



MISS VIOLA ALLEN, WHO IS TO STAR IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Miss Allen, who has won great success in "The Christian" and "In the Palace of the King," is to star this season in "Twelfth Night." She believes that Shakespeare properly presented is still a paying venture on the American stage.

An Old Favorite

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

By Longfellow



RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face, and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here hath done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already hath it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

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PATRIOTISM

It Is Better to Be Able to Pay Your Wash Bills Than to Have a Graveyard Full of Ancestors

An excellent stimulus to patriotism are the societies which have been formed for the purpose of looking up progenitors who were not fortunate enough to avoid the draft in 1776. How eagerly we pry into the past to find some forefather who acquired glory, chivalry and undying fame in Valley Forge or some other Revolutionary winter resort. The fact that we have numerous poor relatives right at hand clamoring for recognition interests us not at all. We may have fathers and grandfathers who fought and bled in 1802, but we take no heed of them. When they turn out with their torn flags, meekly following the smug militia, we smile condescendingly and turn away. They are too recent. What stirs our blood is the thought that we are eligible to become Sons or Daughters of the Revolution, Children of the Revolution and wear cute little badges and be regents and things and have banquets once a year and fall on each other's necks and tell each other what hot stuff we are.

Personally I never took much stock in this remote ancestor business. I'd rather have one little innocent child to warm my heart and gladden my home than a whole graveyard full of ancestors, and I guess I'm more likely to. I know people who are so busy tracing their pedigrees back to Alfred the Great that they can't find time to pay their wash bills. What's the use of knowing that diluted royal blood courses in your veins when the butcher with his little bill is roosting on your doorstep? In my opinion, what we need to worry about is posterity.

There is no satisfaction in knowing that you have come down straight from a royal line when your oldest son is spending all his evenings drawing to a royal flush. What comfort can it give you to know that your ancestor smelt powder at Bunker Hill when your second boy is all smelt up with cigarettes? "Let the dead bury its dead." We are not liable for our ancestors, but for posterity we are directly responsible, or think we are.

There are times, of course, when it pays to be exclusive. Noah was doubtless better off in the ark mingling with his own set than he would have been out in the swim with the vulgar herd; but, as a rule, in this brand new democratic country it isn't safe to acquire blue blood too rapidly, for if we pry into the past too closely we are liable to come with a dull, sickening thud up against some ancestor calculated to bring the blush of shame to our patrician cheek.—From "A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford. By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers, New York.

FRATERNAL MISCELLANY

The Manchester Unity of England was organized about 1812. It is the strongest society financially and in point of numbers in the United Kingdom.

Every day the fraternal system is coming more and more as the great leader in protective insurance.

The National Protective Legion has 58,000 members and assets amounting to \$800,000.

The sixty societies reporting to the national fraternal congress for the Milwaukee session show an aggregate membership on Dec. 31, 1902, of 3,672,120.

What Wounded Him.

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness. "Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

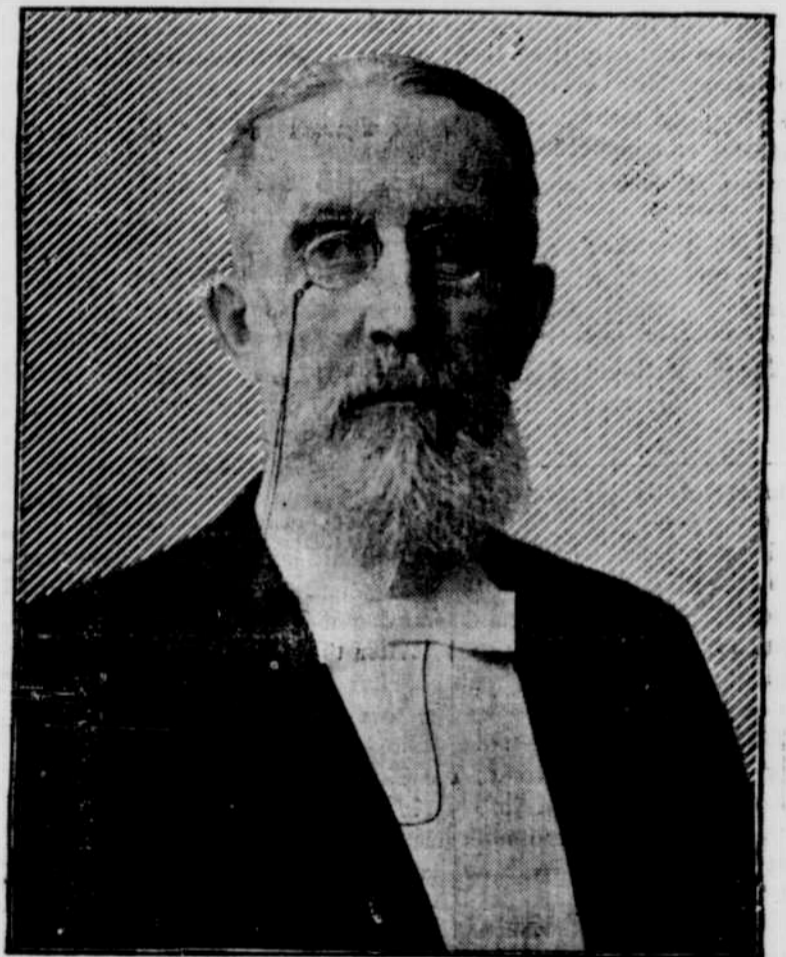
"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

Among those who went down to hear Nordica and Duss Saturday evening were: Prof. and Mrs. Chapman, Miss Maude Shannon, Mary Bailey, Miss Pearl Chandler, Miss Gladys Hartley, Miss Ethel Gossely, and Mr. Smith.



MISS ROSEMARY SARTORIS, WHO IS TO MARRY A SOUTHERNER.

Miss Rosemary Sartoris, who is to wed Lieutenant John Wright, U. S. A., son of a Confederate soldier, is the second daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant. Lieutenant Wright's father, the late General Marcus Wright, as colonel of a Tennessee regiment was among the Confederates who opposed Grant at Belmont and Shiloh.



ANDREW D. WHITE, EDUCATOR AND DIPLOMAT.

Andrew D. White, who has been publishing his recollections as a diplomat, recently retired as United States ambassador to Germany. For nearly twenty years he was president of Cornell university.

SOMETHING HAS DROPPED.



—Boston Herald.

The News and the Weekly Oregonian, both to January 1, 1903, 62. Your Postmaster will take your subscription. Do it now!