

subject. This action taken in connection with the increase of the Russian army is not encouraging to the faithful who believed that the Czar's proposal was the first sign of the arrival of the millenium. Most of the substantial territorial gains by Russia have been acquired by diplomacy rather than conquest by arms and in consideration of this fact, too, it is not singular that Great Britain and the other powers have not a childlike faith in her professions of entire disinterestedness.

The Governor's Mansion.

The Governor's mansion should, of course, be near his office, the capitol building, but it is not necessary that it should be just across the street and the houses on H street the owners of which are anxious to sell to the committee, are too near the tall chimney which all winter long drenches the H street residences in thick black soot. The Governor should have the best there is in the city in location and building and although the houses in this locality are handsome, modern and convenient the smoke nuisance is an insuperable objection.

Stotsenburg Guard of Honor.

Mrs. Stotsenburg with the body of her husband arrived in San Francisco on Monday. The body will be taken to New Albany, Ind., for burial. Governor Poynter whose message to the secretary of war asking for the transfer of Colonel Stotsenburg to another regiment, did the Colonel such a mortal injustice, owes his memory all the reparation in a governor's power, to make. A guard of honor, accompanying the body from the western frontier of the state, to the grave in Indiana, may express to the widow and children that the state recognizes at last her debt to the stern, faithful, uncompromising soldier at the head of the regiment which his obedience to military rules has made first in renown in action and in activity of all of the regiments in the Philippines.

Sunday Newspapers.

The English objections to Sunday newspapers and London's almost fanatical opposition to them, ignores the fact that almost all the work of the Sunday papers is done on Saturday night. If the English are real reformers instead of quacks they will object to the Monday papers which keep the compositors and pressmen working Sundays. The quack's method of curing disease is well known. He tells the patient he is afflicted with a disease the patient never heard of and describes his symptoms which, of course, the patient admits. Then the quack quickly cures him of something he never had and the convalescent thinks the fraud a great physician. These English doctors of harmless symptoms may be able to prevent Sunday papers, but they might with the same effort stop Monday papers and really help printers and pressmen who need a day of rest once in seven more than any of God's creatures.

The Astor Apologia.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor writes in the Pall Mall magazine his reasons for leaving America to reside in England. He says that although the family of Astor is descended from the noble Pedro D'Astorga, a distinguished crusader, through an illustrious line, his great grandfather the founder of the contemporary Astor fortune, was born a humble peasant in the village of Wald-dorf, near Heidelberg in Germany in 1763. This

is true, though the father of John Jacob Astor was a butcher and not a peasant. Though a butcher is technically and by class a peasant in Germany. In 1783 John Jacob came to this country and made the first part of his fortune in the northwest in furs. From the first he had the energy and versatility of an American and he would have made money under any conditions. That those in America were especially favorable at that time to the founding of a great fortune, is undisputed by his great grand son who insists that the American press has constantly belittled his grandfather's commercial genius. To be exact, William Waldorf says:

In America my grandfather's life and character have been distorted and caricatured until only an odd travesty survives. By the press he has been continually derided and reviled with that spirit of pure malignity which pursues the successful man. It is not democratic to climb so high.

Mr. Astor has misunderstood the object of the remarks in the American newspapers concerning the origin and business of his great grandfather, the descendant of the crusader and, the founder of the family. It is universal human nature and not specifically yankee human nature to remind those who have but lately acquired high position and distinction of their former humble condition. The Astors were very careful to let no dry goods, grocery or packing house people into the circle of which they were dictators in New York. Only professional men, bankers, railroad men and certain stock-brokers had the entree to their society. Moreover, they were always declaring the circle too large and continually cutting down the four hundred to a still smaller number. This was continually necessary, from their point of view on account of the new rich continually creeping in and getting a foot hold in spite of constant watchfulness. Of course these new rich had influence and their grievance was bound to get into the papers in the form of a question to the head of the Astor family as to who he was and what his forbears were. Has not the worm a right to squirm? It is all he can do. Then Mr. Astor complained of American socialism and jealousy. From all accounts English socialists are fiercer, more denunciatory of wealth, and more numerous than American socialists and this reason for a change of residence is therefore not much stronger than the other. The organization of trades unions, and the understanding of the rights of labor is much clearer in England than in America, according to the socialist lecturers, and sooner or later William Waldorf will acknowledge it, for he has the virtue of frankness. The Astor fortune was made in this country, the bulk of it remains here and it seems both impolite and unpatriotic for the heir of a fortune made in America and in consequence of distinctively American circumstances to give us the cold shoulder and to criticise us to the English in the pages of an English publication.

The University Stylists.

The first clay bird's nest, that the kindergarten infant models sends a positive thrill of creation through the child heart. A finished work by a real sculptor is not nearly so much of a sensation to the master as this mussy lump that the child calls whatever he had in mind when he constructed it. Of course, the said sculptor has artistic ideals most difficult to realize, which the said infant has not. Discontent grows with skill and knowledge. What would have

satisfied an artist a year ago is made unsatisfactory by a year's work. Some of the story writing by the undergraduates at the State university bears marks of the self complacency and of joy in the mere handling of words and in the construction of trite phrases observed in the kindergarten children when they begin to squeeze and pat the clay into a shape of some sort. If this complacency were not an obstacle to the production of any oeuvre it would not be mentioned here, but a system which apparently cultivates in the uninspired satisfaction with the commonplace is apt to be barren of permanent result.

Ten years ago the literature manufacturing process in use at the State university had not been discovered, or rather perfected as it is now. I can only criticise it, then, from the outside and as to what appears to be the results, after the process has had a trial of seven or eight years.

In *The Kiote*, a periodical published by the students at the State university may be found, I am told, the work of the best students in the department of English. The contents of the magazine are short stories, poems and what corresponds to an editor's drawer or facetae, under the head of "yelps." The process of manufacture is most plainly visible in the stories, where none of the mechanical supports, nor the ornaments of the structure, are concealed. The first part of the process which the undergraduate authors are taught is visualization, technically so called, and consists in describing a place so characteristically that the reader can see or smell it without ever having to move from his chair. All the great writers, like Ian McClaren or Barrie are said to begin their stories by adequate visualization. The principle is undoubtedly sound, but most of the contributors to *The Kiote* do not further go. In some of the stories the type of the hero's features, his clothes, the room in which the student has impaled him, the various small sounds which the hero might have heard and the weather outside which usually has a strong Nebraska flavor, are very carefully and conscientiously described. But not to much purpose for the effort at visualization apparently exhausts the author. Nothing very interesting happens to the hero nor does he often do anything except to think. A plot is only indicated and the denouement is rarely unexpected. Such an ending to preparations so elaborate and painstaking is disappointing to the prospectors for indications that the process is a valuable one. The complacency in the mere handling of a real workman's tools and of the material is a juvenile characteristic and can not justly be attributed to the system, unless it teaches that anyone who masters the technique may become a writer and can interest or instruct or at least amuse a public which buys books to attain one of these three objects.

While the students are learning how to write, the writings of those who have learned are not given the examination which the learned head of the department used to insist upon. So that the present day graduates leave the university without getting the wide view of English literature from Beowulf to the Victorian age which was thrown open to the alumni of the eighties. Professor Sherman, the head of the department is an erudite scholar. He has an accurate knowledge of the literature of all nations and an exhaustive knowledge of English literature. But the analytic system in use at the university takes a long time to learn and in the

learning the time for a survey of the whole field is consumed. If the object of studying literature is to learn to write, the system under consideration is probably the best yet discovered, but if it be to get a knowledge of life through the books of those who have made literature, the object is more quickly attained by Professor Sherman's old method. There are very few, however instructed, that will ever be creatively important. Not one of the thousands of able men and women who have been graduated by the university have succeeded in contributing anything to literature. But many, have left the university with a reverence for literature and for the men and women who have made it, that will forever sweeten and broaden life for them. Words are as easy and as fascinating to play with as clay, but millions of men have lived since Michael Angelo and not one of them have moulded clay into the shape of Moses or David or Lorenzo di Medici, as he did.

There are many illustrious writers in this country and England who make an idol of style and method. They long ago delivered the message as 'twas given them and since then have been saying nothing in particular with inimitable style and grace. Such are Mr Howells and Mr. James who have worked off make-believe plots and mysteries on us for the last fifteen years. And there is Dr. McClaren, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Meredith who are all apostles of method technically called effects. But the novelist and poet are still as unmanufacturable as gold and will still be the despair of literary alchemists.

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT TO SAY.

"Are you still at work on your new novel, Miss Scribbs?"

"No, I haven't had an idea in my head for several weeks, so I have been writing a lot of letters to my friends."

Cholly—I hear that Wiley Grannan made a fortune on the turf in England.
Chappie—Poor lad. Gentlemen always lose on the turf.

"Yes, I've had many troubles in my lifetime," said the philosopher.
"and the worst of them never happened," he added after a pause.

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