Inca ruler his liberty if his subjects filled the room in which he was confined with treasure to the height of a mark made on the wall. This mark was as high as the noble prisoner could reach with his finger tips while he stood on tiptoe. The treasure was in the form of plates of gold and silver brought from the Louisa of the barbarians. During the time it required for the riches to

be brought, the royal captive amused himself by learning words of the language of his keepers. He had one of them scratch the name of God on one of his finger nails, and it pleased him much to see that the lowliest of the conqueror's followers recognized the letters arranged in such a novel place.

"Pizarro Could Not Read." "One day when Pizarro called upon the royal captive, the latter held out his hand that his visitor might see, but Pizarro could not read and did not understand. When the prisoner discovered that his captor's menials were less ignorant than their master, the thought amused him and he laughed. Pizarro's pride was hurt, and although the room was eventually filled with gold nearly up to the mark on the wall, he broke his word and killed the lordly Inca in cold blood. This foolish act of vengeance will ever be a stain upon the honor of the arms of Spain.

"But even though the conqueror's cruel deeds left much to regret, his valor won for Spain a great domain. This is one of the strongholds of the church. I am told, my son, that Toledo, in Spain, is the only other city in the Catholic world which has more houses of worship than Lima. I believe the number is 72. From a high place their towers and spires are almost as numerous as trees standing in a forest. And they represent great wealth. Time was when the church property constituted one-seventh of the total calculation of the city, and it must be nearly so at this date.

"Lima's Great Cathedral." "The cathedral, as you see, is a most stately edifice. It is now quite old and gray, for the foundation was laid by the conqueror himself. It took 90 years to build. It was really more than a century before the imposing towers were complete upon the great foundations the iron-hearted Pizarro laid down for them. The present archbishop is the 25th in

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