



## Life, Literature and Education.



Upton Sinclair, Author of "The Jungle."

### Dramatization of The Jungle.

Upton Sinclair is busy in New York dramatizing his novel. "The Jungle" has, no doubt, accomplished a great work in the modern world, but why should it be dramatized? A surfeit of even a good and pleasant thing cloy, but surely an overdose of such a pig-sticking, blood-wallowing, filth-reeking horror as "The Jungle" must come nothing short of an abomination. True, herds of a certain class of people in the cities will flock to see the play, just as crowds of the same class might congregate to see a hanging. There is a morbid element which finds place in the inner nature of some ill-constituted people; but why, in the name of all that is artistic, or literary, or virtuous, should such a morbid element be thus pandered to? "The Jungle's" work is already done, and no red-letter perpetuation of it can now suffice to work any further good as a result of it.

It would appear that the almighty dollar, of which his novel has already brought to Mr. Sinclair a plenitude, has dazzled his eyes, even to the blotting out of his judgment. Better things had been expected of him. Better far were it that he should be contented to relegate the book to the limbo of literary curiosities, and apply himself to the creation of another which might take its place as true literature. Parts of "The Jungle" show that he is capable of such work. Why, then, should he thus waste himself and his opportunities?

### What Do Our New Words Signify?

One may have noticed in recent popular newspapers and magazines the use of a new word, "jungled." At the present juncture it is scarcely necessary to explain the signification of this word. As used in "jungled jam," for instance, it adequately explains itself.

We are accustomed to look upon language as one of the permanent things; yet every once in a while some new word comes jogging along, and it is presently rolling glibly from our tongues, and ensconcing itself in our dictionaries with as brazen an assurance as though it had come down in true orthodox fashion from the Saxon mixing-bowl itself. It is not long, for instance, since "graft," in the sinister sense in which it is now commonly used, made its appearance. Other newcomers which will be readily thought of are, bunco, jingo, trek, jolly (in the sense of to poke fun at), slump (as a slump in one's fortunes), scalp (as used in reference to trafficking in railway tickets outside of the authorized ticket offices), Oslerize, pasteurize—most of which are as yet placed only in the supplements of our most comprehensive dictionaries. It is merely a matter of time, however, until many if not all of these will be accorded a place as recognized elements of our language.

In looking over the list, one is struck by one rather peculiar fact—that so many of the words are suggestive of the disreputable. Bunco, jingo, slump, graft, jungled—all of these have a somewhat ill-favored signification, and one might go on adding to the number. After the Norman conquest a somewhat similar set of words was introduced into the good old English. Ribald, jangle, jape, ravin, owe their existence as English words to this period. Also "chance," now a term respectable enough for anyone's vocabulary, then a gaming expression, as were also many other words which have since outlived their bad reputation—hazard, for instance, and jeopardy, formerly a mere exclamation, "jeu parti!"—drawn game! . . . And the introduction of these, be it noted, has been attributed to "the furious and violent life of that period," which found relaxation in "abandonment to revelry and the counter-stimulant of the gaming table."

Can it be that such words as graft, jingo, etc., are in a similar manner characteristic of our time? Are chicanery, wire-pulling, etc., especially rife in the Twentieth Century, or is the increase of our vocabulary in this respect merely due to an awakening conscience which expresses its derision of undesirable conditions in a slang "taking" enough for crystallization into a component part of our speech and our literature?

### Valuable MSS. Lost.

The San Francisco fire wiped out more literary treasures than the newspapers have reported. It develops that the original manuscripts of Frank Norris's books, which were the property of his brother, Mr. Chas. G. Norris, were destroyed. Mr. Norris was also the owner of the original manuscript of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and this, too, was also lost. By hard work, the house occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson in San Francisco was saved. A few pages of some of Frank Norris's books, which, fortunately, are in the possession of friends in New York and California, have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Norris.—[Ex.]

### Brain Work Doesn't Kill.

In a lecture on longevity, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Herman Weber, himself an octogenarian, gave official support to the doctrine that brainwork does not kill, but rather the reverse. A few of his instances are Sophocles, Plato, Galen, Cicero, Moltke, Bismarck, Mommsen and Gladstone, to whom we might add Hobbes, Carlyle, Spencer and Kelvin. The facts are that brainwork increases the supply of blood to the nerve cells, and promotes their nutrition and health. Mosso, an Italian, laid a man on a delicately-balanced table, and showed that the head end sank whenever the subject did a mental sum or any mental brainwork. The increased weight of his head was due to the life-giving blood. The truth is that brainwork, as such, never killed anybody.—[London Chronicle.]

### Imperfections.

A party of travellers journeying through Japan, a few years ago, came upon an old artist in ivories. Among the carvings which he showed was one most exquisite piece, for which he asked a hundred dollars. The price was not at all high for the work, and one of the party at once agreed to take it. Before surrendering it, however, the artist examined it minutely, and the result of the examination was the discovery of a tiny imperfection, which he pointed out.

"That will make no difference," the traveller answered. "No one but you would ever have discovered it; it need make no difference in the price."

"It is not a matter of price," the artist replied, proudly. "No imperfect work ever goes from me at any price. I cannot sell you this."

The traveller, incredulous, urged again the plea that none but the artist's eye could ever see the blemish; he even offered a higher price still, but to all his arguments the old artist had but the one reply—he could not give his name to imperfect work—it was impossible. And from this decision nothing could move him.

How the spirit of the heathen artist rebukes us! Nothing was allowed to go from his shop that was not the best that he and those working with him could do; but we—what poor, half-hearted, shabby work we allow to bear the Master's name!—[Wellspring.]

## Current Comment.

### Items of News.

A magnificent G. T. P. station is to be erected in Montreal.

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Hon. W. P. Street, Judge of the King's Bench of the High Court of Justice of Ontario, is dead.

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A rich deposit of iron ore has been found near Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

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### Russia.

The revolutionary movement in Russia has, during the past fortnight, assumed severer proportions in the northern provinces, where, at the fortress of Sveaborg, near the city of Helsingfors, a serious mutiny broke out some days ago among the troops and marines. After continuous fighting for more than a night, Sveaborg surrendered to the mutineers, but was, in turn, forced to capitulate to the loyalists who were poured into Helsingfors from St. Petersburg, and who effectually prevented the sending of further supplies to the fortress, thus rendering the subjugation an easier one. Much uneasiness was felt lest a similar outbreak should take place in Cronstadt, but at time of writing all insurrectionary movements in that city have been forestalled. First reports stated that the outbreak at Sveaborg was part of a conspiracy aiming at a simultaneous mutiny at Sveaborg, Cronstadt and Sebastopol, but it now appears that the rising was chiefly local. That some effort at concerted movement has, however, been under consideration, may be judged from the fact that the Radical groups of the expelled Parliament had previously addressed an appeal to the army and navy, the most important part of the text reading as follows:

"Soldiers and Sailors,—The Government has by Imperial command dissolved Parliament, and troops have been assembled from all sides to oppress the people by armed force. The people's representatives were elected from among your fathers and brothers, in order to lay before the Emperor the needs of the people and to obtain land and liberty. But the Emperor would not listen to the elected of the people. He hearkened to his former Councillors, the Grand Dukes, Ministers, Generals, and the wealthiest of the land-owners, who did not want to give up their lands, their properties, their emoluments, and their irresponsible power. Russia is now divided into two parts.

"On one side is the vast majority—all the peasants and workmen, all the poor and oppressed, the best educated, and the most enlightened citizens, the soldiers who see the most clearly, the best officers, and all the martyrs in the jails, including many thousands of soldiers and sailors. On the other side is a collection of oppressors, such as Trepoft, Pobiedonostseff, the petty Government officials, the police spies, and the whole Black Hundreds, and these rely on your strength to beat down the whole Russian people. Will