MONTHLY STORES OF THOUGHT

Various Problems Discussed in the Dacamber Magezines.

DOES, POLITICS OFFER A CAREER?

Waves of Temperance and Intemperance. The Yosemite in Winter-Popular Education Reviewed-Recollections of Jenny Lind.

"Does Politics Offer a Circer?" is the question discussed by ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont in the December Forum. "The first duty of man," he says, "is to provide by honest means for the maintenance of himself and his family, that is, if he have a family. Honest politics as a pursuit does not furnish such means except in the small class of administrative employments, and then only in a very meager degree. Every person, certainly in a republic, ought to be a political in some way, but to pursue a political career as such im-plies much more. Assuming, as may be safely done, that the great majority of young citizens are honest, the chances for them of a good political career have many attractions, but if that career is to be exclusive of the private pursuit of some business or profession t will be found difficult and disappoint

ing. Indeed, only those of assured com-petence could enter it. "In the century of our political exist-ence there have been very few, if indeed any, instances of the pursuit of politics as a career otherwise than in the lowest and worst forms to which we have alluded. The politicians who have been most largely useful to the country and most often in public service have been men still engaged in one way or another in occupations common to their fellow citizens, and they have been called into public affairs by considerations far other than personal self-seeking. They came to possess and exercise power, not as professional experts looking for em ployment, but were called as the best representative exponents of the social and political views of the com-munities of which they were homogeneous parts. This is the essential idea of representative government. He is the best politician and will have the best political career whose every-day life and occupations are in contact and sympathy with those of his fellow men. He accepts public employment and exercises public power as a duty, and it may be as a pleasure, when called to do it. and thus he is able in the changes and chances of political movements to leave them without regret and feel hurself again happily at home in his former

place among the people. It would seem to follow that politics as a career cannot be looked to by young Americans as the best choice of occupation in life, and leaving aside considerations of individual happiness and the faculties, tastes and ambitions that affect it, the very principle and structure of a republic would seem to be opposed to the idea of the profession of politics to be taken up and pursued as law, or medicine or engineering are. A political class in a republic must always be in danger of becoming, or trying to become, the master and dictator of political movements-a trust of bossism and corruption, of which there is already an overabundance."

The Disease of Incbriety.

"Is Alcoholism Increasing Among American Women?" is the title of a paper in the North American Review by Dr. T. D. Crothers, in which he says: "Statistics of persons arrested for inebriety, extending over long periods. will point to certain years in which a

maximum in numbers was reached, fol-

Curtains, Portieres, Silk scarfs, Silk pillows, Rattan chairs. Rattan rockers. Child's chairs, 'Kids' " rockers, 'Kids'" half high chairs, Costumers, Mahogany parlor chairs, Maple parlor chairs, Inlaid parlor chairs, Gilt parlor chairs, Parlor lamps, Imported shades,

Diaperies,

Curio tables. Curio cabinets, Fire screens,

Easels,

Hanging medicine cabinets,

Blacking cases, Carpets,

Rugs, Parlor cabinets, China cabinets, Dressing tables, Cheval glasses, Dining tables,

Card tables, Hall tables,

sults

Parlor tables,

granite rocks, and pines and cedars ing once tasted it, one cannot ever feel were blown down and piled in confusion truly happy away from it ' But in upon each other by the wind storm that 1845, llowed the rain

The Policy of Price Doubled Our November Trade.

Christmas Furniture.

Nothing better can be found for a home present than an article of furniture.

Our stock, this season, is by far the largest we ever carried and our building at present is filled to its utmost capacity.

Having been obliged to buy a new stock during the months of October and November, we found many factories whose fall trade had been light and we bought new stylish goods in many instances from 20 to 40 per cent discount. We therefore have many decided bargains throughout our store.

Having adopted a policy of marking all our goods at a low margin of profit in plain figures, customers cannot possibly make a mistake in price in buying here.

Goods bought now will be held for Christmas delivery if desired. All goods marked in plain figures.

Charles Shiverick & Co.,

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies.

1206, 1208, 1210 Farnam St.

Brass and onyx tables, Parlor chairs, Hall chairs, Reading chairs, Turkish rockers, Fancy rockers, Large comfortable rockers, Gilt chairs, Corner chairs, Divans, Sofas, Leather lounges, Corduroy lounges, Cretonne lounges, Rug lounges, Tapestry lounges, Hall chests, Hanging hall racks, Standing hall racks, Umbrella racks, Chiffoniers, Brass beds, White iron beds, Maple bureaus, Maple chiffoniers, Shaving stands, Large wide chiffoniers, Small chiffoniers, Wardrobes, Folding beds, Sideboards, Side tables, Buffets, Bookcases, Secretary bookcases, Ladies' desks, Men's home desks, Music cabinets

GOSSIP OF LITERARY PEOPLE

fortunes of its old proprietor, and can for its | ized when, taking the card a servant had new ones if they are wise enough to accept the inevitable. Going outside of New York, brought in, he scanned it and said to me: "Escape for your life! Here's a woman I imagine success is not very large with such with a long tongue. I have to endure its

lowed by a retrograde movement back to a minimum. This tidelike movemant is sometimes clear, then obscure. Often it is marked by both epidemic and endemic waves and is traced in the prevalence of inebriety in towns and cities, and in the reaction noted by temperance revivals. This psychological ebb and flow was pointed out by Dr. Westphal in Sweden many years ago, and an interval of seventeen years was indicated as the time between the maximum and minimum periods of inebrity in that country. Shorter periods have been noted by other observers in different countries. Many very start ling facts point to this wonderful cycle and drink orbit, and help to explain the strange temperance revivals which spring up and sweep over the country. dying away with the same mystery and suddenness. Such movements are undoubtedly the backward swing of high tides of inebriety. The histories, of large cities and towns supply many startling confirmatory facts of periods of incbriety and intense temperance revivals following each other with a strange, fascinating mystery. Like the ebb and flow in politics, religion and the great social movements, these drink cycles or waves point to ranges of causes and conditions awaiting future discovery. While many of the causes of incbriety as seen in the individual are both preventable and curable, there are other unknown psychological and physical forces that ntrol the form and direction of the inebriety of both sexes. Whatever inebriety is in Europe, or may have been in the past, it is in this country a brain and nerve disease, marked by mental and physical failure, exhaustion and central degeneration.

The Yosemite in Winter.

"Snowstorm follows snowstorm," writes James Carson in the December Californian. "Winter has arrived with his liege lora the frost-king and his fierce ally Boreas. He has spread his icy mantle over the Yosemite. The mighty cliffs and domes look down upon it for the laboring classes?" the valley as in the summer months, but it is with forbidding stateliness, and with threatening aspect. How changed the scene and different the attractions The smiling vale is no longer gay with gorgeous bowers and bright with green meadow lands; no longer is it resonant with the hum of busy insects, the murmuring lullabies of slumbering streams. and the joyous songs of summer birds; zephyr no longer whispers to the pine fronds as he floats softly through the forest, and echo no longer repeats the exclamations of glad visitors. The Merced rolls its swollen current impetuously through the valley, flooding many an acre of the meadow land-for rain as well as snow has fallen; the woods are hoarse with protesting against the fierceness of the storm-blasts; the snowslide holds the beholder in awe as it races with the waterfall in its downward plunge, and slabs of talus and unshapely chunks of rock loosen their hold of their parent cliff, as water and weather do work, and are washed with din and headlong speed down into the vallev. It is true that such terrifying storms do not occur with frequency but one such was witnessed by Hutchings and his family during the winter of 1867 when they were the only residents in the valley. On that ex ceptional occasion the rain poured down incessantly for ten successive days; all the meadow land was covered with a surging flood; large trees were swept over the ridge of the upper Yosemite thing so fascinating that I think, havand shivered into fragments on the

Has Popular Education Failed?

"It cannot be denied," writes Presilent Eliot of Harvard college in the December Forum, "that there is serious and general disappointment at the reof popular education up to this date. In spite of all efforts to make education universal, all classes complain more than ever before of the general conditions of society. Yet after two whole generations it seems as if some ncrease of genuine reasonableness of thought and action in all classes of the population ought to be discernible. Many persons, however, fail to see in the actual conduct of the various classes of society the evidence of increasing rationality. "The educated critics of the practical

esults of public education complain hat lawless violence continues to break which she never wavered from 1845 out just as it did before common schools were thought of, that lynch law is fa miliar in the United States, riot common of 1849. from Berlin to Seattle, and assassination an avowed means of social and industrial regeneration. Even religious persecuion, these cities say, is rife. The Jews are ostracized in educated Germany and metropolitan New York, and in Russia are robbed and driven into exile by thousands. Are votes less purchasable

now than they were before the urban graded school and the state university were known? "On the other hand, the least educated and most laborious classes complain that in spite of universal elementary education society does not tend toward a greater equality of condition. They allege that the rich man in modern society does not bear, either in peace or in war, the grave responsi bilities which the rich man of former centuries, who was a great landowner, a soldier and a magistrate, was compelled to bear. They point out that wars are more destructive than ever. this century being the bloodiest of all the centuries. If universal education cannot abolish or even abate in sevents years the horrible waste and cruelty of war, can anything great be hoped from

Why Jenny Lind Left the Stage.

"One matter which must be of inter est to every lover of dramatic art and which has been an enigma to many people," says a writer in the December Century, "is now for the first time dealt with by one with authority to discus the question. Why did Jenny Lind quit the stage at the moment of her greatest glory and many years before her unrivaled powers had begun to suffer any decay? Some have perhaps reluctantly accepted the widely prevalent idea that she had come 10 dramatic profession regard the an unholy thing which no pure souled woman could remain - i n without contamination. Happily this notion can be entertained no longer. Her intimate friend, Froken von Stedingk, with reference to it says: 'Many suppose this resolution to be the resul of pietism. Jenny Lind is as Godfearing as she is pure, but had pletism been the cause she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared she like to do, to see others act.' The fact is that to appreciate her motive for leaving the stage is to understand the whole character of the woman. Her for it seems to have begun distaste with her first great European success and steadily grew as her fame spread In 1840 she had lived for ten years a life of incessant hard work on the stage; yet in the following year she wrote from Paris: 'Life on the stage has in it some-

success in Berlin, the idea of leaving the stage had not merely occurred to her mind, but had already become a fixed determination. Among the dominant notes of her character were love of home and craving for domestic peace. This craving was to a great extent satisfied while she remained in Stock holm, and especially during the time she lived with the Linblad family. But when her destiny drew her in relentless triumph to Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, London, her domestic instincts were wrenched and tortured, and she found no compensation in all the glitter of her success. 'I am convinced,' said Herr Brockhaus, in April, 1846, 'that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple homely happiness.' That was the secret of the whole matter. And so she formed the resolution to juit the stage for ever. a resolution in

after her

transcendent

just

when it first took definite shape, till she carried it out in London in the summer Before the Days of Postage Stamps. December St. Nicholas: Before the se of postage stamps various sums were paid for the delivery of letters. The amounts were regulated by the distance

and were collected on the delivery of the letter. In the early part of this century the postage on a single sheet of paper was 8 cents and over forty miles the rate was increased; so that over 500 miles a single sheet was 25 cents. But after a time these rates were gradually re-duced until in 1845 a letter weighing not over half an ounce was 5 cents under 300 miles and over that distance 10 cents

Sir Rowland Hill, who was at the head of the Postoffice department of England at this time, introduced the use of postage stamps in 1840, and also lessened the charges for postage. In 1847 the United States adopted the use of the postage stamp, the lowest-priced one being five cents. But railways and steamboats had now

taken the place of the oldfashioned mail coaches and postboys; and with the more rapid sending of the mails, the cheaper rates of postage, and the growing population of the country

gradual changes and improvements tool place in the postoffice system. And here we are, in 1892, receiving our letters from the Pacific coast in six daysalso from England in the same time: and a few days or hours will place us in direct communication with our friends and correspondents in almost every part of the country.

The Last Morning on the Ark.

Brooklyn Life: "You look blue this morning," said Mrs. Neah to the old gentleman. "Are you worried about anything?"

'I am, my dear," returned! Noah "When I think of our big family to support, I don't see how we can make a support, I don't see not of this ark." Shem. "There will be plenty to do." "Certainly," said Ham. "I'll take the

animals and start a circus." "And I," said Japhet, "can become an undertaker. There'll be money in that

when the flood goes down.' "True," put in Shem. "And I shall become coroner. Why, dad, the coro-ner's fees alone would be sufficient to enable the whole family to live in the city and wear diamonds.

'By jove, boys." said Noah, "you are dead right. Head her for land and let's get to work.

Insist on getting Cook's Extra Dry Cham pagne if you want a pure article; there are no headaches in it.

An Era of Rejuvenation of the Big Monthly Magazines. A CHAT WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

What Literary People Are Doing--Richard Barding Davis as a Playwright_A **Glance Over the Periodical** Field.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1 .- | Correspondence of THE BEE. |-The close of another year will put emphasis, so far as the periodical field in New York is concerned, that this is a day in which only big ventures can live-big as regards resources and management. The room for the smaller, or snow-bound magazines-or periodicals, as we call them-is getting more and more contracted each year.

the little ones. A magazine, or periodical of any sort has always been an expensive luxury for any man or set of men to possess and it is more true today than it ever was. The magazines most successful in New York today are the Century, Harper's and

named. The Century is a paying institution in every respect. Of the magazine there is printed at an average 200,000 copies each month and there is a goodly margin of profit on such an edition. Say it averages 25 cents per copy, you have an income from this source alone of \$500,000. Then its advertising patronage means, in cash, not far from \$400,000 a year, if it does not exceed that

figure. Harrer's prints 150,000 copies per month or in that vicinity and 18, in literary and artistic merit, perhaps the most uniform and satisfactory magazine printed in America. And this position its prospectus guarantees for the next year. Scribner's, being the younger of the trio, has naturally

others, nor does it make as much money for its owners. It prints 115,000 copies, and in its business department is perhaps as strong in judgment and resources as any of its competitors. The heavy character of its material has unquestionably acted against a larger success, and the announcement, therefore, that furing the next year in will make prominent the entertaining, rather than the thoughful quality in its contents is well and wise. "The Cosmopolitan" comes fourth, and is, too, making money-not perhaps as much as the bigger trio, but nets its proprietor not far from \$50,000 per year. I base this upon its printed editions of 105,000 copies and a healthy, if not large, advertising patronage. It is more popular in its con-tents than the others, and this, by no means is a disadvantage. I have repeatedly heard

people who read a great deal say, in this re-spect, that they actually read more articles in "The Cosmopolitan" during a year than in any of the other magaziner. With the lesser periodicals that come from

New York it is more or less of a struggle. This is, however, perhaps less true of the North American Review and the Review of Reviews than the otners. The first com-mands a large transient sale, and at its price of 50 cents a single issue it is a productive piece of property. The Review of Reviews is unquestionably on the gain; and, while it may never reach the circulation of the original English print, it is forging ahead with big strides. The Forum seems to have dropped behind and is printing fewer striking articles than ever. The strain of th Munsey's, one scarcely knows whether they are published. The New York Ledger has, I learn, given up the fight, and will go back to its old standards upon which it made the

New England, and others, although, in a measure, no doubt they are making an in-come. In Boston the best piece of periodical property is The Youth's Companion, which has returned a fortune to its owner and plods steadily on with a circulation of 503,000 o which 50,000 have been added during the

past year, 1 believe. The Dead Come to Life.

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the periodical field during the year has been the rejuvenating of old magazines, and singularly nough, all the turce attempts which have been made hall from Philadelphia. The first to take unto itself a new lense of life was Lady's Book, and, although a great splutter has been made by the new manage ment, and a large amount of money spent the experiment has not taken on the health ful color of success, and money has been going out with but little coming in. Close upon the heels of Godev's comes the old Pe terson's Magazine, spruced up, and looking a hundred times more attractive than it ever did. And, thirdly, comes Arthur's Maga zine, which promises likewise to confuse its old readers by taking on a new dress, new material-new everything, in fact. Vent-ures of this sort are, I think, to be encoursince anything fresh which comes iato the literary field means more reading, more work for authors and artists, and, in every respect, has a good tendency. The result of all this literary rejuvenation will be interesting to watch. It is not an easy matter to change one's color, but it can be done-with money, with good management, and with time. Thus far the first has not been lacking, but the second is wofully ab

sent. Good editorial judgment seems lack-ing. In the case of "Godey's," for example, I know of not less than a half dozen storres and manuscripts purchased by them which nearly every magazine in the land has had and rejected. With "Peterson's," the same is also true, where three "features" for one issue are announced, all of which have been several times declined by other editors. It is possible, of course, that the other editors may be at fault in judgment, and that the purveyors at the head of these new ventures may be right. All this remains to be seen. and in the mean while there is not one of us I am sure, who will not wish succes for these or any other new departures in the periodical field.

Dr. Holmes Before His Fire.

A few days since I was sitting in the com-fortable library of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The day was raw outside, and i added to the chaerful welcome to be asked to sit down before the open fire in the grate We had been talking of various things, and then, as will happen, a silence fell-not the silence of depression, but the silence of rest-fulness and ease. It came just after I asked of the famous poet:

"Now that Whittier has gone, are you not beginning to feel a little lonely doctori" He looked into the fire, thought a moment

and then said, in a low tone, atmost inaudible, as if he had forgotten my presence: "Lonely! Is a man ever lonely with hi

books and his work around him? I have my work. And yet-" and then came the silence.

We were both way down into the depths of two of the easiest chairs in the room. The log in the fire sputtered a little, then broke into two places and, as the released flame shot upward and made a wierd but strong light, I turned just a little and looked at my companion in silence. The face was still strong, only the shadows of the bright tongue of flame seemed to deepen the lines a little. Or, was it slone the dancing shadows of the fiame! Even with eyes lost in medi tation, they were still bright and full o luster. The mind was just as active, but i seemed to enjoy its little moment of repose The fingers that have written so much and so beautifully toyed with the gold eve-glass chain as it wound itself round and round. of reading men and women. There was little to indicate the man of 50, except the snow white hair, and as I looked at Oliver Wer 6DOW3 dell Holmes sitting there, so picturesque in his ease, so tranquil in his thoughts, I could not help thinking just a moment of the clos-ing lines of "The Last Leaf."

Longfellow gone! Thoreau, Emerson, Parker, Beecher, Lowell, Alcott, all gone And, lastly, quiet and Quaker-souled Whit-tict! But Oliver Wendell Holmes still tar ried, and ever youthful and bright, as I real-

ash, but you needn't. Escape now, but con again soon." Then there was a hasty grasp of the hand,

and from its heartiness and strength I felt as is if I had not seen the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for the last time. "Dick" Davis as a Playwright. Richard Harding Davis, or "Dick" Davis, as he is known to his friends, has leaped into

an enviable position in the dramatic ranks with one jump through his dramatization of "The Disreputable Mr. Reagan." Sothern Goster produced it; the best element in New Yor ocial, literary and artistic life came to see it; Mrs. Cleveland was brought to tears by it, and in less than a week the young author finds blinself sought after by nearly all the prominent managers in New York for plays from his pen. There is rather a funny story attached to the rehearsals of his plays. Soth-HOOK GLOVES ern could not for the life of him get the New York "progue" necessary for the character and although Davis tried hard to show Soth ern the "trick," both failed in the attempt Thus, one day, Sothern and Davis started to FOSTER'S PATENTS, OR LICENSED UNDER FOSTER'S PATENTS. gether for the Bowery, and the saloon of Steve Brody, the notorious bridge-jumper, "Brody can give you the tip," said Davis to Sothern, and Brody was undoubtedly a happy selection. And thus with the help of a few days instruction from Broay, Sothera IMITATIONS!

was able to typify the character for Davis Brody was liberally rewarded; Sothern was pleased; Davis was as happy as a child, and "Mr. Reagan" will be used by Sothern as a "curtainraiser" to "Latterblair" on the actor's tour through the country. **Gossip of Literary People.**

B. Frost, the artist, who is a full ledge1 farmer, with 120 acres of Jersey land to till and plow, "cut 'cross lots" a few days ago to the house of his ;neighbor, Frank it. Stockton, and astonished that man of letter "Well, Stockton, I have hit upon the secret

"Well, Stockton, I have nit apply the store of how to make a farm pay !" The author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" himself with lands, was at once interested, and dropped his pen immediately to ask: "Why, what is it?"

"Pave it solid," said Frost, as he reached for the door, John Kendrick Bangs tries all his chil dren's stories upon his youthful heir, and if the original of "Jimmieboy" gr sps the father's effort, it is given to the world. This may partly account for the flattering success accorded the humorist's latest children's book, "In Camp With a Tin Soldier," of which the entire first edition was sold before the sheets left the presses, "Jimmeboy," whose adventures in the book in "Tiddled" wink Land" caused so much amusement las year, also figures in the new book for the children's holiday stocking.

The authorized biography of Whittier wil not be ready for several months, as the abuil dant material at nand requires time to be carefully edited. The poet's entire cor-respondence with Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Chila and James T. Fields has been found intact, and the executors find so much of importance in this newly acquired material as to justify the belief that the public will be a rich gamer in its knowledge of Wnitter as a statesman and reformer when the work is

issued. Speaking of Whittler, reminds me how litle reliance can be placed upon the numerous "lives" and "biographies" of which great

nen have inflicted upon them. It is not so long ago that a certain "Life of John Greenleaf Whittler" appeared, and a copy falling into the hands of the post he care-fully read it. Then he sent it to a friend, with the modest comment: "They will notice I have torn out some pages." Upon ex amination it was found that dozens of pages had been torn out of the book, and of those remaining the poet had drawn his pencil through nearly two-thirds of the sentence

and paragraphs! I remember how a well known New York journalist once compiled a so-called "life and biography" of Mr. Beecher. It was just before the great preacher's death, and an order came to him from a publishing house to "get up a life of Beecher and let us have manuscript within three days!" Taking a

mass of newspaper clippings, and depending upon his imagination for the facts not sup plied by the clippings, this journalistic genius repaired to the Astor house, worked steadily for two days, day and night, at the The church will cost \$5,000,000.



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end of which time the manuscript of 250 pages was evolved.

Curious as to its accuracy I took a copy to Mrs. Beecher, and after a day or two I said to hor

"Did you find it accurate?"

"Accurate, my child?" said Mrs. Beecher. "Accurate! Ob, very! Why, it is so accu-rate in its absolute faisity that neither I nor the boys can find one fact or data given correctly, although we have studied over it for two days. Even the year of Mr. Beecher't birth is wrong, and that is the smalless error!" EDWARD W. BOK.

An unknown person, said to be a New Yors millionaire high up in Episcopalian circles, has donated \$500,000 toward the fund for the building of the new Protestant Episcopal cathedral of St. John, the Divine.

It is the old story of the big fish eating up

Scrioner's, with a revenue in the order

not so jarge a pirculation as the