



HARPER'S WEEKLY



Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



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"No perfume, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing," was Beau Brummel's sartorial code.

CERTAINLY there is no more agreeable fragrance than clean linen, if it has been washed with pure soap. Any soap will remove the dirt. Ivory Soap does so without leaving a strong, rank odor. Its purity makes the linen snow white and sweet smelling. Try it!

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXX.—LLOYD GRISCOM, AET. 30

See page 501—Editorial Section

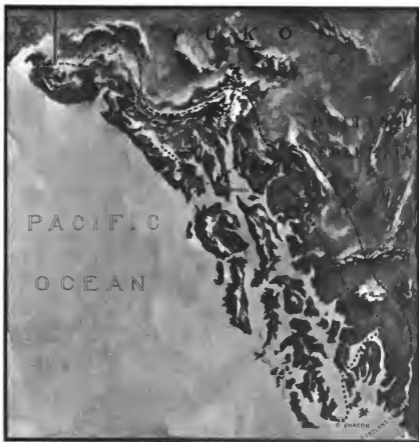
The Story of the Alaskan Boundary

The true status of the question to be decided by the Alaskan Boundary Commission

THE United States bought Alaska from Russia in March, 1867, for the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars, gold. There was no precise description of the territory sold, nor was there any survey, with a determination of boundary lines. What the high contracting parties did, instead of settling their boundaries, was to refer to a settlement made more than forty years before, or rather to a series of settlements, one between Russia and the United States, and another between Russia and England. There was a third settlement between the United States and England, but it did

it was further provided that if the said mountains were found to recede from the ocean more than thirty nautical miles (ten marine leagues), then the boundary should run parallel with the coast, and thirty nautical miles inland.

Two points have been valdly disputed; which of several fjords is the Portland Channel meant; and, secondly, whether the summits of the mountains may not in some cases be less than thirty miles from the coast, in which case, according to the wording of the treaty, their summits would be the boundary. But outside of these two points, it is as plain as daylight that Russia owned a



100-mile Marine League Boundary; — — — — — Boundary Claimed on British Map of 1855. Undisputed Boundary; — — — — —

Map showing the Conceded and Disputed Boundaries on the Alaskan Coast

not directly touch the territory now under discussion. What the first of these three settlements decided was that Russia should not lay claim, as against the United States, to any territory south of fifty-four degrees forty minutes. This arrangement was made in 1824. In the next year an agreement was reached between Russia and England, the vital part of which is as follows: The boundary of Russia's territory was to run from the south point of Prince of Wales Island, up Portland Channel, to the point where that channel enters the fifty-sixth parallel of north latitude; thence along the summits of the mountains parallel with the coast, up to the point where it cut the one hundred and forty-first meridian of west longitude, and thence straight toward the north pole.

strip of territory which followed all the sinuosities or windings of the fjords, well inland of them all, and that the purpose was to avoid the possibility of any dispute about actual shore-line, which was everywhere to be kept in Russia's hands.

No plain and self-evident is this that not only do all the American maps show the boundary of Alaska according to this interpretation of the perfectly plain wording of the treaty, not only do all the Russian maps show it, but all the English maps also show it, up to and including "The Times" Atlas of 1882. The one point of difference is that the English maps attach the name Portland Channel to an arm of the sea slightly to the south of that which bears this name in the American maps.

Pope Leo XIII. and American Education

With a Photograph of the Pope's last Public Appearance in the Sistine Chapel, taken by Special Permission

LEO XIII. has laid at Washington the foundations of the Catholic educational centre of the New World. To Cardinal Gibbons, to Monsignor Krane when Bishop of Richmond, and to heads of Franciscan, Holy Cross, Marist, and other organizations which have since grouped their committees and houses of study about the university at Brookland, the Pope outlined his educational policy. Later, he sent Archbishop

simony agency, and put under the Congregation of Studies, and a new rector, the Rev. D. F. O'Connell, late president of the American College in Rome, is now on his way to New York, to be inducted into the rectorate, probably on April 22, after the trustees shall have held their annual meeting and the retiring rector, who becomes Bishop of Los Angeles, shall have made his report.

Leo XIII. has brought the Roman Catholic Church into a world-



The last Public Appearance of Pope Leo XIII. in the Sistine Chapel
 Photograph taken especially for Harper's Weekly

Keane to increase the university's endowment, and approved Bishop County's strenuous efforts in bringing Catholic secondary schools of America into co-operative uniformity. In naming the Biblical Commission of twelve members, whose labors may perhaps supersede and will certainly add to the work of St. Jerome, an American's name appeared. Recently the commission was re-organized and its membership increased to forty, the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Giraman, Professor of Pastoral Theology at the Catholic University, Washington, again being included. Not long since the university was taken from the control of the Propaganda, the mis-

acquaintance with itself. For America he has always shown special interest. The late Archbishop Corrigan of New York, on his last visit of passage, in 1900, told the Pope that for every work done he had been in Rome before, in 1891, he had built two churches, schools, hospitals, or asylums, whereupon the Pontiff exclaimed: "What may not be done where the individual and not the commonwealth is relied on!" And a few months ago, when Archbishop Farley of New York laid his bid to be granted by the latter said: "Amid our many perplexities near at hand, we are ever encouraged by conditions in your splendid country."

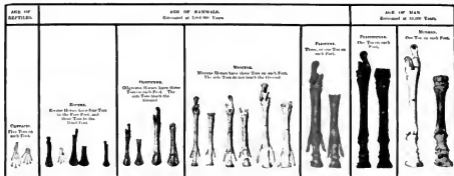


Chart showing the Evolution of the Horse from the Earliest Times to the Present

The Newly Discovered Hipparion

THANKS to the results of an expedition sent out last year at the cost of Mr. William C. Whitney, the story of the evolution of the horse is now complete. This expedition, planned by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and led by Mr. J. W. Gidley, went exploring in the Niobrara beds in the southern part of South Dakota. Nothing was found until the very end of the season, when a herd of three-toed hipparions was uncovered. Bones enough in perfect preservation were found to make one complete skeleton, with many fragments for exhibition and study. The ancestor of the horse had three toes. The picture here given illustrates the progress of the beast from that condition to his present state, when his weight rests on hoofs which represent the enlarged and thickened nail of the middle toe. The second and third toes are represented by splint bones, one on each side in the rear of the cannon bone, and visible on the surface, but well known for their tendency to go wrong and make horses lame.

In the earliest ages of man there were wild horses on all the continents, but probably on none of the islands, such as Australia. They differed from modern horses in having shorter skulls and deeper jaws. Their legs also were shorter, and their feet smaller in proportion to their bodies. They resembled overgrown zebras. The quarries containing their remains are so common in river and lake beds of the latest geological epoch that the name of Eocene beds has been applied to them. In South America has been found an ancestor of the horse of the same epoch called *Hipparion*, with many of the peculiarities of the hipparions, but with a head as large as that of the modern horse. Neolithic men left pictures of the early horses of Europe on their monuments of polished stones.

As shown in the chart at the top of the page, the evolution of the horse may be traced in unbroken line from the Cretaceous period down to the present time. From an original ancestor the size of a rat, the horse, through the changes outlined in the chart, gradually came to be as we know him to-day.



The Three-toed Hipparion, just discovered, up to show the missing Link in the Ancestry of the Horse.

Niagara Falls Runs Dry

An unusual situation, due to ice formations above the Falls, which temporarily dried up the American side of the Falls, making the bed of the Rapids passable on foot



Passing on Foot over the Bed of the Rapids



This is usually one of the most dangerous Points above the Falls



A Snapshot of the Falls, showing the Bed of Rock which is usually covered by vast volumes of Water

Photograph copyright, 1901, by O. E. Dunlap

NISTINA

A Complete Short Story by Hamlin Garland

Author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"

THREE was lamentation in the lodges of Sunmaker's people, for the white soldiers had taken away the guns of Hawk's young warriors, and now they were to be sent away into lands of captivity, flooded in big wagons, the young men sad, drowsy and sullen, ashamed to weep, yet shaking with grief and despair.

"Hid I know this," said Hawk to the captain of the escort, "I would have died fighting, and this defiant word he uttered in the harsh, booming tone of a village orator. It was heard by every one in the camp, and the old women broke forth into wailing war-songs, which made the fingers of soldiers old sages clench.

But the blue-coated soldiers, ranked and ready, stood with loaded guns in their hands, calmly obedient, and the colonel sat his horse, not far away, ready to give the signal for departure.

Hawk, young, handsome, and reckless, for some enthusiasm got upon him by a kind of exultation, had permitted a raid of revolution, and for this mischief the government was sending him and his band to Florida—a hot, strange land, far in the South. He, as his unoccupied leader, set bound and helpless in one of the head wagons, his feet chained to a rod, his hands frosted, and working like the felons of an office.

It was hard to sit thus in the face of his father and mother, but it was harder yet to know that Nistina, the daughter of Sunmaker, with her blanket over her face, sat weeping at the door of her father's lodge. All the girls were mourning, and no one knew that Nistina loved Hawk—as no one but her inseparable friend, Maosca, the daughter of Crane.

Hawk knew it, for they had often sat at the river's edge of a morning, when she came for water.

Now they were to part without one word of love, with no touch of hands, never to see each other again, for it was well known that those who were sent into that far country never returned—the breath of the great salt water poisoned them.

At last the colonel uttered a word of command. A loud rang out. The piercing cries of the bearded women broke their angry wail, and heart-breaking; the wails cracked like pistol shots, the miles set their shoulders, the soldiers and the blue-shirted and their happy captives moved slowly and across the prairie.

Hawk turned his head and caught one last glance from Nistina as she lifted her face to him, fixing her red eyes on her head, and fell face downward on the earth, crushed, broken, and despairing.

With teeth set like those of a grizzly bear, the young chief strained at his cords, eager to fight and die in the face of his tribe, but the white man's cruel chains were too strong. He fell back, exhausted, too much with despair to heed the taunt of the white soldier riding beside the wheel, cynical, profane, and derisive. And while the young prisoner sat thus, with lowered head and low hanging hair, the little village of his people was lost to view—hidden by the willows on the river's bank.

In the months which followed, the camp of Sunmaker resumed its accustomed round of duties and pleasures. The babes rocked on the grass, the old men smoked placidly in their own lodges, and planned their next Indian hunt; the children wept reluctantly to the agency school of a morning, sad came home with flying feet at night. All seemed as placid as a pool into which a suicide has sunk.

But no word came to Nistina, on whose face the shadow never lifted. She had never been a merry girl like Maosca. She had been shy and silent and watchful even as a child, and as the months passed without a message from Hawk, she nested to her duties as silent as a shadow. Maosca, when the spring came again, took another lover, and laughed and said, "They have forgotten us, that Elk and Crane."

Nistina had many suitors, for she was the Sunmaker's daughter, and tall and handsome besides; Mischievous Maosca, even after her marriage, kept her friend's secret, but she could not forbear to tease her when they were alone together. "Hawk is a bad young man," she said. "He has found another girl by this time. Why don't you listen to Kias?" To such questions Nistina made no answer.

At the end of a year even Sunmaker, introspective as he was, could not fail to remark upon her loneliness. "My daughter, why do you seem so sad. There are many young men singing sweet songs for you to hear, why you will not listen. It is time you took thought of these things."

"I do not wish to marry," she replied.

Then the old father became serious, for he feared his loved one had placed her heart on some white soldier, and one day he called her to him and said, "My daughter, the Great Spirit decreed that there should be people of many colors on the earth. He called each color in his place, but it is not good that they mate one with the other. If a white man comes to speak soft words into your ears, turn away. He will work evil, and not good. Why do you not take a husband among your own people, as others do, and be content? You are of the age when girls marry."

To this she replied: "My heart is not set on any white man, and I do not wish to marry. Let me stay with you, and help to keep your lodge."

"The old man's value troubled me," she said; "My daughter, since my son is gone, you are my staff. It is good to see you in our lodge, but I do not like to see you sad."

Then she pretended to laugh, and said, "I am not sad," and ran away.

When she was gone Sunmaker called Victoria and told her what had happened. She smoked the pipe to hand to her and listened patiently. When he had finished speaking, she said:

"By the way she would all right. All girls are not alike. By and by the truth will come, and then you'll see her change her song. She will be keeping her own lodge now."

But Sunmaker was troubled by his daughter's frequent visits to the agency across the river, and by her intimacy with Neeta, the daughter of Hawk, who had been away to school, and who had returned much changed, being neither white woman nor red.

She was living alone in a small hut on the river bank, and was not a good woman for Nistina to visit.

He could not know that his daughter went there because Neeta could read the white man's papers, and would know if any thing had happened to Hawk. No one knew, either, that Nistina shyly asked about learning to read. She laughed when she asked these questions, as though the matter were of no consequence. "You long did it take you to learn to read? Is it very hard to learn to write?"

"Oh no; it is very easy," Neeta replied heartily, and when Nistina went away her eyes were very thoughtful.

Again and again she called before she could bring herself to the point of asking Neeta to go with her to the land of the school.

Neeta laughed. "Go! Are you going to school? You will not please lose your hair, for you will go among the small-set girls."

Nistina did not waver. "Come, go with me."

With a smile on her face Neeta led the way in the office of the superintendent. "Professor Morton, I bring you a new scholar."

Morton, a tall, grave-faced man, looked up from his desk, and said: "Why, it's Nistina! Good morning, Nistina."

"Morton," said she, as well as she could.

"She wants to go to school, eh? Well, better late than never,"

he added, with a grin on his face.

"Tell him I want to work and earn money," said Nistina.

When Neeta interpreted this, the teacher exclaimed: "Well, well! This is most astonishing! Why, I thought she hated the white man's ways!"

"The white man's ways?" remarked Neeta.

"Mr. Morton looked at her oddly. "I hope not. You're a mighty smart girl, Neeta, but I don't like the way you carry on."

Neeta smiled broadly, quite unmoved. "I'm all settled down now—no more sky-rocketing usual, I'm keeping house."

"Well, see that you keep settled. I don't understand this change in Nistina, but you tell her I'll put her in charge of Mrs. Morton, and we'll do the best we can for her. But tell her to send all these white men away; tell her not to listen to them."

To Nistina Neeta said, "He says he will let you help his signs, and she will teach you how to read and write."

Nistina's heart failed her when she heard this, for she had seen Mrs. Morton many times, and had heard many disturbing stories of her harshness. She was a tall, broad-shouldered woman, with iron gray eyes and a loud voice.

At last Mr. Morton turned, and said: "Nistina, you may come this afternoon after four o'clock, and we will arrange the whole matter. I am glad you are going to forsake Indian ways, which are very bad. Be a good girl, and you will be happy."

When Neeta had explained what he said Nistina burst into a low cry, and, covering her face with her blanket, rushed away.

"That is the best you can do for her," said Neeta, unhesitatingly. "She likes the Indian ways best."

But Nistina was moved by a deeper impulse than feble-hearted Neeta could comprehend. A sick boy had returned from Florida a few days before—a poor dying lad—and to Nistina he had brought a word from young Hawk. "I am dying, so that I can send words like yours to the white man," the message ran. "Be good by I will send a white word to you."

This message instantly sank deep, although Nistina gave no sign. She had more than the usual shyness of the maidens of her tribe, and it was painful to her to have even this vague message transmitted to her people.

The girl thought long. She longed to send a message to her lover, but for some days could not bring herself to confide in Neeta. Days went by, and her resolution remained unbroken. Nearly every evening she had been going to see Neeta, but always her courage had failed her, and then came the thought: "I, too, will learn to write and to read, and then I can tell him how much I love him, and that I will wait till I am old and I will love no one else."

There was a great deal of gossip among the red women. "She is going to marry a white soldier, that Nistina," they said. "She is working for money to buy fine beads and cloth."

"It may be," said her step-mother. "She does not open her heart to me. She talks no more than an owl."

The teachers marvelled at Tina's dulness in arithmetic and her quarrelsome propensity in writing, and an inviolable secret time she was able to scrawl a note to her lover. It was a queer little letter, written with painful exactness, in imitation of the egg heads.



"She hurried with beating heart to the store in which the post-office occupied a corner"

"I heard your words what you sent. They was good words. It made my heart glad that words Hawk Fox when he brought. I am wait all time for you. No one else is in my thoughts. This letter I am writter me myself all lone—no one is help me. No one knows that I put it in in pass-fools. I send missusina."

NISTINA."

With this letter all stamped and directed, and the package of necessities, she hurried with beating heart to the store in which the post-office occupied a corner. There she hovered like a mother partridge about its nest, coming and going till a favorable moment offered. She knew just what to do. She had rehearsed it all in her mind a hundred times, and when she had slipped the letter into the slit she laid the package on the windows, and fled away to watch and wait for a word from the far-away land.

Weeks passed, and her heart grew sad and heavy. She dared not ask for a letter, but lingered at the store till the clerks grew jovial and at last familiar, and her heart was bitter toward all white men.

In her extremity she went to Marosa, who was now a nuttally wife, mother of a sturdy son, and asked her to go to the post-office and inquire for a letter.

"A letter!" exclaimed she. "Who is going to write you a letter!"

After much persuasion she consented to go, but returned empty-handed. She had only half regarded Nistina's request, but as the tears came to her friend's eyes, she believed, and all of the goodness of her heart arose, and she said:

"Don't cry. I will go every day and ask, if you wish me to." It is hard to wait for a letter when that letter is the one thing in life worth waiting for, and Nistina was very silent and very sad all the time, and her mistress wondered at this; but her questions brought an reply from the girl, who kept at her writing diligently, steadily refusing to confuse her mind with other things. She did not seem to wish to talk—only to write, write at every spare moment, and each day her writing grew in beauty of line till it was almost as beautiful as the printed copy.

At last she composed another letter:

"HAWK. My friend, I not hearing from you. If you are sick you don't write. My heart is now very sad. May be you die by this time. Long time I am here waiting. Listening for your words I am standing each day. No one say loving but you. Come home you get away quick, for I all time waiting. NISTINA."

After she had mailed this Nistina suddenly lost all interest in her studies, and went back to the lodge of her father. In her heart she said: "If he does not answer me I will go out on the hill and cry till I die. I do not care to live if he is not coming to me."

She took her place in her father's lodge as before, giving no explanation of her going nor the reason for her return. The kindly old chief smoked and gazed upon her sadly, and at last said, gently:

"My daughter, you are sad and silent. Once you laughed and sang at your sewing. What has happened to you? My child has a dark face."

"I am older. I am no longer a child," she said, unsmilingly. And at last, in the middle of the third winter, when the white people were giving presents to each other, a letter and a little package came for Nistina, and Marosa came running with them.

"Here is your talking bird," she said. "Now I think you will laugh once more. Read it, for I am very curious."

But Nistina snatched the precious package and ran into her lodge, to be alone with her joy.

It was a marvellous thing. There was the letter—a blue one—with her name spelled on it in big letters, *NISTINA*, but she opened the package first. It contained a shining pouch, and in the pouch was a necklace of wondrous beads such as she had never seen, and a picture of her lover in white man's dress. How strange he looked with his hair cut short! She hardly knew him.

Her heart beat strong and loud as she opened the letter, and read the first words, "Nistina, I am loving you." After that she was confused, for Hawk could not write as well as she, and she read with great trouble, but the end she understood—"I am coming home."

She rose and walked to her father's lodge, where Marosa sat. She entered proudly, the letter in her hand. Her head was lifted, her eyes shone with pride.

"My letter is from Hawk," she said, quietly. "He is coming home."

And at this message Marosa and Victoria covered their mouths in sign of inexpressible astonishment.

Sunmaker smoked on with glazed face till he began to understand it all; then he said: "My daughter, you were my heart. Sit beside me and tell me of this wonderful thing."

Then she spoke, and her story was to him a sweet relief from care. "It is good," he said. "Surely the white-people are wonder-working beings."

Exploring the Sea Bottom

An Italian Inventor's Machines for Submarine Investigation

CAVALLIERE PISO, an Italian inventor, has devised two machines for submarine use, from which important results are expected. One is a submarine worker for use at greater depths than divers can endure. It is a big steel egg, built so strong as to withstand great pressure of water, and equipped with steel axes and hands for moving objects on the sea bottom. It carries two men, who look out through heavy crystal windows and see whatever is in sight. It has a telephone which communicates with the surface, and is furnished with electric power, by means of which it proceeds on a single wheel over the sea bottom wherever its governor chooses. It holds air enough to last a moderate time, and when more is needed it can be supplied from the surface. In like manner it can be furnished with light. The inventor believes that his machine will be highly effective for the recovery of sunken treasures or articles of any kind that have been lost in the sea. In the case of a sunken ship, he proposes to go down in his machine, find the ship, put dynamite in it in the right place, blow off the deck, and direct the operations of men at the surface in getting out the ship's contents. He will be able to mark the position of treasure chests or heavy articles by line and buoy, so that they may be grasped by grapnels and hauled up.

His other invention, the hydroscope, is an apparatus for searching the sea bottom from the surface. The inventor has not yet disclosed how it works. The laws of optics govern its construction, yet it is something more than an instrument which reflects images from one mirror to another. That it does work, and well, is attested by a group of competent persons who saw it tried in the harbor of Genoa on January 26, 1903. They certified that through the hydroscope they were able to see clearly objects in the sea bed in their true form, color, and position, and that the instrument did its work well. Its inventor says that down to a depth of one hundred meters his apparatus will reveal the sea bed by natural light, and that greater depths than that will require artificial light. The Greek government has made a contract with him for the recovery of wrecks of old sunk two thousand years ago in Greek waters near Corinth,

some of which he has already brought up. The English government, too, has contracted with him for the recovery of wrecks from the *Black Prince*, sunk during the Crimean war. His machines will have a good chance to show their abilities. There are plenty of rich prizes at the bottom of the sea, and the location of many of them is well enough known to make a search for them inviting, provided the means of search are adequate. But the main aim about the kind in the hand being worth two in the bush applies with accuracy to the search for sunken treasure.

There have been so many attempts to raise, or rifle, treasure-ships, and so few have succeeded, that we shall all be sceptical about the realization of the Cavalliere's hopes until we see actual results from his endeavors. The Greek stories which he has brought up constitute such results as far as they go, and the results of his further labors in Greek waters will be followed with interest.

Cavalliere Pino thinks his hydroscope will be used by steamship companies for the safety of their passengers, who will no longer be satisfied to see only sky and water when they can easily enjoy a ramble and extended subaqueous prospect. "They will see thousands of fishes play and flee before them," he says, "while deserts, fields, forests, and mountains will pass like the figures of a cinematograph; daily, and nightly too, for when the natural light fails electric light will replace it."

A remarkable machine, this would be if it is to do wonders such as these. It is less complete beside than the Cavalliere's other invention, which is an application of Submarine man-



Using the new hydrographic invention of Signor Cavalliere Pino for exploring the bottom of the sea, the explorer is able to descend in the egg-shaped sink to great depths. The grappling device shown in the drawing is worked from the deck of the ship, from there, also, the life and treasures of the sea floor may be seen by means of a series of mirrors.

modern means which seems to be fairly due. Changes have at times just been like air-ships in their propensity to disappoint hopes, but since electricity has come to be so easily and effectively handled they have demonstrated their title to rank among the mechanical wonders that belong in the list of things accomplished. With our government building billions of feet of pipe and steel under water, and the various European governments spending money on subaqueous monsters of like power and purpose, it is easy to believe that we have reached the time when the sea bottom at reasonable depths can be safely exposed by eye-witnesses, and compelled to give up its possessions.



"Good Deeds" and "Knowledge" agree to accompany "Everyman" on his Pilgrimage to the other World

"Everyman," An Old Morality Play

ONE of the notably interesting dramatic productions of the current season has been that of the fifteenth-century morality play "Everyman," first at Mendelssohn Hall and now at the Garden Theatre. Its chiefest appeal is doubtless to the student of the drama pure and simple, but it has not been without enterprising qualities to the ordinary theatre-goer of intelligence. Its effect upon certain minds has been curious. We know of some who have attended with the idea of finding something in the production that would inspire thoughtful rumination, but it was not long before the would-be reader was to be found sitting back in his chair completely and even reverently absorbed in the unfolding of the grim and inevitable story of *Everyman's* pilgrimage from heedless youth to the grave. Even the character *Death*, who in his make-up and movement would seem to verge on something a flippant mind could seize upon for the exercise of its shallow wit, instantly commanded respectful attention, and it was by no means the intense severity of theme and action that was responsible for this. There was an atmosphere of impressiveness, of sacredness, about the whole performance that was not at all favorable to the disportment of the frivolous spirit, and the deep sincerity of the actors who essayed the roles was at all times so manifest as to serve as a deterrent to

any inclination to make light either of themselves or of the solemn business they had in hand.

The morality play, which in this particular case serves as a link of impassance between the mystery plays of ancient times and the modern drama, was revived in London last season under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society of London with this identical production, and played, we are informed, by some competent company which presents it here. Its run over the sea was of gratifying length, and both for the scholarly intent it inspired, and for its novelty, it made a strong appeal to a very wide class of theatre-goers. Nevertheless, it was a considerable adventure to risk its fortunes on the American stage, and there were not a few who doubted the possibility of its favorable reception in a community where the lighter order of dramatic entertainment has by slow degrees been over-dominating the more serious. We think, therefore, that the public is to be congratulated upon the continued success of "Everyman" wherever it has appeared. It has convincingly demonstrated that in the vast theatre-going body in New York and other cities there is a portion of fine taste and of appreciation of intellectual effort that is distinctly recognizable. An occasional production of the type of "Everyman" is all that is needed to bring it to the surface.





Dress for Harper's Weekly by Clarence F. Underwood

LONESOME

BY E. S. MARTIN

*Time lately was when she had friends galore;
All men; and each one would be something more.
All gone! Too kind to disappoint nineteen,
She tried to be a sister to a score.*

A SERIES OF MOVING PICTURES

A SUBURBAN EXPERIMENT

BY ALBERT LEVERING



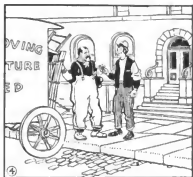
"Just listen to this, Bob!" says so-called, hot and cold water, a great big line—divers answers to the "New!" "Hey!" We'll just take that place for six months on trial!"



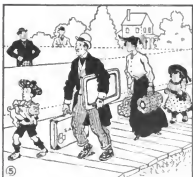
"K. A. M.—? You, A. M., I'm going to put right a!" and here, there's some gibberish around here any way, a crowd 'll get took."



"Which ever next, matter that shuffles in this cabinet?"
"Let's see—er— Oh, Bobbi, get out of the way!"



"Think we'll set out an time to set up the old one, and have lunch?"
"Surest time, or time— We'll have yet all more of our time in a couple of hours—look!"



"I suppose 't didn't seem so far from that last holiday's how I was out here to have the place handy!"



"K. P. M. to-day—moving, great big line!" "I'm a comfortable bed on it to make—hot and cold water—I'm on it up to the top. It's the best— I've never meant to do this— to do it!" But six months on a..."

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
 Together, dwarf'd or goliath, bond or free:
 For she that out of Lethæ seals with man
 The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
 His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal.
 Stays all the fair young planet in her
 hand—
 If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
 How shall men grow? *Tranquon.*

"Were I a god, and a well-meaning one,
 the marriages of people would annoy me
 more than anything else. . . . The individ-
 uals are wasted, the accidentality of mar-
 riage makes every reasonable and great
 course of humanity impossible."—*Nietzsche.*

To talk of nothing but prosperity and
 commerce is to talk like a merchant, and
 not like a philosopher. To aim only at the
 enriching of nations is to act like a banker,
 but not like a legislator.—*Joubert.*

WATER-BED MATTRESS—Men, who require a support for their
 aches, all also enjoy the use of this mattress. It soothes the
 body, soothes the nerves, allows all parts, nerves, and ends, and
 is too good for words.—*[Adv.]*

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 is richer in proteins, fats and salts than the human milk, hence
 it must be adapted to infant feeding. **BIRDSON'S BREAD**
CONDENSED MILK is the perfection of a cow's milk for
 infants. Every first prize exhibition has made it the best
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TELEPHONE SERVICE is the twentieth century means of com-
 munication. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from
 8 PM to 5 AM, New York Telephone Co., 15 Day Street, 111
 West 30th Street, 213 West 125th Street.—*[Adv.]*

Acids and bases neutralized with a taste which suits the
 palate. **AMBIT'S**, the Oriental Anestheric Bitters, are noted for
 their derivative properties. All druggists.—*[Adv.]*

Don't be deluded into buying **Keating's** makes when the
 best is **AMBIT'S**. **AMBIT'S** GENERAL EXTRA DRY.—*[Adv.]*

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25-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-



Henry James

IT has been said of Professor James of Harvard that he is too good a novelist to be a good psychologist; and of his brother, Henry James, that he is too great a psychologist to be a novelist. However true that be,—and truth is usually sacrificed in some measure to an epigram,—each of these men has won a unique reputation in his chosen profession, aided no doubt by his comprehension of his brother's calling.

Of the two, Henry James the writer of novels, whose latest portrait we now publish, has won the wider recognition. "Master of evolutionary style," he is beyond doubt one of the keenest analysts of character among living writers. It is a remarkable tribute to his power that with his involved and analytical method of treatment,—his worship of literary style for its own sake,—he yet commands the attention of an enormous public on both sides of the Atlantic, including that body of readers which devotes the popu-

lar novel, as well as a more discriminating class. The obvious conclusion is that he does not sacrifice interest in an effort to attain to what he may consider higher things.

Mr. James is one of the many distinguished Americans residing abroad. The quaint old house in Iver, where he has his home, is one of the landmarks of a town by no means poor in "beams." Here he works steadily, and with a prodigality by no means his least remarkable trait.

Since *A Passionate Pilgrimage* in 1875 a book a year he has averaged, and each is a distinct and unrecurred step in the upward progress of his work.

The Incessant Recurrence, now appearing serially in the pages of the *York American Review*, is his latest, and in many respects his greatest work. Henry James the psychologist has not permitted retrogression in the mental power of Henry James the writer.

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Transportation in London

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON is an impossible city to get about in. Whatever attractions it may possess, its rapid transit system is not one of them. As a matter of fact, "system" is the wrong word for the chaos of ill-connected, desperately competing railroads and omnibus routes that suffices, or pretends to suffice, for the needs of its six million inhabitants. The other day, in the House of Commons, Mr. James Bryce brought forward a motion on the subject. He asked "whether his Majesty's government would reconsider the desirability of instituting, by royal commission or otherwise, into the means of locomotion and transportation in London on and beneath the surface, including the better regulation of vehicular traffic, the possibility of appropriating certain thoroughfares to certain kinds of traffic, the means of facilitating the construction of electric tramways along or immediately beneath the streets, and the steps to be taken for creating a properly arranged and conveniently inter-connected system of deep-level electric railways." Mr. Balfour replied that, though he had not quite made up his mind, it was probable that a royal commission would be appointed, if so, it will be one of the most interesting and hardest worked commissions that has ever set.

One has only to live in London a week to see the need of some such impartial, systematic inquiry. Traffic, in spite of an absolute stringency in observing the "rule of the road," is blocked in every direction. A fine June afternoon makes one's progress down Piccadilly work out at the rate of a mile in ten minutes. That is the quickest one may hope for. A quarter of an hour per mile is the average performance, and this quite irrespective of the vehicle one happens to be sitting in. A champion roadster, the broken-down cavalry charger that works out the fag-end of his life between the shafts of a cab, and the woody omnibus hack are all on a par in Piccadilly. The pace of a procession is the pace of its slowest unit, and a carriage and pair stand about as good a chance of getting ahead of the humbler traffic in that famous thoroughfare as a Broadway car has of outstripping its immediate forerunner. Americans who have not seen it, can hardly conceive the volume of Piccadilly's traffic. There is nothing in New York that even suggests it. A block of vehicles, a quarter of a mile long and from right to ten deep, is so common an occurrence that one hardly notices it. At the corner of Hamilton Place and Piccadilly, where the traffic flowing east and west meets the stream flowing north and south, you may count almost any afternoon in the season as many as three thousand vehicles in an hour. There they stand, with wheels almost touching, sometimes for ten minutes on end, till the policeman waves his hand, and the monstrous cavalcade of carriages, cabs, carts, omnibuses, motor-cars, hansom, brewery drays, railroad wagons, shop vans, four-wheeled, page traps, and butchers' carts goes surging along till the last portion of another side-street gull it up once more. Things are a little better now than they used to be. Early last year the London County Council shaved off a portion of the Green Park, and added it on to Piccadilly just opposite the point where Hamilton Place debouches. There are now six parallel streams of traffic almost constantly in motion, with as many policemen perpetually stationed there to direct them into the proper route. The blockades rarely last more than two or three minutes, and the Americans who are hurrying to catch a train at Paddington or to keep an appointment at his club or hotel, no longer find Hamilton Place the obstacle it was. The big Picca-

(Continued on page 555.)



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Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

THREE generalizations may be afforded of this year's exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The average of achievement is on the whole, a grade higher than usual; the number of canvases painted by Americans in Paris is increasing year by year; despite the great masses in the

catalogue the list of painters who do not exhibit with the society is growing so long as to suggest the condition that resulted in the formation of the society itself by seceders from the Academy.

The present exhibition is properly dominated by Abbott Thayer's "Winged Figure," a large canvas hanging on the north wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery opposite the entrance. A white-robed female figure of heroic size is seated on a rock. The painting is "inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson." In the dark background, tropical foliage is suggested. The drapery flows lightly over the slender figure, and sweeps in lines of beauty down the rocks. The face is of the exquisite type Mr. Thayer delights in painting, and which in its perfection all good Americans instinctively refer to Mary Anderson.

The same gallery contains John S. Sargent's portrait of William M. Chase, a capital example of the painter's most vigorous work, and a worthy memorial of Mr. Chase, which his pupils will present to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Near it is "The Flower," by John W. Alexander, a study of a young woman fastening in her gown a water lily just chosen from a great cluster of half-grown blossoms, the whole broadly painted in the low tones which are Mr. Alexander's favorite medium. This artist is further represented by his charming full-length portrait of Mrs. Thomas Hastings. A place of honor in

the Vanderbilt Gallery is given to Samuel Johnson's "The Coming of Spring," inspired by the lines of Fitzgibbon's Omar beginning: "Come! fill the cup, and to the din of spring / Your voices general of espousals bring."

This is a broadly painted, decorative composition, beautiful in color, and true to the spirit of the subject.

In the same gallery are also hung the winners of this year's prizes: Douglas Volk's "The Boy with the Arrow," winner of the Carnegie award for the best painting entered in competition; Louis Loeb's "The Thresh," a landscape in a luminous mist with female figures walking, reclining, and bathing in a pool, winner of the Webb gold medal; and Louise Cox's "Office," the portrait of a daintily clad, pink-checked child, to which has been awarded the Shaw memorial prize for the best work of art exhibited by a woman. The pictures reproduced in this number include Mrs. Cox's prize-taker, Sergeant Kendall's wholly delightful painting, "The Green Gnome," portraits of a mother and daughter, the small green-robed child perched at her mother's side, and intent upon a story which the mother is reading from the book in her lap; and Paul Moschowitz's "Mother and Child," an excellent piece of work by this talented young painter.

The most curious glance at the remaining pictures in the show can hardly overlook Miss Mary Shepard Greene's "In No

Petite Histoire," a charming interior of the period of Louis XVI, with a young woman reclining, which received a second award at last spring's Paris Salon; Kenyon Cox's strong and lively colored portrait of Mr. Ponce; and Winslow Homer's two admirable views.



"Mother and Child."—By Paul Moschowitz



"The Green Gnome"—By Sergeant Kendall



"Office."—By Louise Cox—Shaw Prize

(Continued from page 352.)

dilly jom has now moved farther east, and centers round Berkeley and Albanarle streets. There it is just about as bad as it used to be at Hamilton Place. Bond Street, the meanest and narrowest of streets, lined with the most expensive shops in London, grows more impassable every year, though here, too, as in Piccadilly, the amount of traffic depends a good deal on the season. In the Strand, however, the block is perpetual. The quickest way of getting from Charing Cross Station to Ludgate Circus is to walk. As for the City itself, and the narrow world of arteries leading to and from it, locomotion there is simply a series of jerks—every few yards, and the "uplifted hand of the policeman," on which the late Mr. Bayard used to enlarge with such enthusiasm, pulls you up.

There is only one thing to admire about it all—the super-existence of driving. A horse trip is unthinkable in London; it could not survive a day's outing in the over-stocked streets, where the strain on the nerves of those inside the vehicles is so great that few Londoners over sixty years of age venture out in a hansom. The sight of the innumerable quarter-inch escapées of catastrophe they run is too much for them, and, like Sir Henry Irving, they seek the security of a hrougham or four-wheeler to shut it out. Collisions, though, are wonderfully rare; every drayman, coach, cabby, omnibus driver, handcar, rickshaw, with the assurance of the president of the Four-in-Hand Club. Still one does not hail a hansom merely to admire the cleverness of the man on the box. There is a human desire to reach one's destination, and if that happens to lie anywhere within the congested area, which, roughly speaking, includes the City and most of the shopping districts, it is well to be triply armed in philosophic brass. A great deal of this congestion is not only inevitable, but, so far as one can see, irremediable. It could only be got rid of by rebuilding London, and that is an impossible task, if only on the score of expense. The city of six millions has to get along as best it can with the streets that served a population of half a million; and it is quite vain to hope that any man or any governing authority will arise in London what Hansmann did for Paris and Abergher for Washington. Most of the charm and all the inconvenience of London come from this one fact, that it is a city which has grown. New York by comparison looks as though it had been hit off at a stroke and dumped down on Manhattan Island by contract. London as we know it to-day is simply an amalgamation of a great many old suburbs and villages that have joined together without plan, symmetry, or method of any kind. The country lanes of former days are now busy streets, but otherwise as straggling and narrow as they ever were. The old village streets are now the thoroughfares of a prodigious traffic, but not one whit wider than they were in King Charles's day. Very few of the London streets have been actually built—that is to say, deliberately laid out and planned and executed from beginning to end. Very few of them existed on paper before they existed in fact. Almost all are the survivals and extensions of century-old lanes and by-paths, "short cuts" across fields, and so on.

There can, therefore, be hardly any question of rebuilding London, of pulling it down, and remodeling it afresh. The city will remain to the end of time much as it is now, a fascinating jumble of irregularities. What, however, can be done, and what the London County Council is doing, is to widen the already existing streets, and occasionally to build a new one. At this moment what provision to be a really magnificent thoroughfare is being built between Holborn and the Strand at a cost of some



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\$25,000,000; the Strand, too, is being slowly widened; there is a scheme, which in a few years will begin to bear fruit, for the broadening of the Circus end of Fleet-street, and in a short time the narrow gut of Knightsbridge will be developed into something approaching a street. All this, of course, will help to relieve the congestion for a while, at any rate. Nothing can permanently relieve it, for the volume of traffic grows at a quite uncontrollable rate. Already it is being prophesied by the experts that the new avenue between Holborn and the Strand will require a fresh bridge over the Thames to take charge of the traffic that will come thundering down from northern London. Indeed, it is becoming obvious that new streets and wider streets will not of themselves solve the problem that what is needed is a vital change both in the character and disposition of the traffic.

Take, for instance the immense item of passenger traffic. London's management of it is, in some ways, about twenty years behind New York's or Berlin's or even Rome's. Within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross there are plying year in and year out some 2500 omnibuses and about 12,000 cabs. The omnibuses carry not less than 330,000,000 passengers yearly, but they are hideous contrivances. Intolerably cold in winter, intolerably stuffy in summer. It is they who set the pace for the rest of London, for they are big, lumbering, difficult to pass, and constantly stopping to take up passengers. On an ordinary route, part of which would lie in the congested area and part in the comparatively open thoroughfares, their pace is about six or seven miles an hour at the outside. No one less than an Englishman to agree that what ever it is right would have tolerated them all these years. They have, of course, the merit of cheapness—along some routes you may travel three miles for two cents—and they have also "garden" seats on the roof, which, though carefully arranged to "catch" you in the smallest of the hard, do in summertime give one a very pleasant opportunity of sitting up aloft and watching the endless panorama of the streets. Americans "doing" London are advised by Baedeker to mount an omnibus and take a seat as near as may be to the always talkative and cheery driver; and very good advice it is. As for the world-famous London-kennos—the ponds of London, as Baedeker calls it—too much praise cannot be accorded. They are as comfortable as the most buses are uncomfortable. No public vehicle can rival them anywhere. I have even heard them described as "the one civil institution of this metropolis that a town in Western America, on the lookout for the latest improvement, would do well to transplant." Except a well-sprung victoria they offer perhaps the pleasantest way of getting about a city. They are clean, well-maintained, and the fare, which is fixed by law at twenty-five cents for any distance not exceeding two miles and twelve cents for every additional mile or part of a mile, with a charge of four cents for each item of baggage that may be carried on the roof, puts them within reach of people of moderate means. Whatever changes may be made in the transit systems of the future, however great may be the popularity of "Tuppenny Tubes" and motors, the kennos will always hold its own.

Now these omnibuses and hansom-cabs are the only means of surface transportation offered to Londoners. London is so big that one has to distinguish. In the suburbs and on the south, the "impossible" side of the river, you will find horse-carriages, and even a few lines of electric cars. But I am talking of that section which in most people represents the whole residential London, the London of society, of shops, of theatres, of Kensington, St.

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fair, Belgravia, the "Fly," Regent Street, the Strand, and so on. It is here where the surface traffic problem is greatest and where coaches and hansom cabs are relied upon to solve it. An American asks at once, "Why not electric or even cable-cars?" The only answer to that question I have ever heard is that "tramsways," to give them their English name, are not considered "gentle." An English expert on the subject gives this as the sole explanation. "Street," he says, "are supposed to deteriorate in social standing if a tramcar enters them. At present the streets of London, or at least of the West End, seem to be managed solely in the interests of the wealthy, who keep carriages and ride in cabs. It is the opposition of this class which has succeeded hitherto in preventing London from having a tramway service equal to that of all other capitals." What, at any rate, is obvious is that electric cars are quietly ruled out of the whole discussion. It is one of those cases where British prejudice seems invulnerable. They will not even consider it—and there's an end on 't. Neither will they for one moment dream of experimenting with elevated railroads of any kind whatsoever. "None of your damned Yankee contrivances" is the spirit in which they discuss the matter, sure and for all. Even subways at the intersection of two or more streets they are inclined to throw out of court, having heard that similar things are to be found in Boston and Chicago.

Equally averse, then, to electric cars and elevated railroads, there is nothing for the Londoner to do but to burrow underground. This he has done with such persistence and of late with real success. Of the District and the Metropolitan Underground railroads, that are operated by steam, it is impossible to say anything fresh. All the recognized dictionaries have been exhausted in abusing them as the dirtiest, smokest, most uncomfortable, most superfluous, and most unaccommodating services to be found outside of Italy. So long as they were without competitors, they earned huge dividends, and disregarded all criticisms and all protests, in the best British fashion. To-day they find themselves in consequence in the hands of Mr. Verhey, who will electrify them in more senses than one. On the other hand, the "Tuppenny Tube" is an achievement which even New York will be hard put to it to leant. The system is operated by electricity, there are plenty of trains, and they all run quickly and smoothly. They are arranged like the cars on the Manhattan Elevated, but better upholstered, better finished, and perfectly lighted. The conductors know their business, and make the passengers "hustle" as Englishmen never hustled before. Ten seconds during normal and fifteen seconds during rush hours is the average stop at each platform. The stations, their approaches and passages—all of which are lined with white tiles—and the elevators that take you fifty or sixty feet underground to your train, are all admirable. There is, indeed, hardly a hostile criticism to be made except that the cars are apt to get overheated and close. If New York manages to overcome this drawback in her subway line, she will be possessed of the speediest and most comfortable means of city transportation that has yet been invented. Naturally the success of the "Tube" has started up schemes for half a dozen similar projects, and Parliament has already authorized the building of nearly sixty miles of new underground railroad. It is to have all these schemes brought into harmony and dependence with one another, to have them considered in conjunction with improved surface facilities, and especially with the utilization of the Thames, now utterly neglected as a highway of traffic, that Mr. Bryce asks for a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject in all its bearings.

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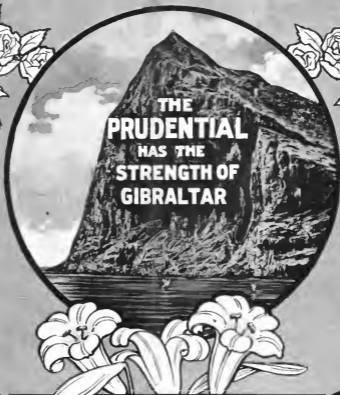
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COMMENT

We have discussed elsewhere the principal features of the award made by the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission, and would here merely direct attention to the recommendation with which the report concludes. The suggestion is that the State and Federal governments should provide machinery for a compulsory investigation of difficulties similar to the investigation which this commission has undertaken. It is obvious that, if such machinery were provided by both the State and the Federal governments, there would be a conflict of jurisdiction unless there were some agreement as to the order in which recourse should be made to the two methods of inquiry. There is no doubt about the power of the State to investigate and regulate any industrial corporation which it may have created. It is questionable, on the other hand, whether the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission itself, or any similar body called into being by the Federal government, would have the right of investigating and regulating the within-State business of a corporation against its will. The commission expresses the opinion that, with a few modifications, the Federal act of October, 1888, authorizing a commission to settle controversies between railroad corporations and other common carriers could be made the basis of a law for arbitration in the anthracite coal-mining business. The common carriers contemplated by the Federal statute in question were engaged in inter-State commerce, whereas anthracite coal-mining is a within-State industry. Apparently, the commission holds that the power of the Federal government to reach the within-State business of State corporations was affirmed by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases. Unquestionably, the Federal government would have a formidable regulative power if it could prohibit a given anthracite mining company from sending its coal beyond the borders of the State in which the combustible was mined. It is to be noted, however, that the commission would not make submission to the award of a Federal board compulsory on the part of either operators or mine-workers. It believes that the report of a Federal board of inquiry would enlighten public opinion, and would thus subject both parties to a strike or lockout to a moral pressure that would impel them voluntarily to accept the terms of settlement proposed. Whether the Fifty-eighth Congress will sanction the suggested extension of the law of 1888 from inter-State common carriers to within-State industrial corporations is uncertain, although those who doubt the constitutionality of such a

project may well be discouraged by the close approach to unanimity with which the Fifty-seventh Congress appropriated money to defray the cost of the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission, which Mr. Roosevelt appointed, he said, not as President, but in his personal capacity.

We do not share the apprehension expressed in some quarters that the Cuban reciprocity treaty is dead because the Senate's amendment, providing that it shall not go into effect until Congress approves it, is inconsistent with the original provision that it should become operative ten days after the exchange of ratifications which was to be made before March 31, 1903. There is all the difference in the world between death and suspended animation. All that Cuba needs to do is to ratify the treaty in the amended form adopted by our Senate. Then, when the Fifty-eighth Congress meets—and it is likely to be convoked in November—it will simply be necessary to secure the approval of the document by a bare majority in each Chamber. In view of the fact that the treaty was ratified in the Senate by a majority of the Democratic Senators, as well as by an almost solid Republican vote, Mr. Roosevelt should have no difficulty in prevailing upon the new Congress to approve the measure. If the ultimate execution of the treaty is doubtful, the ground for the doubt now lies in Cuba rather than in the United States.

What may prove a source of obstruction is the demand embodied in the amended treaty that certain American commodities shall be admitted to the island at rates of duty materially lower than those originally agreed upon. As the reduction exacted will affect the island's customs revenue to a certain extent, it may be made the pretext for opposition to the treaty. It must be borne in mind that English and German exporters, who have many friends in Havana, are vehemently opposed to a compact whereby American manufactures would obtain so decided a preference as to give them a close approach to a monopoly of the Cuban market. Then, again, the prospects of the Cuban sugar industry are decidedly brighter than they were a year ago. The agreement reached by the Brussels sugar conference will go into effect early in October, and will relieve Cuban sugars from the ruinous competition to which they have hitherto been subjected on the part of the European beet-root product. The Cubans will make a grave mistake, however, if, elated by the promised improvement in their economical situation, they miss the opportunity of monopolizing the American market for raw sugar during at least five years. It is very questionable whether the countries of the European Continent which are interested in the beet-sugar industry will long adhere to the Brussels convention.

The arguments before the Federal Court of Appeals at St. Louis in the important Northern Securities case came to an end on March 21, but, owing to the enormous amount of evidence taken, several months are likely to elapse before a decision is made. It will be remembered that the Northern Securities Company, which is a New Jersey corporation, acquired a controlling interest in both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads. The question is whether the Federal Anti-Trust act, which was intended to insure competition between common carriers, is not thereby violated. The defendant corporation, the Northern Securities Company, insists through its counsel that it had a right under State laws to form the combination to which the Attorney-General of the United States objects; that it is for the States, and not

for the Federal government, to regulate the consolidation of railway companies; and that the Anti-Trust act has not been violated because the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways are separately operated. On the other hand, the counsel for the United States Attorney-General maintained that the alleged separation of the railways named is merely nominal and technical, and that those roads, ostensibly competitive, are, as a matter of fact, managed in the sole and exclusive interest of the Northern Securities Company, which, controlling both systems through its agents, arrogates the right to establish rates and dictate commercial policies in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, and other States. It is denied that the Northern Securities Company had a right to secure under the laws of New Jersey a charter that would enable it to violate the laws of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it is further claimed on behalf of Attorney-General Knox that the laws of New Jersey confer upon the defendant corporation no such power as is asserted for it. We scarcely need point out the magnitude, actual and prospective, of the interests involved in this litigation. The whole future of the American railway system may be materially affected by the decision ultimately reached. We say ultimately, because, whatever judgment may be handed down by the Federal Court of Appeals, the case will undoubtedly be carried to the United States Supreme Court. We shall probably have to wait a year, at all events, before the status of the Northern Securities Company is finally determined.

No well-informed politicians doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's tour in the West and Far West will furnish proof of his continued popularity in those sections. Nevertheless, there have been lately some signs of a concerted movement to put forward opposing candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1904. The open or secret opponents of a formidable candidate usually employ the following tactics: On the one hand they take measures to secure the delegations from the Southern States which are hopelessly Democratic, and, on the other hand, they try to persuade each of the large Republican States to pledge its delegation to a so-called favorite son. Senator Fairbanks, who could probably obtain the delegation from his own State, Indiana, is said to be negotiating for newspaper support in the South in an effort to procure delegates from that section. Ex-Speaker Keifer, who knows a good deal about Ohio politics, has recently expressed the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt is losing ground. That Senator Hanna will control the Ohio delegation seems to be generally taken for granted, although he probably has the action that he will be a candidate for the Presidency. Whether Senator Allison will control Iowa's delegation is uncertain, owing to the great strength possessed by Governor Cummins in that State. In the Michigan delegation Senator Alger is likely to have a good deal of influence. Just now it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt's opponents would eventually concentrate on Senator Spooner of Wisconsin.

Much depends on the question whether Governor Cummins will carry the Iowa idea into the next Republican national convention, and demand the incorporation of it in the platform. Precisely what position Mr. Roosevelt will take with regard to a revision of the tariff is not yet known, and quite different conclusions have been drawn from the fact that Governor Cummins, after three long conferences with the President, has announced his determination to work for a revision of the Dingley act. Was this announcement concerted with the President, or was it made in defiance of the Executive's wishes? We shall soon get light upon this subject. Mr. Roosevelt can scarcely avoid alluding to it during his Western tour, though he knows that, if he declares himself in favor of a genuine, as distinguished from a pretended, revision of the tariff, he may expect to find the extreme protectionists consolidated against him in the national convention of his party. Of course were the nomination once assured, Mr. Roosevelt might well desire to see a revision plank inserted in the platform on which he was to stand, for he would thereby be enabled to hold a good many votes which otherwise might drift to the Democracy.

On the Democratic side, also, there are indications of activity. Mr. Bryan in his Commoner has bewailed the eleva-

tion of Mr. Gorman to the leadership of the Democratic Senators, but the latter and his friends have studiously refrained from uttering a word calculated to embitter the Nebraskan. The men who are destined to control the next Democratic national convention are determined not to give Mr. Bryan any plausible pretext for bolting. So long as he is not subjected to personal insult, he cannot, with any show of consistency, refuse to support the platform and the candidate adopted by his party's convention. There will be more than one plank in that platform of which he can heartily approve, and, if the convention maintains a judicious silence regarding the free coinage of silver it will simply be doing, as Mr. Bryan knows, what the Kansas City convention earnestly wished to do. The position which the Democracy will take in 1904 was probably outlined correctly by Mr. Edward M. Shepard at the Jackson-day dinner at Chicago. He declared that, as a Democrat, he was equally impressed with the danger threatened to American liberty by the trusts on the one hand, and by trade-unions on the other, and he demanded the guarantee of personal independence from encroachment by either side. In his reference to the tariff, he undoubtedly foreshadowed the course of the convention, which will advocate, not, of course, free trade, nor a sweeping revision of the tariff, but the removal or the reduction to a revenue basis of duties on imported goods that compete with American products which are the subjects of monopoly.

It is probable, also, that the convention will recommend an income tax, although, unless the decision of the United States Supreme Court should be reversed, a constitutional amendment would be needed for the purpose. The extensive tour in the West which Mr. Cleveland is about to make will touch us whether the remarkable revival of his influence which has of late been noticed in the East is a national, rather than a local phenomenon. We may be tolerably sure beforehand that his view of the policy which the Democracy should pursue will not differ materially from Mr. Shepard's. We may learn presently how the Parker boom is looked upon by Mr. Hill, for he has agreed to address the Democratic Editorial Association of New York on Jefferson's birthday, which will be April 13. It is possible, though not probable, that, without Mr. Hill's consent, Judge Parker could obtain an undivided delegation from New York, but there is some reason to believe that he would decline to be a candidate unless he was sure of Mr. Hill's support. Another matter of interest to the Democracy is the approaching municipal election in Cleveland, Ohio, where the Republicans will make a desperate effort to prevent the re-election of Tom Johnson to the Mayoralty. Should Mr. Johnson be re-elected, he would have a chance of controlling the Ohio delegation in the next Democratic national convention, in which event Mr. Bryan would have a powerful ally.

Commenting upon the resolution introduced in the last Congress by Representative De Armond, the resolution requesting the President to learn upon what terms Great Britain would cede to us the Dominion of Canada, the Chicago Tribune rightly says that for the schism of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent the United States are partly to blame. The Tribune overlooks, however, our fundamental blunder. During the summer and autumn of 1774, after the government of Lord North had instituted a blockade of Boston, the Canadians shared the sympathy with which the inhabitants of that town were resented by most of the American colonists. The French and English deputies of Quebec combined to send them a thousand and forty bushels of wheat. To stifle such sympathy, the British government passed the Quebec act, whereby the Roman Catholic Church was as effectually established in Canada as was the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Unfortunately, the American colonists had not wholly purged themselves of Protestant fanaticism, and in its address to the people of Great Britain the first Continental Congress denounced the Quebec act, and described the Roman Catholic religion as one that had propagated impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion in every part of the world. All it would offer the French Canadians was complete religious freedom and equality. Naturally, the Catholic clergy of Canada preferred the monopoly which the Quebec act conceded to them. Had the first Continental

Congress kept in view the fact that at that time in Virginia, in Massachusetts, and in many another colony a peculiar form of Protestantism was by law established, and had recognized the right of the Canadian people to establish Catholicism in their province, there is but little doubt that the expeditions headed by Arnold and Montgomery would have been successful, and that Canada would have joined the Thirteen Colonies in a struggle for independence. Fatal were the consequences of our repudiation of the Quebec act, which simply assured to Catholicism in Canada the same privileged position which the Anglican Church possessed in Virginia, and Congregationalism in Massachusetts. We are not sure that the Chicago Tribune is right in describing our abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with Canada in 1866 as another mistake. The Tribune thinks that the effect of that treaty had been to create a tendency toward continental union. No such effect was contemplated by Lord Elgin, the negotiator of the treaty. On the contrary, he secured the ratification of the convention by Southern Senators, who did not want any more Free States admitted to the Union, by frankly avowing that, unless the Canadians could get reciprocity, their demand for political incorporation with the United States would within ten years prove irresistible. Lord Elgin's view of the situation was confirmed by the event. No sooner was the reciprocity treaty passed than the annexationist movement in Canada died away.

We have formerly discussed the machinery provided in Switzerland for the application of the initiative and referendum to both federal and cantonal legislation. It looks as if the Swiss example might be followed in one of our larger commonwealths. The Upper House of Missouri's Legislature passed the other day by a unanimous vote a joint resolution providing for the submission of the question of adopting the initiative and referendum to the people of that State. If the plan proposed is ratified by the electors, a petition signed by ten per cent. of the voters will suffice hereafter to compel the Legislature to introduce a particular measure; a petition signed by fifteen per cent. will compel the Legislature to refer any statute which may pass to the popular vote. When, however, it is desired to initiate a constitutional amendment, a petition signed by twenty per cent. of the voters will be requisite. If the joint resolution embodying these provisions is accepted by the Lower House of Missouri's Legislature—which seems probable—the proposal will be laid before the people at the next general election. It was wise to fix that date for testing the popular will, for experience has shown that it is seldom possible to elicit a full expression of public opinion on any occasion except when a general election or important local election is held. Thus, in New Hampshire the other day, less than a third of the vote cast for President in 1900 was recorded with reference to a number of amendments of the State Constitution, one of which substituted the word "Christian" for the word "Protestant" in the organic law of the commonwealth, while another conceded the suffrage to women, and a third prescribed an educational qualification for these amendments in the political structure of the State, they excited much less interest than the question whether Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan should become the Federal Chief Magistrate. When George Washington was chosen President, on the other hand, the people of New Hampshire looked upon their State government as incomparably more important than the scheme of Federal administration which had been devised at Philadelphia in 1787.

For the first time since Mr. Gladstone resigned the post of Premier, public attention in the United Kingdom, and to a considerable extent on this side of the Atlantic also, is fixed upon Ireland. We do not yet know the details of the Land Purchase bill which was introduced in the House of Commons on March 25 by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. It is confidently believed, however, that the forecast of the measure formerly outlined by us will be fulfilled. It is even more necessary for the Balfour government to conciliate the Nationalist members in Parliament and the Irish vote in British constituencies than it was six weeks ago. In the interval the cabinet has twice been rescued from an adverse vote in the House of Commons by Nationalist support, and its candidates have encountered a

series of disastrous defeats at by-elections. Fortunately for the ministry, it can meet the wishes of the Irish people for agrarian reform without alienating its friends in the House of Lords, many of whom are Irish landlords. For the first time since the reign of George I., Irish landlords and Irish tenants are united in interest. As we have previously pointed out, they are agreed upon a scheme whereby the landlords will be enabled to sell their lands for more than the market price, whereas the tenants will get it for less than the market price. This paradoxical conciliation of interests will be brought about at the expense of the British taxpayer, who will be called upon to pay the difference. The annual interest, however, on the sum needed to make good the difference will be inconsiderable, compared with the vast importance of securing tranquillity and order in Ireland. According to Mr. T. W. Russell, who has done more than any other man to bring about the present era of good will, the Land Purchase bill is not the only concession by which the Balfour government aims to propitiate the Irish people. It is said that a considerable instalment of home rule will be granted in the form of a local government bill, by which we understand that on the substructure of the county and district councils will be erected a species of national council at Dublin which will be entrusted with certain powers of local legislation. There is no reason, however, to expect that such a measure will be introduced before the next session of Parliament. Some doubt has been expressed concerning Mr. Chamberlain's view of the proposal, but it is not shared by those who remember that he was willing even to accept Mr. Gladstone's first Home-rule bill, had a clause been inserted providing for the retention of Irish members at St. Stephen's.

Last week we chronicled the defeat of the Conservative candidate at the Woolwich election, and the damper put on the rejoicings of the Tories over the home-coming of the Secretary for the Colonies. Hardly was the news published when the story of another defeat came to hand, even more unexpected and alarming to the Balfour cabinet. Woolwich was considered a very safe seat, almost a certainty; but it was thought that the Rye division of Sussex was an absolutely sure and impregnable stronghold for the Conservatives; that they simply could not fail to carry the day. Yet the Rye division of Sussex has gone the way of Woolwich, and the Balfour ministry has had its majority reduced by two more votes. Three years ago the government candidate, Colonel Brookfield, was returned by twenty-five hundred votes over his Liberal opponent. The tide has now turned by no less than three thousand votes, something unprecedented and ominous. Further than that, close on the heels of this disaster comes the news that Fermagh, which was hitherto one of the strong Unionist centres in the north of Ireland, has also gone back on Mr. Balfour, the Opposition candidate Mr. Mitchell, a disciple of Mr. T. W. Russell, having been returned triumphantly, all the Nationalists casting their votes for him. It becomes doubtful, however, whether a seat lost by the Irish Nationalists must still be reckoned a seat lost for the Unionist government. Since the unpublished and unwritten treaty with the Nationalists, which preceded the liberation of Irish members incarcerated under the Crimes act, and the announcement of the Land Purchase act, it is becoming clear that an understanding has been come to, under which the Nationalists agree to keep the Conservatives in power, for value received. Lord Rosebery, with his declaration that home rule was dead, is to be thanked for this; and, as we fore-bodded two weeks ago, there are already rumors of a modified Home-rule bill to be introduced by the Unionist government. Meanwhile, it is doubtful whether even this daring expedient can long preserve the life of the cabinet, for defections come thick and fast, and it is considered almost certain that the Chertsey election will go the same way as Woolwich and Rye.

Is the Liberal party in Great Britain doomed? Many men, no doubt, would answer no, in view of the recent victories won by Liberal or Labor candidates over Conservatives at by-elections. There is reason to believe, however, that the Conservative reverses are due to popular distrust of the leaders of the party in power, and not to any desire to see them superseded by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or by Sir William Harcourt. So far as England proper is concerned,

there is no doubt that the mainstay of the party which supported the home-rule policy of Mr. Gladstone was the Non-conformist element. It was this element which forced Mr. Gladstone to demand the withdrawal of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Irish Nationalist party, after the exposure of the latter's relations to Mrs. O'Shea. From that day to this there has been no love lost between the English Non-conformists and the Irish Nationalists. Now, however, the English Non-conformists seem to be irremediably alienated, owing to the support given by the Nationalists to the Balfour government's Education bill. In this conflict of sentiment, which side are the Liberal leaders to take? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for his part, has announced that he will never forsake the Irish home-rulers. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, has avowed his conviction that home rule for Ireland must be postponed until it is distinctly favored by a majority of the voters of England proper. Curiously enough, Lord Rosebery, although an Anglican and an ex-owner of race-horses, is the favorite of the Non-conformists. It looks, therefore, as if the English Liberal vote formerly consolidated by Mr. Gladstone would be henceforth split into two sections, and as if the section headed by Lord Rosebery might control the large number of seats in the House of Commons. As for the good-will of the Irish Nationalists upon which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sets store, it seems likely to be captured by the Conservatives, if the latter, in addition to an acceptable Land Purchase bill, offer a large instalment of home rule.

The week's budget of news from Latin America is unusually interesting and full. First we have a special session of the Cuban Senate called, to ratify the reciprocity treaty in its amended form. The days during which this can be done are numbered, and it is hardly likely that the treaty will arrive in Washington in time to be signed by the President in person. That duty will be delegated to the minister to Cuba. While there is much regret in Cuba over the amendment sending the treaty back to Congress, it is recognized that half a loaf is better than no bread. On the other hand, the delay in bringing the treaty into action is a direct bonus to Germany and England, the two powers which protest against the preferential rates given to this country by Cuba. In Colombia also there is much energy and activity in the business of ratifying the canal treaty. A government commission is traversing the country, canvassing public opinion, and, so far, all Colombia seems favorable to ratification and the canal. As we foretold a short time ago, General Fernandez has succeeded José Marroquín, the acting President, and everything indicates that Colombia will gain in security from the change. The record of General Fernandez is reassuring. He has also taken temporary charge of the Department of Finances, while his staunch friend Señor Casas, already Minister of Public Works, has for the time undertaken the duties of the Foreign Office also. This change will not interrupt or delay the treaty ratification, and the general outlook is perceptibly improved. From Uruguay also we have good news. The government and the revolutionists have come to terms, through the intermediation of Señors Ramirez and Lamas, though what the terms are is not yet announced. Bolivia touts its olive branch. Protocols between that country and Brazil have been signed, which provide for a *modus vivendi* in the Acre dispute, and for definite negotiations to end the matter finally. Thus another element of danger is removed from the Latin-American field.

We shall soon learn the real significance of President Castro's resignation of the Presidency of Venezuela. It will be remembered that our State Department recognized him as the head of a *de facto* government as long ago as November, 1899; that he was chosen provisional President in March, 1901, by a Constituent Assembly, and regularly elected President of Venezuela in February, 1902, for a term of six years, beginning on the 29th of that month. He had, therefore, nearly five years of *de jure* rule before him. The Venezuelan Congress promptly declined to accept the resignation, and, even should he insist on an acceptance, it is probable that arrangements would be made whereby his brother might succeed to the Presidency. Meanwhile, Castro has received a unanimous vote of confidence. It is improbable that a change of Executive will have any effect on the settlement of the

controversies between Venezuela and foreign powers. It turns out that the delay in signing the protocols to which Mr. Bowen very properly directed the attention of the representatives of Great Britain and Germany was due to some difference of opinion regarding details. There is no longer any doubt that the protocols will be promptly signed, and that in September the question whether preferential treatment should be conceded to the blockading powers, as distinguished from other claimants, will be submitted to the Hague arbitration court. There seems to be considerable misapprehension regarding the scope of the matter to be referred to that tribunal. All the Hague court will be called upon to do will be simply to say whether, in the eye of international law, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy deserve to have their claims paid before those of other powers that refrained from resorting to acts of war. With the validity and amount of those claims the Hague tribunal has nothing to do. Each of the three blockading powers named a sum which it would be willing to accept by way of reparation for wrongs, and those sums, which, even in the aggregate, were inconsiderable, Venezuela agreed to pay forthwith. It is the ordinary debts accruing out of contract, and alleged to be due from the government or citizens of Venezuela to the subjects of foreign powers, that are said to constitute the formidable total of \$45,000,000, exclusive of the cost of collection. Under the protocol signed by Mr. Bowen the validity and amount of these claims are to be determined by mixed commissions, on each of which the debtor and creditor countries shall be equally represented, provision being made for the appointment of an umpire in the event of disagreement. It was really, of course, in order to extort the payment of these large sums, and not to secure the pittance demanded for the redress of grievances, that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy resorted to blockade and bombardment.

We have received from the minister plenipotentiary of the Argentine Republic at Washington a copy of the communication which he was directed by Señor Don Luis M. Drago, the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, to lay before our State Department. It is interesting to compare the document with Secretary Hay's responsive memorandum. Señor Drago draws a sharp distinction between demands for the redress of grievances, which he willingly concedes may be enforced by acts of war, and ordinary debts resulting from transactions into which foreign creditors went voluntarily, with their eyes wide open to the risks involved. The fact is recalled that the capitalist who supplies any money to a foreign state always takes into consideration the resources of the country, and the greater or less probability that the obligations contracted will be punctually fulfilled. It is for this reason that the credit obtainable by a given government is proportioned to the current view of the grade of civilization attained by it, and to the more or less businesslike conduct of its affairs. Those circumstances are carefully measured and weighed by the lender, and serve to make the conditions of a loan more or less onerous. Señor Drago proceeds to insist that the acknowledgment of a debt thus growing out of contract, and the determination of its precise amount at a given date, ought to be left to the courts of the debtor nation, and cannot be arrived at in any other way without injury to its primary rights as a sovereign entity. The assertion of the opposite principle, to wit, the right to extort payment at any moment by means of force, could scarcely fail to bring about the ruin of the weaker commonwealths at the hands of the powerful nations of the earth. The latter principle, as Señor Drago says, cannot be reconciled with the fundamental rule of international law, namely, that all sovereign states, whatever be the physical forces at their disposal, are perfectly equal entities *de jure*, and entitled to the same amount of consideration and respect.

Touching the collection of ordinary debts by force, our State Department is reminded of the position taken by Alexander Hamilton—the position, *i. e.*, that contracts between a nation and private individuals are binding according to the conscience of the debtor sovereign nation, and cannot be the object of compulsive force. They do not confer any right, he held, for action outside of the sovereign will of the debtor nation. Señor Drago goes on to show how far we have gone in the application of this prin-

ciple in the Eleventh Amendment to our Federal Constitution, which provides that the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to a suit in law or equity begun or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. The Argentine Republic has not gone so far. On the contrary, it makes its provinces subject to prosecution in the federal tribunals, and even permits the Confederation itself to be prosecuted before the Argentine Supreme Court in the case of contracts entered into with private individuals. What Argentina has never recognized is that, the amount for which she is liable having been determined by her own courts, she could be deprived of the right to elect the form and time of payment, for in regard to such matters she is as deeply interested as the creditor himself. Finally, the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs submits that the enforcement of the payment of ordinary debts by blockade, bombardment, and the confiscation of customs revenue is an act counter to the letter and the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine as originally formulated, because it undoubtedly oppresses, and to a certain extent controls the destiny, of an American commonwealth.

What was the answer of Secretary Hay to the announcement that Argentina would like the United States to join in the enunciation of the principle that an ordinary debt, due, or alleged to be due, from the government or citizens of an American commonwealth to foreign creditors cannot be made the pretext for an armed intervention? Our State Department refrained from accepting or rejecting categorically the principle propounded. No assent or dissent is expressed to the propositions forcibly set forth in the note of the Argentine Foreign Office to which we have just referred. Señor Drago is merely referred to the more or less divergent positions taken by Mr. Roosevelt in his first and second annual messages, and left to reconcile those documents as best he can. In the first message, dated December 3, 1901, Mr. Roosevelt said that we do not guarantee any Latin-American state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided the punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by a non-American power. The word "misconduct" would naturally be understood to refer only to the public torts and wrongs, the right of the injured nation to demand redress for which is universally recognized. It was in the second annual message, dated December 2, 1902, that an American President, for the first time, employed a much more elastic and ambiguous phrase, stating that it behooves each of the independent American republics to maintain order within its own borders, and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners. When this was done, Mr. Roosevelt said, they could rest assured that they would have nothing to dread from outside interference. Mr. Hay does not tell the Argentine minister whether, by the phrase "just obligations," and by the construction thereof indicated by our State Department to the British and German Foreign Offices, the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was, in his opinion, warranted. He merely says that the United States would be glad to see the settlement of ordinary debts, as well as of technical wrongs, effected by a resort to arbitration, instead of by acts of war. He does not say that the United States will peremptorily demand the substitution of arbitration for war in such cases; much less that we will join with Argentina in asserting that principle. Meanwhile, we are probably safe in saying that nineteen Americans out of twenty, provided they have considered the matter at all, deem the position taken by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs to be the right one.

The names of the British members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission are now to hand. These are Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief-Justice of England, Sir Louis Jette, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec, and Sir John Douglas Armour, Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada. The precise terms of the treaty appointing the commission are obscure, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. John Hay have each published interpretations of its purpose, and those interpretations are almost diametrically opposite in sense. But it seems fairly clear that the commissioners will be called upon to take the dispute back to the treaty of 1825 between England and Russia, and that the three-quarters of a century of

effective occupancy by this country of the territory now claimed by Canada will not be held to constitute satisfactory evidence of possession and sovereignty. The truth is that even Canada never seriously thought of putting forward her very fanciful claims until after the discovery of gold in the Klondike, when it became her interest to have a free outlet to the sea, which she could only gain by claiming the headwaters of the Lynn Channel, as being within British territory. Hence the whole dispute. Apparently, a *sansu strandi* can be reached on the wording of the Russian treaty, for while this treaty very clearly defines the boundary-line of Alaskan territory in the sense claimed by our government, it also allows to British shipping the right of free navigation in perpetuity of all rivers rising in British territory, but reaching the sea through Alaskan territory, then Russian, but now belonging to the United States. According to the strict interpretation of this clause, Britain and Canada could claim the right of free navigation of the Lynn Channel, and the outlet desired by Canada would thus be secured. While there is still much protest in Canada against the choice of the American members of the commission, it is clear that this protest is wholly unofficial, and therefore not likely to have any important result.

We can best understand the position of politics at this moment in Japan by a comparison with a familiar epoch in English parliamentary life. The two great Japanese figures are the Marquis Ito, who may be likened to Gladstone, and General Count Katsura, who is the Salisbury of the Flower Kingdom. Count Katsura has a reliable majority in the Upper House, which is full of feudal and aristocratic traditions and prejudices, but cannot maintain a solid and united party in the Lower House, just as Lord Salisbury, strongly entrenched in the Lords, more than once lost his hold on the Commons. Marquis Ito, on the other hand, like Gladstone, has a great and growing following in the Lower House, but a majority of the aristocratic Upper House distrusts his liberal tendencies, and thinks he is going too fast, and endangering his country's stability. The result of the elections so far is that Marquis Ito's position is strengthened, so that he will be in a position either to dictate to Count Katsura, or to form a ministry of his own; and thus in either case he will have an opportunity to carry on his life-work, the introduction of constitutionalism into the once exclusive and strictly feudal life of Japan. Incidentally, it will be decided whether the whole burden of the new naval programme is to fall on the land-owning classes, which really means, on the cultivators of the soil. In view of the fact that famine is at present rife in the northwestern provinces, it is evident that the agricultural class is not in a position to bear many additional burdens. As the navy exists chiefly for the defence of commerce, it would seem to be just that the chief part of the cost should fall on the commercial class who most benefit from the outlay.

An extraordinary man was Charles Godfrey Leland, who died on March 20, in Florence, Italy, at the age of seventy-eight. He lived a long, happy, useful, and laborious life, of which it was hardly more than an incident that when he was about fifty years old he became famous as the author of the ballads of *Hans Breitmann*. Everybody used to know how "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," and about the "himmelestr-lende-sterne" and the other incidents, multifarious and varied, of Hans Breitmann's social career. And from knowing Breitmann, everybody came to know Leland. There was a good deal to know. He was a writer as remarkable for erudition as for versatility. The son of an old Philadelphia family carefully educated in the best schools of his day, he appears as an infant prodigy who wrote a good poem at ten; as a school-boy who was deeply read in black-letter; as a Princeton College boy who was one of the best-read men in America, and as a revolutionist who helped in 1844 to man the great barricade of the Faubourg St.-Antoine in Paris. After four or five years in Paris and London he studied law in Philadelphia. But he practised not law, but literature, beginning as an editor in New York in 1853, and continuing as editor or writer in New York or Philadelphia until 1869. He had a hand in making *Appleton's Encyclopaedia*, and was one of the staff of *Vanity Fair*. The Breitmann ballads made him famous in the early seventies, and after that he lived

much abroad, studying gypsies, folk-lore, and whatever interested him. He published many books, but perhaps the most important of all his labors was the part he took in introducing industrial art into the American schools.

An invention which promises to do away with much profanity—expressed or implied—and any quantity of vexation is now being tried on a large scale in Chicago. It is already satisfactorily at work in a dozen cities with a population of 25,000 and over, and its promoters are certain of its complete success in the largest cities. It is the automatic, "complete service," girlless telephone. By means of the automatic switch-board the telephone girls at the central stations are absolutely done away with. When a number is wanted you simply turn a small dial, like that which operates the combination of a vault, to the numerals which make up the required number, in their consecutive order. Then you press a button which rings the call-bell on the other telephone, and the connection is complete. The whole operation is automatic and almost instantaneous; no one can break in and interrupt or overhear a conversation; and a person speaking cannot be cut off before he has finished. Though more than one telephone company in a city is a nuisance, the adoption of an automatic switch-board would certainly go far towards remedying most of the faults of the present system. The Chicago company has already spent several millions of dollars in the building of tunnels for its wires, and will have 10,000 telephones in operation within the next two or three months.

Yale University has made provision for allowing diligent students to take the A. B. degree in three years instead of four. The courses in her schools of law, medicine, and divinity will be arranged hereafter so that the first year's work in any one of these schools may be done by Seniors in the academic department, who will thus save a year's time in their professional studies. These changes indicate the strength of the pressure towards lessening the time required for professional training. Discussion of the value of the fourth year at college goes on, and protests abound against premature specialization and the narrowing of the foundation of general culture, but the fact is that the strongest universities in the country are making the fourth year in their academic departments optional. Students who can do four years' work in three are welcome to do so.

Mrs. Ballington Booth's suggestion that bandages, restoratives, and anesthetics shall be carried on passenger-trains on American railroads is not desirably intended. Mrs. Booth is quite in earnest, and the suggestion seems to her nothing more than humane. She is herself a constant traveller, and has seen something, and read much more, of the sufferings of trainmen, engineers, and passengers in railroad accidents. Cases where people have been pinned down by wreckage and burned to death have especially impressed her. Most passenger-cars already carry an axe, a saw, and a sledge for use in emergencies. She thinks experience has amply justified the further provision that she suggests. She has learned that employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and perhaps of other roads, have attended lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," but one may have knowledge, she says, and yet be helpless to render quick and efficient relief without bandages and remedies. The objection that cases of chloroform might be broken in a wreck and do mischief, does not impress her as important, and truly there is not much to it. The suggestion is humane, and in view of the report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission that 8455 persons were killed and 53,339 injured in railroad accidents in the year 1901, it seems reasonable, and amply worth consideration.

Dr. Parkhurst, in a sermon on lying, finds that we Americans are altogether too prone to inveteracy, and discovers "a deplorable illustration of the general apathy upon the matter" in the "easy popular assent" accorded to the wiles used by Funston in capturing Aguinaldo. But was the popular condonation of that exploit so easy? Funston's actions were officially approved, and he was promoted in consequence of them; but in his case there is a distinction between official opinion, which declared in his favor, and that species of public opinion which is the sum of private opinion. From the start Funston's exploit went very much against the grain

with thousands of his countrymen, who willingly conceded its daring, but found grave ethical defects in it, and whenever it has been discussed it has stirred up as much protest as commendation. If Dr. Parkhurst must use Funston's feat as an illustration, he may just as well use it to demonstrate the sensitiveness of the American conscience as its apathy.

Dr. Obrian, the American dentist who was said to have been a lover of the Crown-Princess of Saxony, left Dresden in some haste to avoid expulsion. Since his arrival in New York he has talked to the newspapers about the Crown-Princess, and has talked like a gentleman and a man of sense. He scolds the idea that there was any basis to the gossip about the Princess and himself, and says that the Princess has been more or less irresponsible for some time, and that he happened to be one of the twenty-three men to whom she had addressed letters which had never been sent. The royal family of Saxony seems to have made the worst of a difficult situation. It had on its hands a woman who needed to be protected and probably restrained. It failed to safeguard her, and has shown so much incompetence in the management of its domestic affairs that its imputation of misconduct to Dr. Obrian, unsupported by any evidence, carries no weight at all.

Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, feels that hell is being unduly neglected by the clergy. In a mid- Lenten sermon in Syracuse on March 22 he expressed his conviction that there was a place for hell, and that it was there, and that self-indulgent persons whose habits and conduct were not good would some day have a painful personal experience of it. Hell has at times been much overdone. It has been described as hotter and more continuous than the human imagination can endure, and overmuch freedom has been used in forecasting its population. No hell that contains unbaptized infants or persons who died casually and unintentionally unregenerate will wash in these times. An eternity of hell as a consequence of misconduct of limited continuance also seems to modern minds an improbable dispensation. But the idea that evil-doers who manage to avoid punishment in this life are going to get off altogether does not commend itself to the average observer's sense of fitness. Almost every one believes in God, and every intelligent believer in God must believe in eternal justice. Somewhere, somehow, the odds come even, and all crops are harvested. Without hell, or its equivalent, we average observers cannot see how final justice is going to be done. A good deal of the time the way of the transgressor is hard in this life, but some transgressors play their game so ably as to elude all obvious penalties, and make a show of having a good time as long as they live. The religious mind is confident that there must be appliances somewhere for getting even with these persons.

Anybody who doubts that there is a hell is invited to consider the reports which have come from London of the disclosures of Captain Guy Burrows and Mr. Edgar Canisius about the atrocious cruelties committed by Belgian officials of the Congo Free State in mid-Africa. Burrows and Canisius are Englishmen who spent three years in the Congo Company's service. Their book has been suppressed for the moment, but it tells stories of the abuse of the Congo natives by torture, slavery, and wholesale murder, which are to be investigated by the British Parliament. If they are true we shall hear more of them.

Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, lately appointed minister to Japan, is a son of Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia. He is a young man, as his picture shows, but is well launched on a career of diplomacy for which his aptitude has already been tested by a considerable experience. He was secretary of our legation in Constantinople in 1890 and 1893, and for many months, between the departure of Minister Straus and the coming of Minister Leishman, managed our concerns in that capital with excellent ability. In 1901 he was appointed minister to Persia, and spent two years at Teheran. He starts in a few days for his new post in a third Oriental country, but one that seems nearer home, and with which our relations are highly important. Mr. Griscom's pre-eminence is an excellent and commendable example of promotion within the lines of the diplomatic service.

The Coal-Strike Award

To all but those who are primarily interested in the anthracite-coal strike the issues of wages and of hours of labor were the most important of all those referred to the President's commission. On these issues the miners have won a partial victory—that is, the commission has given them half of what they demanded. No reasons are given for this determination. Indeed, the reasoning of the commission's report would sustain a denial of any additional pay or of any shortening of the hours of labor, but no one will quarrel with the illogical character of the result at present. We may have a different tale to tell if the consumers are eventually made to pay for the decision, or if the miners overlook that part of the report which, so far as the miners are concerned,—there is some doubt expressed as to the effect of the award on the earnings of the laborers,—they have been made happy by a ten-per-cent. increase of pay after the commission has decided that the daily rate of earning in the anthracite regions does not compare unfavorably with that in other industries; that "the conditions of the life of the mine-workers outside the mines do not justify in their full extent the adverse criticism made by their representatives"; that the social conditions in the region are good; that there is not sufficient evidence to sustain the point that miners' wages are so low that they are forced to put their young children at work in the mines. In brief, the increase of pay is awarded, although the reasons for demanding it are not sustained by the testimony. If this were all, the expensive strike was begun and was maintained for nothing. A loss of \$25,000,000, divided between operators, miners, and transportation companies, not to speak of the loss to the public by reason of the increase in the price of coal, has been suffered, and, so far as the surface issue was concerned, to an purpose; for all that the men have gained would undoubtedly have been granted to them if they had accepted to the offer of the various operators, if they had dropped the United Mine-Workers, and if the employees of each company had presented their grievances and demands to their own employers.

This brings us to that part of the report which is most interesting to the community, and which ought to be of chief importance to united labor. The refusal of the men to carry on the discussion as the operators suggested—i.e. between employers and employed—emphasized the issue which has been a sore subject since before the strike of 1900. The real question in dispute was as to the recognition of Mr. Mitchell's United Mine-Workers by the operators of the anthracite region. On this point the operators are sustained, the union having been practically defeated when the commission was appointed, and when the terms of the hearing were settled. The importance of this issue was further emphasized by Mr. Mitchell himself immediately after the conference with the President and the agreement upon the investigation. Mr. Mitchell, it will be recalled, then declared to the public, especially to his followers, that Mr. Roosevelt himself had recognized the union in sending for him, and this notwithstanding the fact that it was understood that before the President he spoke, not for the union, but for the body of anthracite miners. Mr. Mitchell's chief effort, however, was to convince his followers that the President and he, as president of the union, were allies against the operators. In its findings the commission recognizes that the union was not a party to the controversy before it, and adds that "the present

constitution of the United Mine-Workers of America does not present the most inviting inducements to the operators to enter into contractual relations with it." Therefore, Mr. Mitchell was defeated upon his main contention, and his union is at least no nearer to recognition in the anthracite region than it was before the strike began. Indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that it is further from its goal, for the reason not only that the decision of the commission is flatly against it, but because, in the strike of 1900, and in obedience to the supposed exigencies of politics, there was a partial recognition of the union which, in consequence of the commission's ruling, is no longer a precedent.

More important still for the community at large is the commission's findings as to the character of the union, and as to the methods adopted, or exposed, or ignored by its officers, in the conduct of the strike. Here the commission necessarily discusses some important features of the creed of modern trade-unionism, and condemns them categorically and completely. In doing so, it speaks not only the mind of the sober, law-abiding citizen, but, we have no doubt, the sense of the best and most efficient workmen, non-union or union. It is one of the fundamental beliefs of extreme laborists that strikers are not likely to be successful if the law is obeyed and order is maintained by the strikers. The philosophy is that a state of war exists between labor and capital, and that, therefore, labor has the right, in aid of a strike, to resort to the methods of war, including treachery, promise-breaking, and violence against all who oppose the strike, directly or indirectly—employers, non-union men, and citizens related to the latter, or furnishing them lodgings or food. This has recently been taught by a college professor who is, also, strangely enough, a clergyman. It was on this principle that many of the coal strikers acted, unchecked by their local officers, and unrehearsed by Mr. Mitchell and their other general officers. Commenting on this, the commission says: "A labor organization whose purpose can only be accomplished by the violation of the law has no right to exist," and speaking of the boycott of merchants and others who traded with and harbored non-union men, the compelling discharge of persons so compelled to be related to miners who continued at work, the assaults upon women and children, the burning of property, and the other outrages committed in aid of the war theory, the commission says: "The analogy [of strike in war] is not apt, and the argument founded upon it is fallacious. There is only one war-making power recognized by our institutions, and that is the government of the United States. War between citizens is not to be tolerated, and conduct is to be proper, wise, and just." These are words of wisdom, and are strong in condemnation of a rule of conduct which for some years past has been assumed to lie at the root of organized labor's power.

Acting upon the rule that the union was at war with the owners of the mines, some of the strikers, so says the commission, were guilty of practices which "would be outside the pale of civilized war. In civilized warfare," the report goes on to say, "women and children and the defenseless are safe from attack, and a code of honor controls the parties to such warfare which cries out against the boycott we have in view. Cruel and cowardly acts are not too severe by which to characterize it."

The United Mine-Workers of America carried on the strike in such a manner as to deserve this severe censure. They refused arbitration between employers and employed, insisting on the recognition of a union com-

posed largely of bituminous miners. This demand the commission declares against, recommending the adoption of President Baer's suggestion that a true anthracite union be formed. The commission also recommends the adoption of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's plan for official liquidation into every strike in which the public may be concerned. But, above all, it condemns without measure the acts of tyranny which are making modern unions hateful—those acts of tyranny which affect more immediately working-men and the community than the employers. This condemnation is unanimously agreed to by men whose findings in favor of the miners as to pay, etc., show that they lean rather to the miner than to the operator. Two at least of these commissioners were appointed because of their expressed sympathies with organized labor. One of these was the recognized representative of labor. One other is trusted by labor leaders as completely as if he were one of themselves. Yet these men are unanimous in condemning the United Workers, not only for permitting a strike to be voted by young breaker boys, not only for misrepresenting the condition of labor in the region, but for crimes against the community and against other workmen. And this verdict is of supreme importance to the community whose interests it defends, to the non-union men whose right to work unhindered by strikers is proclaimed, and to all union men who desire the maintenance and continuance of organized labor. The verdict of the commission in these respects is the verdict of sound men throughout the community. United labor must yield to the principle that private war is obsolete; that the organization that seeks its end "by violation of law has no right to exist"; that the interference of associations with individual liberty cannot be tolerated. United labor must abandon the policy which the commission condemns, or cease to exist. Not only will the community not tolerate associations that break its laws and disturb its peace, but the best and most efficient labor men will not forever consent to be pulled down, by their unions, to the level of the average or the incompetent. Herein lies the lesson taught by this report to labor unions, and they would do well to ponder it and to heed it.

Analysis of the Coal-Strike Commission's Report

THESE are two obvious reasons why the conclusions set forth in the report of the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission may be presumed to be equitable. In the first place, they are approved by all the members of the commission, although the unionists have entered upon the inquiry with diverse prepossessions. In the second place, they are viewed with satisfaction by all the parties interested in the controversy—that is to say, by the operators, the union mine-workers, the non-union workers, and the community at large. The presumption based upon these facts is confirmed by an analysis of the document submitted to President Roosevelt. The results of such an analysis will be best appreciated if we begin by pointing out the demands which were made by the union mine-workers, and which the commission had to consider. The primary cause of the strike was, unquestionably, the refusal of the operators in the anthracite region to treat with the United Mine-Workers of America. The recognition of the United Mine-Workers by the anthracite operators was included in the list of demands ultimately submitted to the commission by Mr. Mitchell on behalf of the strikers. It

really constituted the most important feature of the list, and, could it have secured approval, the total rejection of the other demands would have been received with equanimity by the union mine-workers. The commission not only declined to recommend it, but advised the ash-heap miners of Pennsylvania to form a new and independent union.

The other demands made by the strikers were for twenty per cent. increase in wages, for twenty per cent. reduction in hours of labor, and that the mining of coal should be paid for by weight. The commission awards an increase of ten per cent. in the wages paid to all contract miners over and above the rates paid in the month of April, 1902; the increase to date from November 1, 1902, and to continue until March 31, 1906. With exceptions, to be noted presently, the same increase of ten per cent. in wages is awarded to engineers, pumpmen, firemen, and all other men employed by the operators. As regards the reduction of the hours of labor, the commission decides that engineers employed in hoisting water and firemen shall have eight-hour shifts, with the same wages per day, week, or month as were paid in April, 1902. Engineers other than those employed in hoisting water are to have an increase of ten per cent. on their earnings between November 1, 1902, and April 1, 1903, but from the last-named date, and during the life of the award, they are to have an increase of only five per cent. on the rates paid in April, 1902. They are, however, to be relieved from duty during the day shift on Sundays without loss of pay. All company men other than those specially mentioned are to be paid on the basis of a nine-hour day, receiving therefor the same wages as were paid in April, 1902, for a ten-hour day. Overtime in excess of nine hours in any day is to be paid at a proportional rate per hour.

The demand that all coal mined should be paid for by weight is rejected, the commission deciding that during the life of the award the present methods of payment for coal mined should be adhered to, unless changed by mutual agreement. Wherever by usage or agreement coal mined is now paid for by weight, checkweighers shall be employed when a request is made by a majority of contract miners in any colliery, but, when employed, they shall be paid by the miners. It is further provided, on the one hand, that mine cars shall be distributed among miners as uniformly and equitably as possible, and, on the other, that there shall be no concerted effort on the part of the miners in any colliery to limit the output of the mines. In all cases where miners are paid by the ton the increase awarded to contract miners is based upon the size of car, the topping required, and the rate paid per car which obtained on April 1, 1902. Any increase in the size of car or in the topping required is to be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the rate paid per car.

An important effect upon the remuneration earned by all miners and mine-workers will be exercised by the introduction of a sliding scale of wages which was proposed by the operators and is approved by the commission. For each increase of five cents in the average price of white-ash coal of sizes above pea coal, sold at or near New York between Perth Amboy and Edgewater, and reported to the Bureau of Anthracite Coal Statistics, above \$4.50 per ton, the employees are to have an increase of one per cent. in their compensation. The average prices are to be computed monthly by an accountant named by a circuit judge of the Third Judicial Circuit of the United States, and paid by the coal operators.

We pass to that part of the award in

which non-union workers are concerned. The commission declares that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization; and there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by a member or members of such organization. The grounds for this decision are set forth in terms that deserve the highest commendation. The commission points out that the right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen which can never be surrendered. Every infringement thereof merits and should receive the stern denunciation of the law. The commission repudiates the notion that the terrorizing of a so-called scab may be justified on the plea that a man who takes the place of one who has abandoned his work helps to defray the aspirations of men who seek to obtain better recompense for their labor. As to the boycott, it is stigmatized as a cruel weapon of aggression, and its use is denounced as immoral and antisocial.

The more closely the award is analyzed, the more honor it reflects on the commission. It is a resplendent and far-reaching triumph for the principle of voluntary arbitration, nor can it be denied that the credit for the application of the principle is primarily due to Mr. Roosevelt. Whether his initiative is constitutional is a question that we shall not now discuss.

Our Unratified Constitution

We have had occasion several times to point out that English newspaper writers who comment on the structure and working of our Federal government seem never to have read our Federal Constitution which was framed at Philadelphia in 1787, and went into operation in April, 1790. Even had those writers, however, read that document and remembered it, they would still fall short of comprehending our constitutional law as it exists to-day. There is a good deal of that law which is not to be found in the Constitution, and which has never been ratified by the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States, but which, nevertheless, is binding. For an exposition of all that this assertion means, we commend our English readers to a book lately published by the Putnams, entitled, *The American Republic*, by Mr. James Albert Woodburn, Professor of American History and Politics in the Indiana University. As the author of this work points out, even Mr. Bryce does not fully explain the character of our Federal government when he describes it as a government of enumerated powers only, and says that it can do only what it has received competence to do by a grant of powers expressed or implied in an enumerated list. Inasmuch as a growing community requires a flexible Constitution, it is fortunate for the United States that the enumerated powers have been supplemented, not only by implied powers, but by residual powers. The implied powers will be found set forth at great length in the reported decisions of the United States Supreme Court, which, it is probable, few English students of our institutions have ever examined. Aside, however, from the powers which by our highest Federal tribunal have been declared to be implied in the enumerated grants, there are several things which our Federal government has assumed to do, and which has been justified in doing by the United States Supreme

Court. As Professor Woodburn reminds us, it has been found impracticable to confine the Federal government to a list of recited and implied powers, although the written Constitution intended that it should be so confined. It has turned out that, from a national point of view, the Federal government must be regarded as one of original and inherent powers, powers that come to it from the very nature of a political entity, given necessity and usage, in the conduct of government. These functions Alexander Hamilton called *residual powers*. Implied powers are deduced, as we have said, by the United States Supreme Court, from specific and express grants. Thus, since Congress is endowed by the Constitution with power to coin money and to regulate commerce, it follows logically that Congress may establish a mint, build lighthouses, and improve harbors. *Residual powers*, on the other hand, are deduced from the functions which the Federal government has to perform with reference to foreign nations. From this point of view every power essential to the life and processes of a nation must be conceded to it. It must be allowed to perform every national government function which any national sovereign government can perform, provided it is not expressly restrained from the performance of such a function by the restrictions of the Constitution. Even the expressed prohibitions of the Constitution do not restrain the national government from the exercise of sovereign national powers, according to the late decision of the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases. The Louisiana Purchase also was an example of the exercise of original rather than recited implied powers. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory was undertaken and allowed because the Federal government was a government, and, as such, was in possession of sovereign and original powers touching the acquisition of territory by war or treaty. There seems to be, in other words, a certain residuum of powers prohibited to the States in their individual capacities, but neither prohibited nor delegated to the general government by the Constitution. These powers the general government assumes to exercise by virtue of the fact that, while with reference to the component States it is to some extent a confederation, it is, with reference to the rest of the world, a nation.

Aside, however, from the implied powers and the resulting powers, for a formulation of which an English student of our political system would in vain scrutinize our written Constitution, there are certain usages which have come to have almost, if not quite, the force of law, and which may be said to form our unwritten Constitution. Among these usages may be mentioned the following: Presidential electors have no right to exercise their discretion in voting for Presidential candidates, but must vote for their party nominee. A President may not be elected for a third term. A President may remove his appointees without asking the consent of the Senate. The Senate will not refuse to confirm cabinet appointments. A member of Congress must reside in the district from which he is chosen. We add that all our party laws regulating party machinery and the proceedings of party conventions is unwritten law. It consists of nothing but precedents and customs, and the latest national convention of a party may change the party constitution at will. For example, the coming Republican national convention might, if it chose, ordain that the number of delegates receivable in the next national convention of the party, from the Southern States, should be proportioned to the number of Republican votes cast in the State.

Our English friends need not mind being

feel that they do not understand our Federal Constitution. There are very few lawyers in the United States qualified to interpret it with perfect accuracy. The proof of this assertion is that the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the income-tax case and in the insular cases were made by a vote of five to four out of the nine judges. Where such doctors of laws disagree, a journalist's slips may be pardoned.

Trading for Influence

WRITE a generation we have come to demand that the President shall make an effort to influence or to procure Congressional action, and there has always been a tendency in this direction. The President has a policy, we argue; no other individual, and no other branch of the government, is so endowed. Therefore, we expect the President to back his views. The Constitution has imposed upon the Chief Executive the duty of submitting his opinions to Congress in his messages. As time has gone on, the annual messages have increased in length, until now they cover every subject of interest or importance which may, or which ought to, command the attention of the legislative branch of the government. So much a matter of fact have all-embracing and comprehensive messages become that when Grover Cleveland confined his attention to one subject in his famous tariff message of 1887, many regarded his infringement of what was then really a new practice as an impertinence. At any rate, it is clear that the attitude of the country is one of expectancy, and perhaps of demand, that the President shall try to secure the realization of his wishes in legislation or in treaties, and the tendency is to measure his success as President by his accomplishments in this direction rather than by his achievements as a purely administrative officer.

Mr. Roosevelt has endeavored to satisfy this demand by securing the good-will of the Senate, by consulting Senators as to appointments, and, in the matter of treaties, by yielding to the demand of the Senate leaders that the majority members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs shall be consulted during the process of negotiation. The result shows that failure can confidently be expected from trading on the constitutional checks and balances of the two departments of the government, the Executive and the legislative, or at least, that when the policy of the majority of the Senate is opposed to that of the President, the latter cannot surely secure the adoption of his policy by making terms with Senators. In most instances, when the Senate differs from the President on a question of importance, it is because the Senate has views of public, or of party policy, antagonistic to the opinions of the President, or else is determined to defeat him for personal or political reasons.

The fate of the Cuban reciprocity treaty furnishes a case in point. As we pointed out last week, this treaty was negotiated on the plan insisted upon by Mr. Lodge and other Senators. Leading Republican Senators, especially members of the Foreign Affairs Committee, were consulted in advance during the negotiation of the treaty. The assumption was that a treaty so negotiated would be pretty certain of ratification, for the Senators consulted would speak the minds of their associates. As a matter of fact, the new method, so far as this particular treaty is concerned, is no better than the old. The treaty has not been ratified as it was negotiated. In other words, it has not been ratified at all, and all that we

have is a treaty in process of negotiation in which both the Cuban and our own Congress must act before it is completed. We do not speak of this by way of objecting to the contention of the right of the House to participate in any action affecting the tariff, and this treaty does modify our revenue law. What we had to say on this point was said last week. But the Senators who agreed to the treaty as presented, and who promised its ratification, knew of this point, and yet permitted such a day that the treaty was thrown over to an extra session, called partly on its account, and, in doing so, they postponed ratification possibly for nine months or more, and actually imperilled the treaty; for our own House of Representatives may not concur, while the Cuban Congress may decline to agree to the changes which have been made affecting the revenues of the new republic. So far as the treaty-making power of the government is concerned, the change which delays and imperils negotiation by the admission of Senators to the consultation has not materially improved the chances of ratification.

When the President enters upon the domain of bargaining with the Senate, he wields a real power of great selfishness. In the creation of the system of checks and balances, the framers of the Constitution gave the advantage to the legislative branch of the government. In bestowing offices upon the friends and followers of Senators, the President simply purchases individuals; he may then fall far short of securing a majority. In yielding to the demand of Senators to be consulted during the negotiation of a treaty, he may gain the adherence to his project of the members of one committee who are themselves at the mercy of a single Senator with the power of talk strong upon him, and whose opportunity fully to exercise that power is afforded to him by the rule of "courtesy." The President who bargains may now and then gain a point, but the loss is always in doubt. The Senate and the House of Representatives may play him false, for as Senator or member will be held responsible by the country for deceiving the President who intriguers for legislation.

The fact is, that experience has shown that the undignified and unworthy practice of trading is not very successful. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, has endeavored constantly to win the support of Senators by giving them control of the Federal patronage with certain proper limitations. The Senators have taken his gifts, and have treated him as they pleased, not only denying him the laws and the treaty which he has had most at heart, but actually refusing to confirm appointments which he and his friends assert to be purely personal. Even Mr. McKinley, most adroit manager of Congress, was more than once sorely disappointed. His reciprocity treaties were pigeon-holed, and his effort to secure immediate free trade with Porto Rico was defeated.

The success of Grover Cleveland, on the other hand, in securing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, shows the value of the dignified observance of constitutional boundary lines. The President is most powerful, and most influential, when he remains strictly within his own domain. He may advocate his policies with all the warmth of which he is capable, as Mr. Cleveland did. He may take the country into his confidence, and he ought to, also as Mr. Cleveland did. By doing this he will gain the aid of popular respect for character, for dignified observance of official proprieties, and if his policy be popular, as much of Mr. Roosevelt's defeated policy is, he will gain the support of a

power which is the only power that is feared by the Senate and the House of Representatives, the power of the body of electors. The President who manfully stands up for his constitutional rights will win nine times out of ten, when the trading President must fail in the very nature of things.

Saving Time in Education

FROM the moment that the number of years required for the attainment of the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Bachelor of Laws was increased at some of our leading universities, the necessity of securing the preliminary degree of Bachelor of Arts at as early an age as possible was widely recognized. President Eliot of Harvard University was the first eminent advocate of the change, which, as he pointed out, was the most imprudently needed, because, owing to the more exacting requirements for admission to the college proper, the age of graduation had been materially raised. Even when the number of years, however, prescribed for an A.B. degree is reduced to three, it is still impracticable for most men interested for the liberal professions to enter active life before the age of twenty-five, for, at present, few youths are admitted to the most distinguished universities in the Eastern States before the age of eighteen. The problem, then, of so rearranging the whole scheme of liberal education as to make it possible to graduate from professional schools as early as twenty-three must, evidently, be solved in another way. While the standard of attainments needed for admission to the college proper should not be lowered, young men must be enabled to conform to it at the age of sixteen. This end can only be achieved by a readjustment of the studies pursued, not only in the higher, but also in the primary schools. President Eliot and Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard University, have lately made some useful suggestions on the subject. The former has directed attention to the fact that the study of classical and modern languages, which mainly tax the memory, and of such sciences as botany, which call for observation, can be, and should be, begun by boys at the age of nine or ten. Moreover, the elective system should be introduced in the primary schools, the kind of instruction given to a particular boy being adapted to his natural aptitudes. Professor Hanus, for his part, insists that the emphasis now laid in primary schools on arithmetic and English grammar should be diminished until, by a child's tenth year, these studies are dropped altogether. Beyond simple arithmetic and beyond the fundamental facts of English grammar, he thinks, a child should not go. Not only would he have the course of studies which a boy is to pursue at college chosen for him at an early stage of his school life, but he holds that, as the boy approaches the end of his school training, the professional career which he is ultimately to follow should be kept in view. If that were done, and if a part of the time spent in the college proper were devoted to professional studies—an arrangement already contemplated at some of our leading universities—the time prescribed for the attainment of a degree in law or medicine might be abbreviated. To put the whole matter in a nutshell, if a boy is to become a doctor or a lawyer, the work of preparation should be begun at an early age. President Eliot evidently thinks that, if the whole scheme of school instruction were reformed, the age of twenty-three would be by no means the lowest limit at which a young man might graduate from a professional school.



A SONG OF SPEED
 TO ALFRED HARMSWORTH
 BY W. E. HENLEY

*In the Eye of the Lord,
 By the Will of the Lord,
 Out of the infinite
 Bounty dissembled,
 Since Time began,
 In the Hand of the Lord,
 Speed!*

Speed as a chattel:
 Speed in your daily
 Account and economy;
 One with your wines,
 And your books, and your bath—
 Speed!

Speed as a rapture:
 An integral element
 In the new scheme of Life
 Which the good Lord, the Master,
 Wills well you should frame
 In the light of His laugh
 And His great, His ungrudging,
 His reasoned benevolence—
 Speed!

Speed, and the range of God's skies,
 Distances, changes, surprises;
 Speed, and the hug of God's winds
 And the play of God's air,
 Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful;
 Clean, fierce, and clean,
 With a thrust in the throat
 And a rush at the nostrils;
 Keen, with a far-away
 Taste of inhuman,
 Unviolable vastitudes,
 Where the Stars of the Morning
 Go singing together
 For joy in the naked,
 Dazzling, unvisited
 Emperies of Space!
 And the heart in your breast
 Sings, as the World
 Slips past like a dream
 Of Speed—
Speed on the Knees of the Lord.

Speed
 Speed, and a world of new havings:
 Red-rushing splendors
 Of Dawn; the disturbing,
 Long-drawn, tumultuous
 Passions of Sunset;
 And, these twain between,
 The desperate, great anarchies,
 The matchless serenitudes,
 The magical, ravishing,
 Changing, transforming
 Trances of Daylight.
 Speed, and the lap
 Of the Land that you know

For the first time (it seems),
 As you push through the maze
 Of her beauties and privacies,
 Terrors, astonishments:
 Heath, common, pinewood,
 Downland and river-scape,
 Cherry-orchards, water-meads,
 Forests and stubbles,
 Oak-temples, daisy-spreads,
 Vistas of harebell,
 Hills of the ruggedest,
 Vales of the comeliest,
 Barrows and cromlechs;
 Brooks with fat, comforting,
 Sociable sallows
 Fenced, and still, sleepy-faced
 Lengths of Canal,
 Where the one thing alert
 Is the horse on the tow-path,
 Tugging in dreams
 At the long barge that hangs
 Like a dream on his collar;
 Noble alignments,
 Secular avenues,
 Of Elms, since a century
 Hailing the Dawns
 And exalting the Sunsets;
 Beech-woods that burn out
 The life in their leafage,
 And figure the death
 Of the Year in a glory
 Of color and fire;
 Roads, where the stalwart
 Soldier of Caesar
 Put by his bread
 And his garlic, and girding
 His conquering sword
 To his unconquered thigh,
 Lay down in his armor,
 And went to his Gods
 By the way that he'd made.
 All this, and more than this:
 Brilliant, enchanting
 Visions of Summer,
 Somnolent, stately,
 Gravid and satisfied;
 And Autumn, his hands
 Full of apples; and Winter,
 The old Tyrant we love
 For the sake of his kinswoman,
 Spring with her violets,
 Spring with her lambs,
 Spring with her old,
 Irresistible mandate,
 The joyous, the reckless
 Compeller of Wombs,
 Spring! And with these
 Smoke, Rain, and Mist
 In their subtle, fantastical

Moodiness; Gardens
 And Woods in their pleasure,
 Their pride of increase,
 And their helpless and sorrowful
 Pomp of decay!
 Then the gray Sea,
 The Antient of Days,
 With his secret as new
 After thousands of years
 As it was to the old,
 The alert, aboriginal
 Father of Ships;
 And Speed!
 Speed you conjure
 With a crook of your finger;
 Speed which your touch
 On a core, on a master-bit,
 Breeds for your use;
 As Man's hand on a tiller
 Gives brain to a boat;
 As Man's hand on a pen
 Turns the poor, workaday
 Laborers of language
 Straight into insolent,
 High, living Song;
 Speed—
Speed in the Eye of the Lord.

Trim, naked Speed!
 Speed, and a victory
 Snatched in the teeth
 Of the Masters of Darkness.
 For the antient, invincible
 Spirit of Man,
 Stern-set, adventurous,
 Dreaming things, doing things;
 Strong with a strength
 Won from tremendous
 And desperate vicissitudes,
 Out of unnumbered,
 Unstoried experiences;
 Fighting the one fight,
 The last and the best fight,
 Hard, and by inchmeal
 Winning it steadily,
 Corner by corner,
 Here a snatch, there a bit,
 Over the black, irresistible
 Legions of Death,
 The impassive, unflinching
 Captains and Companies
 Of the primordial
 Powers of the Princedom
 And Thrones of the Grave—
Fair in the Eye of the Lord.

For the Heart of Man
 Tears at Man's destiny
 Ever; and ever

Makes what it may
 Of his wretched occasions,
 His infinitesimal
 Portion in Time,
 His merely incomputable
 Shred of Eternity,
 His ninety-ninth part,
 If you count by God's clock,
 Of a second on Earth
 In the last and the pride
 Of God's garment, the Flesh.
 So Woman and War,
 And the Child (the unspeakable
 Promise and proof
 Of a right immortality),
 Learning and Drink,
 And Money and Song,
 Ships, Folios, and Horses,
 The craft of the Healer,
 The worship of God
 And things done to the instant
 Delight of the Devil,
 And all, all that tends
 To his swift-to-come, swift-to-go
 Glory, are tested,
 Gutted, exhausted,
 Chucked down the draught;
 And the quest, the pursuit,
 The attack, and the conquest,
 Of the Unknown goes on—
 Goes on in the Joy of the Lord.

For, beaten in Time
 From the start to the finish,
 So utterly beaten—
 Appeal is impossible,
 The Spirit of Man,
 Enquiring, aspiring;
 Passionately scaling
 Ice-bitten altitudes,
 Neighbored of none
 Save the austere,
 Unapproachable Stars;
 Scapes from its destiny,
 Holds on its course
 Of attent and discovery,
 So as to leave,
 When the Lord takes it back to him,
 The lot of the World
 Something the prouder,
 Something the loftier,
 Something the braver,
 For that it hath done:
 Something the good man,
 The wise man, the strong man,
 Poet or Soldier,
 Maker of Empires
 Or Broker of Diamonds,

Preacher or Surgeon,
 Or the Inventor;
 Artist in elements,
 Expert in substances,
 Strengths, fragibilities,
 Points of combustion,
 Points of resistance:
 These, and an hundred,
 A thousand besides
 Of the right, the authentic
 Talon and pinion,
 Snapping up in a flash
 After years of Endeavor
 One of God's messages,
 Do to Man's glory,
 Pride, and magnificence,
 Under the Feet of the Lord.

Hence the Mercédés!
 Look at her. Shapeless?
 Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
 Yes; but the strength
 Of some seventy-five horses:
 Seventy-five puissant,
 Superb fellow-creatures:
 Is summed and contained
 In her pipes and her cylinders.
 Mind after mind,
 On fire with discovery,
 Filled full with the fruits
 Of an hundred fat years,
 And mad with the dreams
 And desires of To-Day
 Hath toiled itself dull
 To achieve her components.
 She can stop in a foot's length;
 She steers as it were
 With a hair you might pluck
 From your Mistress's nape;
 She crawls, if you please
 So to lightly her virtue,
 At your Mistress's pace
 When she goes for a stroll,
 Which is partly on Earth
 And partly, She dreaming
 Of You, in broad Heaven.
 Yet ask but a sign,
 But a proof of her quality,
 Handle her valves,
 Her essentials, her secrets,
 And she runs down the birds
 (You can catch them like flies
 As, poor wretches, they race from
 you!);
 Ay, and becomes,
 As the Spirit and Mind
 Of God's nearest approach
 To Himself hath so willed it,

The Angel of Speed—
Speed in the Laugh of the Lord.

There be good things,
 Good things innumerable,
 Clutched like an alms
 In the hand of the Master;
 And at times, when He feels
 That His creatures are doing
 Their best to assert
 Their part in His dream,
 He loosens His fist,
 And a miracle slips from it
 Into the hands
 Of His adepts and servants.
 Thus, in late years,
 Smiling as Cowet,
 Smiling as Lister,
 And Tolstoi and Rodin,
 And Pasteur and Strauss
 (That with his microbes,
 This with his fiddles!),
 Tugged at His fingers
 And worked at His meanings,
 Thus has He slackened
 His grasp, and this Thing
 This marvellous Mercédés,
 This triumphing contrivance,
 Came to make other
 Man's life than she found it:
 The Earth for her tyres
 As the Sea for his keels;
 Alike in the old lands,
 Enseamed with the wheel-ways
 Of thousands of dusty
 And dim generations,
 And in the new countries,
 Whose Winds blow unbreathed,
 And their Lights come first-hand
 From our Father, the Sun.
 Thus the Mercédés
 Came, O, she came,
 This astonishing device,
 This amazing Mercédés,
 With Speed—
Speed by the Grace of the Lord.

So in the Eye of the Lord,
 Under the Feet of the Lord,
 Out of the measureless
 Goodness and Grace
 In the Hand of the Lord.
 Speed!
 Speed on the Knees,
 Speed in the Laugh,
 Speed by the Gift,
 Speed in the Trust of the Lord—
 Speed!



The English Press

By Sydney Brooks

London, March 11, 1902.

THESE is one illusion that Englishmen will never outgrow. It is that the English press is the best in the world, the best written, the best informed, the most respectable, the worthiest. You will find the reflex action of this opinion in the wringing damages awarded by British juries against any newspaper that is convicted of libel. A respected press implies, in the nature of things, a healthy crop of libel actions. It is only in a country where the press counts for little that damages are small and suits for libel rare. People say: "Oh, it's only the papers. Nobody minds them," and so dismiss the matter. Very few will think it worth their while to take out proceedings against a journal of no authority; and if they do, the encouragement and satisfaction they will receive from an average jury will not be very great. The general feeling will be, as it is in France and Italy, that the libel, however plain, is discounted by the insignificance of the libeller; and damages in consequence will run low. But an English paper never has a chance of escaping through any such loophole as this. The gravity of its offence is left to be proportionate to the reputation, the miscellaneous reputation, which the English press enjoys; and the heavy damages in which newspapers found guilty of libel are systematically mulcted in this country, are really an expression, an indirect and highly inconspicuous expression, of the jurymen's regard for the power of English journalism. Possibly a good many editors would quite willingly dispense with these left-handed tributes; but they have usually themselves to thank if the jury persists in thrusting them upon them.

These editors have preached the glories, the influence, and the virtues of the English press until their countrymen have come to take them at their own valuation. The superiority of British newspapers is one of the average Englishman's most impregnable beliefs. He may, if of a liberal turn of mind, admit that there are some things which are better managed outside than inside England, but among these things he never by any chance classes journalism. The American press he comfortably dismisses as "sensational," and nothing will induce him to take up an American paper. The French press is gutter, indecent, and corrupt; the German and Russian nothing but what officialdom cares to make them; the Austrian a mere tool of the Jesuit capitalists; the Italian of no account whatever. English journalists alone respect private life, pay court to the deities, are independent, fearless, and weighty.

Well, it is a satisfying faith. And not only satisfying, but indestructible. This is proved by the fact that the events of the last few years have not destroyed it. Some of the London papers were filled with accounts of Queen Victoria's last moments, an obviously and wretchedly "faked" that even the yellowest New York journal would have been ashamed to print them. Shortly after, a ripter on the staff of the most widely read paper in the kingdom was proved in open court to be in the habit of holding a solicitor's clerk to steal documents from his employer. Since then we have had murder rows "worked up," and exploited by at least half a dozen London papers with unvarnished shamelessness. Press law, which used to be held in England as either worse than lynch law, seems now to be a national institution. And if you question an Englishman about these and other incidents he will assure you with disgust that the English

press is becoming Americanized. It is becoming nothing of the sort, except in so far as it is beginning to copy some of the worst habits of the worst papers in New York.

All their essentials the English journals are still as thoroughly English as ever. The obvious comment, the dull, dreary editorial, the old hackneyed way of putting things, the temperamental distrust of liveliness as something dangerous and rearing, are as pervasive to-day as they were twenty years ago. If English journalists could impart something of the brightness and admirable "make-up" of, let us say, the *New York Sun*, they might best claim to be Americanized in some purpose. But that is just what they cannot or will not do. A prigish and somewhat hypocritical respectability is the note of all the daily journals that have real power and standing in England. Sir John Millis was never complaining that an enthusiastic but not properly balanced lady asked him whether "he had really written all that he had." One can never quite rid one's self of the notion, after a dose of the English papers, that machinery is responsible for more than the printing of them. Individuality is so lamously lacking in their pages. The sense that one always has in reading a reputable American paper of a lively and diffused intelligence at the back of it, is now altogether missing in the London press. In this way journalism ever here may still pride itself on being immaculate and unmitigatedly British.

Nevertheless there is a change at work. The credit of it should go to Mr. Harnsworth. He was the first to see that Englishmen had outgrown verbatim reports of everything reportable, stolid columns of Parliamentary debates, long-winded and uninteresting editorials. In the *Daily Mail* he produced for the first time in English journalism a paper that was at once comprehensive, brisk, and readable. The success has been simply overwhelming, because it not only knows how to collect, but how to present the news of the day, and often the news of to-morrow. Nothing is so strange as to note how out of touch is the ordinary London paper with the commercial life of the country. A really informed and rational article on any matter of commercial or financial moment is the rarest possible thing to find in the English press. It seems to be thought enough if a journal sends out a special correspondent to Persia or Afghanistan, fills its pages with the profundities of European politics, opens an occasional subscription-list for some semi-political subject, and produces here and there a new scheme of army reform. A paper that does all this is considered to be very "enterprising."

Trade and industrial matters generally lie outside its province—how much outside was shown at the time of Mr. Morgan's shipping deal when not a single London paper could either understand or intelligently guess at what was happening. The English press never displayed its limitations and fecklessness more clearly than throughout that transaction. The *Daily Mail* alone was equal to the occasion. It saw clearly, and it criticized with force and knowledge. Perhaps, indeed, its greatest achievement is precisely this enlargement of the scope of things in which journalism should concern itself. It gets clean outside of the hazy, dreamy game of politics. And when it does touch on politics, foreign or domestic, it is not to treat them in the gingerly, non-committal way that most papers affect. It is not to act as a mere phonograph for "ministerial views," but to take an intelligent line of its own. While all the other London papers are merely echoing or crit-

icising, the *Daily Mail* is suggesting; while they are waiting for the news to come to them, the *Daily Mail* goes out to hunt it up; while they are tempering and on the fence, looking everywhere for a lead, the *Daily Mail* has a cut-and-dried policy of its own, ready for presentation. Twice, in short, is the journalism that talks; Mr. Harnsworth's is the journalism that acts.

Something of this kind was badly needed. I do not say that the methods of the *Daily Mail* are in all respects admirable, that it does not sometimes exaggerate, or that it is always free from the taint of sensationalism. Unquestionably, it is occasionally guilty of excesses, and its numerous imitators are often guilty of worse. But, on the whole, it has given a very salutary impetus to English journalism, and if Mr. Harnsworth were to try his hand on a larger scale, with a penny instead of a half-penny paper, the results would revolutionize the entire press of the country. There is never likely to be any lack in the leading English papers of dignity, solidity, stability, seriousness, stupidity, and all the other safe and estimable qualities. But it would be an immense gain if this either indigestible mass could be leavened with a little liveliness, if the editors would for once lay aside their pedagic lures and mix genially with their fellow-mortals. The Englishman is far more inclined to his paper than the American. He changes it so rarely and with as much difficulty as he changes his religion, and even the appearance of a joke in the *Times* or of some practical common sense in the *Daily News* would not lose to either paper more than half a dozen subscribers.

In fact, here is one of the most loyal and patient public in the world, waiting for the next sign of improvement to be indulged. No doubt the experiment would be made if English editors could only convince themselves that it is possible to be influential without being pompous. That is where Mr. Harnsworth's success will tell in the long run. It will help to make people see that solemnity and influence do not necessarily go together, in journalism any more than in other professions. At present the English press has indisputable power. You could never see here, as has often been seen both in New York and Chicago, a man elected to the majority of a city in spite of the opposition of all the local papers. The average Englishman takes his cue from his favorite journal much more readily than the average American, and unanimity among the press would mean unanimity among the voters. In this respect it would probably be right to say that journalism in England has more influence than in America. At the same time it is much less in touch with the ribes of the country and knows far less of what is going on behind the scenes. The "governing class" in England holds journalism, and journalists suspect, instead of following the American example and welcoming the Fourth Estate as an ally. That is one of the reasons why from time to time the "governing class" contrives to run full-belt against the almost unanimous opinion of the country. The press in England emphasizes and confirms rather than leads, playing the part of interpreter, exhorter, persuader, between the politicians and the people. That, of course, is an insignificant position to fill, nor is the measure of authority that goes with it a small one. But both the position and its influence might be immeasurably increased if only the papers here would broaden out and become a little more human and a little less professional. Of this, however, outside of Mr. Harnsworth and the *Daily Mail*, there is still no sign.

Count Cassini's Warning of Danger in China—Macedonian Prospects

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

A MONTHLY seasonal announcement was made a few weeks ago, by Dr. Robert Colton, for several years physician to the late Viceroy, Li Hsing-Chang, and to the Peking court, that a new storm was gathering in China, that fresh outbreaks might be expected, greatly exceeding in destructive violence anything that happened in 1900, during the Boxer uprising and the attack on the embassies.

This declaration naturally drew forth expressions of opinion from many well-informed sources. Of these, the most notable came from Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, who fully shared Dr. Colton's apprehensions. His view was also endorsed by two such authorities as Prince Esper Ukhtomski and Colonel Verestehagin, formerly on the staff of Shoboleff. Mr. W. W. Rockhill protested against this opinion as an alarmist exaggeration, but his view was evidently partial and one-sided, and did not carry conviction. The same may be said of the declaration of an anonymous diplomatist in Vienna, who affected to think that all was peace and tranquillity in the Middle Kingdom. With practical unanimity among all those best qualified to judge, the outlook is, therefore, very grave and menacing.

I had an opportunity to talk the matter over at length with Count Cassini, who willingly allowed me to make his views more widely known, in consideration of the grave interests involved and the danger arising from the ignorance or carelessness of some of the powers.

"The nations are all seeking commercial relations with China," said Count Cassini, "yet many of them seem to be taking a course which will be fatal to commercial relations. They are pouring arms and ammunition into China in immense quantities, in the name of commerce and enterprise, and are evidently oblivious of the fact that these very arms will be used against themselves. I have tried again and again to draw attention to this danger, and I hope to convey my apprehensions to the powers in question, and to prevent further evil."

"I had many opportunities to note the state of Chinese military training before and during the war with Japan in 1894; and I can assure you that since that time China has made tremendous strides forward. The armies of Europe will not again find themselves confronted with an ignorant and unarmed rabble, under the name of a Chinese army, as in the past. And so soon as the Chinese learn to use their weapons, as they are learning fast, they will be most formidable opponents; for they have absolutely no fear of death. They will be amongst the bravest troops in the world. Therefore, the folly of European or American merchants, in pouring rifles and cartridges into China, in the name of trade extension, is nothing short of criminal."

There has been a disposition to connect the Empress Dowager with the coming outbreak. Count Cassini did not agree with this.

"All through the Boxer uprising," he said, "the Empress Dowager was the great restraining influence. It was due to her, and to her alone, that the embassies were not cut to pieces. What could they have done, a few hundreds in all, against the armed hordes of many thousands who sur-

rounded them? The Empress stretched forth a protecting hand over the ministers, and this alone saved them."

General Yung Lu, the most influential of the Chinese Ministers, was, according to Dr. Colton, the accomplice of the Empress Dowager, not only in 1900, but the preparations made since then, for a new attack on the "foreign devils."

Here again Count Cassini took a different view:

"Yung Lu is not formidable. The really formidable man is General Tung Fu-Hsing, who is acting in harmony with Prince Tuan. I think the real danger will arise at the death of the Empress Dowager. She is a great woman, a remarkable woman, and one who has been often misjudged and harshly criticised in the West. It seems that the course of the present dynasty is nearly run. The life of a dynasty in China is about two hundred years, and then there always comes a change, an invasion or a revolution. The Manchus have already outstayed their time; they have been rulers of China for two hundred and fifty years. And the Empress Dowager is an old woman, especially in China, where great age is very seldom reached. She cannot live much longer now, and with her death will begin a period of trouble, ending, I think, in the establishment of a new dynasty."

I asked Count Cassini whether he thought General Tung Fu-Hsing would try to place Prince Tuan's son upon the throne, or, on the other hand, would merely use him as a temporary puppet, and afterwards come out boldly as founder of a new dynasty himself.

"It is very difficult for us to judge," he replied, "but Tung Fu-Hsing is a very dangerous man. He is a Mohammedan, and the Mohammedans in China, who form a large section of the population, especially in the western provinces, are a great power, a much greater power than is generally understood. There is where the real danger lies."

Count Cassini thought that a great part of the Chinese hatred of foreigners was due to the attitude of the foreigners themselves, and that here also there was much opportunity for change. The moderation of the Americans during the Boxer uprising and the occupation of Peking he considered admirable, and worthy of imitation by the European powers.

The conversation then turned to Manchuria, and I asked Count Cassini whether it was not to all intents and purposes a Russian province.

"Our influence there is certainly great," he answered, "and necessarily so. It is imperative for us to safeguard the railway, which is our one outlet to the sea for the six million square miles of Siberia, absolutely dependent upon the line to Port Arthur as their one commercial route. We might have entered Manchuria at the beginning of the outbreak of 1900. We had a perfect right to do so, under the rules of International law; for the Chinese invaded our territory and attacked our posts; and this, of course, is a declaration of war. We should have been justified in taking Manchuria then, and it is difficult to see what could have prevented us."

"But his Majesty the Emperor is a passionate lover of peace. Peace is, for him, an object of religious devotion; and he was unwilling then, as always, to take any step that might lead to war, even though he would have been perfectly justified in so doing. So we contented ourselves with securing the railroad to Dalsey and Port Arthur, and left Manchuria an integral part of the Chinese Empire, though Russian influence is certainly predominant there."

This led naturally to a question as to the powers which at one time seemed inclined to dispute Russia's position in Manchuria, and especially as to the present attitude of Japan.

"I think," Count Cassini replied, "that Japan now understands the true situation and has accepted the facts. Japanese opinion is much more tranquil and better disposed towards Russia than it was a few years ago; and there is evidence that we need have no further apprehensions from that quarter. Japan is much more reasonable and better recognizes the necessity of our position in Manchuria,—and also, perhaps, the impossibility of changing that position. For our situation there is unique. We have a land frontier of thousands of miles along the border of China, and can bring in troops to any extent. The completion of the Siberian railroad makes our position very firm from a military point of view, though that railroad was originally built for purely commercial and industrial purposes. In a few years, when the development of Siberia has progressed somewhat, the real use of the Siberian railway will be evident to everybody. I think, also, that both England and Germany are much better disposed towards our position in Manchuria than they were a few years ago. In that direction we have a fairly clear sky."

Prince Ukhtomski not long ago expressed the opinion that vast tracts of Mongolia would presently follow Manchuria's lead, and come more directly under Russian influence. With reference to this Count Cassini said:

"It is difficult to see what use we could make of Mongolia. I travelled through Mongolia some years ago, in a carriage drawn by post-horses supplied by the Chinese authorities, and I had an opportunity to see Mongolia with my own eyes. Most of it is a sandy desert, the bed of an ancient sea. There are multitudes of deer and other game there, but the almost entire absence of water would make cultivation impossible."

In answer to a question whether Merv, also a desert, had not been tamed into a garden by irrigation, Count Cassini said:

"Merv is altogether different. It is possible to do something there, because you have abundance of water, the great rivers like the Oxus and Jaxartes coming down from the Pamirs. But there are no rivers in Mongolia. The country is a vast plain, and though it was only the end of winter when we went through, the cold was beginning to grow intense, and I was frankly delighted to see Kiakhia with its Russian church and settlement, and to know that the great desert was passed. We came from Peking along the old caravan route through Urga, and at every station a sheep was brought to us by the authorities. The first act of my daughter," said the Count, smiling, "was always to cut the string and let the wretched sheep loose again. And it was not long in taking advantage of its liberty."

From the Far East, we came to the storm centre nearer home, in Macedonia.

"I do not think," said Count Cassini, "that the situation in Macedonia is at present so menacing. I think matters will work themselves out without any general catastrophe. Our Emperor is determined to avoid war, and public opinion in Russia grows stronger and stronger in this sense every day."

This last view is extremely reassuring, for there have been moments during the last few months, the last few weeks even, when it looked as though Macedonia was about to become the centre of a general conflagration.

Books and Bookmen

It was inevitable that *Lady Rose's Daughter* should be dramatized, but the news comes so fast on the heels of the book's publication is the astounding fact. It is a further testimony to the popular appeal of the novel, if any were needed, in view of the widespread interest which Mrs. Ward's latest work has evoked. The story is vivid and strikingly picturesque in situations, and is full of intense dramatic power; nevertheless, it will be no easy task to make a play out of it. But if "George Fleming," who is Miss Constance Fletcher, could make a satisfactory adaptation of Kipling's sketch *The Light that Failed*, which Mr. Forbes Robertson is now presenting with great success in London, she may be trusted to do the same for *Lady Rose's Daughter*, which, after all, provides more inviting material for stage purposes than Kipling's slight story. Then, as one critic has remarked, Julie Le Breton is a host in herself, and ought to bring fame and fortune to all concerned, on the stage. So commanding a personality, so appealing a fiction or fustian, Mrs. Ward dramatized *Elisener* herself, and it was played at a few theatres last year, but she has done wisely in assigning the work of dramatizing *Lady Rose's Daughter* to a practised hand, for there is few novelists who are also dramatists, especially of their own novels. There can be no doubt that a very fine play will evolve from *Lady Rose's Daughter*. The question that troubles us is: "Where is the actress in America who can adequately impersonate Julie Le Breton?"

Very early in the sixties, when what is called the Higher Criticism was to many of us a new, and to some of us a threatening, thing, a little group of students met on Sunday afternoons in an obscure hall in Bloomsbury, London—almost shapeless in its stillness and its stained-glass light, though neither bell nor organ summoned the faithful to that eagerly sought hour. He who spoke there to his fellows disclaimed to be either teacher or preacher to them, but talked as informally as their hushed attention and enthusiastic veneration of himself would allow. They drank in every word, with eyes fixed on that unforgettable and beautiful figure in front—aged, gaunt, silver-haired, magnetic, with the dignity of a man who was before all else a scholar, but whose scholarship had humanized and mellowed, serving the religion needed for the hour. The audience was curiously mixed. Besides the young, ambitious or revolutionary, there were many old and many poor; wanderers through all creeds; the spiritualists; seekers—not for the first time—new assemblages of faith among the shifting sands of dogma or ritual. They took notes; they bought books; they asked for more lectures and classes. When they turned from the speaker it was generally to look at another face, visibly responsive to his, unflinchingly—the face of a woman in the front row, still young, dark-eyed, Madonnabrowed, with waving hair parted austere but from the clear-cut features, as so to speak at first glance Puritan, till the smile brought a look alert and gracious, as of one who has known religious fanaticism latently well—and passed beyond it into the larger light.

Yet in a real sense Mrs. Humphry Ward is Puritan to the core. For she it was who came so regularly to the late Dr. Martineau's classes in Biblical Criticism at the little retirement in University Hall, now grown and flown into a large educational

centre in Tavistock Place, but at that time the first direct outcome of the influence of Robert Elmsler upon religious thought. The author herself would be the first to disclaim this influence, and indeed with some reason, for Robert Elmsler was not an epoch-making book,—rather an epoch's fruition. To change the metaphor, it crystallized the thought and feeling that lay ready everywhere in the religious world. The Broad Church movement of the last half-century had prepared the way for such a book through Kingley and Maurice, through Robertson of Brighton, through Dean Stanley and the Arnolds (uncle and grandfather of Mrs. Ward), through Tennyson and other humanists of that time. A review by Mr. Gladstone increased its popularity in many quarters; and certain utterances of Archbishop Wilson and Canon Chryse at the Church Congress of 1868 did much to force into notice the problems of Biblical criticism upon which turn the critics of Robert Elmsler's life. These other books, near enough to be called coincident, had a clear kinship with it, though coming from widely distant places—the one from South Africa, the other from these United States, for the revolt of the younger generation from at least the cruder forms of orthodox belief was also the motive of Margaret Deland's *Jobs Ward*, Precher, and Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*. But with these two novels, as with the poets and preachers of the last half-century, the revolt was from the heart rather than from the intellect; or at least, when the appeal was to the intellect, it was by the way of natural science rather than historical evidences. Mrs. Humphry Ward was the first to bring into fiction the most modern aspect of the struggle for religious ideals, and to do for the problem of "literal inspiration" what other imaginative writers had done for the religious crises of other ages and nations. It is in her fulfillment of this task that Mrs. Ward shows herself Puritan and Protestant, coming at a race that takes its religion seriously, and does its thinking at home, claiming the supreme authority of his own conscience for the individual man, independently of all churches, scriptures, and creeds; and demanding complete intellectual honesty between a Christian minister and his congregation. Robert Elmsler, when he feeds his rank no longer hold in a supernatural revelation the faith he is preaching, gives up the church, which is his means of livelihood—a step which had already been taken by a popular English Broad Church clergyman who has often been claimed, though on very slender grounds, to be the "original" of Robert Elmsler.

In *Merelle*, Mrs. Ward broke new and unfamiliar ground. It purports to be a novel of the English socialist movement and its developments, say from 1892 to 1894. Into Sir George Trevelyan she carried forward much of his own subject-matter, removed from the immediate differences of factions, and treated with the fine and sympathetic imagination inseparable from her telling of a tale. That she is deeply and actively alive to the social as well as the religious problems of today, no one will doubt who knows anything of the civic and humanitarian work carried on in the Settlement so largely inspired and supported by her in Tavistock Place, with its homely residential life, its many educational gatherings, its school for delicate and crippled children collected from the neighborhood, and—in mention one notable architectural feature—its memorial fireplace in honor of Thomas Hill Green, the Henry Grey of Robert Elmsler. No living writer quite equals Mrs. Humphry Ward in the analysis of a

spiritual crisis as it so often presents itself in modern life, closely bound up, on the one hand, with tender personal ties, and, on the other, with the practical question of a career for those who have set out in good faith to "live of the gospel," and suddenly find themselves driven to stammer fond hopes and break loving hearts by their inability to accept any longer the intellectual conditions of that life. And even those who differ most profoundly from Mrs. Ward's conclusions—or those of her heroes and heroines—will admit that she has handled these high and delicate themes with passionate seriousness and unerring taste. Of *Lady Rose's Daughter* our readers have now had the opportunity to judge for themselves, and to place it in the rank it claims as her most mature and significant work.

"The Dream of Gerontius"

MR. EDWARD ELGAR'S celebrated oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," was performed last week by the Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall, for the first time in New York. Mr. Elgar's work, which is built upon the text of Cardinal Newman's grave and noble poem, has been acclaimed with extraordinary enthusiasm in England and on the Continent, and it may fairly be said that its production by the Oratorio Society constituted, upon the artistic side, the most important and considerable event of the current musical season; but with the best will in the world we cannot convince ourselves that Mr. Elgar's achievement justifies the superlative claims which have been made for it. Mr. Elgar is, we believe, a Roman Catholic, and Newman's ecstatic and mystical fantasy of the translation of a human soul from its mortal case into the awful majesty of the Divine Presence has inspired him to a musical expression conceived upon a plane the most exalted and noble, for the devout and beautiful spirit which pervades the work from beginning to end there can be nothing but unreserved praise; but Mr. Elgar has not been able to transmute his fervor and his piety into music of original and authentic inspiration; wherever we come to the prime cause of our dissatisfaction with his work. There are many moments of intense and beautiful expression in this poetic and brilliant score—moments in which the precise emotion of the text is realized in a tonal equivalent of superb and affecting eloquence. But the intensity and the beauty and the eloquence are not, as Matthew Arnold would say, "self-sprung"; they are not Mr. Elgar's; they are Wagner's. Mr. Elgar speaks with the tongues of men and of angels, but they are the men and the angels of Wagner; they are Tristan, and Parsifal, and Amfortas, and the celestial choir of the temple in Munsalvat. Indeed, Mr. Elgar has absorbed Wagner's idiom, his manner of musical speech, in so complete a degree that passages which sound startlingly like intentional transcriptions are doubtless quite unconsciously and quite innocently reproduced. Those portions of the score which one must recognize as Mr. Elgar's own are, in the main, without potency, without vitality, without significance. There are some admirable pages, wherein Mr. Elgar has written with undeniable force and loveliness—for example, the magnificent climax with which he has contrived to suggest, in a passage of overwhelming power, the stupendous disclosure of the majesty of God.—But that must be, we think, a just verdict upon his achievement which feeds that, for all its fine and noble sincerity, Mr. Elgar's score lacks that interior and vital fire without which no art can live.

Finance

The usual phenomena of a professional market have been observed of late. Periods of weakness have been brought to an end by the realization on the part of the professional speculators that they were the only sellers of stocks. Upon their buying back the securities sold prices have moved upward. Business returns in the speculative areas, and when the professionals were convinced that none but themselves were purchasing stocks, they sold again, checking the advancing tendency, or, going farther and starting a fresh selling movement. Fundamental conditions, commercial and industrial, outside the Stock Exchange have undergone no change, but technical stock-market conditions differ from day to day, and at times even from hour to hour, and these changes have formed the basis for the bulk of the professional operations. Obviously, such a situation has few "interesting features," and such "developments" as occur, so long as they have little bearing on basic conditions, merely furnish food for gossip, or excuses for trivial market movements, rather than good reasons for the indefiniteness of the market's "tendency."

The public, or, at any rate, that portion of it to which the newspapers are fond of referring as the speculative community, is taking no interest in stock speculation. It is not selling securities, because such securities as it holds are held for investment, and nothing has happened to disturb confidence in the ability of the companies, railroad or industrial, to continue to pay dividends or interest at the prevailing rates. But neither is it buying any, either because it is too busy attending to its "legitimate" business to find time to gamble, or because it regards prices as high enough. The other sustaining force of speculation, the "big men," are similarly doing nothing. They confoundly have securities to sell, and they realize that the times are not propitious for the wholesale distribution of their wares. Neither have they any desire to increase their holdings. Both the public and the strong interests, who together make bull times, being "out of the market," the professional is left to his own devices, and since there is no other buying power than his own, he is apt to be a bear.

Consideration of the causes of the prevailing dullness in the stock-market inevitably leads to the scrutiny of the condition of the money-market. No man can be a pessimist who regards the very substantial prosperity of the country at large. Manufacturers of all classes of goods are busy, and what is more to the point, they are profitably busy. The railroads, as every one knows, are taxed to their utmost. The congestion of freight is not so severe as it was, and with the opening of Lakes navigation there should be a further improvement. But as far as can be judged by experts, the current year will be one of a remarkable volume of business. To carry on this business much money is needed, and the supply is not equal to the demand because the creation of new securities during the past three years has been enormous. There is not enough money "to go around." The more speculatively inclined among "outsiders" fear to buy. The investor hesitates. The result has been not only a monotonous stock market, but a congested bond market. There is a light demand for investment issues and an enormous supply. Money cannot be borrowed for long or short periods much under 5% per cent. The better class of railroad bonds do not net the holder even 4 per cent. Neither do many standard railway stocks. There is obviously no inducement for a man to buy bonds yielding 4 or even 4% per cent, when he can pay 5 or 6 per cent, to his bank for money with which to carry on his business.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY next week there will be, among the other interesting features, a graphic account, with photographs and a full-page drawing, of the floods in the Mississippi Valley. Both the text and the pictures are from our own correspondents in the threatened districts of the South.

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CARNEGIE
BY PETER
NEWELL

PRICE 10 CTS

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK



HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE SUBSTITUTE

It is one of the charms of Mr. Will N. Harben's stories that the reader instantly feels that the author knows the people of whom he writes. This was true of "Abner Daniel," and it is even more true of Mr. Harben's new story "The Substitute." It is a story of Northern Georgia—a tale overflowing with amusing anecdote and good humor—and through it all runs a love story of absorbing interest.

WALDA

This is a love story of a most unusual sort—a romance of to-day, yet with an atmosphere wholly non-modern. The scene is laid in a sternly Puritanic community the prototype of which actually exists in the Middle West. Into this community comes a strong man of the outer world. His love for the beautiful daughter of one of the most bigoted of the communists is the motive for the story.

PUTNAM PLACE

Somehow there are a lot of people in New England—people who are rich in honorable family tradition and in heirlooms—who are seldom represented in New England stories. They are comfortable though frugal, happy though married, and cheerful though single. They enjoy life, and the reader enjoys life with them, because his humor is excited more often than his sadness. Such people are to be found in Grace Lathrop Collin's charming "Putnam Place." Miss Collin takes the reader straight to the centre of exclusive family circles, and there he is only too glad to remain as long as the pages of the book last. It is a bewitching view of New England.

THE PRIDE OF TELFAIR

Elmore Elliott Peake, in "The Pride of Telfair," tells a plain, unvarnished tale of the people of one of the progressive small "cities" of the Middle West. The book has all the bustle and alertness of the West in it, while an unforced humor and common-sense philosophy entertain the reader on every page. The story tells of a keen young lawyer—the pride of the town—and a love affair in which much of the city assisted.

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— THE SCOTCH-ENGLISH SUCCESS —

Wee Macgregor

By J. J. BELL

A NEW writer has suddenly appeared in Scotland who is more than rivaling Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie in popularity, while differing widely from either one of them in his portrayal of Scottish character. Mr. Bell has admirably told the humorous and realistic story of a little Glasgow boy, "Wee Macgregor," of his father, who shyly pets and spoils him, and of his mother, who adores and disciplines him—three unforgettable people who live actually before us in the author's exquisite and sincere work.

In this story of "Wee Macgregor" and in his relations to his humble but lovable family and friends, there is a suggestion of "A Window in Thrums," which made J. M. Barrie's reputation; and, on the other hand, its humor and fun are as entertaining as "Bekn's Babies." It is a unique contribution to modern literature, and comes as a real surprise to the British and American public. The book has taken England by storm in spite of its Scottish dialect.

PRESS COMMENTS ON ENGLISH EDITION

FALL MALL GAZETTE—"One of the most gem-
my and enjoyable studies that has come under our
notice for a long time."

THE MORNING LEADER—"These adventures
of Wee Macgregor's are absolutely irresistible,
and are related without a trace of stagey sentiment,
whether comic or serious, and with so much of the
real sympathy and shrewdness that we make them
not only a delight, but more and more a study
in human nature. The father and mother are such
drawn as the sun, and the boy is not less so."

16mo, Ornamented Cloth, \$1.00

THE VIDA-ADVERTISER—"Wee Macgregor" is
the creation of a genuine humorist."

THE SKEW—"One man will love that the author
will give us something more in the same vein."

LONDON BANKER—"A book of genuine British
humor, full of life and spirit, and one of the most delight-
ful, original and original in the English language
that has ever been written. It is a masterpiece
of wit and humor, and one of the best of its kind."

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 446

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

From a new painting, now on view at the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, by Frank Fowler, the well-known artist and portrait-painter

The Fight for the Levees

A Graphic Account of the Floods along the Mississippi, by Harris Dickson, our Special Correspondent

AT this writing vast areas of fertile land in the Mississippi Valley—land usually protected by the levees—are under water. These inundations are not new. The alluvial deposits brought down by the floods of many years have made the incomparably fertile valley of the South. Since the days of the pioneers, mud-banks have been built to hold the river in a restricted course. In 1802 the Federal government first offered its aid to the communities of the South. For the improvement of the waterway and for the advancement of commerce, Congress began its annual appropriations to the levee, made common sense with the planter, and the levee system received a vigorous impetus. Since that time, largely by the efforts of General T. C. Catbagen, then a Representative from this district, Congressional appropriations have been continued.

The work thus contemplated was nothing less than the construction of 1400 miles of curtain dikes intended to be above the highest flood. These dikes were to restrict the drainage of a continental within a channel approximately four thousand yards in

diameter crevasses have been fewer, the damage from them less and less. Throughout the valley there has been a steady growth of confidence in ultimate immunity from overflow.

Vicksburg perches high upon her hills at the foot of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, with every interest bound up in that of her lower-lying neighbors. Here live the planter who owns the threatened fields, the factor who sells his cotton, the banker who holds his mortgage, and the merchant who furnishes supplies to his plantation.

Therefore when the river-gauge climbs above the forty-foot mark and the city front goes under, "high-water talk" absorbs every other topic of conversation upon her streets. The river continues to rise until the gauge registers above fifty feet, with every prospect of more. The Weather Bureau warns the planter to prepare for extremely dangerous stages.

Boats begin to bring in loads of refugees from plantations which are outside of levee protection. Negroes desert their cabins, making rafts to float out chickens, hogs, mules and every imaginable



A Snapshot of the Street-railway Traffic in Memphis during the Flood

width. Without such restraint the river at flood height frequently widened into a sea seventy-five miles from hills to hills—a continental expanse of watery desolation.

It may convey some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking to remember that water from them, in the State of New York, joins with the outlets of Lake Winnipeg and the Yellowstone Park, to destroy a plantation opposite Vicksburg in the State of Mississippi. At Cairo alone a million and a half cubic feet of water is estimated to pass every second. Twenty-seven States contribute to this gigantic volume which formerly dispersed at will over the 32,000 square miles of territory constituting the Mississippi Delta. To-day, when the same flood starts south from Cairo, instead of wandering untransmitted through this vast basin, it is restricted by two narrow ridges of earth, seeking to hold it in check and convey it harmlessly to the sea. And generally these ridges do their work.

It is only in the years when all its tributaries overflow simultaneously that the Mississippi becomes dangerous. Such floods sometimes break the levees. Or the natural contentions of the stream in changing its channel eat them away; they cave, slough off, and slide into the river. But a shattered line is immediately repaired; "encasements" are constructed in a semicircle around the broken place, a spar of sacks is laid to turn the current, and another year finds the levee stronger. In each succeeding year the

species of planter. They crowd upon the levees, waiting for a flood to take them off. Cautious planters send their stock away to safer pasturage. The river swarms with leaky craft. Men are hired for emergency work along the levees; lumber is shipped to build up bulkheads and prevent caving; sacks go forward by the thousand to be filled with earth and raise the crown of the levee above the flood.

At the foot of Clay Street the stanch little *Belle of the Brule* lies ready to perform these services. With "Captain Jim" on deck and "Uncle Billy" at the wheel, she casts loose her line and tugs her head up the brimming stream. On her decks are dozens of planters, levee-board officials, and government engineers, anxious to see what changes a single day has brought.

A man familiar with the river and river methods would have from her cargo that an overflow is imminent. The *Belle* carries lumber, wheelbarrows, skiffs, sacks, and material of every kind. Once launched upon the broad and obdying river the necessity be it all seems fully justified.

The river gauges lie chained to the very top between two butt lines of levees. Cotton is stacked everywhere. The *Belle* seems floating in a huge loose-strung, twenty feet above the level on either side. Only the nearest streak, along where the levee runs, and this thin barrier of dirt, sanded with *Lychnis* grass, belatedly richly endowed in future soil such a stupendous flood



Time to Move Out—a Characteristic Scene in the Streets of Memphis during High Water



Repairing a Washout on the Railroad at Marion, Arkansas. The Force of the Flood Current against the Track is well shown in the Photograph

of water. The wave-wash of the boat splashes over its top. A child with a pocket-knife might cut the dike, and then no human power could save it. Men on horses and men afoot patrol it night and day, watching for signs of weakness and to guard against a cutting. For if the levee should give way upon the Louisiana side that would instantly relieve the strain in Mississippi. And it has happened in days gone by that a man crouching behind his own levee and grown desperate with fear has taken his life in his hands, paddled his silent dugout across the river—a few swift strokes of a spade, a sudden rush of water, and the thing is done. And timber thrives, too, waiting in the swamps for water to float out their rafts, have been known to cut the levees. But the guard asks no question of the man with the spade; he shoots, shouts to kill, and no questions are ever asked of him.

At this writing there is a guard—generally a volunteer—pacing every half-mile of levee on both sides of the river. His horse stands hitched at the quarter boat ready for instant use. And with a fatuous confidence every man of them will answer your inquiry, "We're going to hold this levee, sure; there's no danger here." For God never made a more buoyant-spirited and leaver people than these whose wives and children sleep with that thin green line between them and destruction.

The man of confidence stands on a crumbling foothold scarce six inches above the rising river. At his back, and twenty feet below him, lie the level fields of a country richer than the fabled Valley of the Nile—that granary and treasure-house of the ancient world. There stand his home and household gods; a sweet-faced woman sits upon his gallery; his children sail their mimic boats in the seepage-water trickling through the levee. Yet the man smiles and waves his hand to friends upon the *Belle*. "We'll hold this levee—sure."

At every landing-place the steamer puts off a skiff or two, some sacks, and a bundle of oats. A hundred negroes crowd upon the levees to laugh and cheer her on. The warehouse at Lake Providence is almost gone, while the huge sawmill lifts itself eight feet yet above the flood. Five miles farther on the levee is low, and men are working like bees—building it up with sacks. The exciting fight goes on between the monster and the men—a race to see whether the levee or the water can rise the faster.

The *Belle* leans very cautiously against a threatened levee, where a number of gentlemen are gathered. "We are perfectly safe here, I think," says Mr. Ramsbell, member of Congress from that district, himself at work upon the levee. "I never knew a break in secur where we had good weather, plenty of sun, and dry dirt to fight it with. The break generally comes where you least expect it."

Some of this work is done by paid labor, but much of it is voluntary and perfectly organized. White men and black men

work together side by side—the gentleman of property and the huddled tiller of his field. As a rule, the more substantial negroes labor very cheerfully. But when the tiller refuses there's no hesitation as to him. A ball and chain is hung to his leg, and he works anyhow. Their compulsory levee-working laws are very like those for working public roads, except these levee laws are rigidly and promptly enforced. In some places the boat must approach very greatly lest her waves may dash across the narrow line and start a *crotzasse*. At others she can land broad-side without the slightest danger. And here her guards project like a shell above the diminishing levee.

At the most flood-forsaken points she touches to take on a sack of mail. Everywhere there is a constant stream of negroes parading the levee. A black and jolly set they are, idle and uncaring, for summer is nearly here; if the levees break they can swim out, and they're seeking whatever is low. When moving-time comes, the negro can always shut the door, whistle to his dog—and move. That's all.

One of the deplorable results of an overflow is the complete destruction of game in the swamps. Fox tracks the deer, bear, rabbits, and game-birds have been running to the hills; all their paths are level by jet-hammers, and they are shot down mercilessly. Sometimes upon a higher point so bigger than a city block a hundred starving deer are seen; the owner of the plantation protects and feeds them.

Returning by rail from Greenville to Vicksburg the train passes through a country much lower than the river-front, and now rapidly filling with back water from the Vases. The locomotive drags us on through miles of water which almost extinguishes the engine fires. Two men are stationed on the cowcatcher pushing aside the driftwood which cumber the track, and we creep along more like a Indianer barge than a passenger train.

One of these floating chunks carries passengers—fellow-travellers, one of whom might well be called an original flood sufferer. A melancholy jack-rabbit squats on a piece of drift not more than three feet long, and mournfully regards a big snapping-turtle sitting on the other end. They circle about and wonder slowly through the submerged forest, whether they know not—and the turtle doesn't care.

At the time of writing several bad breaks have occurred in the levees. The city of Greenville is submerged. The rest may hold back the flood; they may not; no man can even hazard a guess. Dry weather and a falling river will save them; another rise, heavy rains, or a high wind might work their destruction in an hour. The people are cooking the fight, a hard fight, a brave fight. If the water covers them they will wait until it goes away, plant behind the receding flood, and trust to the richest country on the earth to give them ample harvests.



In some Districts the only way to get Home during Flood-time is over Temporary Structures



Drawn by G. L. McKim

A PERILOUS MOMENT—THE BREAKING OF THE LEVEE NEAR GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

When the forces are demoralized, or when the support is actually driven from their ranks by the shock, they take all their household goods and camp and flee precipitously on the banks of the river. If a runaway happens near their camp, with the result, or danger in the distance, that there occurs a general scramble for life and safety.

The Dangers of Electricity

WE have frequent illustrations of the hazards of handling electricity. Every little while a line-man at his work at the top of an electric-light pole mis-handles the powerful current he has to deal with, and either falls from his perch or is shocked or burned to death, and hangs an awful spectacle from his perch. Industrially, the dangerous high currents are more and more used all the time, and scientists are constantly experimenting with these in the effort to come to a better understanding of the nature and properties of man's neural servant. Many of these experiments are more or less dangerous, and the need of caution handicaps the experimenter in his investigation and the practical electrician in his work.

The means most in use as a protection against injury from the high currents are rubber gloves and stretchers. Rubber is a bad conductor, but the protection it gives is imperfect. News of a surer safeguard comes from Europe. Professor Nicholas Arteneff, director of the Electro-Technical Institute in Kiel, South Russia, has devised a dress made of a thin tissue of metal, which carries the whole body, and makes the wearer impervious to all electrical currents. Clad in this armor, the electrician need concern himself no more about the dangers of his business, but can go on with his work or his



Dress and Head-Shield invented by Professor Arteneff for Protection against Electric Currents of High Power

experiments with an easy mind.

Professor Arteneff brought his metallic dress to Berlin. We are told that there it stood all tests perfectly, and that the German artificers, working out his idea, made a dress which is a perfect conductor of high current of electricity, and which affords perfect protection without interfering with the use of the hands or the eyes.

How practical a device this is we shall not know until it has been more fully tried, but it would seem likely to prove useful both to experimenters and workmen in work which involves special risks. Certainly for linemen and men who work on our elevated railroads, where the third rail is charged with a deadly current, some sort of protective armor is very much to be desired. In the thunder-storm season too there might be a market for lightning-proof garments which timid ladies could put on to the relief of their nerves. Getting under the bed is a fairly effective precaution against lightning, but it is undignified.

The tenth part of an ampère passing through one's body may produce fatal results. Just what keeps this tenth part of an ampère in its proper course is just enough of a mystery to the ordinary non-scientific layman to make Professor Arteneff's invention of very possible popularity.

The Kaiser Borrows from American Art



The Design for a Fountain in the Estate of Mr. George Gould, at Lakewood, of which the German Emperor has ordered a replica for one of his private Parks in Germany.



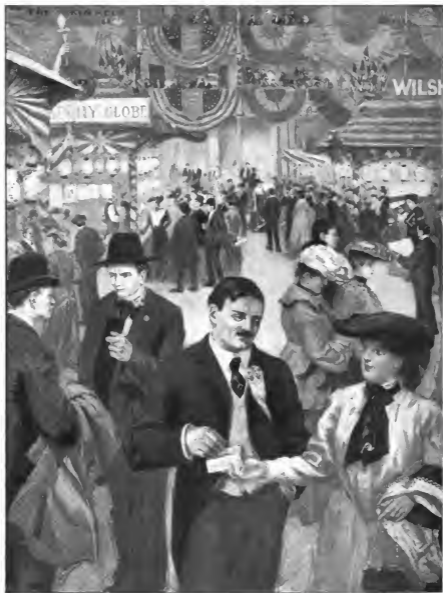
Miss Elsie De Wolfe in her new play "Cynthia," at the Madison-Square Theatre

The Reappearance of Miss De Wolfe

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE has been somewhat delib-
 erate in making her appearance as a star in New
 York this season, but she is none the less wel-
 come. She is one of the fortunate few players
 of the present day whose following is sure be-
 cause it attaches itself to her personal qualities rather
 than to what the more enthusiastic of them choose to term
 her art. It is to Miss De Wolfe the woman, not the player,
 to whom a certain class of the New York playgoers are devoted,
 and in the *sacris d'estime*, as distinguished from the merely the-
 atric success, there is no one on the American stage to-day who can
 boast more enduring laurels. It is to be regretted that Miss De
 Wolfe's abilities are not so well suited in the comedy of "Cyn-
 thia," written for her by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, as in Mr.
 Fitch's "Way of the World," in which she appeared last year. A
 somewhat kittenish rôle is not precisely the sort of thing in which
 one who is noted for a certain calm reserve and distinction of
 manner is likely to make the strongest appeal, and in this re-
 spect Mr. Davies has fallen far short of giving to his star a dra-
 matic garment that fits to a nicety. Miss De Wolfe's talent falls

more easily into a modish rôle than into one of ingenueness, so
 that she does not quite create in the first act the exact illusion
 that is necessary wholly to enlist our sympathies; and when,
 on top of this, we are given a last act that is wholly unneces-
 sary, and in which the natural grand manner of the star is sub-
 ordinated to the exigencies of a skirt-dance, the general result is
 not all that one could wish. This particular star and skirt-dan-
 cing are as unrelated as a Viceroy to a Midway, and one would as
 soon expect to see Ellen Terry in Miss Kate Barry's rôle in the
 "Chinese Boy" as to find Miss De Wolfe essaying to win
 the terpsichorean honors of a Letty Lind.

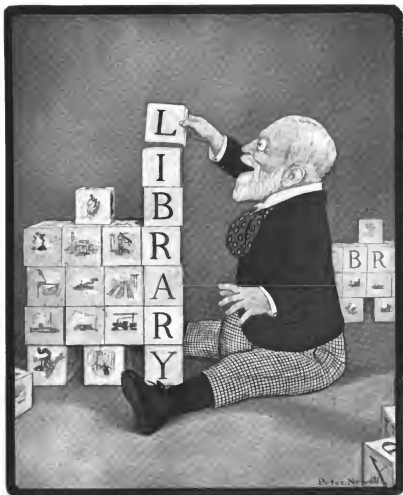
Nevertheless, "Cynthia" is a pleasant and wholly refined per-
 formance. There is nothing in it that grates upon one's sensi-
 bilities, and it holds much that is light and amusing. It is a
 sort of *de face* drawing-room affair, toward which one is dis-
 posed to be amiable polite rather than severely critical, and since
 no claims to greatness are made for it, it may be said that it
 amply fulfills its purpose. It serves as a gently enlivening even-
 ing's entertainment, and occasionally tickles the sense of hu-
 mor by an epigram or two that has real wit and significance.



Drawn by The Ketchum

A SOCIAL FUNCTION FOR WORKINGMEN

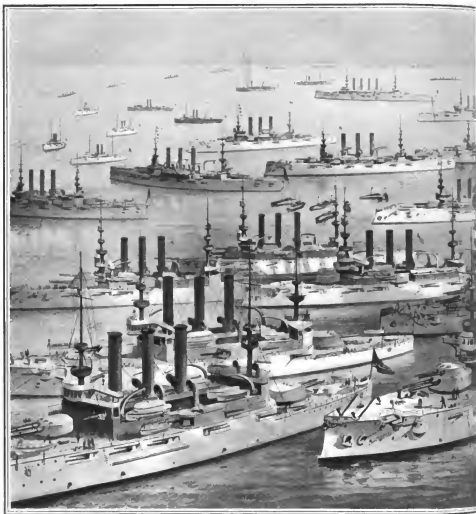
A Workingman's Fair, attended by about one hundred and fifty thousand representatives of all branches of labor, has just been in progress at the Grand Central Palace in New York. Apart from the plan of the organizers of the Fair to have these representatives of labor meet together socially, enough money was raised to start a newspaper in the interests of labor and of the various organizations represented by unions throughout the country.



ANDREW CARNEGIE

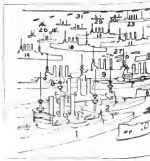
We men are only lusty boys,
Though snowy be our locks:
So Skibo's master still enjoys
To sit and play with blocks.





AMERICA'S NEWEST NAVY—THE SIXTY VESSELS

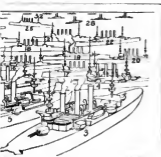
Rank	Name	Tonnage	Type	Displacement	Gun (Max Battery)	Speed (Kts)	
1	Missouri	12,500	First class Battleship.	16,000	20	16	
2	Ohio	12,500		16,000	20	16	
3	Connecticut	10,000		14,500	18	16	
4	Kentucky	10,000		14,500	18	16	
5	Virginia	10,000		14,500	18	16	
6	Nebraska	10,000		14,500	18	16	
7	Georgia	10,000		14,500	18	16	
8	New Jersey	10,000		14,500	18	16	
9	Rhode Island	10,000		14,500	18	16	
10	Vermont	10,000		14,500	18	16	
11	Kansas	10,000	Armored Cruiser.	12,000	12	17	
12	Minnesota	10,000		12,000	12	17	
13	Mississippi	10,000		12,000	12	17	
14	Illinois	10,000		12,000	12	17	
15	Pennsylvania	10,000		12,000	12	17	
16	Maryland	10,000		12,000	12	17	
17	West Virginia	10,000		12,000	12	17	
18	North Dakota	10,000		12,000	12	17	
19	California	10,000		12,000	12	17	
20	Idaho	10,000		12,000	12	17	
21	Washington	10,000	Reinforced Cruiser.	12,000	12	17	
22	Tennessee	10,000		12,000	12	17	
23	Wisconsin	10,000		12,000	12	17	
24	Michigan	10,000		12,000	12	17	
25	Indiana	10,000		12,000	12	17	
26	Illinois	10,000		Protected Cruiser	4,200	10	16 1/2
27	Delaware	3,500			4,200	10	16 1/2
28	Arkansas	3,500			4,200	10	16 1/2
29	Texas	3,500			4,200	10	16 1/2
30	Connecticut	3,500			4,200	10	16 1/2





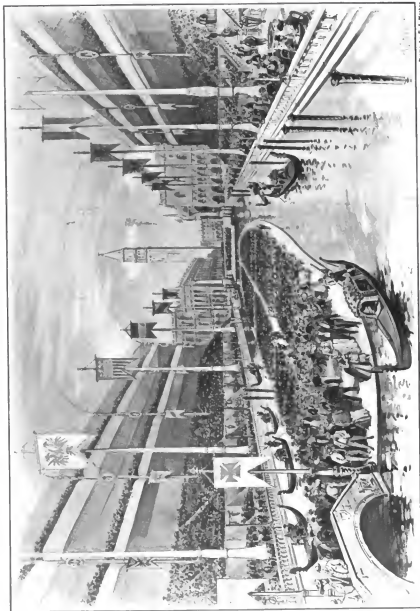
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	Name	Tonnage	Type	Displacement	Class	Speed (Kts.)
	Younger	120	Submarine Torpedo-boat.	150	A-1	21
	Adler	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Grampus	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Howe	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Fox	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Porpoise	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Skink	120	"	160	A-1	21
	Arkansas	2,214	Sea-going Battleship.	2,400	A-2	12
	Navada	2,214	"	2,400	A-2	12
	Wyandott	2,214	"	2,400	A-2	12
	Florida	2,214	"	2,400	A-2	12
	Delaware	2	Gunboat	7	B-1	12
	Delaware	448	Torpedo-boat Destroyer.	7,200	A-3	25
	Parry	420	"	8,100	A-3	25
	Hambley	420	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Hopkins	420	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Hull	420	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Lawrence	420	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Marblehead	420	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Howard	406	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Whipple	413	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Ward	413	"	8,200	A-3	25
	Warrington	388	"	7,200	A-3	25
	Colchesscott	388	"	6,600	A-3	25
	Ribickson	165	"	2,000	A-3	25
	Nicherson	174	"	2,000	A-3	25
	Helen	174	"	2,000	A-3	25
	Tyler	165	"	2,000	A-3	25

A Torpedo tubes B - Details not yet decided
 K - Surface speed, N knots, submerged speed, T knots



Drawn by E. J. Henner

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A PLEASURE PALACE

For musical concerts this summer Madison Square Garden will be turned into a Venetian fairy-land. The principal buildings of Venice will be reproduced, and gondolas, with Venetian gondoliers, will ply on the miniature Grand Canal shown in the drawing. The Piazza di St. Mark's will serve as the band-stand for the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Daus. For the first concert, on May 31, Madame Nesvica and Edouard de Reszke will be the soloists.

From the Four-Track News

Knowledge is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body. . . . It may be mixed and disguised by art, till it becomes unwholesome; it may be refined, sweetened, and made palatable until it has lost all its power of nourishment; and even of its best kind, it may be eaten to surfeiting and minister to disease and death.

Rustin.

"I think as my land thinks," said a land-owner: a saying full of meaning, that we may apply every day. Some, in fact, think like their land, others like their shops, others like their humours, and others like their empty purses aspiring to be filled.

Jobert.

Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.—Emerson.

We are immoderately fond of warming ourselves; and we do not think, or care, what the fire is composed of.—Lander.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Wintona's Baby's Food should always be used for children feeding. It soothes the child, softens the stool, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—(Advt.)

ALL SEAMES know the demands of having on hand a supply of Boscawen's Extra No. 1 Champagne. It can be used as aperitif for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Easy to a supply of all kinds of expeditions. Avoid substitutes.—(Advt.)

Do you want your fire without telephone service, but you don't live so near to your main, because telephone service wires them, and show in the staff of life. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from \$10 a year. New York Telephone Co., 12 Bay Street, 111 West 30th Street.—(Advt.)

AFTER the opera a chicken-dish and a glass of Cassel's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is always appreciated.—(Advt.)

CLEAR complexion indicates pure blood—result from use of Anker-Pills, the Original Angerstein Bitters.—(Advt.)

PAIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION has cured Coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.—(Advt.)

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VIOLETTES DU CZAR

THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF
ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

FATHER'S PORTRAIT

DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



He: "You, how's that?"
She: "Lick it on high on that side, dear"



He: "A-h-h right! Eh-h-h but on that side!"
She: "Well, of all the—"



He: "How's that?"
She: "Oh, you stupid! On THAT side, I said!"



He: "Oh, on THAT side, eh? Well, I'll bet it will be straight now!"



1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1



He: "I wonder if sh'ld speak to me now? Their girls are ever as much as the 'old Master'!"

The "Newest Navy" of the United States

See double page

Ever since 1865 the United States has had what has been called the new navy. The expression has meant generally new war-ships of various types, of improved modern construction, in commission and available as a fighting force. This new navy has included in its development from time to time gunboats and protected cruisers, then armored cruisers and battle-ships, then torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers, then battle-ships of the highest power and armored cruisers of the swiftest speed—fast battle-ships really—and then practical and effective submarine boats.

There have been so many additions to the navy since 1865 that the expression new navy has come to be top-heavy and almost meaningless, and the words newest navy have been substituted. The newest navy means the war-ships that are being built and that are not yet in commission. What would be called the new navy of the United States, using the expression that is becoming obsolete, now consists of 110 war-ships. That is to say, we have 110 steel naval vessels, built and equipped in the last eighteen years, which are either in service or fit for service. All these vessels rank with the best of their types, at the time of their construction. In the other navies of the world, some of them, however, owing to improved methods of construction, are almost out of date. All the other navies of the world have vessels in a similar condition.

The newest navy of the United States consists of five war-ships. With the exception of the six battle-ships just authorized by Congress, all are under construction. In less than four years all will be ready for service. Many of them will be ready within a few months. This newest navy means that a tonnage of 375,000, in round numbers, with a horse-power of about 633,000, is being built. It means an expenditure of more than \$80,000,000.

The most important significance of this extensive plan of naval building is that the United States is actively and persistently in the race for naval superiority, and that on paper—that is, until the navies now being built by this and other countries are actually in service—the United States is already the third naval power in the world. It has passed Russia and Germany, and is fast approaching France. It will probably never overtake Great Britain, but it may catch up to France in a few years if the present rate of increase is maintained. Here are the figures of tonnage, built and building, of the chief naval powers, as gathered by the Navy Department, and published under the date of November 30, 1902: Great Britain, 624 ships of a tonnage of 1,807,874; France, 453 ships and a tonnage of 804,274; United States, 333 ships and a tonnage of 378,743; Russia, 375 ships and a tonnage of 580,308; Germany, 225 ships and a tonnage of 483,428.

It will be observed that Russia and Germany, although behind the United States in tonnage, exceed this country in the number of ships built or building. This is accounted for by the fact that Russia has no less than 196 torpedo-boats built or building of various grades, that Germany has 120 of these vessels, while the United States has only 52. Torpedo-boats are going out of fashion, so to speak. Their usefulness has never been proved in naval warfare—in fact, if anything has been proved regarding them, it is that they are useless, compared with other war-ships, in time of war.

Great Britain has had a sorry experience with them in time of peace. Spain's torpedo-boats were blown to pieces in the recent war with the United States, and our own torpedo-boats in that conflict were used chiefly for scouting purposes and guard duty. Germany is building no more of them. The United States has given up appropriations for any more. Great Britain is fighting shy of them. The latest designs of ships for this "unhindered kind of sea fighting," as it has been called, is to build sub-

(Continued on page 535.)



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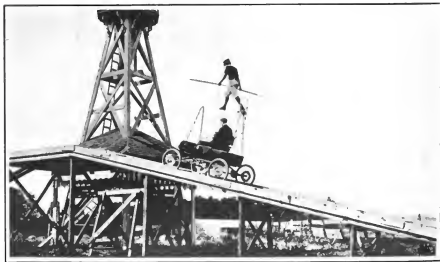


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periments are made to determine the extent of vibration, as shown in the photographs. They assume the form of tight-rope performances. An "aerial artist" balances himself upon a bar supported by a framework which is attached to the body of the ordinary runabout. The runabout is operated at various rates of speed, both on the level track and on the incline. The amount of vibration of the engines is decided largely by the ability of the wire-walker to keep his balance while the auto is in motion. The feat of balancing on a wire while the auto is going up grade, however, calls for considerably more skill. When the trial is successful, it is due to the uniform movement of the engine.



The Test on an Incline—[The Rope-walker can keep his Balance, the Engine is considered to be in good working order

(Continued from page 354.)

marine boats. France, the United States, and Great Britain are now engaged in constructing these boats rather than torpedo-boats. The race between them is about equal. So, it may be seen that, eliminating torpedo-boats, the United States is ahead of Russia and Germany in sea-going war-ships. It will probably remain in that position.

The call nowadays in the marines of the world is for great fighting-ships, battleships and fast armored cruisers. They are the ones that count in naval rank. How do we stand in this respect? On November 30 last the Navy Department figures show that Great Britain had forty-six battleships built and eleven building,—a total of fifty-seven. France had thirty-nine battleships built and six building,—a total of forty-five. Germany had thirty-two built and five building,—total, thirty-seven. Russia had twenty-four built and eight building,—total, thirty-two. The United States had twenty built and eleven building,—total, thirty-one. In battle-ships, therefore, the United States ranked fifth, being just behind Russia, and clear to Germany. The United States, however, was building with in one or many battle-ships as Great Britain, and more than the other powers. Since then five new battle-ships have been ordered, a record that surpasses all but Great Britain. In battle-ships, it will be seen, the United States is taking such a lead over Great Britain, so far as new construction is concerned.

In armored cruisers—those fast war-ships of about 14,000 tons, 25,000 horse power, and 22 knots speed—Great Britain is building twenty, France is building ten, Germany is building two, Russia is building none, while the United States is building eight. Again the United States scores high rank in this grade of vessel, being third and close to France. In protected cruisers, vessels from 5000 to 8500 tons, the United States is building six; Great Britain, four; France, one; Germany, one; Russia, five. In new construction in this field the United States is leading, but all the others surpass it in the number of boats already built in this class. However, these are the boats that become obsolete the quickest, and our deficiency in this respect is not so much alarming. They are not effective fighters in time of war; they are essentially valuable in times of peace.

The newest navy of the United States undoubtedly should be classed third in the naval powers. It consists of no less than fourteen battle-ships, with a tonnage of more than 200,000, evenly equalling Great Britain's, and surpassing all the rest; eight armored cruisers of the *Pacific* class, 14,000 tons each, all of the same type, and valuable for the homogeneity of the grade; three semi-armored cruisers of the *St. Louis* type, each with a tonnage of 10,000; six protected cruisers of the *Danvers* type, and of 3100 tonnage; six improved submarine boats; four sea-coast monitors of the *Florida* type and of a tonnage of 3200; two small gunboats, not yet laid down; ten torpedo-boat destroyers; and seven torpedo-boats.

All of these vessels, with the exception of the battle-ships, are of what might be called standard types. That adds immensely to their effectiveness when acting together. There will be no laggards to keep the others behind. In battle-ships, too, this country is fast approaching a type. Three of the new ones just authorized, 16,000 tons each, are to be of the *Fourier* type, ordered a year ago. Two of these, those of the 12,000 tons, will probably be like the *Ohio* type, of which two are under construction.

The United States will soon have its battle-ships grouped into three or four grades, which may be duly separated and made expert fighting forces, according to the varying standards. What Charles H. Camp has called "battle ship seamanship" may be developed rapidly by keeping these vessels together in their work.

The recent activity of Germany as a naval power has raised some alarm in this country, but we should not be prepared to cope with that country in race of trouble growing out of Germany's evident determination to be aggressive in reference to the Monroe Doctrine. The naval programme of the two countries do not show any reason for such alarm. The United States is now in the

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lead, and the temper of the people is to keep it there.
Germany, however, has made great strides, and has adopted a naval plan that might be considered to advantage by others. It laid down an exhaustive naval programme in 1898, which was amended in 1902, calling for a thorough and gradual upbuilding of her navy. That programme has been adhered to strictly, with the exception that it has been finished in one-half the time, so far as it has gone, allotted for the work. It has included in this programme a complete scheme of rebuilding its vessels as fast as they get out of date. The United States has rebuilt several of its vessels, notably the Chicago and Olympia, but there has been no well-defined plan of continuing this work. Germany has taught all the naval powers a lesson in this respect, and the United States would do well to take immediate heed of it. This country not only wants first class vessels in its navy, which it is now getting, but it also wants no lame ducks in that force. In guarding against this Germany leads the world.

The New Artists' Studio Building

THE NEW Co-operative Studio Building, in Sixty-seventh Street, New York, is the only one of its kind in America which is owned by artists. It is a fourteen-story six-story apartment, giving to every studio in its advantage of a north light. There are also a number of apartments for the artists and their families. These apartments are arranged like tiny country cottages, with three rooms on the first floor and three above, with a private stairway, hall, and elevator, quite as one would have it in an exclusive cottage isolated in the center of a lawn.

Mr. Henry Hanger, now president of the stockholders, originated the plan two years ago, and has been one of the most active promoters. The artists own their own homes, and, together, own the land upon which the structure is built. The cost of the building is about \$350,000. Each artist occupies his own tenement, and pays rent to the co-operative landlord. The artist-owning and occupying apartments are: Mr. Henry Hanger, president; Mr. V. V. Sewell, vice-president; Mr. Jules Turand, treasurer; Mr. Louis Paul Dussan, secretary. The other stockholders are Allan Toloff, Chido Hassen, Sidney Smith, Edward Nargel, Frank V. Dornand.

The Studio Building commands a magnificent view of Central Park, with a glimpse of the Hudson in the distance. There are fourteen large studios, two on each floor. A private entrance from the main hall brings one into the private hall of each apartment. Leading from the studios and facing the west are a reception-room, drawing room, kitchen, wash-room, all well equipped with modern appliances, are on this floor. There is a private entrance and elevator from the basement to the second floor. The sleeping-rooms and bath, also facing the west, are reached by one flight of stairs, and are situated directly over the drawing room and library. The railing in two of the invaluable city apartments, gives a roomy, homelike atmosphere entirely foreign to the usual New York city house. The large apartment studios are leased for \$2000 a year. Each stockholder pays his yearly rental due to the general fund, and draws dividend from the stock. The plan eliminates his rent, and at the same time piles up capital and slowly pays the purchase debt.

To the rear of the building are the bachelor quarters, consisting of three rooms and a bath. These rent for \$750 a year. There are also apartments consisting of two rooms and a bath which rent at \$600 a year. The apartments in the latter category will be rented to bachelors of either sex, the Studio Building being shared, as it were, by the artists' wives and families.
A co-operative restaurant owned and conducted by the stockholders will be situated in the basement. Elevator service, steam heat, gas, electric lights and telephone service will be furnished individually.

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in each studio and building. For the exclusive telephone 81 a month additional to the rent will be required. The top floor of the building is given over to servants' quarters, and for a small sum those occupying the apartments can secure the servant's room apart from their home.

The decorative scheme throughout the building will be one of the most attractive features. A frieze fifteen feet long, contributed by V. V. Sewell, will be placed on either side of the main entrance hall. The subject is a group of Roman boys, semi-nude, riding in the wind, and is suggestive of the Parthenon frieze. The tone is low, the action admirable; the decoration will add materially to the building, and is a valuable gift. The rooms are finished in hardwood with waxed floors. An item important to the housewife is that there is a plentiful supply of closets. The color scheme carried out in the decoration is left to the individual taste of the occupant, but the expense is carried by the stockholders. Each room has not less than forty feet of outer light and air. There is no enclosed shaft or court on the premises. An unobstructed view and good light have been provided in the lease. For twenty-five years no skyscraper will be permitted in the vicinity of the Studio Building.

The Co-operative Studio Building will set a good example for more co-operative homes on the same plan. In fact, its renting and general promotion of the original plans laid by Mr. Ronger and his associate artist friends have been so particularly successful that another building soon and conducted on the same order will lead in the entire construction.

"People here no conception of how difficult it is for one to find a suitable studio in New York," said V. V. Sewell, the vice-president of the stockholders, and one of the most enthusiastic of the artists who with families are to occupy the sunny apartments. "There are, of course, plenty of buildings where studios are to rent, but they have been finished without even a thought as to the lighting or even minor urban tags. Any old skylight or hole in the wall, when it has outlived its usefulness to anything else, has been plundered with the sign 'studio to let.' Landlords are generally under the impression that inspiration needs no light, not much ventilation, and for the privilege of being dissatisfied artists are anxious to pay a goodly sum each month in rental and janitor service. Here before artists have been obliged to occupy studios in one part of the city and have their homes in another, and most of these studios have been situated in wholly undesirable quarters. With the march of time offices have moved into sky-sweeping buildings that are scarcely less than towers, leaving untenanted the rambling old blocks with their small windows, winding stairs, poor elevator service, mysterious corridors and mouldy walls. These, under the landlord's eye, are ideal quarters for genius. Hence the only studios to let have been in these buildings, and have been the cause of general dissatisfaction. To leave a man's studio, like a home in a crowded train, and at last reach the prosaic home situated at the center of a solid row of houses, where every room may be prefaced from the outside—narrow hall, narrow stairs, windowed front parlor, dark back parlor, stuffy dining room, pleasant kitchen—oh, you know them all—the inevitable room of an inevitable city home may be all right for some, but they are death to originality. However, the Sixty-seventh Street Studio Building, which is appropriately termed a Parkson without the Fontainebleau, will have nothing prosaic. There is one here in plenty."

The article, who have promoted the plan as well as those who are to be benefited by it are to be congratulated on the completion of the new building. It marks a very practical step forward in art, one that ought will be imitated by artists in all our large cities.



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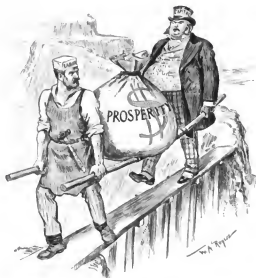
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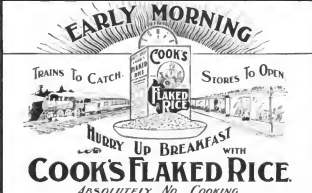
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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 11, 1903

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assertion that our easy victory over Spain has produced exaggerated self-conceit. The German navy is somewhat of an infant itself, and we have not yet heard of its achieving any victories, easy or difficult, unless the destruction of a Haitian gunboat and the bombardment of Port San Carlos can be ranked in that category. Our own notion is that if military conceit is rampant in any European country, it is in Germany, and that there, if anywhere, a cooling-down process might be useful.

When we consider the enormous losses caused by the coal strike to the operators, the mine-workers, and the community at large, the cost of settling it seems trivial indeed. Of the fifty thousand dollars which, it will be remembered, was appropriated for the expenses of the commission by Congress, more than a fifth will be returned to the Treasury. It is computed that the whole cost of the investigation will not exceed thirty-eight thousand dollars. Of this sum a large part goes for salaries. Three of the seven members of the commission received salaries of four thousand dollars each, besides a daily allowance of fifteen dollars for expenses. The other four members and the two assistant recorders drew fifteen dollars a day. As the board was appointed on October 24, and remained in existence until March 23, each per-diem allowance amounted in the aggregate to about \$2250. The stenographers worked cheaply for the commission, because they were allowed to furnish outsiders with copies of the testimony. It is a creditable fact that the special train chartered for the purpose of enabling the commissioners to inspect the anthracite region was paid for out of the per-diem allowances. When we bear in mind that, if the mine-workers are faithful to their promise, the commission's award will assure tranquillity in the anthracite district for three years, we must recognize that the remedy applied by President Roosevelt was extraordinarily cheap. Can we take for granted, however, that recourse will again be made to it? That depends on the mine-workers. If they strike during the next three years, they cannot expect the operators again to assent to an arbitration by the outcome of which one of the parties refuses to be bound. Even if the mine-workers, influenced by Mr. Mitchell, who has shown himself a long-headed man, should refrain from breaking their agreement, it begins to look uncertain whether they will a second time consent to refer their claims to arbitration. Already there are signs of dissatisfaction on their part with the award, and some of their representatives assert that they would have done better to accept the offer made by Mr. Baer on the part of the operators last autumn. We shall get more light upon the views prevailing among the miners after they have received the lump sum coming to them by way of increased wages from November 1.

COMMENT

THAT it is no reason to suppose that Admiral Dewey will be rebuked either by President Roosevelt or the Secretary of the Navy for the recent interview in which he compared the navy of the United States with that of Germany, to the disadvantage of the latter power, and added that our recent naval maneuvers in the Caribbean were an object-lesson to European governments, and especially to that of Emperor William II. In such expressions of opinion there was nothing necessarily offensive to Germany, although some German newspapers seem to have taken umbrage at them. It is not strange that Admiral Dewey should be proud of the past achievements and of the present efficiency of the American navy. Foreign naval experts would cheerfully admit that, from certain points of view, the maneuvers of the large fleet recently assembled by our Navy Department in the Caribbean deserve careful study. It is also true that they are especially worthy of attention on the part of that European power, namely, Germany, the naval strength of which corresponds most closely to our own. England and France, both of which possess a sea power much greater than ours, would manifestly derive less profit from observing how, with a navy of moderate size, a large fleet may be promptly concentrated in a given quarter. It will do neither England nor France, however, any harm to note how effective would be our defence of a Panama Canal.

It is probable that German newspapers would show themselves less sensitive to Admiral Dewey's remarks if these had not followed our polite refusal to permit our Atlantic Squadron to visit Kiel, which itself followed our polite suggestion that the gift of a statue of Frederick the Great should be postponed. These incidents are coupled by newspapers with Admiral Crowninshield's courteous declination of the offer to let one of his vessels, which had been injured near Christiania, be repaired at Kiel. He sent the vessel to England instead. On the whole, it must be admitted that ill luck has attended Kaiser William's overtures to the United States, and it is no longer possible to make the German ambassador at Washington the victim of his ebullience. We can afford to laugh at the ill-humor provoked by these little incidents in certain representatives of the German press. The *Vossische Zeitung* opines that the American navy is suffering from a disease of infamy—lack of modesty; and that super-heated Deweys need to be cooled down. The *Tagblatt* sees in our Admiral's words confirmation of its oft-repeated as-

One of the most important events of the last week was the unconditional ratification by the Cuban Senate of the reciprocity treaty as amended by the Upper House of our Federal legislature. The insular Constitution does not prescribe a two-thirds vote, but permits ratification to be made by a majority. The vote was pretty close—12 to 9—and, by a vote of 11 to 9, a resolution was passed recommending the Cuban Executive to take action conducive to making reciprocity effective as soon as possible. That the resolution was purely secedemic and perfunctory is evident from the fact that it contained an express statement that the recommendation must not be regarded as an amendment to the treaty, or a modification of it. As we have formerly pointed out, it was hoped by the Havana friends of the European countries that are rivals of ours for Cuba's import trade, and also by the opponents of the treaty in the United States, that the amendments made by our Senate would prove an insuperable obstacle to ratification by the other party to the contract.

Señor Sanguilly, who is the most persuasive speaker in the Cuban legislature, did his best to make them so. His principal argument, however, that the treaty was a step toward the political absorption of Cuba by the United States, was clearly fallacious. Senator Newlands, who opposed the treaty on the explicit ground that it would postpone annexation, was right. Whatever increases Cuba's prosperity will obviously assist her to maintain an independent existence, and will minimize the motive for seeking absolute free trade with the United States through annexation. It has been alleged, indeed, that the reduction of duties on imports from the United States will materially curtail the island's customs revenue. Well-informed Havanaes, however, believe that any loss resulting from the lowering of duties will be more than made good by a signal augmentation of purchasing power. That was the gist of the reports made by the industrial, commercial, and financial associations whose expert opinions were requested by President Palma. It is doubtful, nevertheless, whether the treaty would have been ratified had not Señor Quesada, the Cuban minister at Washington, been authorized by Secretary Hay to telegraph an assurance that President Roosevelt would convene Congress in extra session in November in order to secure the approval of the treaty by the House of Representatives. Now that the document can be presented as an accomplished fact, we deem it almost certain that the approval will be given. It will go hard with those Representatives who in this matter venture to set themselves against the tide of public opinion. We believe that, before the present year has ended, Cuba will enter upon a career of prosperity unexampled in her history. Not only will the reciprocity treaty enable her planters to sell their cane sugars at a profit in the United States market, but the agreement signed by the parties to the Brussels Conference, which will become operative early in October, will deliver them from the competition of bounty-fed beet sugars.

As Senator Morgan of Alabama voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, he is undeniably a "regular," and, therefore, the friends of the ex-candidate cannot well refuse to consider his views of what should constitute the Democratic platform next year. They were set forth on Saturday, March 29, in an interesting interview with the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The Senator advocates the dropping of the issues put forward in connection with Mr. Bryan's candidacy, and the adoption of a platform based on the traditional principles of the party. The silver and the Philippine questions he regards as dead. He would insist upon a revision of the present tariff, which, confessedly, was made too high in many particulars, on the plea that the very excess of taxation would enable us to make bargains with other countries on the reciprocity plan. The tariff as it is, Senator Morgan thinks, is a shelter for trusts and a nesting-place for monopolies. He believes in a tariff for revenue, but if, in raising revenue, a tariff furnishes protection for particular manufactures, he holds that nobody should wish to prevent it. As to the trusts, he suggests a remedy which, in his opinion, would prove effective. Why should not the government, he asks, declare by act of Congress that any person or corporation which produces, or transports from State to State, any article that is used by the government, and enters into any combination to monopolize or forestall the market for such article at any place, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of the Sherman Act? He points out that the government of the United States is a very large consumer of a great variety of articles that enter into interstate commerce. It is, in truth, the largest single consumer.

Look, he says, at the equipment of the army and navy, and the post-office, and the different government establishments throughout the country, and at the vast number of servants whom the government has to supply with materials. He calls to mind the fact that for centuries it was the common law of England that the government could enact a law declaring that men and corporations that combined to monopolize and raise the price of beef, pork, lard, flour, iron, steel, copper, or any other articles used by the government, should be amenable to punishment. It is obvious that such legislation would be a reversion to paternalism, and most people would say that a recourse to that remedy should be postponed as

long as possible. Senator Morgan is not frightened in the least by the term paternalism, however, and maintains that it is the duty of a government, considered as a consumer, to protect itself against monopolies. As regards the section of the Union from which a Democratic candidate should come, Mr. Morgan sensibly says that, for some reasons, he would prefer a Northern man. He seems inclined to think that the Federal government would be safer in the hands of such a man. Moreover, it would be easier to elect him. He would be more likely to carry doubtful States at the North. Mr. Morgan would deem no nominee objectionable on the ground that he had failed to support Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. The word "better" has no terrors for him. On the contrary, he considers it Democratic doctrine, as well as a Christian doctrine, that when a man repents, he should be taken back on the same ground as if he had never sinned.

As we expected, President Castro's resignation of his office proved to have been modelled on the shan exits of Bismarck. It will be remembered that, during the latter years of the Emperor William I., his famous Chancellor used periodically, when annoyed by court cabals against him, to offer to resign. As his imperial master was keenly conscious of his obligations to the man of blood and iron, the latter was invariably urged to resume his official functions, and the designs of his enemies were brought to naught. The Venezuelan Congress in like manner seems to have recognized that in the existing situation Castro was an indispensable man, and, without waiting even twenty-four hours, besought him by a unanimous vote to reconsider his purpose of retiring to private life. He graciously accepted the request as a vote of confidence, and announced his consent to retain his post until all the questions in dispute between Venezuela and foreign countries shall have been settled. So neglectful of international law are many South-American politicians that Minister Bowen, who has nearly completed the task of arranging protocols with Venezuela's creditors, might have found himself in an awkward position had Castro been succeeded by a President who might have held himself at liberty to repudiate some of his predecessor's promises. Not that even a Venezuelan Chief Magistrate would have ventured to repudiate a protocol actually signed, for it is well known that even *de facto*, and much more *de jure* government, such as Castro's ultimately became, has power to bind its successor. Another President, however, might have preferred to negotiate privately with those creditors who had not come to terms with Mr. Bowen.

There is still current some misconception about the scope of the reference to The Hague. The international tribunal will have absolutely nothing to do with the validity of the claims put forward by the creditor powers. It is simply invited to say whether, in pursuance of the principles of international law, the countries which undertook to enforce the payment of alleged debts by blockade and bombardment shall be preferred, as regards the time of payment, to those countries which refrained from resorting to acts of war. The damages demanded for pretended grievances have already been assessed, and, where they have not been paid in cash, the time, mode, and amount of payment have been agreed upon. As to the ordinary debts alleged to be due from Venezuela or her citizens to the subjects of Germany, Great Britain, Italy, or any other foreign power, these in each case are to be verified by mixed commissions, on which the debtor and creditor countries will be equally represented, a provision being made, moreover, for an umpire in the event of disagreement. How long thirty per cent. of the customs revenues of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello will be sequestered for the benefit of creditors depends, of course, on the aggregate amount of the claims allowed by these commissions. It is not improbable that the total, including costs of collection, may reach \$45,000,000. It should be borne in mind that if Castro or his successors in the Presidency should fail to turn over monthly the promised thirty per cent. to the agents of the foreign creditors, the two custom-houses mentioned must be placed in the hands of officials appointed by the King of the Belgians. This stipulation may lead to trouble that will open the eyes of the American people to the possible significance of the confiscation of customs revenue for the payments of ordinary debts. We presume, however, that the intervention of Belgium will not be called

for, unless Castro's fiscal resources should be exhausted by the task of putting down the revolutionists, who are still giving him some trouble.

Along with the announcement that President Castro has been graciously pleased to withdraw his resignation comes a harrowing tale of the woes of certain American merchants in Venezuela, with pictures of the manner in which President Castro endears himself to his subjects and to the stranger within his gates. Here we have the wail of a firm which obtained certain concessions from the predecessors of the present ruler, and was permitted to import, duty free, about half a million dollars' worth of machinery. The precise nature of the industry involved we are not told, the reason being that an identification of the complainant would mean a short shrift, and a funeral in the cool of the tropical morning. Having imported its machinery, this firm thought it saw the way open to great wealth. The way was open all right, but it led in the wrong direction. Tawny gentlemen belonging to the government immediately developed a habit of dropping in and making forced loans, explaining that, if the subsidy were not forthcoming, something might happen to the plant; and something invariably did happen, we are told, so that the bleeding process went on and on. Then came a really painful incident. The government commanded four males belonging to the firm, and this led to a fierce complaint to Castro in person. Castro was truculently sympathetic, and promptly gave orders that the males should be paid for. In fact, he sent his commissioner of stamps the next day to pay for the males—in stamps. The commissioner sat around and smoked and smiled. He remarked that the weather was very warm, and that the government of his dear master was in great straits. He further remarked that there was a considerable sum in gold, some two thousand dollars, in the safe of his dear friend the American manager. Finally, he declared that this sum was in danger from the revolutionists, and that, to assure its safety, his dear master had decided to take it over, paying for it in stamps. The wretched manager had to acquiesce. The gold went to Miraflores, and the stamps took its place. A few days after, a notice came that the whole issue of stamps had been cancelled, because some had been stolen from a sub post-office up in the Andes.

It is noteworthy that the Balfour cabinet has been able to gain a victory at Chertsey, not only in the face of all sorts of predictions of defeat, but, what is much more important, after the Irish policy of the government was made known to the electors. It has been said again and again that the Irish tenants, and therefore the Nationalist members who represent them, are naturally favorable to Mr. Wyndham's land-purchase scheme, that the Irish landlords, and the Ulster Unionist members who represent them, are also naturally very glad to be able to sell their lands on very favorable terms, but that it remained to be seen whether John Bull would stand for the cost. So far as the Chertsey elections show, and, taken after the two defeats at Woolwich and Rye, it seems a fair index, John Bull is quite willing, and is, indeed, impressed with the fact that the investment is a good one. All the same, with consols at a phenomenally low figure, with the Transvaal loans in sight, while Mr. Brodbrick's tremendous army expenditure has raised the cost of the army alone to an amount which used to pay for army and navy both, and, finally, with the payments on the national debt for the last forty years altogether swept away, one cannot but hope that the government may shortly see its way to turning the tide in the direction of retrenchment and economy. Among other news from across the ocean, there are rumors of the resignation of Mr. Brodbrick, as a result of his hotly criticized army scheme, and, what is more important, though hardly likely to be true, that his example will shortly be followed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The tragedy that clozes the life of General Sir Hector Macdonald is a subject of universal regret, and it is fairly established that the mind of the distinguished soldier has for some time been seriously unbalanced as a result of a sunstroke received at the great fight at Paardeberg, where Sir Hector was also somewhat seriously wounded. The chief matter for regret is that the army authorities did not realize this in time before sending Sir Hector out to Ceylon, which has its charms

and its beauties, certainly, but is not the best place in the world for the cure of sunstroke. When the gloomy circumstances which surrounded his death have been forgotten the valor and intellectual force of this distinguished soldier will be remembered, and, even more, the conspicuous example of merit rewarded which lies in the history of his rapid rise from raw recruit and ex-drapery's assistant to the culmination of his life on the field of Omdurman.

We have pointed out that Italian statesmen are deeply interested in the outcome of the next Conclave. Will the successor of Leo XIII. adopt a conciliatory attitude toward the Quirinal, or will he pursue the middle course which the present Pope has followed, or will he be a representative of that uncompromising faction in the Curia which desires the pontiff to abandon the Vatican and take up his residence outside of Italy? Our own belief is that the Moderates will prevail, and that the next Pope will not depart to any serious extent from the path traced by Leo XIII. as regards the treatment of Italy or of France. It must, at the same time, be admitted that the irreconcilable cardinals are exhibiting a good deal of confidence, and the fact has revived the discussion of the country in which the papacy would be likely to take refuge. An asylum has twice been offered at Malta by the British government, and there is no doubt that the Emperor William II., about two-fifths of whose Prussian subjects are Catholics, to say nothing of the Bavarians, would willingly afford a domicile to the Holy Father within his dominions. There is a fatal objection to either of the proposals. The very idea of a Pope residing in *partibus infidelium* would be shocking to Catholic traditions. For the same reason the Pope could not take up his residence in the United States. To seek an asylum in the French Republic, as his predecessors sought one at Avignon, would be impracticable at this time, when even the maintenance of the Concordat is doubtful. The Hapsburgs, on the other hand, and the Spanish Bourbons, are zealous Catholics. It follows that the occupant of Peter's chair might find a convenient place of refuge in one of the Austrian towns on the Dalmatian seacoast, or in one of the Balearic Isles. The island of Minorca, for instance, would be an ideal sanctuary. But, as we have said, we think that the Moderate party in the College of Cardinals is likely to win, in which event the next Pope, like the present one, will cling to Rome.

It is pleasant to have something to record of Chiusi other than wars and rumors of wars. The present news is that an agitation has been started to protest against the barbarous custom of bandaging the feet of Celestial girl babies and thus making artificial cripples of the mothers of the Chinese race. There are many absurd and idiotic fashions and customs in the world, but this is perhaps the most idiotic of all. There are great hopes of enlisting the active sympathies of the Empress Dowager in the movement, not only because, as a Manchu, she herself never submitted to this torturing deformity, but also because the Manchus have opposed the custom of foot-binding all along, and have again and again issued edicts against it, but hitherto all in vain. It is said that the prime mover in this campaign is the reformer Kang Yen-Woi, of Canton, who has added example to precept, and 'being himself the father of fair daughters, has refused to send them hopping and hobbling through life, and has further prevailed on numbers of his personal friends to follow his example. This is the real solution of the difficulty, in China as elsewhere, and doubtless the pioneers will have to pass through the same stages of social ostracism as did the strong-minded and enlightened persons in India who began the campaign for the remarriage of infant-widows.—of girls, that is, who, having been betrothed when they were babies, or even before they were born, were bereaved of their lovels and masters while still mere children, and who, under the interpretation of Manu's law, were held to be widows, deprived of the right of remarriage, and doomed to perpetual servitude, privation, and hardship. We may well compare their lot with that of their sisters in Chiusi who are tortured and maimed by the bandaging of their feet in infancy. It is pleasing to find the initiative in this reform being taken by the Chinese themselves. That is the true and healthy path of national progress. Outside forces can never accomplish genuine reforms, as was shown, for instance, in the repeated failure of the Manchus

dynasty to abolish this very evil. The Manchus, by the way, are responsible for introducing the pistol into China; they made the conquered nation wear it as a sign of loyalty.

Cotton-manufacturing in New England is momentarily in an uncertain state—and chiefly on account of the nearly universal unrest of the labor on which it depends. It has been difficult, and a work of many years, to bring the mill-workers into union; and even now some classes of the help are so loosely organized that the organization is effective for not much except agitation. The spinners, who are comparatively few in number, and who are all men, have the strongest union, including nearly all the spinners in New England; the weavers, who number more than any other class, and who are largely women, have a union which lacks power because many weavers have never joined it. Wages vary for the same kind of work in different parts of New England, those in Fall River and New Bedford generally running a little higher than wages in Lowell and Lawrence, and in Manchester, New Hampshire. Large numbers of the workers are among the smallest wage-receivers in the New England States, and are thus naturally the most dissatisfied. At the present time all the Lowell mills have shut down, the managements closing just before the unions were ready to carry out a strike threat, throwing 20,000 persons out of work; while there is scarcely a mill center in New England where differences with employers concerning wages are not acute. Strikes of some magnitude are imminent in Fall River and New Bedford, and small strikes in cotton-mills may be expected anywhere at almost any moment. It is no secret that the managers of the cotton industries are much concerned, but it may be accepted that refusal to advance wages are not made carelessly. As a rule, the strikes of cotton-mill employees in New England have proved disastrous to the strikers; but they have also been so costly to mill-owners that even a possible strike is never viewed lightly. For two or three years the cotton industry has been profitable in New England—with some exceptional mills, very profitable—but at this moment the general condition is not quite so encouraging, and the attitude of the labor organizations is causing stockholders considerable anxiety.

In a report to Mayor Low, dated March 13, Commissioner Robert Grier Monroe declared that the appropriation for public lighting in Greater New York for the current year was inadequate to buy at present prices the light that the city needs. In view of circumstances and conditions, which he explained in detail, he recommended that the charter, which now requires the commissioner to make annual contracts with the lowest bidders for lighting the city, be so amended that he may make contracts without public bidding, and for a term not exceeding three years, when authorized by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. He also urged that legislation be asked for to give the Mayor power to establish and maintain an electric plant for street-lighting. The commissioner has made those recommendations because he thinks the city is paying altogether too much for its light. The plan of annual contracts with the lowest bidders was devised in 1897, when a number of companies competed for the city light. Since then the companies have all come under control of the same organization, so that there is no longer competition between them. In Manhattan the price bid this year for a 2000-candle-power lamp is \$146. The price in Brooklyn for a 1200-candle-power lamp is \$124 50. The average price in sixty-eight American cities for 2000-candle-power lamps is \$88 00. The average price in twenty-three cities for 1200-candle-power lamps is \$51 08. More street-lamps with incandescent mantles are needed. It costs Chicago \$2 40 additional for these mantles. It costs New York \$11 50 additional, and Brooklyn \$15 additional. Upon the bids that make these prices the commissioner has been unwilling to execute contracts, and has recommended that all bids be rejected. The Consolidated Gas Company and the New York Edison Company, and various companies controlled by them, are the concerns which at present supply New York with light, and there is no competition between them. Pursuant to the commissioner's recommendation, a bill has been introduced into the Legislature empowering New York city to install an electric plant for public purposes. Chicago has had such a plant since 1887. The cost of its 2000-candle-power lamps last year was esti-

mated to be \$53 51. Detroit also has such a plant, and the highest estimate of the cost of its 2000-candle-power lamps last year was \$80.

Will Mayor Low, whose nomination seems assured, be re-elected? That is a question to which we might venture to reply if we could foresee the political effect of certain bills which are known to be favored by Governor Odell, and which seem likely to be passed by the Albany Legislature. We refer to the excise measure, which increases by fifty per cent. the cost of licenses in the larger cities, and the proposal to tax mortgages. Thus far the brewers and distillers have shown themselves vehemently opposed to the projected increase in the cost of licenses, and talk of making the change odious to consumers by augmenting the retail price of beer and whiskey. It has been suggested that the price of beer in the city of New York should be made ten cents, and that of whiskey fifteen cents, a glass, but it is most improbable that retailers will agree to the plan. Without recurring, however, to such a course, there is no doubt that the brewers and distillers can affect in several indirect ways a large section of the metropolitan vote. They are credited with defeating Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency in 1888, and with electing Mr. Hill to the Governorship at the same time. Their field of influence is believed to lie mainly among the German and Jewish voters, without whose support Mayor Low could not hope for re-election. Nor could Mr. Low escape responsibility for the new excise measure, because he has signified approval of it. The mortgage-tax bill also, as originally framed, was calculated to make the Republican party and most of its leaders extremely unpopular, not only among the large associations which invest a considerable part of their resources in bonds and mortgages, but also among the multitude of small capitalists who prefer that form of security. It is now understood, however, that, in deference to the wishes of Senator Platt, the mortgage bill is to be so amended as to minimize its political effect. The tax is to be reduced from four mills on the dollar to two mills, and mortgages held by savings-banks, by building and loan associations, and by life-insurance companies are to be exempted. Even thus modified, the bill is certain to encounter a great deal of resistance, on the ground that a tax on mortgages is practically a tax on real estate, which would thus be subjected to double taxation.

An event that promises to be of greater importance to the city and State of New York than any that has occurred since the Erie Canal was thrown open to navigation was the approval given on Thursday, March 26, by the Lower House of the Albany Legislature to the Canal bill, which had already passed the Senate. This bill gives the people of the State the right to vote upon the question whether \$101,000,000 shall be expended upon one-thousand-ton-barge canals connecting Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and Lake Champlain with the Hudson River. The bill could not have been carried without the concerted support of the Democratic members, all but three of whom voted for it. It may fairly be termed a Democratic measure, because, although it is favored by Governor Odell, the Republican leaders in the Assembly were bitterly opposed to it. The line of political cleavage becomes intelligible when we call to mind that the strength of the Democrats lies chiefly in the cities, and that of the Republicans in the rural districts. Whether the Canal act—we take for granted that the bill will be signed by Governor Odell—will be sanctioned by the people depends upon the answer to the question whether the urban will outnumber the rural vote. We hope and believe that it will. The bill has been criticised on the curious ground that the cost of the proposed improvement—more than half that of the Panama Canal—is out of proportion to the resources of a single State. Compared with the population and wealth of the State of New York at the time when the Erie Canal was constructed, the cost of that artificial waterway was immensely greater than will be that of the proposed improvement to-day. At that time the city of New York was out-ranked in population and wealth by Philadelphia, and there is reason to believe that, but for the Erie Canal, it would have continued to occupy a secondary position. Such, certainly, would have been the fate of New York city, if, like De Witt Clinton's plan was defeated, the Philadelphians had carried out the project of connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio River by means of a canal across the Alleghenias with the

Delaware. Nobody thoroughly acquainted with the conditions governing the transportation of grain from the West to the seaboard doubts that on the completion of one-thousand-ton-bergs canals the port of New York will begin to regain all of the grain-export business that it has lost in recent years.

It appears that the point reached in the antarctic circle by Captain Scott of the exploring-steamers *Discovery*, which left England in 1901, was 2° farther north than was at first announced. In his final sledge journey he pushed forward to latitude 89° 17', when he was about 460 geographical miles from the south pole. It was well known that explorers have come considerably nearer to the north pole, less than 4°, or less than 240 geographical miles, remaining to be crossed in the arctic circle. Captain Scott has unquestionably shown that Victoria Land stretches much farther south than had hitherto been demonstrated, but it remains uncertain whether the land extends to the south pole. It is said that a rich collection of marine fauna, including many new species, has been made by the scientists attached to the expedition, and we may take for granted that due attention has been paid to seismographic records, and to magnetic and pendulum observations. As the explorers were re-visited toward the end of January by the relieving-steamers *Morning*, they will be enabled to live with an approach to comfort during the next six months, which are, of course, the winter months in the southern hemisphere, after which they can resume their northward journey, and may possibly succeed in reaching the antarctic pole. Should this feat be accomplished, it will undoubtedly cause a revival of arctic expeditions.

The early history of our fleet was recalled at the recent dinner of the Transportation Club in New York, at which Senator Depew so eloquently presided. We were reminded, and the story was a very curious flavor now, that when Mr. W. C. Whitney, as Secretary of the Navy, was about to form the nucleus of our fleet, the committee on naval work made special provisions in their bill allowing the Secretary to import engines for the future war-ships from Europe, it being their opinion that this country was quite unable to manufacture the necessary machinery. That sounds strange at the present day, when we are acknowledged masters in this very matter, and have turned out fully equipped fighting-ships not only for ourselves, but also for Russia, for Turkey, and Japan. It was further said that this country had not a single dock-yard where a first-class battle-ship could be built, and at the time that was doubtless true. But the need soon brought the dockyards, and the vigorous competition for the recently authorized ships illustrates the present situation in that department of enterprise. As a speaker said, the country was swarming with men ready to undertake the building not only of battle-ships, but even of submarines or air-ships, or anything else under heaven, if they could only get the contract.

At the same dinner, Mr. Lewis Nixon, famous as designer of the *Oregon*, and sometime chief of Tammany, spoke vigorously on behalf of our mercantile marine, which is at present at about the same stage that had been reached by the navy when Secretary Whitney was empowered to buy his engines abroad. The point was well brought out that the demand for ships for the navy had brought into existence a number of ship-building yards which could now be admirably used to turn out ships as good as those of the German lines or those which have enriched Belfast. And this led him on to a story of an English lady who happened to invade Ireland, and was struck by the backward state of civilization in the sister isle. She met an Irishman called Michael, who was carrying a bucket of water from the well. She talked to him patronizingly of improvements and opportunities, and when he informed her, in answer to her inquiries, that ducks brought two and six in his out-of-the-way corner of the world, told him regretfully that if he had the same ducks in London he could sell them for twice as much. "True for your ladyship!" said Michael. "Indeed, there's nothing like having the right thing in the right place at the right time!" Here the audience laughed heartily, but somewhat prematurely. The point was still to come. "Now, your ladyship," continued Michael, "if I had this bucket of water in Hades, I could sell it for a guinea a drop." The moral of the tale was, of

course, the expediency of ship subsidies to the right men at the right moment.

So far as the Rhodes scholarships are concerned, the most unkindest cut of all comes from Australia. The *Argus*, which is the most influential paper in Melbourne, points out that, setting aside social polish, and looking only to intellectual acquisition, Australians, at all events, should recognize that the student who seeks merely to graduate, and who does not take the so-called "honour" course, has nothing to gain from Oxford. In the opinion of the *Argus*, the colonial would be, for the most part, better taught at Melbourne, Sydney, or Montreal, because the B.A. degree conferred at the larger colonial universities means more as regards quantity and quality of requirements than the "pass" degree obtainable at Oxford. It adds that, hitherto, when rich Australians have sent their sons to graduate, or to try to graduate, at Oxford or Cambridge, rather than Melbourne or Adelaide, they have done so candidly on social grounds. As regards an equipment for the struggle of Australian life, the step is pronounced injudicious.

The matter of water waste, which is always under consideration in New York, is a problem of importance in every large city, but especially so in New York, which is big already, and expects an enormous growth in population. The allowance here now is said to be 120 gallons a day to each inhabitant. It cannot be long maintained without the acquisition of more watersheds. They will have to be acquired in time in any case, but meanwhile the experts tell us that from 40 to 60 gallons a day apiece is a liberal allowance of water, and that about half the water the city gets now is wasted. Where the waste is is not clear, because it has not been fully investigated, but part of the surplus water is lost through leaks in the pipes underground before it reaches the houses, and part is wasted in buildings by undetected leaks and careless consumers. The City Club through its committee on water supply has taken up this question of water, and has made investigations on its own account, the results of which it has submitted to the Mayor. Its action is timely and important. Water is not only expensive, but it is limited in quantity. The supply cannot be increased indefinitely, even though there is money to pay for it.

It seems that about six months ago the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce was invited by Commissioner Wilcox, president of the New York Department of Parks, to appoint a committee for the purpose of elaborating a system of parks, parkways, and playgrounds for Richmond County. The committee has reported in favor of raising the two and three-quarter acres at present used for park purposes on Staten Island to 3500 acres. As experience has shown that land required for parks has to be obtained by condemnation proceedings, and that the prices exacted of the city of New York are always exorbitant, we may fairly presume that the park scheme proposed would draw from the city treasury four or five million dollars. Our estimate is based on the assumption that land would not, on an average, be procurable by the city for much less than fifteen hundred dollars an acre. Now a tunnel under the Narrows is of infinitely more importance than a park system to the Staten-Islanders themselves, and to their fellow-citizens in the Borough of Manhattan, who would have to bear most of the expense. If four or five million dollars are to be expended for the benefit of Richmond County, they should be devoted, so far as they will go, toward the assurance of quick, frequent, and regular communication by means of a tunnel under the Narrows with the business part of the metropolis. To give a park system and withhold a tunnel would be to put the cart before the horse. As we have previously said, Mayor Low and his coadjutors in the municipal government ought to recognize the imperative duty of relieving the congestion of Manhattan Island below Canal Street, and on the east side as far north as the Harlem River, by enabling the swarming millions of the tenement houses to acquire homes in the city section of New York where land is still relatively cheap.

For some time farmers in our prairie States have been deeply interested in the report that a new cereal known as "corn wheat" has been discovered. According to the exaggerated statements that have been current in the West, the kernels of the new grain are about midway in size between wheat and

maize, and the proportion of crop to seed is far greater than in the case of wheat. Just how much foundation there is for the story has been made known by the Department of Agriculture. Not only is there no such thing as "corn wheat," but, in the opinion of the department's experts, no hybrid of corn and wheat could be produced, or, at any rate, no hybrid that would be fertile. The true name of the cereal which has been incorrectly designated is "Polish wheat," so called because it is largely grown on the Polish steppes, though it is not native there, its original home being believed to be in the Mediterranean region. As regards the size of the kernels of this grain, there is no doubt that, while much smaller than the kernels of maize, they are often twice as large as those of ordinary wheat. The assertion that the normal yield of this grain is from sixty to one hundred bushels the acre is pronounced exaggerated, though the department does not discredit the reports from Idaho and Washington that in those States from sixty to seventy-five bushels per acre have at times been garnered. It seems that Polish wheat is restricted as regards adaptability to soil and climate. So far as the United States are concerned, the Department of Agriculture thinks that the new cereal could only be grown successfully in the region of the great plains and in the territory on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It should be a boon to eastern Kansas, and to all sections where artificial irrigation has been accounted a condition of fertility, because a characteristic of Polish wheat is its exceptional power of resistance to drought.

James Smithson, Englishman, who founded the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, died in Genoa in 1829, and was buried there. The cemetery wherein his bones lie has been abandoned, and the land is to be used as a stone-quarry. All the bodies in it are to be removed. The Regents of the Smithsonian propose that James Smithson's remains shall be brought to this country and reinterred in the grounds of the institution which is so noble a monument to its founder. James Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh Smithson, who became Duke of Northumberland. From the family of his mother, a well-born woman, he inherited a fortune. He became a noted scientist with a strong political preference for republican institutions. He never married, and when he died left nearly all his estate "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The money, \$104,960, was sent to the United States in 1835, and the institution was established by Congress in 1846. Smithson once wrote: "The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to kings; but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of men when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten." He hitched his wagon to the right star, and his forecast is well on the way towards fulfilment. His bones should come to Washington. Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, one of the Regents of the Smithsonian, strongly advocates bringing them over-again, and has offered to pay the expenses of removal.

Gustavus F. Swift is dead at the age of sixty-four. He was the celebrated Swift, the great Chicago beef-packer. He began business with a meat-market in Sudbury, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, moved in due time to Boston, and from there, in 1875, to Chicago, where he got rich in the beef-packing business. He seems to have been a shrewd, industrious, and worthy man, of simple tastes, interested in meat, money, the Methodist Church, and his own family. He left a fortune of a number of millions—some say seven, mere sanguine estimators say twenty—certainly more than he seemed to have used for. Mr. Swift appears to have regarded himself as a successful man, and in several particulars he was so. He made money superabundantly; he was the head of a concern that employed 22,000 men, and that was known all over the world, and he doubtless enjoyed the power that went with the place he had won in the commercial world. He seems, moreover, to have been a decent, upright man, whose pleasures, such as they were, were legitimate. But it is hard to see that he had any more fun than he could have had on an income of twenty thousand a year. A number of maxims which the newspapers attribute to him, all favor diligence in business and moderation in expenditure. No young man, he thought, was rich enough

to smoke twenty-five-cent cigars; no one "had money enough to waste in putting on style." "Business, religion, and pleasure of the right sort should be the only things in life for any man." "The richer a man gets, the more careful he should be to keep his head level." These are fairly sensible maxims, but they show some lack of imagination and little talent for epigram. Devery or John L. Sullivan could make better maxims. Mr. Swift did not care for New York men. "They want too much luxury," he said. "I don't like their city any better than I do them."

After all, and without disparaging Mr. Swift's endeavors, the thing that he seems to have succeeded in was the distribution of meat. With that he began and with that he ended. The opportunities which his success in that opened to him he seems not to have been qualified to appreciate or improve. There are many rich men in the country who regard themselves as marvels of success, and are so regarded. Some of them are respectable men like Mr. Swift, and some are not. Many of them are valuable citizens because of the work they do. But very few of them are especially enviable. Their chief happiness is in work—their work, as a rule, is not of an especially uplifting sort, and, as a rule, it drives them too hard and cuts them off before their time. To work hard is good; to make a sufficient living is very important; to amass a competence is highly desirable; but there is great choice in work, and as between the men who make more money than they need in work that is not uplifting, and the men who make as much as they need in work that is uplifting, the latter really seem the more successful. Mr. Swift was extraordinarily successful as compared with market-men who make two or three thousand a year, but his success is not attractive as compared with that of Senator Hoar or President Eliot. It was, however, precisely the kind of success that the youth of this generation are continuously urged to emulate. Writers and speakers by the hundred are continually dingling into the ears of the rising generations, "Make money! make money! make money!" Periodicals exist for the special dissemination of this gospel. Men who have made money pose, or are exhibited, as examples of success, and every sort of success which does not find expression in dollars is disparaged by comparison. There is too much of this sort of talk. Mr. Swift succeeded certainly, but it is worth while remembering that there are thousands of Americans who would not have spent their lives in doing the work that he did, even if they could have been assured that they would die "worth twenty millions." To work out the best that is in you is success. Mr. Swift, doubtless, succeeded, even according to that test. He was able in his life, and stands as a shining example to butcher-boys.

Not all the Buffalo police and New York and Buffalo newspaper men have been able to make sure as yet who killed Mr. Burdick. A great deal of pains has been taken with the Burdick case. Expense has not been spared to discover what was hidden and to publish what has been disclosed. But so far as concerns the actual murder, publication has far eclipsed disclosure, for a vast deal has been printed, and the murderer has not been positively identified. What we do know, as a result of the inquest, is that Pennell was infatuated with Burdick's wife, and she with him, and that if Burdick had lived and prosecuted his divorce suit as he intended, the facts that came out at the inquest would have come out in that suit, to Pennell's discomfort and discredit. He had a strong motive for stopping the divorce suit. It was stopped. If he killed Burdick or caused him to be killed, he had motive enough for self-destruction to escape detection. The fact that he had policies of life and accident insurance, some of which would have been void in case of suicide, afforded him a motive for self-destruction so offset as to seem accidental. These facts work together in a fashion very detrimental to Pennell, and very effectively adapted to increase respect for the seventh commandment. The story does pretty well as it stands. It is easy to believe that Pennell was responsible for Burdick's death and for the death of his own wife and himself. But if that is true it is probably incapable of proof. If Pennell's wife knew that he was the murderer, we have a motive for her destruction. She was the person most likely to know whether he had killed Burdick or not. The story has been interesting. We have probably had as much of it as we shall ever get.

A New Device for an Old Crime

Tax science of criminology is of great human interest, and none of its revelations are more curious than those of apparently anonymous crimes. We mean by anonymous crimes offenses against both municipal law and the law of the state, which are not recognized as crimes by their perpetrators, nor, at a glance, by the community itself. It apparently requires that an important victim, or many victims, shall suffer before the public indignation is aroused, or before the dulness of perception bred by use and custom is shaken up.

Recently we have had an illustration of this sort of psychological phenomenon in the raid which was attempted upon the Inter-urban Street Railway Company, a raid that was accompanied by certain tangible acts which in a recent suit for criminal libel have revealed the most obvious, if not the most active, of the operators. Without attempting to prejudge, or to express any opinion whatever, upon the merits of the case before the court, we may tell the story of the development of what the New York Commercial has happily called a "brand-new occupation." Stripped of all its disguises and half-disguises, this occupation has, thus far, been pursued by a company of young and youngish men in search of business openings. It is said that the arch-instructor—the Fagin of the enterprise (not to be offensive)—stands in the background, and sees his artificial disciples play the trick which he has taught them. The person suspected of being the astute leader is the last of the wreckers, the last of a bad old school which began its dazling career in the early seventies, under the leadership of the notorious adventurer Fisk. This man, whether he be suspected rightly or wrongly, is the living reminder of a time when a good deal of his power and energy of Wall Street were directed to making finances for the operators by the destruction of value. The criminal classes of high finance then sat in their Wall Street offices and concocted schemes for lowering prices—in short, for taking away other people's property just as dishonestly as Fagin's pupils "swiped" handkerchiefs and watches from unsuspecting old gentlemen who wandered in their neighborhood. The wreckers took away other people's property by slandering corporations and titles, and once they despoiled hundreds of fortunes in a single day by slandering the government by base attacks upon its credit.

The new game is to "investigate corporations." In the case under consideration, the investigation was begun by intimations that a great delinquent had been discovered, which had materially injured the railway company. This first step was perhaps a trifle bold than will hereafter be taken by the new trade, it is indeed, the new trade continues to flourish. At any rate, in consequence of this hardihood, the district attorney's office was called in, as it had been called in before by the "investigators" themselves, and we have the revelations of "investigators" and detectives. The purpose of the group of operators and "investigators" was to discredit the street railway company in order that the price of the stock might be lowered—whether this end was sought because the members of the group were short of the stock, or because they felt like owning the corporation, and wanted to buy it cheap. History has not yet informed us what we do know is that a "investigator" has for many months been examining into the company's affairs for the purpose of injuring it as a property. It was a surreptitious and unauthorized application of that

great principle of publicity of which we have heard so much of late, and we have thus an intimation of what might be accomplished, under law, by our ingenious politicians. The money to pay for the investigation, a tidy sum, came from a well-known firm of brokers. The friends of the young men of the firm, and of the person shrewdly suspected of being the real head of the enterprise, were greatly excited as the revelations came out, and were eagerly inquiring as to whether it was time to buy now, or whether the stock was to be had at even a lower price. It is here that we see the phenomenon in criminology of which we spoke at the beginning of this article. Men of repute in the community were engaged in a conspiracy to enrich themselves by slandering a property which, it believed, would bring unmitigated disaster and ruin upon others. If this is not criminal, what is? In truth, there is no room for doubt on this score, and it is odd that any human mind capable of reasoning does not, at a glance, comprehend that there are lower crimes more cowardly or meaner. It is cowardly, as all conspirators are, and it is mean because, if the crime be successful, the victims who are most seriously injured are those who can least afford the loss.

The wrecking business is not widely pursued at the present day. In the evil times of the war, and of the years immediately following, it flourished, and men grew rich by raids upon the properties of others. In these raids the large men sometimes suffered, but they who suffered most were the small owners, estates, widows, and orphans, the helpless people who were not in Wall Street, who did not understand its methods or its ethics, and who could not defend themselves. The wreckers took the property of these people by indirect methods, perhaps, but they were robbers, and as such deserving of prison as if, in the ordinary course of burglary, they had broken into the houses of the victims and stolen their securities, instead of sitting in the safety of brokers' offices "knocking out values." Wall Street got its worst name from these old wreckers, and adverse public opinion and improved morality gradually drove them out of business, until now, as we have said, only one of the conspicuous old leaders remains doing the bad old business at the same old stand. Whether it is true that he is the inventor of the trade of "investigator of corporations" we do not know. The evidence certainly points to him. At any rate, the "investigator's" business seemingly is wrecking. The affairs of corporations are to be pried into for the purpose of blackening their reputations for reasons already pointed out. To slander a title is a criminal offense, and he who is able to bark his slander by an array of statistics, every figure in which may tell a truth, where the reasonable may be the blindest kind of a lie, is a much more dangerous offender against morality and the law than the mere expander of oral slanders. In these days, when Wall Street is led by strong builders of properties, the wrecker is not only a criminal, he is an anachronism. If he should return in numbers, it would be as if our streets should once more be filled with the hired braves and assassins of the early sixteenth century. As it is, the difficulty of bringing to the law any conspirators against property except the meanest, perhaps, of the paid "investigators," is evident. The best that can be done, because the most effective, is to create a healthful public sentiment which will recognize in such a business in this new trade an original occupation, the pursuit of which, or the sharing in the fruits of which, shall exclude a man from decent company, either financial or purely social. As time and civilization

advance, the functions of the Stock Exchange become too important to permit the playing of the old games or the presence of the old players. Honest business has no place for the man who preys upon the community by pretending to bet upon his prediction, and the nature of the offense cannot be changed by the recently invented pretense that he is betting on his "investigator's" discoveries.

Mr. Cleveland and the Presidency

Some of our contemporaries imagine that they detect signs of a concerted attempt on the part of certain influential Democrats to put forward Mr. Cleveland as a candidate for their party nomination for the Presidency in 1904. It is even asserted that Mr. Cleveland himself is countenancing the movement. If we ask for evidence, we are invited to observe that the New York World earnestly advocates the selection of the ex-President by the next Democratic national convention, and that a similar course has been pursued by a number of newspapers published in various quarters of the Union. It is further pointed out that, simultaneously with Mr. Roosevelt's westward journey, Mr. Cleveland has emerged from his retirement, has accepted an invitation to attend the celebration of the St. Louis Exposition, and was urged to make an extensive tour through the trans-Mississippi States lying north and south of Missouri. How, we are asked, can we account for these phenomena on any other theory than that Mr. Cleveland is tentatively a candidate for the Democratic nomination? It seems to us that the facts are susceptible of a much simpler explanation. They are easily reconcilable with Mr. Cleveland's oft-repeated declaration that he is not, and never expects again to be, a candidate for any public office. But, while his personal ambition is satisfied, as well it may be, his physical and intellectual powers are unimpaired, and it necessarily follows that he has lost neither his lively interest in public affairs, nor his profound conviction that the abolishing of the Democratic party is indispensable to the welfare of the country and to the progressive but constitutional development of American institutions. Like all upright and conscientious men, he recognizes his deep obligation to the party that has trusted him and honored him. He acknowledges a great debt to the Democracy, and he desires to pay the debt by devoting what strength remains to him to promote its reorganization, and to assure the triumph of its principles. This is a sentiment that reflects high credit upon his character, and it is a pity that all ex-Presidents have not been equally ready to attest it, even at a considerable sacrifice of leisure and convenience. One illustrious example, indeed, he has for the solicitude with which he watches the drift of the great political party with which his name is inseparably associated. From the hour when Thomas Jefferson left the White House on March 4, 1809, until he died some seventeen years later, his correspondence with his two Virginia successors in the office of Chief Magistrate was ceaseless, and his desire to see the party which he had organized continue to deserve the confidence of the country was unswerving and anxious. In the case of Andrew Jackson also, throughout the eight years for which he survived his retirement from the Presidency, his name remained a spell to conjure with, and the active leaders of the Democracy continually tarred to the Hermitage, and sought the veteran's advice in the formulation of their

party policies. The friendly and monetary services which Jefferson and Jackson deemed it incumbent upon them to render is rightly at this time held to be a duty by Grover Cleveland. The country needs the Democracy, and the Democracy itself needs help if it is to present a united front and to march forward once more to victory. Mr. Cleveland would have shown himself deaf to the dictates of gratitude and blind to a great opportunity of usefulness if at a crisis in the fate of his party he had remained an impassive spectator of the earnest and multiplied efforts making to rehabilitate it in public confidence, to redeem it from error and from folly, and to launch it on a triumphant career.

Since well-wishers of the Democracy like Colonel Henry Watterson are ill-advised when they endeavor, by imputing a selfish motive, to discourage Mr. Cleveland from the fulfillment of a sacred obligation. There is probably no Democrat alive who has it in his power to offer so great a service to the party as may be rendered by the ex-President. He speaks from the bedrock of experience, and his voice is clothed with unique authority. There is no other man whom Democrats would go so far to see, and to whom they would listen with such serious attention. The citizens of the trans-Mississippi States are certain to regard his proffered visit as an honor. They would rightly feel that for such a man to traverse thousands of miles in order to meet them at their homes and to confer with them on questions of great public moment, was a memorable tribute to their intelligence, and to their character. From his entrance into public life, Mr. Cleveland has given indubitable proof of his trust in the good sense and in the probity of the plain people. He knows them, and he loves them, and he has never been brought face to face with them without arousing corresponding sentiments. Such a man may do incalculable good to the country, as well as his party, by such a tour as has been suggested. Now do we for a moment believe that private prejudices and personal rivalry would arise in the slightest degree to chill the reception given by the people of the West to the only Democrat who has occupied the White House since the civil war.

But, it will be said, may not the tour suggested to Mr. Cleveland, while undeniably useful to the Democracy on general grounds, prove detrimental to the prospects of the party from a tactical point of view? Is there not some danger that the impression made by the ex-President might be so profound that the demand for his nomination in 1904 would become widespread and irresistible? We are troubled by no such misgivings. It is our conviction that Mr. Cleveland is entirely sincere in disclaiming all political aspirations, and that he would refuse the nomination, even though it were unanimously tendered. It is a more certain, however, that that unanimity would be unattainable. That a fraction of the delegates to the next Democratic national convention will obey Mr. Bryan is indubitable, and he has repeatedly proclaimed himself inflexibly opposed to the ex-President. Just how large the fraction will be is one of the questions which Mr. Cleveland's tour may help to determine. Should he meet with such a lukewarm reception, the inference would be that Mr. Bryan's hold upon Democrats in the trans-Mississippi States is still unshaken. If, on the contrary, the reception should be enthusiastic, we predict it will be, an opposite conclusion might be drawn. That is one of the reasons why men interested in public affairs will watch Mr. Cleveland's progress with interest, not to say anxiety. Whatever may prove to be, however, the unmer-

ited strength of Mr. Bryan's friends in the convention, Mr. Cleveland, as a far-sighted politician, will appreciate the necessity of disarming them by putting forward a candidate to whose "regularity" no exception can be taken. This he will recognize and earnestly enjoin if, as we firmly believe, he has only the triumph of the Democracy at heart. Our faith is steadfast that, in the reorganizing and reinvigorating work upon which Mr. Cleveland has entered, he is building not for himself, but for another, and the only standard-bearer likely to unite the scattered columns of the Democracy may depend upon his strenuous support.

Are Democrats to Look Forward or Backward?

SEVERAL Democratic Senators have recently expressed their opinions as to the issues that should be set forth by their party in the next Presidential campaign, and as to the character of the candidate whom it should nominate.

There is a sort of commonplace politician who prattles opinions for the purpose of meeting the prejudices of those who do not think for themselves, but who are pleased to accept the platitudes of the multitude for the virtues of a real political philosophy. If the politician be a Democrat, he is bound to utter what he fancies will gratify a large majority of those who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and in 1900. Tradition says to him that he must, first of all, gratify the men who composed the bulk of his party three years ago and seven years ago, and, therefore, he pretes on subjects concerning which the country has plainly told him that he and his party have been wrong, and that there is no chance of succeeding with them, or under the leadership of any one who stands for them. Thus, Senator Carmack of Tennessee, in many respects a most promising young man, says that no one can be nominated in 1904, as the candidate of the Democratic party, but one who vigorously supported Mr. Bryan in 1896 and, again, in 1900. Nearly all the Democrats who did support Mr. Bryan in those years, when interviewed, follow Mr. Carmack's example and say this sort of thing. To one who hopes that something will happen between now and next year, something to build up a real, vigorous, and hopeful opposition to the Republican party, this sort of talk is most discouraging. If the Democrats and Populists who nominated Mr. Bryan and made his platforms in those campaigns, so fought with misery and defeat for all opponents of the Republican party, are to insist on fighting over again their old campaigns, of refusing to be the nucleus of a new party contending for the election to-day and for the future, it is to be no obstacle in the way of Republican success in 1904, and so check upon Republican wantonness, if the party becomes wanton, until, at the earliest, after the election of 1908.

The political situation is plain. The Republican party is in power mainly because there is no party opposing it which can, by any possibility, command the confidence and the support of the country. This condition of affairs is due to the fact that Mr. Bryan gained possession of the Democratic party and turned it into a party of Socialism, into a party representing and speaking for all the elements of discontent in the country. This attitude of the Democratic party while it was under the influence and the leadership of Mr. Bryan united necessarily with the Republican party all property interests, all conservative elements, all the sober-minded people who, in this country and in the long

run, invariably win. Not only did the protected interests and those trusts which live and thrive because of protection, not only did what we may call the predatory property interests, remain Republican, but those were joined by all who had a stake in the country, by the business man whose interests would be promoted by free trade or lower duties, and by the working-man or mechanic who owns nothing but his home. There was, it is true, a good deal of unreasonably fright manifested by conservatism, but conservatism is frequently timid, and Mr. Bryan was astutely made to appear as the enemy of property. The consequence was that property generally became his frightened foe, and when we say this we but repeat the assertion of the voters of 1896 and 1900, which showed that the majority of the people of the United States were against him and his principles and his policies. The wide distribution of property in this country among all classes makes the property vote, once united, inevitable. It is not naturally a united vote; a large part of it is diametrically opposed to those favored interests whose wealth has been increased by legislation; but Mr. Bryan, it was fancied, made it necessary to defend all property and business interests, and, whether this view of him and his cause was correct or erroneous, it brought together all the thoughtful, prudent, saving classes, essentially American in their characteristics, and united them, for the moment, for the purpose of putting an end to Bryanism.

Now it may be said that this feeling toward Mr. Bryan was unjust and even extravagant; that he was not, and is not, the enemy of property and the prophet of discontent. Unfortunately it is the nature of democracy to set its problems not necessarily as they see, but as they seem to be. Candidates are not always successful because of their merits, but because of their character. In an election, reputation, if it differs from character, is stronger than character, for the people vote not for what they know, but for what they think they know. They, or a large majority of them, think that they know that Mr. Bryan was the leader of the forces of discontent and of failure, and they have, therefore, defeated him.

As a matter of fact, most of those who followed Mr. Bryan believe in a good many policies and principles which are not thought of when the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 are talked about. They have cast behind them the issues of the past. They are thinking of the problems of the present as they bear upon the future. With them are many men who agree with them on the questions of to-day, and who never followed Mr. Bryan. They either refrained from voting or they voted with the Republicans. In doing so they thought they were acting for the best interests of the country, and were, therefore, patriots. Some of them were even men than merely patriotic; they courageously made sacrifices. Among them were men who had filled some of the highest places in public life, but they thought that true Democracy had been abandoned by their party; that its essential principles had been flouted; that the welfare of the country was of more importance than the triumph of their party, especially of a party which had, for the time, abandoned its principles. Therefore they went apart and, in doing so, risked all chance of future political preferment. To men like these, to men who, whether they were right or wrong, manifested a high-minded patriotism without which democracy cannot long exist, Mr. Carmack and such as he propose to deny leadership.

When they say that no man shall be nominated in 1904 except one who, second-

ing to the popular verdict, was aggressively in the wrong in 1896 and again in 1900, they say in effect, that the country must withdraw the verdicts which it found in those years. They insist that the opposition to the Republican party of to-day shall be based on the mistakes of the past. There is, in fact, only one question to ask as to party standing, and that is, "Does the man who professes to be a Democrat oppose the present policies of the Republican party?" There is also but one question to ask as to a candidate, and that is, "Does he believe in the Democratic side of to-day's issues, and will he command the confidence and support of those who left the party when Mr. Bryan was its candidate?" The country is interested in the building up of a real and vigorous opposition to the Republican party. Such an opposition can be constructed only by ignoring the fact, and by recognizing the issues and the candidates of 1896 and 1900 as of that past. The man who raises the question which Senator Carmack, following Mr. Bryan's example has raised, is inviting disagreement, discord, the continuance of enmity, the maintenance of confusion of counsel, and defeat. Are you in agreement with us now? Are you opposed to the Republicans party to-day? Are you ready to stand side by side with us in the fight of the future? These are the questions of moment, and the man who would rule out as a possible candidate any one who can answer them in the affirmative, would prevent the organization of a hopeful opposition, and would restrict the choice for a Democratic candidate to some one whose nomination would enable the Republican party to elect to the presidency any candidate running on any platform. On the great issues of to-day, Gold Democrats are in harmony with Free Silver Democrats, whose issue is dead, and the narrow mind that would not hail with delight the union of the two is a mind that was not made for leadership or for counsel. The country, including the most intelligent and patriotic Republicans, wants an opposition which Mr. Carmack's policy would prevent.

The Literary Outlook and Inlook

At a spring opening of publishers' goods held by *The Dial*, of Chicago, we have been interested to note some facts which we hope may also interest the reader, and may afford him a breath of relief, if he is gasping in the odors everywhere rising from the artificial flowers of fiction. He may be surprised, as we were, to find that these flowers are not so abundant in prospect as he had supposed, and that their sifting effect is clearly largely the work of his own imagination. We do not wish to be rashly hopeful as to their nature, but a cursory glance at their labels has given us the impression that they are rarer than most mere of the nature of the blossomed weed.

We were of course first attracted by the show contributed at this opening by the publishing-house nearest to ourselves, and vigorously affirmed to our secret heart that if the display of Messrs. Harper & Brothers could contain books by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Howard Pyle, Messrs. Bosc and Brown, and Mr. Will Harben, as well as younger writers whose quality we had made sure of in their occasional magazine work, the outlook was by no means so bleak as the inlook. Our errors, we decided, were in great measure subjective, and from a glance at other exhibits we gathered fresh courage to combat them. Here were novels by Mr. James Lane Allen and Israel

Zangwill, promised by Macmillan; stories of Mr. Henry James, by Scribner's Sons; a new story by Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, a fresh volume of Bret Harte's ever-new tales, a novel by Miss Alice Browne, and best, racist, tangiest of all, a collection of Mr. George S. Wasson's Kittery Point story-studies by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.; the first novel of Miss Edith Wyatt, the most artistic and delicately natural of all our admirable women writers, by McClure, Phillips, & Co.; and in considering these, and others, we gained sufficient hope to match the quantity with the quality of the coming fiction, and were less and less dismayed. The quantity appeared to us much smaller than in former seasons, and although fiction seemed to lead all the rest, yet when we put together history, and biography and reminiscences which are also forms of history, we found that these much surpassed fiction in mere quantity.

The books of verse in which we are always supposed to be weltering, formed the slenderest of all the tributary rills of the great tide of literature. They were outnumbered fivefold by collections of letters and literary essays, which seemed to our casual glance very unaccountably promising; and there was an exhibit of titles in travel and art music which was quite as engaging. Art music, and the drama were well represented, and there was a greater abundance of nature and outdoor books than we could have asked for since Mr. John Burroughs has taught us so much doubt concerning them. In theology and religion we found ourselves fully half as rich as in fiction, and in the cognate branches of profane thinking, such as science and technology, politics, economics and sociology, philosophy, psychology and ethics, very much richer. Books on education and for school and college use were in such force as to inspire the lively belief that no array of romance could make head against them. Besides these, we were offered a choice of standard literature in new editions, and books less numerous to classify (though we do not see why Mark Twain's essay on Christian Science should have been found so miscellaneous as to be excluded from the list of religious books), and upon the whole we came away from that spring opening to a gayety which we should be very glad to impart to the reader.

The fact is that the world, even the literary world, is never quite so bad as the other world within us would like to make out. Provision is so easy, and at the same time so impressive, that only a very strenuous conscience can keep us from making it our pose. But we ought really to try to look upon the bright side, especially the bright side of books; and if this is offsetted the outside, why, there is no power which obliges us to penetrate within. The publishers make books so pretty outwardly, and it is a pleasure to have the very worst and poorest of them about; they furnish a room so agreeably, or they contribute decorative qualities to the shelf or the table that take the mind off the wall-paper and the upholstery. If, in many cases, it is wiser to regard them purely as charming spots of color, and not interrogate them, take them as appeals to the intelligence at all; there is also no denying that their effect is not wholly sensuous. It is not well to shy off from every new book; even a new novel is not to be abandoned as such; some quite new novels may be good, as we have been trying to encourage the reader to believe.

We might push our contention still farther, and insist that there are always more good books than bad. A bad book is very, very perishable. How many of the books of last year have disappeared into this? They have all ceased to be; and of the last year's books that still exist, there is

not one in a hundred that is bad. This reflection is immensely consoling; we commend it to the author who is trying to write good books, and to the reader who is afraid of being cumbered by bad ones. We say, let the reader occasionally seek to buy a good book, instead of the bad books which his ignorance of differences in literature renders him liable to buy, and he will be surprised to find how lively and vigorous it is at the end of a year. If he will look into it after that lapse of time, he will find it far more interesting than the bad books which he forgot a year ago. We are inclined to buy these by the ambient craze, by that most insulting and stoppagey device of the advertiser that they were the largest-selling books of the moment; but probably he never enjoyed them. He only enjoyed saying he had read them, so as to be in the swim; and if he was young, he got a topic out of them that carried him over the conversational spaces left bare by the inadequacy of the theatre as a whole evening's proposition.

The people who make books,—even the people who materially make them, like the publishers,—probably never really understood how the average reader, the average non-reader, as he were truly to regard them. For him we suspect that they always remain impersonal and unvital. They are something queer, something out of the scheme of his being. He can grasp the notion of going to the theatre; that is something tangible. You ask a girl to go, and if you must you ask her chaperon, and you pay your four or six dollars for seats in the orchestra, one of them behind the pillars; and you pass the evening interpreting the action on the stage to the luminous intelligences beside you, or in accepting their construction of the meanings of the drama, if it has any. But a book is a very different thing. That is something you must grapple with in your own room, and make the most you can of it without the help of a smiling companion, and the agreeable sense of being in the brilliant world which you buy with your tickets to the theatre. Then you must take your chances of getting enough out of it to be able to talk of it without slipping up. With a good cigar you may get through the evening, but that is only the beginning of your triumph. This eventually comes when you have asked the girl whether she has read it, and she has said she has, and asks you if you have, and isn't it fine; and you say it is out of sight.

Yet it is not an appreciable victory, then. What you really want is a book that you can get a funny point out of, and that you can reproduce in original epigram, and this happens to you from few novels, even the worst. If you are that drooliest and yet driest of human creatures, the average American man, your joy-which-whimsy is not affected by your experience of popular literature. It is the mistake of the author and the publisher to suppose that it is, and they keep on making books for you, which the critics justly censure for their worthlessness, but which, if they were ten times as bad as they are, would not really mean anything to you. You remain unaffected by them, but your amusing and charming non-thinking read these, and suffer or enjoy, as they are less or more enlightening. They have certain strong prejudices; they prefer the romantic and the heroic; but after several years of unintermitted partridge, even partridge begins to pall. This is perhaps why there is an apparent change in the literary outlook and inlook; why there actually are fewer novels threatened this spring than last; why their quality is better, and we are not so much attracted; books there is an increasing number. We cannot believe that we have

evolved this conclusion from our inner consciousness, though but for that spring opening in *The Dial* we might fear that our fondness for good literature had abused our perception. Unless our eyes have been made the focus of the other senses, there is evidence that the worst is over, at least for the present. It is as if we were so bad, and we think we have women to thank for this improvement, as we have her to thank for most others. Women is becoming refined, civilized, enlightened to the point where she cannot any longer stand the literary truck of the last four or five years: this is our firm belief. It is her mits and yet powerfully emotional demand for better things which has made itself felt in the superior quality of the books at the spring openings. We cannot allege any proofs of our conclusion, indeed, but if woman was as articulate, as she is voluble, we do not believe they would long be wanting.

Instruction from the Laity for the Clergy

A GREAT newspaper of this city, which restrains us of the higher journalistic etiquette outside us to mentioning as a solar contemporary, has come to the support of a distinguished naval authority in his contention that what he believes the present decay of church influence is the result of the church's practical teaching of works instead of faith. In his remarks to the members of a religious club lately, this authority held it error to prefer one's neighbor, not merely to one's self, but to one's God. He regarded this, he said, as "symptomatic of decline in spiritual life and aspiration in the Christian body," and he affirmed an immediate personal relation to God, through our love of Him, to be his ideal Christianity. It is in this position of his which our solar contemporary, in the habitual mood of Mr. Mayor Law, cordially approves, and so reinforces as to give the altruist seeking to assail it very little hope of carrying it against them. It is true that the report of the naval authority's words does not give the sense of unbroken logic in his thinking, but enough is clear from them to justify our solar contemporary in looking him against the whole tribe of the charitable who have been palming themselves off, more and more, as the sort of Christians that Christ intended his followers to be. We are not so hardy as to question their joint position ourselves, for in the small love we have to our neighbor we feel that we have no right to dispute with such a naval authority, or such a *laurea ecclesiae* as our solar contemporary; and in venturing to recommit their position one of rather a vague curiosity, we leave an other purpose than to note what Christ himself had to say of it.

In the words of God's Son these seems to be a good deal of excuse for the spiritual decedents, if we may call those so who have taken, or mistaken, love of one's neighbor to be the supreme expression of love to one's God. In one place the Son of God said that the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self was like unto the commandment to love God; that is of an equally supreme validity. In another he said to his disciples that men would know them for his disciples if they loved one another. In a third place he said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor," and he also said that said Heavenly Father could not forgive them their trespasses unless they forgave their brethren trespasses against men. Yet again he said, that when they did so in the least of their fellow-men, they visited himself in prison, and gave him to eat and to

drink. Not on one occasion only, but a hundred, on every occasion that offered, he taught that religion—that is to say, Christianity—was nothing more mystical than doing good to others; and one of the most spiritual-minded of his apostles declared this alone to be true religion before God and the Father. It is apparently upon the sands of such texts that the spiritual decedents have built the house which the waves, in the naval authority, have beat upon, and which our solar contemporary, the *famae ecclesiae* we have cited, has pierced with its intolereable cry; and there can be little doubt that the inmates have been jarred and troubled. In the course of the debate in that religious club one of its members asked a brother dogmatist who had departed "the crane for parish houses and institutions, and the tendency to identify religion with charity," whether there had been a decrease in the spiritual influence in two churches peculiarly famous for their good works, which his named, and got what comfort he could from the rather reluctant admission that there had been none. Apparently what the champions of love to God, as distinguishable from love to the neighbor, both in the case of the naval authority and our solar contemporary, desire is a state of preparedness for the decline of faith if works should multiply. Neither has cared to indicate the point at which charity should begin to control itself in the interest of a more mystical aspiration; and unless they use of the impression that many of Christ's words touching the conduct of life are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, their conclusion is not without its difficulties, its defects. Only upon some such ground is their notion one of inexhaustible strength, and if they do not now enter together upon an aggressive campaign, the decedents have perhaps not the worst to fear. These may still go about succoring the widow and the fatherless, and if only they will venture to the extent of selling all they have and giving to the poor, the community will hardly accuse them of a want of spirituality. It is possible that being so largely pagan as it is, the community will not concern itself with the question of their spirituality, but will ask itself how any man is to experience or to manifest love to God except by doing good to other men, downgrading even to acts of the grossest philanthropy, and sending all the turbid depths of altruism.

Porto Rico a Territory?

THE Porto-Rican House of Delegates, which has been recently in session, has asked for Porto Rico's admission as a Territory, but the Executive Council (with its six American and five native members) has declined to concur in the petition.

One of the last official acts of Mr. James Harlan, who has just returned to the United States to resign the Attorney-Generalship of Porto Rico, must have been the draughting of the report of the Judiciary Committee of the Executive Council on the memorial and resolution which came up from the House of Delegates expressing this desire for adoption; for it bears a date but a few days before that of his sailing. It is a document to bring envy to the people of our Territories, who, denied Statehood, are subject to restrictions and deprivations which the fortunate little island has escaped as an "insular possession." The whole import of this considerate veto is that it would leave for Porto Rico a distinct legal status and great financial gain to be paid under the constitutional limitations of a Territorial government, which is but "a crude method for governing a frontier."

This report, signed by Mr. Harlan and Mr. Garrison, the auditor, the two American members of the Judiciary Committee, notes appreciatively the loyalty and devotion to the national government which the memorial and resolution indicate, but urges upon the Delegates the moral duty of examining the question not from the standpoint of their personal sentiment (which would immediately and narrowly be to the advantage of the United States), but from the broader standpoint of the real interests of the whole people—that is, of the island.

It is urged, in the first place, by this report, that there has been and is no impediment to progress in the present form of government. This is supported by the remarkable advancement which has been made since civil government was organized in the island. No greater powers are needed than are delegated under the organic act. But the appeal of the Porto-Ricans has undoubtedly had other motive than this. It is thought by them that their insular government has not the dignity of a "Territorial government." There is a vague hope for something higher and better which the latter seems to promise. It is answered by the committee that in the popular estimate "a Territory has no place of special importance in the American system," and, further, that it is not necessary that the people of Porto Rico should pass through this period of probation, for there is precedent for admission to Statehood without such tutelage. The political and social status of Porto Rico has been on a higher plane than that of an ordinary Territory of the United States, and superior even to the most populous and commercially aggressive of the regular Territories in its form of government and in the efficiency of its system of laws. The economic advantages of the present status seem unquestionable. The people of the island are not required to contribute to the national defense, a constitutional item in their budget in the amount which they expend for the maintenance of the Federal court. They keep the customs duties and the internal-revenue taxes for their own use. Every dollar of revenue remains in the island to be utilized for the public weal. Hawaii, as a Territory, is clamoring for what Porto Rico enjoys as a "possession." And there is no limit, it is urged, to what may be accomplished in the future if the present conditions continue.

The disadvantages of the extension of the Constitution "in all its parts" are serious. While under the present relationship all the constitutional guarantees are enjoyed, the people are free from certain constraints which would inevitably work hardship to their island. One of these hardships would be the loss of all their customs duties and internal-revenue taxes, which would fall into the Federal Treasury, and thus deprive Porto Rico of more than three-fourths of her present income. The total receipts for insular purposes last year were \$2,392,331.50, of which gross sum the amount received from the regular property tax was only \$407,414.05. The rest came from the sources just named. The present property tax, it is felt, ought not to be largely increased until conditions of commerce and agriculture are radically changed.

It is certainly an indication of the loyalty and devotion of the Porto-Ricans that they are willing or seem to be willing to sacrifice this financial advantage for the one thing they lack—the statutory designation of citizenship. It is proof also of a very high order of patriotism in our representative body that they should be so much concerned about our doing the best thing for Porto Rico regardless of our own narrower interests.

British Expenditure

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, MARCH 22, 1902.

The price of empire comes high. For the current year the English army and navy estimates reach the staggering total of nearly \$350,000,000. No nation in the world is now spending so much on its defenses, either annually or per capita, as Great Britain. Twenty years ago the entire expenditure of this country for all purposes was very little more than its present outlay on the army and navy alone. Ten years ago the combined estimates for both services were less than that now spent on each. Within the last five years alone the army estimates have increased by over \$60,000,000. In the wealth of the country increasing in the same ratio? Statistics return a dubious and, as usual, an insufficient answer; but they make clear the fact, for whatever it may be worth, that within the past decade the trade of the country has increased by little more than twenty-five per cent., as against a cent-per-cent increase on the national defenses. One conclusion, at any rate, is being patently accepted by the people. It is that "this sort of thing cannot go on forever," that a halt must be called somewhere. But where? Cobden used to say that nothing was easier than to raise a cheer in the House of Commons by prising economy, and nothing harder, nothing more certain to lead to defeat, than to propose some specific reduction. The nation feels its expenses are running too far ahead, but where to retrench it does not know. It is nervous and apprehensive. The weariness that always follows a great war is stealing over it. The burden of empire is making itself felt. A profound distrust of the capacity of their rulers agitates the masses. In no one except Mr. Chamberlain have Englishmen the confidence that Americans place in Mr. Roosevelt, in Mr. Hay, in Mr. Root—the three strongest, most capable, most sagacious administrators in the world of Anglo-Saxon politics. Consoles which a few years ago stood at \$15 are now at \$1, and in all probability will fall still lower before long. One-sixteenth of every man's income is claimed by the income tax. And all the time this appalling increase of expenditure continues, the strain grows yearly greater, the demands on the exchequer multiply with each fresh session of Parliament. Where will it all end? The country asks the question with feverish anxiety, but without receiving any very satisfactory response. It is haunted by specters of an immensely widened basis of taxation, of sheer inability to stand the pace of socialism, and much else. Never was the weary Titan groaning so audibly under the too-wasteful burden of her fate.

And yet on one thing all agree—that, come what may, the British navy must be supreme. By every Englishman that is regarded not merely as a question of "insurance," but of life. "The fleet of England is her life in all," wrote Tennyson, and the nation unworriedly subscribes to it. The naval estimates are never criticized as being too high; there is the utmost rivalry among admirals, politicians, and popular "experts" to prove that they are not high enough. Parliament, as I write, is voting over \$172,000,000 for the naval expenses of 1902-4. It would vote twice as much were there any need for it. That the British fleet must more than equal the combined maritime power of any two rivals is not the platform of any particular party, but the faith and policy of all. It is as such a national axiom as the Monroe Doctrine. There are some who even declare that the "two-power standard" is not enough, that Great

Britain ought to prepare to meet the strongest combination that any three powers could bring against her. But there is no one who would be content with a mere one-power standard, who would maintain that so long as the British fleet was stronger than the French or the Russian or the German all was well. It is the destiny and the pride of England to gauge from year to year the naval forces of her two most formidable rivals, and then to go one better.

This is a matter which has long been withdrawn from the barren jugglery of party politics. Twenty-odd years ago the nation took it into its own hands and forced it upon the government. Reforms in England are often effected in this way. They work, after all, from the bottom upwards, not, as in Germany, from the top downwards. Like the free-trade movement, the demand for an overwhelmingly strong navy was a popular long before it was an official policy; and the nation has always more or less insisted on its being treated as an issue outside of party. It would overthrow any government that was suspected of starving the navy, and it is ready to foot any bill that the Admiralty cares to run up. The pericardium "sears" that sweep through the country ever some alleged defect in the size or efficiency of the fleet show the intensity of its determination to maintain the mastery of the seas. During the last few years those "sears" have been frequent and prolonged. The Boer war and Mr. Balfour's avowal that at one time there were not more than 3000 cartridges in the national arsenals, could not help making Englishmen ask whether the Admiralty might not, when put to the test, prove another War Office, whether the squadrums would not turn out to be an unready and as ill-equipped as the army corps. It was a grim and harassing doubt, that would not down. It brought the average Englishman yet further on the path of the distinguishing qualities of modern naval warfare—its suddenness and its finality. It made him grasp the fact that a naval war is precisely one of those things it is impossible to "muddle through"; that a defeat on the ocean is decisive and irrevocable; that while a beaten army is still an army and may do better next time, a beaten fleet is no fleet at all, not chains of useless steel and iron. It made him realize that at sea there is no second chance, no time to reorganize or effect new dispositions or send round the corner for a maritime Roberts; and that everything that is not done for the fleet in times of peace will have to remain undone in times of war.

The reflex action of the Boer war was to stimulate almost as much interest in the navy as in the army, and the admirals' leaders of the War Office undoubtedly put the Admiralty on the qui vive. As a result, large and well-considered reforms have been planned and are now being carried out: a new naval base—to offset the growing power of Germany—has been decided on; the training of seamen has been revolutionized, and gunnery is at last taking in the British the foremost place it has long held in the American navy. The Admiralty, in short, is setting its house in order. It is an expensive operation, but nobody minds that. So long as Englishmen can feel that the fleet is really ready, a weight is lifted from their minds of which Americans, in their happy security, have no knowledge—indeed, an conception. For that feeling no price can be too high.

It is not, then, the expense of the navy, but of the army, that is terrifying England. For the current year the army estimates are actually larger than the navy. That fact alone, argue a good many Englishmen, is their best condemnation. England's fleet and main line of defence must be the fleet.

It is "on the navy," in the words of the old Elizabethan statute, "under the good providence of God, the wealth and welfare of this country mainly depend." How, then, has it come about that she is spending more on her army than on her navy? Some, at any rate, of the root must be put down to the fact that Mr. Brodrick is attempting a thorough reorganization of the whole army system. Mr. Brodrick is not by any means a great war minister. He is not a Boer nor a Root. But he is honest, painstaking, splendidly grounded in details and technicalities, and has the bulldog courage, obstinacy also, that often goes with a slow-moving mind. I have it from Colonel Arthur Lee, whom all Americans will remember as the English military attaché during the Spanish war, that Mr. Brodrick has really effected many valuable reforms—reforms that cost money to make, but save it in the long run. Let this go to his credit. Also let it be remembered that though the Boer war is over, a large garrison has still to be kept in South Africa, and that the increased pay is likewise an important item in the estimates. But after making full allowance for Mr. Brodrick's good work in decentralizing the War Office and improving Wandsworth and Sandhurst, and for the exceptional and inevitable expenses left by the war, the country is still convinced that the true reason for the abnormal size of the estimates is to be found in Mr. Brodrick's scheme of six army corps. The attacks on that scheme have within the last few weeks been extremely damaging, both in and out of Parliament. It was first brought forward in 1901, during the stress of the Boer war, hurriedly, and, as was thought, because the government felt that "something must be done." The Germans would not have set about the business in that spirit. They would have waited till the war was over and all its experience had been gathered—sifted. Mr. Brodrick, however, was anxious to secure a run off his own hat, and could not wait. It will be always considered a curious and characteristic fact that what is perhaps the most sweeping change that has ever been made in the English military system should have been decided upon without taking the advice of England's greatest military organizer. From first to last Lord Kitchener was not consulted. The scheme is Mr. Brodrick's, and Mr. Brodrick's alone. It has been criticized from innumerable points of view, but chiefly from this—that it is altogether too big for England's necessities. "If the navy is efficient," says the popular voice of the country, "we do not need three army corps of professional soldiers to be kept at home for emergency purposes. If it is not, then, three army corps are not enough." It is because Mr. Brodrick has not studied this argument that the country finds itself loaded with his wasteful, grandiose, altogether disproportionate scheme. He seems to have forgotten, first of all, the navy, secondly, the volunteers, and thirdly, the fact that even England's purse is not bottomless.

If men would but observe the golden Mean in all their Passions, Appetites, and Desires, and if in their Contentments they followed the unerring Dictates of Nature, and neither spurred her on beyond her Cravings, nor violently restrained her in her innocent Pleas, they would enjoy a greater Measure of Health than they do, live with less Pain, and die with less Horror.

George Cheyne.

We easily tolerate an authority that we hope some day to exercise ourselves.

Joubert.

Joan of Arc Not to Be Canonized

ABOUT three months ago the Congregation of Rites at Rome announced its resolution to deny canonization to Joan of Arc, giving among its reasons the reason for its action, a declaration to the effect that after a careful consideration of all evidence presented both for and against the fair Joan, it was impossible to arrive at any other conclusion but that the dame in question was not entitled to the surname of "maid" accorded to her by her admirers. The Congregation, moreover, held that she was guilty of faults of the most grave character in attacking Paris on the feast of the Blessed Virgin, and in signing a confession to the effect that her pretensions to a divine mission were based on fraud, in the hope of escaping thereby the death to which she had been sentenced by the English. Besides these there were other and minor reasons. But the principal ones are that she was neither a heroine nor a maid, and these are held to destroy for all time the prospects of her canonization by the Roman Catholic Church.

The Roman Curia has always been hostile to the demands of the French Catholics for the canonization of Joan of Arc. The idea was first started during the closing years of the reign of Napoleon III., and it is possible that, had he remained on the throne and continued to keep his troops in the Eternal City for the protection of the Papacy against the Kingdom of Italy, the shapely head of Joan of Arc would have been unmounted ere this by the halo of the saints, but with the overthrow of the Empire, the consequent withdrawal of the French army of occupation from Rome, and the subsequent seizure of the Eternal City by the Italian government, the Vatican showed a disposition to become hypercritical with regard to the Maid of Orleans, and the matter dragged along until Leo XIII. became Pope. He at once realized the importance of pleasing the French Catholics, and of identifying, as far as possible, French national sentiment with Catholicism.

Accordingly, after duly inquiring of Queen Victoria whether she had any objections to offer to the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, and receiving a reply in the negative, Joan of Arc was duly proclaimed "blessed," which is the first step towards canonization.

The fact that the Queen of England—that is to say, a Protestant sovereign—should have been consulted by the Vatican about the canonization of a Roman Catholic saint may excite some comment. But it must be remembered that the Maid of Orleans was put to death by the English, and that her alleged martyrdom at the hands of the latter constituted one of the chief reasons advanced for her canonization. Moreover, at the time of his accession Leo XIII. was most anxious to establish friendly relations and, if possible, diplomatic intercourse with Great Britain, and did not wish, therefore, to do anything which might be construed at the Court of St. James as unfriendly.

This declaration by the Congregation of Rites that Joan of Arc was not entitled to the qualification of "maid" lends a new importance to the pretensions put forward by several French noblemen, of a more or less authentic character, to include her among their ancestresses. There have been some nobles, including a pseudo-French duke, who have brought to this country family parchments and genealogical trees in which the name of the Maid of Orleans figures among their forebears. It is only fair to add, however, that the general public has always been agreed that Joan of Arc left no descendants—at any rate of a

legitimate character. True, she had a brother, and from this brother are descended—not in the male line, but on the distaff side—the Marquis and the Counts de Malaysie, one of whom, Count Stephen, is married to an American girl, who was a Miss Stearns of New York, and who would have figured prominently in the grand ceremonies in St. Peter's at Rome, which were to have signaled the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, had not the Congregation of Rites decided against it. The finest male line in direct descent from Joan of Arc's only brother became extinct with the death of Charles du Lys, advocate-general of the so-called Court of Aids in 1632. One of his daughters, however, married a certain M. Barantin, whose daughter in turn became the wife of the Marquis de Malaysie in 1684. The eldest son of this marriage was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, and left no issue. From the second son, who in 1723 married Philiberte de Bouillon, are descended the present Marquis and Counts de Malaysie. The American-born Countess de Malaysie has among her most treasured possessions three authentic letters of the Maid of Orleans, signed "Jehanne."

A Retort from the Underworld

Homer to Carnegie

By Telephone to John Kendrick Bagg

Or Carnegie I fain would speak, and of the solemn things he says,
Of me and mine? Ha-ha! Excuse, I pray,
This un-Homeric smile,
Yet doth it fill with lively mirth, not only self,
But all my friends
And neighbors in the seven spots wherein
We ramored in his birth,
From Cyne unto Smyrna doth the merry
laughter loudly ring.
I mind me not the pratings of this sage;
This Pennsylvania Highlander,
Who, like Columbus of ye ancient days,
doth stand astride the sea,
One foot at Skibo placed and t'other 'mid
the cozy depths of Pittsburg.
And with a wondrous lavish hand dispenseth
monuments to letters.
He likes not me? Well, what of that? In
this he is consistent since
From immemorial time the sage hath been
disciple of Protection:
Arrayed against things foreign made,
though self-estotic to the laud,
I blame him not. With Dooley, Ade, and
Mrs. Wigg's Cabbage Patch,
With Tarkington and Churehill, and the
Man whose hoc hath scarr'd our souls,
Embroiled in competition with the Sages of
our Grecian days,
What use hath he for Homer and his most
stupendous fighting crew?
Yet when my dear Achilles be red-handedly
doth strike, I would
Return to Earth and give him one, straight
from the shoulder such as God
To Mazon might have given for that he
hath sat upon Achilles.
A fighting-man? Ay, so he was indeed,
but what of him
Who sits in judgment and would have his
gloried song made mean and low?
Hath Carnegie himself n'er made, e'en as
I made Achilles bold,
A thing to fight, to battle and embroil?
I've heard a pleasant tale

Of battle-ships, and cruisers said to be of
strength invulnerable;
Of steel wrought but for castings used in
war: guns, armor-plate, and such—
in which this critic was so deep-involved
there was no allib.

And hence it is if I were asked to write
for some small syndicate,
To fill the Sunday paper up with stuff
that's really fit to print,
I'd choose the subject, dearer now than ever
to my Grecian heart;
"Achilles and the Modern Man of War;
Who Was It Bullied Best?
The Poet of the Ancient Greeks, or He Who
Makes an Iron Clad?"
The one a sailor pod, perhaps, yet full of
flesh and blood and soul;
The other a Machine, an Engine cold,
designed to deal out death.
And to receive with imperturbability the
enemy;

A thing of iron, not of flesh, no blood, no
semblance of a soul,
But marlin-spike and turret round, and
easy garboard strokes instead.
And as for the construction it hath some-
times hipped, or so 'I'm told,
That in the latter plates defective have been
found in numbers large—

Say twelve—while in mine own Achilles'
heel but one small blow-hole was.
Ehual and Hol Polloi! Why send to exile
one and not the other?

The question may be Greek to some, but
not to me who am a Greek.
Yet, spite of all, do I forgive this sage for
times are sadly changed,
And surely he but speaks as he doth think
wit; perfect honesty.

He in his own queer age ranks high amongst
the figures 'meant' whom I
Would seem to be most like a quarter and
a plugg'd nickel sets;

An age that is Homeric in the things that
he is strongest in.

No let it not be endings that I send. Let
him and all of his

For his own time sufficient be, let me and
mine suffice for mine.

In my time he was not, why should I
strangely seek to be in his?

And for the end, let that which ends all
things, whatever it may be,
Present the Verdict that shall give to each
the place that he hath won.

Men in the Woman's Hotel

New York, March 22, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Referring to the article in your issue of March 21, permit me to say that your informant was under an entire misapprehension in the statement that men are not allowed in the dining-room of the Hotel Martha Washington on the second floor. Men are not only allowed there, but the patronage of men and their families who reside in apartments in the immediate neighborhood is welcomed. The difference between the two rooms is that the second-floor dining-room is conducted upon the American plan, and the first-floor restaurant upon the European plan. If you will kindly make this correction, you will greatly oblige.

Yours truly,
THE WOMAN'S HOTEL COMPANY.

The Restored White House

The people of the United States, in their warm affection for the White House, have always been jealous for its appearance. They have been reluctant to have any changes made that would alter its architectural character or detract from its dignity as a



The Red Room as Restored

suitable home for the President of the great Republic. Moreover, the people have always liked a President who received them freely in the White House, and whose entertainments there were in keeping with their ideals of the Presidential office.

The people liked it when Mr. Roosevelt discarded the pretentious name Executive Mansion, and called this house by the name the people have always given to it, The White House. They were pleased when Mr. Roosevelt threw open its doors and invited there all men of varying degrees who had a claim upon his attention. They resented the absurd talk in Congress of extravagance and valued it at its worth—cheap oratory for political effect. They knew that they did not provide sufficiently by public appropriation for the scale of entertainment that Mr. Roosevelt established, and that the heavy expense involved made serious inroads upon the private income of the President,



A Corner of the Green Room

an expense that he bore ungrudgingly and without even private complaint.

But when it was given out that alterations were to be made to the White House, including furnishings, would cost nearly \$500,000 there were some misgivings. It would seem impossible to spend that amount of money without altering the appearance of the simple structure or modifying its character. The appearance has been changed, but only slightly, and that in accordance strictly with the original design. The building has become what it was intended to be, the home of the President, and not his business office with living rooms annexed. The White House has simply been restored, made safe, healthful, habitable, that is all, and as the people have come to understand this, they have given their complete approval to the changes that have been made.

Few persons are now realize the serious conditions that existed in the White House before the improvements were made. It was not safe. At

every great entertainment it was necessary to shore up the floors to keep them from breaking down. When the waiters walked about in the State dining-room the dishes on the sideboards rattled. What is known as the Garden floor, the one apparently in the basement as one enters from the north, but really the ground floor as one enters from the south (the White House faces the south), was chattered up with pipes and wires suspended from the ceiling. Arches had been cut away and the woodwork was all out of repair. The second floor, the living-room of the house, was so rotten that a new one had to be put in. The attic, where the servants slept, was a fire-trap, reached only by an elevator. The roof drainage was carried through the house in old troughs hollowed out of logs, which, as they rotted away, were lined with copper. Many of the beams were actually charred by defective insulation of electric wires, and the wonder was that the place had not burned down. The roof was almost ready to fall in and a new one had to be put on. The truth was that the house was frightfully dilapidated and unsafe from top to bottom. It had to be rebuilt from the inside.

The architects found the original plans in the Congressional Library. The President insisted that these should be complied with strictly. The names for the various rooms—Blue, Green, Red, East, and State Dining-room—were ordered retained. The heating apparatus was lowered from the garden floor to the basement. The lighting apparatus was made modern and safe. The only outward change in the appearance of the house was to build two porches, provided for in the original plans, one on each side and stretching clear across the White House grounds. These give the fine architectural effect, from which as a base the house rears itself in singularly effective dignity in the centre.

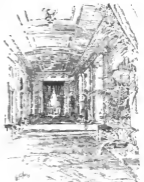
The west terrace was partly in existence, but it was used for workshops and servants' quarters, and was marred by ungainly



A View of the Main Entrance

greenhouses in front of it. The foundations of the east terrace were found in putting up the new one. The old one had been removed before 1870.

An office for the President was placed inconspicuously at the end of the west terrace—a temporary affair. It would not do to mar the White House grounds by an imposing office building. The garden floor was remodelled so that on state occasions guests could enter by the east terrace and make use of dressing-rooms designed for their comfort. Heretofore the guests have had to assemble on the north portico and ran chances of taking cold, exposed to the weather. The State dining-room was enlarged to seat 107 guests instead of 60. Two historic mantels, beautifully carved, that had been imported from London, about the only historic furnishings in the house, were removed from the State dining-room, being too small for the places they occupied, and



The White House Corridor

one was placed in the Green Room and the other in the Red Room. The new furnishings were strictly in accordance with what they should be.

And so the White House, enlarged in its interior appointments and made safe, has been restored to its original design and purpose. It is now a fitting habitation for the First Citizen of the land. Its quiet dignity satisfies the eye and appeals to the patriotic impulses of every American.

The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

Two weeks later the Canterbury Club held its second meeting. It was found that there were thirteen books on the table, and when the Matron discovered the fact, she at once moved that one of the books be removed. Thirteen was an unlucky number. There seemed to be some difficulty in choosing a victim, and the Cantaberricus Critic grumbled in his beard about idle superstitious and old wives' fables. The Humorist said he knew of at least one Thirteen Club. The Matron bowed at him, and said "was flying in the face of Providence." Finally they decided on a meek, dapper, little volume that looked as if it wouldn't be missed, but I am not going to name the title or author, for various reasons. The round dozen that remained were as follows:

Lovely Mary. By Alice Riggs Rire (Canterbury Co.).

Horses Nine. By Sewell Ford (Scribner).

What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fader the Rose. By Frederic S. Isham (Bobbs-Merrill).

Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheker (Doubleday, Page).

The Lieutenant-Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carey (Houghton, Mifflin).

A Daughter of the Pit. By Margaret Doyle Jackson (Houghton, Mifflin).

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson (Lippincott).

A Lad of the O'Flahs. By Seamus MacMannan (McClure, Phillips).

Concert String of Iretan's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney (John Lane).

The Substitute. By Will N. Harben (Harper).

Walds. By Mary Holland Kluskid (Harper).

The meeting was called to order, and the Cantaberricus Critic at once rose with a copy of *Lovely Mary* in his hand.

"*Lovely Mary*"

"I took up this little volume," he began, "with a marked prejudice against it, for which I do not hold the author responsible. I notice that she has protested against the use of her portrait for purposes of publicity, and in commending her for this nice reserve I must also commend her little book blazoned forth as a cure for biliousness. The first time I caught sight of this placard in an 'L' car, shouting at me that it 'Cures the blues,' it was flanked to right and left by similar placards of some queer sort also claiming to 'Cure colds, coughs, bilious attacks, etc.' To me, this sort of blatant advertising is so degrading in the service of letters that only my liking for the author's previous book overcame my intellectual nases. And I should have been sorry to miss reading *Lovely Mary*. As a tale it is better threaded than Mrs. Wiggs, and the author has wisely avoided straining for effect in constructing her story, recognizing that it is in the humorous delineation of character her power lies, and not in any novelty of incident or situation. The story, like the people in it, is elemental, simple, obvious. It is Mrs. Rire's gift of humor blent with 'humanest affection' that disarms the critic and takes captive the man. Nothing in the book became *Lovely Mary* so well as the way she went out of it. Do you not see her as she waves from the train platform at the reeding Cabbage Patch? 'It ain't hard to be good when folks love you,' she said, with a little catch

in her voice. 'I'll make 'em all proud of me yet!'"

"And she'll do it," nodded the Merchant with emphasis. "And when she does, and Mrs. Rire comes to tell it, may I be thrum to see and hear it. You may speak about the humor of *Lovely Mary* and Mrs. Wiggs, and of course it makes you laugh and grin till you're ashamed of yourself, especially if you read them in the cars or the train as I did, but it's the grit and brawn in Mrs. Rire's characters that rouse one's admiration, the determination to smile down adversity and win out somehow. There's nothing so worth while as that. There's a story of how Mrs. Wiggs sent Billy out on the horse for two watermelons, and how he brought them home, that is worth any number of Sunday-school yarns. Billy was not told to come home without those watermelons. But when he got to the field he found them all so big he couldn't carry one, let alone two. What did he do? Come home without them? No, sir, that wasn't the way Mrs. Wiggs brought her children up. Let me read you what he did: 'He set on the fence an' thought awhile, then he took off his jeans pants an' put a watermelon in each leg an' hanged 'em 'round old Rollie's back an' come ridin' home bare-legged.' That's the kind of boy the world needs of, sooner or later, mark my words."

"There is a profound lesson for us," commented the Young Clergyman, "in the chapter called 'A Denominational Garden,' but especially for the minister—a lesson of charity and tolerance with men's beliefs and creeds and ecclesiastical cretches. 'There's all sorts of Christians' as Miss Viny says, 'some stands for sunshine, some for shade: some for beauty, some for use: some up high, some down low. There's jes one thing all the fowwers has to smile in fakin' ag'inst—that's the sunher warm, life. If it once gets in a plant, so matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it sets right down to its heart.' Mrs. Rire is not only a humorist and a humanist; she is a good theologian."

"I should like to observe," quoth the Humorist, "that my friend the Editor submits that though Mrs. Rire's humor is individual and original with her, it is distinctly American, and springs from the same source as that of Bret Harte. In fact, he claims that Mrs. Rire, close, of all our humorists, has caught the quintessence of Bret Harte's humor, consciously or not, though the manner is her own."

"*A Daughter of the Pit*"

"Now if you want an example of what a woman of intelligence and some literary talent is liable to write when she feels humor," went on the Humorist, "take *A Daughter of the Pit*. This book is an illustration of what can be accomplished by plodding industry and fidelity to the fact without imagination or humor. The result is dullness and tedium, though it pains me to say so, for there is an abundance of rich material, some good scenes and characterization, and much painstaking in the effort to lay bare the workings of a young girl's heart and mind, reared as the daughter of a pitman, but with stirrings of soul above her station. Elta Whitlake ought to have become an interesting personality in the hands of an imaginative writer; in the pages of this book she remains a colorless prig."

"I could almost fancy," said the Cantaberricus Critic, "that I was reading one of Dinah Mulock's household tales, buoy

with piety and priggishness, as I could wearily the pages of *A Daughter of the Pit*. No light or shade—the wicked are unmitigatedly wicked and are punished accordingly; the good are so good and are rewarded accordingly. Elta's bankings after material advancement, mingled with mild goodness and piety, find their goal in the wealthy young American who comes to the English mines prospecting. Her sister, who is much more alive, though cut to a well-worn pattern, chooses ill, and bites the dust for it. Yet, I suppose this book will find its way into many a Sunday-school library because of its innocuous and mild morality."

"And why not?" asked the Young Clergyman. "We are altogether too crushing in your judgment of this book. Suppose it is like the works of the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and *A Noble Life*. Have these books not had an influence for good on the young? And is there not a young generation to-day for whom *A Daughter of the Pit* and *Walds* like it, elevating in tone, teaching the habits of goodness, the law of hindrance, the openness and benignity of sin, are needed? There is not any great complexity or wriggle problems in the lives of the struggling poor with whom this story deals; their aims and needs are fundamental and their conditions circumscribed. I think that the only problem that enters into these lives was stated by one of them when he commented thus on another character in the book, a hard, selfish woman: 'I often wonder why God lets such people be. Maybe it is that we may understand better what the world would be without love. Perhaps it is to teach us the beauty of hindrance one to another.' This simple problem—a problem of character that more especially needs to be considered by the young—is, to my mind, presented in the wringing out of this story with great steadiness and conviction. I trust that I am showing no disrespect to the author when I hope that *A Daughter of the Pit* will be placed on our library shelves beside the worthy works of Dinah Mulock."

The Matron and the Sentimentalist purred approvingly and shot glances of admiration at the Young Clergyman as he sat down. The Scholar lightened the strain to some extent by remarking: "By the way, I read on page 255 of *A Daughter of the Pit* that the 'Oceanic sails in three days from New York.' It is one of those curious anachronisms that an author sometimes perpetrates, for, as a matter of fact, the Oceanic was built at the period in which the story is laid.

I remember about a year ago reading an historical romance of the times of Alfred the Great, in which a number of besieged Christian ladins were described as lifting up their voices in singing Cardinal Newman's hymn, 'Lord, Kindly Light'—all three verses being printed in full to add to the impression on the reader!"

"*Horses Nine*"

"Spending of the Sunday-school library," observed the Matron, "is here a book that ought to go on its shelves beside *Black Beauty*. *Horses Nine* will delight everybody who loves horses, and the writer takes the point of view in telling his story that insures interest, especially young readers. Not unlike Mr. Thompson-Retton's manner, he gets, as it were, inside the horse, and tells what happened to him, viewing men and things through the horse's eyes. There is the story of 'Skipper' who became a 'Blunderbomber' of 'Calies' who began life on a farm and landed in Barrows and Bailey's; of 'Old Silver' of the Gray Horse Truck,

the breemen's favorite; and so on. The author has not only a wide knowledge of the horse and its ways, but, what is more essential, a strong affection for the equine race which enables him to treat his subject very sympathetically.

"And he has humor, too," quoth the Humorist. "The story of Barnacles and how he assisted at the spelling of Captain Bean and Stashia Hurkitt is one of the funniest stories I have ever read."

"No doubt about it," remarked the Cantankerous Critic, sentimentally. "*Horse and Nise* is the best volume of horse stories that has ever been written. Both as an artistic product and a humane gospel it is worth all the *Black Beauties* that were ever printed. I'd like to see a copy of the book in the hands of every young person, and every carrier and coachman ought to read it."

"I shall call the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the book," concluded the Sentimentalist.

"What Manner of Man"

"I like *What Manner of Man*," said the Sentimentalist, for its touching portrait of Clodagh and his picturesque descriptions of the wild western coast of Scotland. In the letter respect it recalled the pleasure William Black's novels used to give us. And Clodagh is not unlike some of the Scottish novelist's attractive heroines. How well Edna Kenton reveals the young tumultuous soul of the Highland girl when the mounting fever within makes her turn from the commonplace life about her to follow the great natural instinct of every woman child toward the lurid fascination of the ughwawa. She was what Mrs. Ward in *Lady Rose's Daughter* calls "a child of feeling." And when the great London artist appears on the island of Roban in search of a model for his painting of "The Christiana Martyr," it is natural that her dreams and imaginings should fasten upon him, and that she should fall an easy prey to his artistic rapture, mistaking it for a deeper emotion. They are married and proceed to London, and then begins Clodagh's disillusionment and martyrdom, ending in her flight back to her island home, closing her eyes on the scenes they first opened upon, but what an experience lay between! As for Thayer the artist, one cannot hold him accountable as one would other men. His art engrossed him; it was his life; he meant no harm to the gentle Clodagh; his seeming cruelty was a mere obsession. His remorse was keen and genuine, and he suffered for his blindness in self-abasement and renunciation. He was an artist, he it remembered, and to sin against the artistic temperament was more heinous than to sin against any moral code."

"That is a very dangerous doctrine, my young friend," observed the Clergyman. "The artistic temperament is too often used to cover a multitude of sins, and is synonymous with selfishness and self-indulgence. Temperament is not intended by nature to be the master; temperament is the servant of the mind, and character must always be the master if temperament is to serve noble ends. As for this book, frankly, I do not like it. Clodagh is her maiden sweetness and purity is an exquisite picture, but she is used as a fillet to the sensual aestheticism of Thayer, who, the author tells us, was a man in whom the passions had had so much indulgence that it took more than a passing whim to rouse them to heaven."

"He was a selfish beast," interrupted the Matron, "and when he carried off that sweet young thing, all dreams and innocence, from her Highland home to his den in London, it was like seeing a dove in the

brute grasp of an orange-outang. I shall certainly not allow my daughters to be contaminated by it."

"I want to resume one passage from the book," resumed the Young Clergyman, "which embodies a truth that marks the sincerity of the author in writing her book. Clodagh says her father used to tell her that 'too much thinking on evil things leads one to evil deeds, an' that no man is strong enough to stand before evil to learn it, for he has to take some o' it into his heart. An' that evil desire leads him to take other evil sin as 'a shame, an' that there's no thing on earth to be desired good enough to need the sacrifice of a living soul.'"

"I wonder," spoke up the Scholar, gently. "If Edna Kenton was ever in the north-west of Scotland. I hardly think so, or she would have known that they do not speak the Lowland Scots dialect there which she puts into the mouths of her characters. Besides, on an island like Roban, sequestered from the mainland, they speak Gaelic only to this day. Her Scotch dialect is, as a matter of fact, an American corruption of the real thing. However, there is little of it, but it is a pity that in what there is of it she did not stick to pure English with a Gaelic word here and there to suggest the original. Again, the postal address of Clodagh's home would not be 'Roban Island, Great Britain,' within the realm, but North Brittain or Scotland, the latter being really the correct form."

"*What Manner of Man* is simply a woman's attempt to blend Zola and William Black," observed the Cantankerous Critic, "and they won't blend—Gaelic or Gael, French or Anglo-Saxon, never will blend or meet at any given point. The verses are poles apart. No Englishman would have acted as Thayer did. I hope when Edna Kenton writes her next novel she will refrain from making her serious people talk essays like Thayer and Hilda on almost every occasion of their meeting."

"Before the Dawn"

"Mr. Joseph Altheimer, who has entertained us with several good stories of American history," said the Sentimentalist, "has further enticed us with a story of the fall of Richmond, appropriately called *Before the Dawn*. The latest is entitled in Lucia Catherwood, a Northern girl who finds her way into Richmond and is suspected of being a spy. Of course there is a gallant young Southerner who falls in love with her, and favors her, while fighting on the opposite side. It is prettily told, though a trifle long. I was disappointed not to learn who the spy really was that sent the papers, if it wasn't Lucia, and the author seems to have forgotten to tell where Lucia died that time the officers searched Miss Grayson's cottage and couldn't find her—but it is a good story."

"I'm tired of these civil war stories," blurted the Cantankerous Critic, "especially when written by merely clever authors. This one hasn't even the merit of an original plot, although one could say the same thing of *Hanley*. It is an old line, the hero and heroine on opposite sides of the war; the heroine a suspected spy, and the hero torn 'twixt love and honor; then the usual rendezvous for the heart-to-heart talk, the hospital, where the heroine nurses the hero. Then it is time writers were letting up on the three-bar formula, how be or she did so and so 'is the usual Southern fashion,' or 'with the earnest courtesy of the old South,' or 'like the cream of the old South.' Then there are 'our Southern women, my boy, who stand supreme for beauty and wit!' and the man who 'seemed different, indeed, from the average Southerner,' and so forth. 'The

trouble with *Redfield*,' says some one in the book, 'is that he wants all the twenty-four hours of every day for his own talking.' The trouble with this author is that he has the same fault in his fiction; there is too much talk in it. The 372 pages—it interferes with what is, after all, a pretty interesting story."

"I think you are too sure on him," retorted the Merchant. "I rather enjoyed the story as I read it on the train going out and in to my business. Proccett was a fine, manly fellow, and Lucia was worthy of all he went through for her. There must have been many such incidents during the war, and it is interesting to have it brought home to you in this pleasant way. I do wish, however, with the Sentimentalist, that the author had not forgotten to acquaint us with Lucia's hiding-place, but that is the veriest trifle, and does not mar one's wholesome enjoyment."

"The Lieutenant-Governor"

"There is a class of novels," resumed the Cantankerous Critic, "which is not literature, and yet which represents a very thick crop among the fiction that is being daily produced in this country, a class which I should designate as belonging to the Fourth Estate. They are the works of certain aspiring young journalists, ambitious to enter the ranks of the writers of fiction. Now take Mr. Carryl's story, *The Lieutenant-Governor*. Mr. Carryl has written some clever short stories, noisance verse and other verse; indeed, he has written some very beautiful poetry. But when he comes to write a novel it is a strange jumble of observations, experiences, pedantry, and abstract theory. There are good bits in *The Lieutenant-Governor*; some fine character sketches, a spirit of true patriotism and a dramatic climax when the way out is opened for the Lieutenant-Governor by the shooting of the Governor. But all through the narrative there is a sense of failure to realize the characters and their action in the situations which are meant to develop the story. One of Mr. Carryl's weaknesses is his tendency to drop into long rhetorical speeches for the explanation of his motives. And then the ending is all wrong and contrary to all the dictates of art or reason."

"Yes, that ending made me furious," replied the Matron. "There surely was some other way of solving the difficulty than allowing patriotic principle to hang the friend who, by shooting the Governor, freed the State from ignominy and ruthlessness and gave Barclay his opportunity to serve his country. Besides, the act was really inspired by a fanatical insanity."

"It is a bad anticlimax, I must admit," remarked the Scholar, "and seems quite unnecessary. It does not add anything to the dignity of Barclay's stubborn stand for equity and justice, and gives him a hint of plainness that one had not suspected in him. It almost seems erratic on the author's part, and lacks the convincing power of sincere art."

"Spinners of Life"

"Another novel that comes under this category," continued the Cantankerous Critic, in pursuit of his argument, "is Mr. Vance Thompson's *Spinners of Life*. When a writer uses such phrases as 'Silence is most golden in the specification of friendship, and when employed in the particularizing of intimate emotion, the silver of speech is apt to turn to veriest tinsel,' or the 'psychodramatic instinct of the witness of Abigail's' or the 'Achilles' heel of the community,' as Mr. Carryl does; or when Mr. Thompson says, 'There was a hell at his elbow and he spun a silver ripple of sound out of it,' then you detect the earmarks of the journalist and the facile

please-maker. Style in its last analysis discards all affectation and tricks of rhetoric. Even Stevenson, "sedulous ape" though he called himself, knew this and put the inimitable stamp of his own mind upon his memorable phrases before losing them. Another grievance I have against these books is that instead of appealing to life they depend upon something bizarre, eccentric, or extraordinary in their situations to attract. The romance of *The Lieutenant Governor* was undoubtedly planned in this way, and the whole fabric of *Spicers of Life* rests on the following proposition from Rousseau: "It is, in order that you might inherit a good fortune from a mandarin, living in some far-away China, when you had never seen, nor heard of, it was necessary for you merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the mandarin? This is actually what Gaffney, out at elbows, does, and the rest of the story is an unfolding of the result. It is interesting, if fantastic, and is built together, piece by piece, almost like a play; indeed, it is as a theatrical experiment, very clever, very ingenious, very amusing, that we view it, and I don't think Mr. Thompson wants as to take it too seriously."

"A Lad of the O'Frishs"

"I wonder," said the Sentimentalist, "how the Critic would classify *A Lad of the O'Frishs*. It isn't a novel, for it has no plot; it isn't even a story, for it can scarcely be said to have beginning or end. It opens among the gentle Irish peasantry of Knocknagar on the eve of Nuala's coming, and it ends with young Teal's return from the States without any apparent reason except that he neither chooses to drop his rambling tale there. But it is no less than he claims. It is a novel as a poet would write it, and Seumas MacManus is, in the heart of him, a poet, and never loved his native land as he loves Ireland. It is the story of his heart. Dinny O'Frisht—always dhrámaic!—tells the tale, and there is undoubtedly much of Seumas MacManus in Dinny. He has that magnetic quality of making the land and its people so human and picturesque, you want to make a pilgrimage to the home of his thoughts and behold the beauty as yourself. But the secret of it all lies in the soul of the poet."

"And what a wag he is!" quoth the Humorist. "Such a lover of fun and persiflage and rollicking humor, for Seumas MacManus would be no Irishman if he wasn't continually alive to the humorous side of things. It is the salt of life to him. Indeed, it is through his humor that he weaves his spell in legend and story and song as he keeps your interest alive in his handful of quaint, lovable characters."

"It is one of the quiet books," said the Scholar, "to be cherished by the few who care for work that is genuine in feeling, sincere and beautiful in its art—a book that will crave to be read now and then, just as some old familiar strain comes into your mind and clamors to be heard again. And it is the books and the melodies that endear themselves in fond remembrance that have a lien on life."

"Cornet Strong of Irtan's Horse"

"If there is one kind of novel that bears no worse than the civil-war novel," observed the Cautious Critic, "it is the story of Roundhead and Cavalier. *Cornet Strong of Irtan's Horse* is no better and no worse than dozens of Puritan novels that I have read, and if you like this sort of thing, you will like this one; if not, you won't."

"I think the story is hampered by one serious defect," remarked the Sentimentalist.

"It is in the main a battle-field tale in which woman and love don't begin to figure until the book is drawing to a close. Then the character of Cornet Strong is drawn with such masculine firmness, and so lacking any trace of womanliness, that when the surprise of the climax comes, revealing the sex of the soldier he disguise, it does so with a shock that is disagreeable and far from pleasing."

"Yes," interrupted the Matron, "and especially as the disclosure occurs just after you learn that Cornet Strong has struck down Captain Staudish, who is her son, because of his love for the Irish Royalist girl. That act is so abhorrent to the maternal instinct that it is practically inconceivable."

"Just so," cut in the Cautious Critic, "my argument is again, if the tendency in American novelists to resort to artifice and theatrical expedients for startling effects and climaxes."

"The Substitute"

"You have noticed," observed the Enthusiast, "that there are books which seem to shout 'cheer up!' at you from every page. Well, here's a book that had just that effect on me. *The Substitute* is written by an optimist, one who sees life whole, who believes that it is good and wholesome. Yet he is not blind to its sorrows and ills, and there are several characters in this George who have their share of trouble before their eyes of joy come to them. Mr. Harben is as genuine a humorist in this book as he proved himself in *Abner David*. Even the most pathetic figure in the story, old Hiram Hillyer, is not without his humorous side."

"Hiram Hillyer is, to my mind," said the Young Clergyman, "one of the most interesting and touching human problems I have run across in a long time. An old man paying a lifelong atonement, suffering agonies of remorse for the crime he murdered some self-defense and had anger years ago—so many years ago that everybody has forgotten it and exonerated him as the court did at the time of his trial and acquittal—and yet he is in a worse state than if he were in jail. 'The fear of evils' my God was awful," he tells George Buckley, whose life is bound up with his efforts at atonement. "I come clear in the eyes of the world, but no God knows, not in my own. That crime is before me, waking or sleeping. I often dream that I never done it, an' daylight gives that the lie." The haunting misery of that soul, suffering in silence and despair, in a living, throbbing reality. There is a spiritual force in the slow-working leaven that gradually leads to light and joy which has the true ring of life in it. And the author's triumph is in the natural, or rather, the spiritual, triumph of the old man, which has nothing accidental or artificial in its solution; it just happens, and it might have done in real life. I think that to many who may be groaning under the burden of remorse for some past deed of guilt this book will have a message, a gospel which is not a vain thing, but which perhaps of that hope which saves mankind."

"You have spoken for Mr. Hillyer," remarked the Matron; "now I want to say a word for Mrs. Hillyer. The endurance, the good-nature, the smiling countenance, hiding the heavy heart which divided, all unknown to her husband, the secret sorrow which ate like a canker at his hidden existence, were heroic. Yet she bore herself as no other women, and accounted herself as no more than they. She had always a hearty word and a kindling smile for the dejected and struggling. You may feel grateful for old man Hillyer, but for my part I thank Mr. Harben for this good, sensible woman, who, 'when folks was contin-

ally a-complainin', as she says, exhorted them in scriptural language, 'Don't kick again the pricks.' And that's good philosophy. As she goes on to illustrate, 'If you set down on a board with a tack in it, the harder you set the more tack you get, an' that's so with life; it's full of tacks, an' don't you forget it.'"

"I guess that's what Mrs. Wiggins meant," said the Merchant with a laugh, "when she said that she made it a practice to put all her worries down in the bottom of her heart, then 'set on the lid an' smile.'"

"Walds"

"Walds," said the Sentimentalist, "is the book that I like best of all the dozen. If for nothing else, it is so raffish—ing to have a heroine who is good yet scornful, and not one of those veiled, tormented souls stretched on the rack of psychological analysis or physiological dissection. Walds is a simple, pure, beautiful maiden who has been set apart by the Zealots of Zanah—somewhere out West. I believe—as their conular prophets. Meanwhile, a stranger, an artist from the outside world, enters by chance and is of timely medical assistance to Walds's father. Love draws the twins together, and the gradual awakening of this human passion, depicted by Zanah, is rapidly portrayed and as subtly unfolded as the opening of the bud into flower beneath the warm sun. There is opposition, and Walds suffers in the conflict between religious and filial duty and the call of love. The setting is fresh and unconventional and leads not to an old theme."

"The author of *Walds*," observed the Scholar, "evidently knows the power that lies in restraint and the beauty that resides in simplicity. There are several situations in the story which fairly tug for melodramatic treatment, but she has kept a firm hand on the movement and preserved its refined and restrained action intact. Yet for this reason, the appeal of Walds as a living, pulsating being is stronger and more individual."

"Walds is the figure upon whom the drama centres, of course," said the Cautious Critic, "and a most appealing figure. I grant, notwithstanding her own, the lower; but the character that to me stands head and shoulders above all others in this book is the schoolmaster, Gerson Brandt. His is the most human, as it is the most memorable portrait in Walds. There is a heroic fibre, an endurance in silence, a capacity for sacrifice in him, which comes out clear and distinct before our eyes, as if the man had lived and suffered to our knowledge. Mrs. Kinkaid has every reason to feel proud of this creation, as it remains in the memory—pure, silent, enduring in a great pathos of loneliness."

"Under the Rose"

"Under the Rose," continued the Cautious Critic, "is a merry-going tale of courts and court fools in the France of Rabelais, when Francis was King and Charles I. was Emperor, which might have won a wider hearing a few years ago when 'Zeada' was the password in the heart of the reading public. Of course it is romance, and is cooked after the romantic recipe, though, to be sure, the ingredients have been well mixed to present a rather novel and attractive dish. It has a certain charm and fine art which are pleasing, and the style passes well for a thin counterfit of *The Forest Lovers*. My pleasure in the story might have been greater but for the pictures. I like Christy all right in half-tone, but these crude, staring color plates gave me mental jaundice."

"I enjoyed *Under the Rose* thoroughly," the Merchant burst in. "I could scarcely

lay it down, once I had started it. It held my interest right up to the last, and I couldn't tell, for the life of me, just how it was going to come out until I was well in sight of the finish."

"I think *Under the Row*," observed the Sentimentalist, "a most beautiful romance, full of warmth and color, and latched in a atmosphere of the most exquisite and tender charm. The style is not a counterfeiter, the Critic notwithstanding, but is of a part with the tale, of a flexibility and delicacy, a virility and refinement, a humor that is sweet yet unfretfully biting, woven into the very tapestry of true romance. This is an awash-buckling, mystifying tale, but that finer, ever, more gracious art descended from the *Rossaint of the Row*."

The Scholar was appealed to for an opinion. "Well," said he, "I should say the truth lay between the Critic and the Sentimentalist, and I think that it lies nearer the latter than the former." Then, smiling, he added, "I shall read it, and let you know if my guess is right."

The meeting was then adjourned.

Books and Bookmen

THE latest claimant for public suffrage is *Wre Macgregor*. There is no tyrant like the *enfant terrible*. In Scotland, where our hero rose to power and reigns supreme, we understand that for the moment all theological differences have been waived in favor of *Wre Macgregor's* absolute monarchy. There is only one power in Scotland that can overthrow the east-iron grip of theology and metaphysics, and that is humor. *Wre Macgregor* is the usurper of the bow. "And a little child shall lead them," Isaiah's words are as true to-day as they were in his own time; indeed, he is the most modern of the prophets. There is something very beautiful, very touching, very wonderful in the sight of a little child arresting the busy, bustling mart in its hurrying drift, to lead it into the quiet shelter of a humanizing atmosphere, loosening its heart-strings and slackening the terrific strain under the headwind influence of a glad, draining humor and a refreshing simplicity. This is the spectacle that has been witnessed during recent weeks by our kinsmen across the sea; this, too, is what we may witness ere long if *Wre Macgregor* succeeds in touching the hearts of his kin in this country. For is not the child at home in any land, the offspring of the universe?

There have been many children of fiction who have had the world at their feet—such of us can ever forget *River's Babies*—but *Wre Macgregor* differs from them all. He has his own quaint, boyish individuality, and, as the critics have one and all agreed in saying, recent fiction has given us no more delightfully whimsical or quietly sympathetic creations than this sturdy, human yet idiotic, his father and mother and his small sister Jennie. Long before you are half through the book you are an intimate terms with all four, and are keenly interested in their experiences as if they were a living family, and you were actually acquainted with them. Yet those experiences are absolutely of the ordinary, and are related without a trace of extravagance or exaggeration. The family goes out shopping together on a Saturday afternoon, and *Wre Macgregor* keeps up a running fire of questions; they pay a visit to the Zoo; they go out to tea at Aunt Purdie's, a trying and onerous ordeal, for Aunt Purdie's Goodman is a well-to-do grocer, and they are getting

up in the world; they visit *Macgregor's* grandparents at the seaside, and *Macgregor* insists on taking an oar when they go out rowing; *Macgregor* is unwell and his father nurses him;—whatever it is, and wherever they go, you follow them with the warmest interest and the kindest, heartiest laughter in the world. It is in the homely naturalness and simplicity of its humor that the supreme charm of the little book lies. Yet underlying its comic and amusing element there is a fund of tenderness and sympathy which is most touching. Your true humorist is also a humanist, and the author of *Wre Macgregor* knows that the well-springs of laughter and tears lie close together, and has blended them with delicate art and sureness of touch.

Not since Mr. J. M. Barrie quickened our sense of humor and aroused our sensibilities with *A Window in Thrums* has there been any Scottish writer who could claim to rival him as a gentle humorist as does the author of *Wre Macgregor*. Subtle and delicate in insight, playful in his touches of humor, deeply in love with his characters, there is much to suggest Barrie. But the creator of *Wre Macgregor* is a distinct personality, as *Wre Macgregor* himself is an original creation. The no-



"*Wre Macgregor*"

author of *Wre Macgregor* is Mr. J. J. Bell, a native of Glasgow, and about thirty years of age. He was educated at the Glasgow University, where he began his first attempts at writing. In 1898 he became assistant editor of *The Scots Pictorial*, an old-established Glasgow weekly. Through Mr. John Lane he published two books, *The New York's Ark* and *Jack of all Trades*, consisting of clever jingling rhymes for children, and revealing the intuitive knowledge of child life which is evident in *Wre Macgregor*. He has been a constant contributor of sketches, stories, and verses to the leading London magazines, as well as to several Scottish periodicals, most of his work appearing over the initials "J. J. B." Lately he resigned his editorial work to devote his whole time to writing. One feels certain that Mr. Bell has a future in literature, whatever form it may eventually take. Meanwhile we are grateful for *Wre Macgregor*. The Scots dialect is a hard nut to crack, but a little perseverance will well reward the reader with a keener world-kiting lilt; after the first few pages it is astonishing how familiar one becomes with the dialect and how easy it is to comprehend the meaning. We should not be surprised

to see *Wre Macgregor* rivaling in popularity the famous *Bonnie Briar Bush* stories.

The death of John Henry Shorthouse, the author of *John Ingelram*—the book that Andrew Lang declared he had denied himself when he was beguiled into reading *Robert Elanore*—recalls the interesting fact that the book was rejected by the firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., on the advice of Mr. James Payn, their literary adviser. Payn denied this, and talked of bringing a motion against those who could so accuse him of gross unfairness for his part. He took his complaint to the late Mr. George Smith. Mr. Smith listened quietly to Payn's indignant remonstrance, and then said:

"I should let it alone if I were you. What does it matter what that kind of people say about you?"

Payn insisted, until the twinkle in Smith's eye caught his attention.

"Is there any reason," he asked then, "why I should not contradict this man?"

"Well, yes; the fact is we did reject the book."

"What? Do you mean to say I rejected *John Ingelram*?"

"I am afraid so; at all events we did it amongst us. I don't blame you; I think it even now a dutiful book."

"And you never told me? Never let fall a word of it all these years?"

"Certainly not. I thought it might distress you. I should not have told you now but that I was taken unawares."

Payn used to tell this story as a tribute to the admirable qualities of Mr. Smith.

COLORABLE IMITATION.

Or, a J. M. Barrie'sment of Titles.

Punch says that the sincerest form of flattery has already overtaken *The Little White Bird*. A publisher announces *The Little Red Fish*. *Punch* understands that the following works are in preparation:

The Little Blue Bottle;
The Little Blue Pill;
The Little Black Eye;
The Little Pink Pearl;
The Little Purple Emperor;
The Little Brown Book;
The Little Yellow Jaundice;
The Little Scarlet Fever;
The Little Gray Hair;
The Little Gold Stopping.

The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son, by Mr. George H. Lorimer, was published recently in England, and is already making a record sale there. The heads of large business houses, it is said, are giving it away to their clerks. One firm is known to have bought a thousand copies for this purpose. On this side the book has just gone into its hundredth thousand. The reason for the success of the book is not far to seek. Its shrewd humor and homely aphorisms together with the quaint personality of old John Graham make it appeal with equal interest to the lettered and unlettered. Mr. Lorimer is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in whose pages the "Letters" originally appeared, and first attracted wide attention.

If public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what hiccrites do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling.—*Rustin*.

Before you look for something to eat, look for some one to eat with.—*Ephesus*.

Correspondence

THE BOOK-WORM AND AMERICANITIS—A REPLY.

PRINCE GEORGE, NEW YORK, March 16, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I am much disturbed by your recent article attributing to "hook-worm disease" the apparent laziness of the shiftless "poor whites" of certain Southern States. I scent trouble in the near future, a whole lot of trouble; trouble that may be serious. I am sure my office boy has read in the WEEKLY that inconsiderate biologist's announcement that laziness is due to a germ, or a bug, or a worm with a hook on it. It may be merely the usual attack of "spring fever"; but his steps are certainly slower than they were a week or two ago.

There is no doubt, in my mind, that hired men on half the farms in America will sit on the fence, this summer, twice as much as they ever reposed thereupon before; and when brought to account, they can go scot-free by calling attention to the statement that rest and sunshine and fresh air are absolutely necessary in curing "hook-worm." According to the WEEKLY, this disease is a good deal like the grip; when you're got it, you've got to go to bed and stay there until it's over. If this is true, manufacturers of beds may reap a harvest, but all the rest of the world will go backward. No, not all the rest of the world; for a great majority of people living in New York, and other great cities, are afflicted with a disease exactly opposite, in its effects, to "hook-worm"—the malady generally known as "Americanitis," because it is more common here than elsewhere in the world, although certain well-known persons abroad seem to be suffering its acute stage. The intelligent reading public may be pardoned a little surprise when it sees

the Kaiser settling questions of Biblical inspiration with one hand, and kicking up a war in South America with the other; persuading England that he is its best friend, and simultaneously bracing the Boers for a final struggle; writing operas with his left foot, kicking China into smithereens with his right; encouraging his people toward breadth of mind and freedom of expression, and at the same time slamming prison gates on editors who merely asked what made himutter his locution.

The intelligent reading public, I repeat, is somewhat surprised at these manifestations, and is justified in wondering whether the Kaiser is a being, or a syndicate. Likewise is it interested in Mr. Chamberlain's sweep of activities from Scotland to the Cape of Good Hope. And as for our own American people, select at random any one of a dozen men in Boston, Chicago, New York, who is president of a bank, president of two or three railroads, director in trolley companies, manufacturing and mining concerns, realty corporations; member of ten or fifteen clubs; active in church work; prodigal of time, thought, energy, money, spent in carrying on educational institutions, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, fresh-air funds; and also is a patron of literature, an encourager of art, an attendant at the opera, yet feels sufficient leisure to take part in city, State, and national politics, to make presentation speeches, to address missionary conventions, to play golf, manage a motor-car, oversee one or two country-places, enjoy yachting, run across to London or Paris every year, and bring up a family. Such a man, at the close of the civil war, say, would have been regarded as an impossibility—like the telephone, or wireless telegraphy, or any other novel then unimagined, or almost unimagined. Why do we of to-day regard him simply as unusual? Merely because the disease is "catching"—as old-fashioned folks used to say; because the germs of "Americanitis"



THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY

A Two-Minute Talk

TO INVESTORS

The Shares of THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY Corporation have had an unparalleled record. The stock is held in the United States, Canada, and England by widely known literary, professional, and business people. Among the library's shareholders are hundreds of names familiar to almost every cultured home. No broker, or banker, or underwriter has had a hand in the sales. The sole backing of the concern has been its enterprise, its continuous push, and its far-seeing business policy. Every dollar invested shows a hundred cents' worth of extended and established earning capacity.

The plans outlined from time to time have been carried forward in the most aggressive sort of way. We have done what we said we would do. We planned to extend the Booklovers to every important city in the United States; the libraries are there. We promised to include Canada; the two successful centres of Montreal and Toronto are the result; from these cities the service extends to outlying Canadian cities and towns. We made arrangements for extending the work to England; to-day the Booklovers is the talk of London; it is delivering books throughout Great Britain, and includes among its patrons scores of the most distinguished families. We promised an auxiliary library to take care of the field not occupied by the Booklovers; the Tabard Inn, with its revolving book-cases and five-cent exchanges, is extending the library privileges to thousands of country towns; the earnings of this one department at the present time exceed one thousand dollars a day with only one-twentieth of the field covered. This new library department was started only a year ago. In another year it will have earning capacity largely in excess even of the Booklovers. Last fall we announced the preparation of a monthly magazine to round out our publicity plans; to-day *The Booklovers Magazine* sells out its complete edition by the fifteenth of each month; it is owned independently by shareholders of the parent company, and presents all the elements of an excellent property.

We are building into the future; the whole book and publishing trade is undergoing rapid and far-reaching changes; there is a new book published in the United States every hour, day and night, and this enormous output must have its distributing machinery. Millions invested in central storehouses of granite or marble can never change the popular current. The American people want an up-to-date service in books as well as in newspapers, and they are willing to pay for it with their own cash. There is no denying the fact that the Booklovers is already a tremendous power among the book interests of the country; it has battled its way to the front, where it means to stay.

We need a central library and office building of our own, and we intend to build one just as soon as a desirable central property in Phila-

delphia can be secured. This is the next important thing to be done. The block of 50,000 Shares of Stock referred to below has been set aside largely for this purpose.

In connection with this public offer of a comparatively small block of *Booklovers* stock there are four inside facts which I want to make public under my own signature: 1. The *Booklovers* earnings during the three months ending February 28th were the largest in the history of the enterprise; 2. The operating expenses per library member were never smaller than at the present time; 3. The "used books" are wholly taken care of at good prices by auxiliary library departments; 4. The Corporation pays cash, and has no debts other than its current monthly accounts.

No additional capital is needed for the *Booklovers*; the increased capital is being used at the present time to extend the *Tahard* law and other departments; these auxiliary libraries are necessary to round out the best interests of the enterprise at large; they are the "by-products" of the business, and they offer opportunity for very large profits.

The Corporation is capitalized for \$2,600,000 (260,000 Shares at \$10 each). Of this amount 190,000 Shares have already been subscribed and paid for at the par value of \$10, making the present cash capital \$1,900,000. There remain in the treasury only 70,000 Shares. Of this remaining block the Directors have authorized the Treasurer to set aside 50,000 Shares to be offered for sale on May 15th, next, at \$12 a Share. The remainder, consisting of 20,000 Shares, is now offered to the public in lots of Ten Shares or more at \$10 a Share. The terms are 10 per cent. with the application and the balance in sixty days. Stock applied for by telegraph will be held five days to await deposit and formal application. (See form of application below.) The sale of this block of 20,000 Shares at \$10, and of the remaining block of 50,000 Shares on May 15th at \$12, will give the Company a completely paid-up Capital. This announcement gives investors the last opportunity they will have of buying *Booklovers* at \$10 a share.

The *Booklovers Corporation* has paid dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per year since August 1, 1900. The last half-yearly dividend was paid on February 20th. The half-yearly dividend periods end June 30th and December 31st, respectively. The Corporation has no bonded debts, and its stock when fully paid is non-assessable. All Shares become dividend-bearing from the date of final payment. Dividends are payable in February and August.



1323 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

President

Application Form for Booklovers Stock

(Use wording below in writing out your application)

(Date)

Mr. JOHN E. BRYANT, Treasurer

1323 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

Dear Sir:

Please enter my name for Shares of the Stock of The Booklovers Library at Ten Dollars a Share. I enclose my check for \$ being Ten Per Cent. of the par value, and I agree to pay the balance in sixty days.

Name.....

Address.....

have inoculated millions of our citizens until they are all of them, to a greater or less degree, affected and afflicted like the typical example referred to. Some people—living in deliberate towns or in the backwoods—may term this affection "Assane hush," but the real name for it is "Americaitis," and none but the incompetent is insane, when once a man gets within a nose where it holds away, such as New York.

Take a boy from a New Hampshire farm who never has been off a slow walk in his life; who has had from forty-eight to sixty hours in every day; who thinks not twice but twenty times before he speaks once. Bring that boy to New York, give him a job, and find him a comfortable boarding-house, and watch the results. At the end of the first week he will be doing like a pauper through the Broadway noise of trolley-cars, trucks, cabs, vans, carriages, wagons, and automobiles. In ten days he will be tramping along at the rate of ten blocks in eleven minutes. In a fortnight he will be clu-shaved every other morning, his shoes will be polished at least once a day, and his clothes will be brushed three or four times a day. In a month his voice will have a ring, and his words a crispness theretofore unknown; and in six weeks after he first steps out of the Forty-second Street station, he will be planning what he will do when he gets to be president of the Cleveand Bank. By that time he will have "Americaitis," and he will also have a clearly defined idea of some day buying the State of New Hampshire to be used as a country-place for three months each year.

Now I am not holding such a case up as a commendable example—far from it. I do not believe that the best in life is to be obtained from madly rushing into flity great undertakings, any one of which is enough to absorb all the time an ordinary man ought to devote to business. Of course there are extraordinary cases—not only men like Moses, Napoleon, Gladstone, Washington, but some of our own great Captains of Industry,—whose powers are so enormous that they compel tremendous activity in a hundred directions. But the ordinary man, or the ordinarily brilliant man, in this land of endless opportunities for preferment and enrichment, needs to struggle against the temptation to overwork. Of our population as a whole, the "poor white" of the South, afflicted by "hook-worm," offers no exception; the New Hampshire boy (afflicted with "Americaitis"), exemplifies the other.

As I said, some time ago, the "hook-worm" bacillus has been trapped, and scientific charges are now trying to find an enemy to overcome him. I concede the importance of this, but we beg, through HARPER'S WEEKLY, to suggest to aspiring scientists that immortal fame is open to the man who, as the WEEKLY proposed in the recent editorial on the Hook-Bug, will find an antidote for "Americaitis," and administer it in quantities to suit. I am, sir,

A. O. FARMER.

"AN TWIG IS BENT."

TRENTON COURIER, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 25, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will your correspondent, Mrs. M. Alexander, kindly tell us in what part of the "Good Book," chapter and verse, she finds "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined"? A certain Mr. Alexander Pope has given us these lines in "Rosalind Elvina," Epistle II, line 149 (see Bartlett's Familiar Quotations). As in the general question whether reading fairy stories interferes with the subsequent proper education of a child, Mrs. Alexander will find the vast majority of persons who have had anything to do with children distinctly opposed to her contention. I am, sir,

R. P. WILLIAMS.

Finance

It has been stated in this column frequently that the art of stock-manipulation is but the sublimated art of advertising, and that no display of statistics, however sharing, and no promises of a prospectus, however invitingly worded, can compare, for efficacy, with the effect produced on the public's mind by the manipulated advance in the price of the security which it is desired to "distribute," or, less emphatically, to unload on the public. Similarly, there is nothing that will bring home to the public the disagreeable features of the financial situation so strongly as a sharp decline in quoted values. This has been demonstrated most interestingly—if disagreeably to unfortunate speculators—during the past few weeks. That is to say, what the speculative community heard but did not heed last year, it is once more hearing and heeding, because of the strong corroboration of a sharp break in security prices. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip several months ago delivered a speech, which by reason of his former position as the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and as the vivid chronicler of the American invasion of Europe, no less than because of his present association with the largest bank in the United States and world-famous capitalists, attracted widespread attention. But even before Mr. Vanderlip pointed out the potential dangers of the financial situation and their ultimate bearing upon industrial and commercial conditions, the same warnings had been discussed and warnings given by the more serious financial critics. Notwithstanding the obvious seriousness of the unpleasant possibilities, the warnings were considered to possess an academic interest rather than actual stock-market value; they were, in other words, too general and too broad to constitute good "tips." Men are no better than women in believing only what they enjoy believing, and the wilful closing of one's eyes to the disagreeable is by no means a merely feminine attribute. These past few weeks, as prices of stocks, good, bad, and worse, have fallen, the same arguments inbodied two months ago were repeated impressively and possibly woefully. The corroborative eloquence of the stock-ticker had done the trick.

There can be no question that to a great extent the present downward movement was due to the aggressive operations of skillful bears. But no bear, however skillful, can achieve success unless he has natural or

technical conditions for allies. One week the bank statement made a poorer showing than the Street expected. Stocks declined. The bank statement—that is, the money-market—was, as a matter of course, blamed for the decline in stocks. On the next week, the bank statistics were far better than had been looked for. And still, on the following Monday, stocks were particularly weak. It was evident that the "big men" did not mean to fight the bear operators. The speculative community was obliged to look further for "reasons." Since the country at large is prosperous, factories very busy, railroads eclipsing all previous records for volume of traffic, it is evident that the trouble must be financial rather than commercial, industrial, or agricultural. And the financial trouble arises from the fact that not only does the unprejudiced legitimate business require a great deal of money to carry it on, but that there is much capital tied up in huge stock and bond deals. There is, in other words, an insufficiency of the sinews of war and a superabundance of newly manufactured securities for sale. From these conditions has arisen the agitation concerning the investment interest rate and its unfavorable bearing upon values. The competition in the security market is great and serious. It avails nothing to sermonize on the folly of financiers whom greed blinded to the extent of overdoing the security-manufacturing business and undying their own peace of mind; or, the mad rush on the part of corporations in pay exorbitant prices for the stocks of other companies, and loans now securities for the old in the ratio of two or three for one. It merely means that great financiers miscalculated the public's power of absorption or, rather, that too many financiers went into the business at one time. But success means imitation, whether it is in literature, painting, feminine fashions, horses, or finance. And as for having gone to extremes, there have lived the great men, the man who achieved greatly, who was not an extremist. The railroads, on the other hand, cannot be blamed, if, taking advantage of the great prosperity, they have reinvigorated the theory and practice of railroad operation and of corporation finance. For the most part they have acted wisely, intelligently, along lines which make for stability. The concern of the public should not be so much whether the railway generals have lost their heads, but whether present and prospective conditions justify the purchase of the securities of the same railways at the prevailing prices.

financial

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Report to the Comptroller of the Currency APRIL 30th, 1912

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$13,745,106.56
Bonds	776,029.74
Banking House	545,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.86
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.60
	\$23,193,883.62

Capital, Surplus, and Profits \$4,496,310.20

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



APR
18
1903

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OF TO-DAY
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A GLACIER



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WITH THE
PRESIDENT



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXXI.—HENRY L. STODDARD, AET. 47

See page 648—Editorial Section

Printed by the Galleys

The President's Trip West

With Photographs from our Special Representative on the President's Train



The President Speaking at Northwestern University, Evanston



The President and President James on the Steps of Northwestern University



At Madison, Wisconsin—Governor La Follette at the President's Side



The Reply to the Mayor's Address of Welcome at Evanston, the first stopping-place in Illinois



The President at Chicago

The President speaking at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Law School at Chicago University



Mount Rainier, the Glacial Peak which is to furnish Power to Many of the large Cities of the West

Harnessing a Glacier

NO more remarkable enterprise has ever been projected in the great Pacific Northwest than the plan, now well under way, of harnessing the mighty glaciers of Mount Rainier to supply the growing cities of Puget Sound—Seattle, Tacoma, Everett—with light, heat, traction, and industrial power. Next to the harnessing of Niagara an electrical enterprise in the whole country, perhaps, presents more striking and picturesque features.

The outpourings of the Mount Rainier glaciers offer a practically ideal source of electrical power, both on account of the constancy of their flow and the remarkably sharp descent at which they pitch down the mountainside. The peak itself, rising to a height of 14,500 feet, and exposed to the moisture-bearing winds that for certain months of the year blow almost incessantly from the Pacific, gathers an immense weight of ice about its summit. The average annual rainfall on Mount Rainier is not less than one hundred and fifty inches—far more than three times as much as in New York city. Nearly all this moisture is precipitated in the form of snow, which, converted into ice under pressure, melts continuously about the lower edges of the sixteen great glaciers which form the Rainier ice cap. This supply of water, too, is singularly constant. Even the slight diminution of flow in winter—which on Puget Sound is rather a rainy season than a winter—is compensated for by the fact that the spongy soil of the national forest reserve below the snow-line is then the source of an unusually heavy flow of water, thus fully making up for the lessened volume issuing from the glaciers above. The daily flow, too, is regulated throughout the year in accordance with the well-known phenomenon of "glacial tides." The sources of the streams rise—but is, to their maximum height, during the early afternoon, when the sun is hottest and the glaciers melt the fastest—so that the increased volume of current reaches the post- or horse-drawn streams just at the hour of early evening, when the demand for

electricity is greatest in the cities in the valley below. The credit for this unique enterprise of glacial-harnessing is due to the Stone and Webster electrical management of Boston, which already control traction and lighting plants in the Puget Sound cities, including the new "Intranscon" between Seattle and Tacoma; and work on it is already progressing, with the expectation that it will be completed early in 1904. When finished it will include some of the most remarkable arrangements known to engineering science. For one thing, it involves the creation of a waterfall nearly nine hundred feet high. The Puyallup River has been dammed at a point near where it emerges from the forest, and from the pool thus formed water is carried through a flume of very gradual descent along a loop which follows "the course" of the river for rather more than ten miles. Having reached a point where the river had five

hundred feet below in the cañon, the flume discharges itself into a "barbay," or reservoir. Out of this reservoir pipes seven-hundred feet long and leading downward at an angle of forty-five degrees haul their streams against four giant impulse wheels set in the power-house. The pipes, which are of one-inch steel with a diameter of four feet at the upper end, taper to a five-inch muzzle at the bottom, from which the water will issue at a velocity of nearly three miles a minute. One of these streams, it is calculated, would instantly break through the thickest oak plank, or penetrate in a short time a sheet of ten-inch steel. In appearance it will resemble not so much a stream of water as a great, unmoving bar of ice. Strike it with a crowbar and it will ring out like an anvil. All this overpowering force, instead of destroying the wheels, will set it rotating at the tremendous velocity of seven thousand feet a minute, generating forty thousand horse-power, capable of raising ninety-nine thousand tons a foot a minute.

It seems probable that eventually most of the work done in a whole chain of cities—from Olympia to British Columbia—will be performed by this gigantic volcanic peak.



Map showing the route of the proposed power transmission lines from Mount Rainier to Tacoma and Seattle.

The Street-Dwellers of our Big Cities



An East-Side Gutter-Boy



Those who Live and Play in the Streets



A Little Mother



The Solution of the Problem

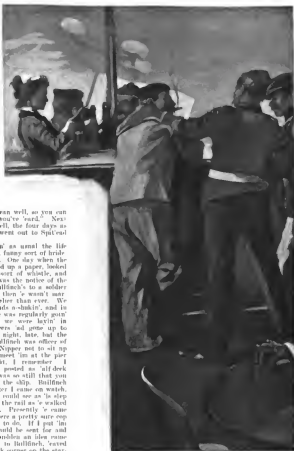
The Hamilton Fish Park, on the east side of New York, is an example of what can be done with the waste spaces in the midst of the tenement districts for the health and amusement of the street children. In a few days the new Seward Park, Henry and Division streets, will be opened for a similar purpose.



Without Play-rooms the Children of the Streets must use the Gutters for their Games
See page 637

best as I was a-lyin' underneath of. They seemed to be talkin' confidential-like, but I didn't take no pertickler notice till I 'eard one on 'em say something about the *Bells* and Mr. Finch. Then I cocked my ears, as you may imagine, especially as I spotted that one of them was the young woman as was carryin' on with Bullfinch. "Yes," she was a-sayin', "to-morrow will see the end of all this shilly-shallyin'." I've got him to the watch at last, but it's take a longer time I expected. He's to meet me in town to-morrow mornin', and I shall be Mrs. Finch by this time to-morrow evenin'—and she heaved a sigh, fit to bust in—fit. My blood almost ran cold at the thought. Now I saw what the "urgent private affairs" were. In essence, it was to-morrow as 'e was goin' on four days shore leave, and to think that 'e'd come back to us a married man, with a wife as couldn't hardly a-bear the sight of 'im. Well, I went back to the ship and asked to see Number One. Nipper 'e were very short with me at first. "Now, then," 'e said, "You want to see me, do you? Well, out with it." So I pulled myself together and told 'im what I 'ad 'eard. When I 'ad finished 'e said, "Well, of all the 'ard checks! 'Drover, I suppose as you mean well, as you can go ashore, but keep your 'ud shut on what you've 'eard." Next mornin' Bullfinch was due to go on leave. Well, the four days as 'e 'ad leave for slipped by. We weighed and went out to Spithead to join the rest of the squadron.

When Bullfinch came back, instead of bein' as usual the life of the ship, he was always moopin' by 'imself. A funny sort of bridle-groom, 'e was. 'Drover, there came a change. One day when the officers were at breakfast, Number One 'e picked up a paper, looked at the births and marriages column, gave a sort of whistle, and showed it across to Bullfinch. In that paper was the notice of the marriage of that blomin' Southsea girl of Bullfinch's to a soldier officer in London by special license. By gum, then 'e wasn't married after all. After that 'e began to get livelier than ever. We soon spotted as 'e eyes were bloodshot, 'is 'ands a-shakin', and 'is face, not to put too fine a point on it, that 'e was regularly goin' in for drink. The end came one night as we were layin' in Lough Swilly. Natan and some of the officers 'ad gone up to Derry by train; Natan was comin' back that night, late, but the others were not comin' back till next day; Bullfinch was officer of the day, and the twinner 'ad left word for the Nipper not to sit up for 'im, as 'e would be late. 'is gallery was to meet 'im at the pier at twelve midnight. It were a dark night, I remember. I came on watch at twelve o'clock, and were posted as 'alf-deck watch. Everythin' was quiet, and the night was so still that you could 'ear anythin' movin' some distance from the ship. Bullfinch took a turn or two across the quarter-deck after I came on watch, and then went to his cabin. As 'e passed me I could see as 'is step seemed unsteady like, and 'e slid 'is 'and along the rail as 'e walked as if 'e liked to 'ave something to steady 'im. Presently 'e came back, sat down and soon fell into a doze. I was a pretty sure cop when Natan came aboard. I didn't know what to do. If I put 'im in 'is bunk and reported 'im sick, the Doc. would be sent for and the truth was bound to come out. All of a sudden an idea came into my 'ead. I ran across quick as lightning to Bullfinch, 'eaved 'im up in my arms and carried 'im into the dark corner of the starboard stateroom under the poop ladder. I pulled out 'is coat and cap, threw my coat round 'im, and stuck my cap on 'is 'ead. Then I pulled on 'is coat, tarrin' up the collar as 'igh as it would go, jammed 'is cap on 'is 'ead, pulled 'is peak well down over my eyes, a fashion in which 'e used often to wear it, and went to the gangway to receive the officers on board and we all saluted. Well, 'e went aft and I followed 'im respectful like, as I've noticed the officers do. Suddenly 'e said, "Where's the 'alf-deck sentry?" I thought I should have fainted. 'E didn't wait for no answer, for at that moment 'is spotted Bullfinch with my coat and cap on 'im, 'eavin' 'is 'and on the deck. 'E went on, "Why, there 'e is!" Then 'e turned ferre-like on me. "Why aren't you placed 'im in arrest. Who is 'e?" "Private Lester, sir," said I. "'E's only just joined 'im." Well, word for the Master-at-Arms and the sergeant of marines. Believe that sentry, and place 'im under arrest." With that 'e turned on 'is 'eod and went into 'is cabin. 'Ere was a pretty do! 'Drover, as 'e would be 'ung for a sheep as a lamb, so I nipped across the deck, picked up Bullfinch again. Lar'less you, sir, 'e weren't no light weight—'eod ran to 'is cabin with 'im. I 'eaved 'im into 'is cot, threw 'is own 'eod and cap on to 'im, put on my own coat and cap again, went back to my post and sung out, "Pass the word for the Sergeant of Marines and the Master-at-Arms." I felt my voice sort of tremble I were that excited. The Quartermaster of the watch 'e came back to where I was. "I'll," 'e said, "what's wrong with you?" "Captain's orders," I said, quite respectful. "The captain said as I was to be put under arrest for drunk." The Quartermaster 'e said nothin', but caught me by the arm and pulled me over to the deck light. 'E took a good look at me then. "Well, 'im I'm ——" said 'e, "why the 'eck as 'e order as me." Meanwhile I could 'ear the squares of the deck from 'is 'eod 'is in course, but quite distinct. What was more, both the Quartermaster and Sergeant could 'ear them too, and I see them both round to listen for a moment and then look at each other. Well, by and by Thompson 'e came



Drawn by T. W. Johnson

"I was on shore one afternoon on a little bit of urgent private affairs of my own"

along with two men, one 'e left in my place, with the other 'e escorted me to the torpedo flat, where I was to spend an 'appy night. In the mornin'—it were only a little after seven o'clock—I sent a message to Mr. Finch to tell 'im I must see 'im for 'alf a minute. At last 'e came down the ladder and then I up and told 'im exactly what 'ad 'appened. Well, 'e was fair knocked out. I've never seen a man take on so and 'eep as I never will again. 'E walked up and down the flat with the tears a-regular cours'n' down 'is cheeks, cursin' 'imself for a senseless fool. Well, he left me and came back in about an hour lookin' more cheerful. "It's all right, Lester," said 'e, "I've seen the captain, and 'e 'as been as kind as if 'e were my father. 'E 'as noticed this case as 'e's been over me for some time, and 'e said 'e calculated on some shock bringin' me to my senses, so I'm to 'ave another chance."

There was one thing I wanted to know, so I made so bold as to ask Mr. Finch 'ow 'e 'ad got ashore at Portsmouth when 'e 'ad gone on 'is leave. I didn't say nothin' about the wedding, not wishin' to 'urt 'is feelin's—and likewise 'e 'ad got back to the ship. I could see 'e didn't much fancy tellin' me, but 'e smiled sort of sickly and said as 'e 'adn't been out of the ship all the time. In fact that the night after 'e was 'ave gone some of the officers—'e didn't say which—'ad tied 'im up while 'e was ashore and 'ad showed 'im away in the ward-room store, down in the stowage flat below the water-line, where 'e couldn't possibly make 'imself 'eard. "They wanted me to promise not to do somethin', Lester, somethin' as 'ur 'eart were set on, and at last I promised not to do it for a month, so I was sent the night as my leave was up." My word, so that were by 'is way. "I 'eep as you've fixed it up all right now, sir," I said. "Oh," 'e said, add 'e, "I don't hear no malice, I think now as 'e perhaps they artil for the best." And so they 'ad.

The Edison of To-Day

By T. C. Martin

A RECENT item of news from the United States Patent Office furnishes a reminder of the manner in which Thomas Alva Edison maintains his primacy as the typical American inventor. By the end of March he had taken out no fewer than 701 patents, and his ordinary fees have amounted to the neat little sum of \$31,000. Such figures relate, however, only to this country. Heavy Edisionation of any importance has also been protected by patents abroad, so that the aerial patents bearing his name, in many languages, count up into the thousands; and the mere cost of securing them, in the way of fees, would be a handsome fortune. As to the preliminary work of experiment, the incidental legal labor in getting the strongest claims, and then the herculean task of defending these against all comers—that is represented by millions of dollars.

It is the expense of maintaining a patent that induced Mr. Edison to go slow of late years in resorting to the Patent Office.

He still takes out patents. Despite the fact that he is between fifty and sixty years old, he is likely to be paying for such documents through the next quarter of a century; but he prefers now the policy of concealment, and operates more and more under a regime of "trade secrets." To his way of thinking, the American patent system is the best in the world, but it does not safeguard the inventor as it ought. The cost of patent litigation is tremendous; the delays are frightful; and often by the time a favorable decision is won, he has effected some radical improvement that renders earlier ideas useless. A few years ago, sitting with some friends in his private library at Llewellyn Park, on the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, he made a calculation of the royalties fairly due on a prize invention then under trial in the courts. The amount was three million dollars. The case has been won,

but up to this time neither Mr. Edison nor his plaintiff company has ever received a cent of that money; and neither of them will ever get a cent. The need hardly be said, then, that a man who has been obtaining a patent every fortnight for over thirty years should shudder, induced by the logic of such facts, and be a bit pessimistic now days as to the irretrievable value of mere sheets of parchment with a red seal.

But the tide of invention flows as strongly as ever in the Edison laboratory, and while its master may not, as of old, crowd a volcanic lifetime of explosive discovery into continuous sleepless vigils of forty-eight or seventy-two hours, he is just as facile, fertile, and as enterprising as of yore. No inventor was ever more skilled in gaining the support of capital; none was ever more successful in keeping the enthusiasm of his associates up to white heat. An "old man" reassures an Edison man to the end of the chapter, and is proud of the stamp left upon his entry or his personality by the great spirit with whom trials and triumphs have been shared. It is a curious fact often overlooked in Edison's life that he has always been surrounded by a willing host of counsellors, but has always held easily his leadership over them. This is by no means



The latest Portrait of Mr. Edison

of his battery solutions. A great many first-class inventors are sharply concentrated along one line. Edison is, if anything, spread out too thin. His keen curiosity, alert mind, and undying discontent with things as he finds them, drive him into a dozen lines of investigation at once. Just at the present moment, for example, the public has a notion that he is simply striving to perfect a new storage-battery about which so much has been said. He is, in fact, like the Japanese juggler, he is also balancing half a dozen other little affairs in the air, and giving them the deft spin or kick at the moment when they might drop. Besides the battery, there are the recurrent works near Easton, Pennsylvania, where a score of new ideas and devices are being linked into shape, and cement turned out meantime. Sundry improvements have lately been made in the phonograph. Over in Europe his magnetic crushing inventions are being applied on a big scale to replenish the supply from the exhausted iron-ore beds of England. Half a dozen new things are being forwarded in electrical experimentation at Orange; and cheaper, better metres are among them. Nor has the earlier interest in renewable phenomena been lost; while aside from work of his own, Mr. Edison has, it is said, placed his own pipe genius and weighty experience back of the Marconi wireless telegraph enterprises.

As to the new storage-battery, there is little to add that people who care about such matters do not already know. Familiar forms of battery are of lead, to which the objections are usually made of great weight, small storage capacity per pound of active material, and rapid deterioration. Edison has brought out a battery with a sheet steel jar, thin perforated sheet-steel plates or elements, an alkaline solution, and active materials of iron oxide and nickel intermixed with graphite carried in tiny fragments in the windows of the steel plates. Since the battery was first brought out, the rates of charging and discharging its current have been doubled, the weight has been considerably reduced, and other improvements have been effected. For automobile operation, it has already been undergoing tests,



Mr. Edison in his Study
Photograph taken especially for Harper's Weekly



Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sigismund Trepannik

THE WAY THE TURKS UNDERSTAND REFORM

In spite of the agreement of the Sultan to adopt the reforms suggested by Russia and the powers in Macedonia, the latest news despatches bring word of continued massacres and atrocities by the Turkish troops. It is due in large measure to this state of affairs that the natives and mountain-dwellers of Macedonia are carrying out, on an alarming scale, their plans for war and revolt against Turkish government and authority.





Drawn for Horner's Weekly by Clarence Lewis

VANDEBILT-NEILSON

The two latest portraits of Reginald Vanderbilt and Miss Cathleen Neilson, whose wedding took place at Newport on April 14



Drawn by Albert Leroux



"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

A musical comedy, by the authors of "King Bodo," now playing at the Broadway Theatre



Wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands; a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wadges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or of Righteousness.

Ruskin.

We cherish life; we abhor bloodshed; we have no sympathy with your juvenile points of honor; we are, in short, a civilized people; and seeing that Success has made us what we are, we advise our nation to succeed, or be quiet.—George Meredith.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS—Miss Winslow's **SCOTCH WHISKY** should always be used for children's feeding. It soothes the child, relieves the gums, cures all colic, croup, wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—[Advt.]

MANY BEVERAGES are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of **BRANDY'S KISS**. **BRANDY'S KISS** is well known, and is the best remedy for children's feeding. It soothes the child, relieves the gums, cures all colic, croup, wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—[Advt.]

TIME, said Franklin, is the staff of life. Telephone service every time. *First class.* *Bliss for Blindness Service in Manhattan from \$10 a year.* N. Y. Telephone Co., 15 Day St., 111 West 20th St., 218 West 125th St.—[Advt.]

PINK blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—symptoms with **AMARY'S**, the Original Anemia Bitter, infrequently met. *Try it.*—[Advt.]

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

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THE PROVIDENT LAWN MOWER

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BY ALBERT LEVERING—



"What? A dollar and a half to cut this miserable little patch of grass?"
 "That's not it's worth to me, mister."
 "Well, I'd cut it myself."



"Never earned a dollar and a half never before breakfast!"



"Hello! What's that? The first breakfast bell? Tinks! F!"



"Where he darts at me, or I won't catch the—"



"Tinks!"



"Tinks!"

Parks for Street Dwellers

By Samuel Howe

See page 437

The East Side is to be congratulated! At last, after years, playgrounds, gymnasiums, running tracks, and shower-baths are an accomplished fact. The next few weeks will see the completion and formal opening of Neward Park—a playground for the children of the East Side of New York which is practical rather than a picturesque scheme of gardening.

In the former park plans there were picturesque winding walks, pretty flower-beds, many shade trees and bushes, but few, only a few, feet of space in which play was at all possible. The new design embodies shade trees in the right place, a solid bank of green shrubs and flowering plants, well protected with wire and iron fences, a shelter for the noddies and little ones, a liberal bath-house, with retiring and toilet rooms, accommodations for the hand, properly ornamented features for stationary and for fountains, and a big, liberal open space laid out as running-track, covered with a preparation of fine sand and clay, and an open gymnasium.

Many of the thieves' dens in the crowded tenement quarters of the East Side have been razed away. At Valley, they were at Benjett, Bond, Gotham Court, are merely unsavory memories of the past. Other undesirable rookeries have been torn down. Mulberry Bend has become Mulberry Park; Bow Alley, Hamilton Fish Park; The liberal bath-house, with retiring and toilet rooms, accommodations for the hand, properly ornamented features for stationary and for fountains, and a big, liberal open space laid out as running-track, covered with a preparation of fine sand and clay, and an open gymnasium.

Thomas Jefferson Park, running from 11th to 14th street, contains fifteen and a half acres, and will have two seven-lap running tracks, a forty-foot ball-field, promenade, gymnasium, shelter, and bath. De Witt Clinton, Fifty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, contains seven and a quarter acres, and will also have a running track and gymnasium, with fern gardens for the children.

The rest of the parks named contain from three to four acres, each having running track and gymnasium. In addition to a shelter and bath house. Connected with these buildings are clubs for the study of languages, history, cooking, stenography, civic responsibilities, and even of ethics and civilities. The very existence of these clubs shows that there is a vital inherent reason prompting us to foster the love of art among the people by good architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.

The modern spirit here indicated has prompted the construction of parks in Cleveland, Buffalo, Harrisburg, Milwaukee, and Baltimore, following the inimitable lead of Boston. Philadelphia also is to have parkways, changing the course of the Schuylkill River with an embankment five-eighths of a mile long. The new designs for parks in Washington are ambitious beyond anything ever attempted in this country.

Is it all worth while? Can these young citizens do their work of life the better for what is being done for them? Speaking from actual knowledge and close personal touch with them, I believe in the East-Siders—in their ultimate leading improvement by the patient and timely introduction of athletics. I believe in the great value of their humanity, in their quick response to appeal, in their keen competition as distinguished in and of their improvement.

This equipment for the seeking of an American citizen, who shall be an intellectual workman, robust, healthy, is a paying investment. Gymnastics and athletics manufacture energy. The young people join each other to examine the sculpturer, and listen breathlessly to a lecture on the subject of art. Their whole attitude is imbued with the desire to learn, to understand, to love.

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W. T. Thomas in his Oldsmobile Racer "Pistol," on Ormond Beach.

Racing on the Sand

AT Ormond Beach, Florida, there are thirty miles of smooth, solid beach. Such a speedway has its advantages. The auto tournament recently held there showed that the sand course is almost ideal for tests of speed and endurance. In Europe the autoist—driver and manufacturer—has the benefit of good roads and the cooperation of the government in important racing events. The coming Paris-Madrid race, in which three hundred machines are entered, would be impossible here under present conditions. Speed contests are not permitted on the public roads. Auto racing events have been confined to circular tracks and to short and inefficient straight-way courses. Hearl Fourraier's record of a mile in fifty-one and four-fifths seconds on a straightaway course, contrasted with Winton's one minute two and a quarter seconds on a circular track, pointed the way. Clearly the end to be sought was a course of natural construction, straight, unobstructed, and extensive; and this is found in the Ormond-Daytona Beach. There are only two feet of tide, permitting a racing surface from three hundred to five hundred feet in width at low tide, and a pebbly surface of sufficient extent at nearly all times, except during storm tides.

The races of last month took place at the Ormond end of the beach. The course was surveyed for twenty miles, and mile-posts were erected over the entire distance. The timing arrangements were elaborate. Ten miles of telegraph wire was strung along the

beach, and the Morse electric timing-docks were used. Captain Henry G. Dolycke, of the Automobile Club of New York, with the assistance of the vice-president of the Chicago Automobile Club, acted as official timer.

The results of the three days' racing were notable. On the first day Winton did a mile in fifty-six seconds, his previous record being one minute two seconds; Oscar Hedstrom broke the American motor-bicycle record for one mile, making the distance in one minute nine seconds; and W. T. Thomas, of Detroit, surpassed the record of one minute thirty-five and three-fifths seconds for machines under 1000 pounds, doing his mile in one minute six seconds on an Oldsmobile. On the second day Winton made a mile in fifty-eight seconds; Thomas, on his 825-pound Oldsmobile, a mile in one minute eight and four-fifths seconds; Hedstrom did a mile in one minute fifteen and one-fifth seconds on his Indian motor-cycle; and W. W. Austin won the one-mile motor-cycle race for the Florida championship, making the distance in one minute thirty-six seconds. On March 28, the last day of the races, Winton, in his famous "Bullet," came within two-fifths of a second of Fourraier's American record for one-mile runs, doing the third heat of the race in fifty-two and one-fifth seconds, and Hedstrom broke his own and previous American mile records for motor-bicycles, making the distance in one minute three and one-fifth seconds.



Three Automobiles racing on the beach at Ormond.



Winton and his "Bullet" in the mile race at Ormond.

Modernized Existence

ALAMON and his wonderful lamp are not more astonishing than the possibilities of the apartment-house to-day, where the dining-room is both joy and beauty without the thrall of care which accompanies the employing of the servant.

The servant question has become, with its complications, a problem with an answer in fractions, the only real and equal solving of which seems to be found in the elimination of the prime factor. And at this suggestion we hear the repetition of that most hackneyed of quotations from Meredith in which man may live without literature, sociability, and mirth in general, but must ever hang to the cook. But so complicated has become the problem, that neither French nor books avail to comfort when the cook is rampant. The answer has come, however, in a way most pleasing, the demonstration of which is neither public dining-room, nor practicality evinced in the long-promised by scientists, the pill and pellet system. But it is the re-energizing of a healthy and vigorous cultivation of appetite by the promise of fulfillment "in the good old way"—the way which has formed a feature in all facilities of man since the beginning of time.

The solution is a dining-room delivered to order, with all the necessary units which unite to make the all-glorious whole intact.

In a recently erected apartment-house we find the wonderful demonstration of "all the comforts of home" without the discomforts of home rate. All the conveniences, the most modern of man's ingenuity, are here.

The apartments are of any desired number of rooms, ranging from two to ten. The lady of the house, when the utilitarian side of existence asserts itself, needs but call in the assistance of the telephone, and the problem is solved.

Standing in her own apartment in slippered feet and summer gowns, with a blizzard raging outside, she may order a dinner of strawberries or turkey and plum pudding, as her mood dictates. Appoint the hour, name the number of plates, and her part of the family repast is accomplished. No irate cook or waiting-maid can pounce upon her at the eleventh hour before the arrival of the guests, with a threat of sudden in-availability, or burned dinner, to be appressed by what only the skilled housewife of to-day may tell. The reason why this common domestic catastrophe may not occur is a simple one: there is no cook known to the mistress, or at least only one with whom she has but a speaking acquaintance.

When the appointed dinner hour arrives there is a gentle knock, soft-footed attendants enter, and presto, change! the billiard-table is bellied-table no longer, but a dining-table to which the mistress of the house need feel no hesitancy in lacking the most fastidious of guests.

Linen, silver, glass, china, service, and food all appear as though by magic from behind the curtains of the hall doorway. Even the banquet on the table appears as though from the magician's wand. In course after course comes the dinner, hot and sizzling as though but just lifted from a fire no farther distant than the next room.

The wheels and eggs of this pleasing whir may be found in a little serving-room which is built on each floor of the house. The food is sent from the kitchen in the basement, where the white-clothed cooks make merry with kettles of copper and tin, to the serving-room on the designated floor by means of an elevator especially contrived for the purpose, and which connects immediately with the serving-room. In this room the carving and last preliminaries are accomplished, and each course is served from here.

In a corner of the basement kitchen sits



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of rapid, safe and pleasant motor travel on all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather—is the Cadillac Automobile. If you know of an auto fault, you will find it corrected in the Cadillac. Very powerful engine; entirely new transmission gear; perfect, sensitive steering mechanism; power-jointed to durability; speed united with safety; strength wrought in grace.



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A Million Barrels a Year

We filtered all the air that touched the beer. We filtered the beer through white wood pulp. We aged it until it could not cause biliousness. We sterilized every bottle after it was sealed.

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Isn't Schlitz Beer—pure beer—worth asking for, when the cost is the same as of common beer?

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

THE BEER
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

the buttoned Butler in his pantry, to his car a telephone, at his hand a pencil, busy taking the orders for the day. And a small allotment of the labor of this great union is his. To him fall allotment and selection of viands, home-bred and foreign, of all seasons and kinds. And a vigilance must be his to withstand the straits which a hundred hordes so gladly escape. But in the period of strenuous living the great machinery of systems is called into play, and the mountains of difficulty become as ash-hills of simplicity in its mighty grasp.

In the great entrance hall a reception may be held without inconvenience or annoyance to guests or landlord, so perfectly planned are the mediums of exit and entrance. While in another part of the building a club-room is found, where, in its luxury of smoking-jacket and slippers, the man may enjoy the serenity of a dozen fellows without the tiresome task of house or a walk of several blocks to club-house on a wintry night.

Nor is the unexpected guest a hardship or annoyance in this most modern existence. For on every floor are daintily appointed guest-rooms for rent to the tenants of that floor. If a family desires a nurse or maid and has no accommodations, there is a difficulty of "sleeping out" to withstand as in the back of the building are neat little servants' rooms for rent to patients.

All the demands of the most exacting and fastidious are quickly surmounted. And the wind of town existence is tempered by man's ingenuity to man in the modern apartment lodgings.

Correspondence

DRIVING RASCALS INTO THE ARMY

April 4, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—New York papers, dated April 3, 1902, report the case of George Archer, now victim in the Court of Special Sessions of petit larceny. While being tried, Archer was recognized by a court officer as a man convicted a year ago on the same charge, and at that time "pooled on the promise that he would enlist in the army." He did enlist. Justice Hothorn sent him to Governor's Island to be identified, and he was there recognized as a man who deserted five months ago from Fort Crook, Nebraska, after stealing \$300 from officers.

It is possible that the magistrate who paroled the criminal "on the promise that he would enlist in the army" would feel it silly if told that he was unapatriotic. And it is quite probable that his Worship would have been more than astonished if any one had suggested that, instead of being pooled off on the service (to enlist in which a certificate of good character is a prerequisite), the offender should be given a position about the court, where he might be watched by those who knew him.

The man must have imposed on the recruiting officer who enlisted him when called upon to furnish evidence of good character—or did the magistrate crack for him? When a man of this class creeps into the service, and later on his antecedents become known, his comrades are apt to make things very warm for him. Such may have been the reason why this man deserted.

It would seem that, from the viewpoint of civility generally, the army is made up of the raffish. Soldiers, as a rule, are willing to put up with all sorts of treatment for the good of the service and the country, and this without complaint. But they would prefer that the kindest blows did not come from their countrymen. It would be interesting to know how the non-military element feels on this subject.

I am, sir,

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Since the publication of his new novel, "In the Garden of Charity," Basil King has been likened to George Eliot by more than one critic, and a well-known writer has started his review by calling Mr. King "a little brother to Thomas Hardy." The story deals almost wholly with two women of contrasting types, and one man, a handsome, care-free soldier, who brings a tragedy into their lives. The quality of humor in the story, says one reviewer, "is of the kind that is almost suggestive of the Shakespearean type."

SIX TREES

It is a curious fact about "Six Trees," Mary E. Wilkins' latest book, that although its scenes are laid in New England, the characters are brought from all over the country. There are two Southerners, a Westerner, some people from the Middle West, a sailor, as well as people from the North and East. But they all fit equally well in the environment in which Miss Wilkins has placed them.

THE PRIDE OF TELFAIR

The popularity of Elmore Elliott Peake's new novel, "The Pride of Telfair," is evinced by the great number of requests his publishers have received for his portrait. The author of "The Darlings" seems to be known and liked the country over. His recent novel tells a thoroughly human story of life in Telfair, a small town in the Middle West. Mr. Peake lives in a small Western town himself, and he knows the people of whom he writes. Perhaps that is the reason why he has been able to make his story so vivid and real.

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CROWN



The Blazed Trail

BY
LEE S.
OVITT

NO need for the investor of to-day, who is seeking a Gold Mine Investment, to go astray. There are plenty of good stocks offered.

I hear stories of misplaced confidence in this form of investment daily. So do you.

But the man who goes in blindly and invests in stocks without thoroughly investigating them has himself to thank if the promises made for them by the promoters fail to be made good.

The road to good stocks is a blazed trail and none need miss it.

I have been one of those who persistently cautioned my public to look before they leaped.

And the result has been that to-day I have the confidence of thousands who have invested with me, because of the preliminary work of investigation which they did at my instigation.

The stock that I am at present offering is that of the Cracker Jack Consolidated Gold Mines Co., whose claims adjoin those of the far-famed Cracker-Oregon (in the Cracker Creek District, Eastern Oregon—"LAND OF GOLD"), being, in fact, a continuation of this mine.

About a year ago I offered the Cracker-Oregon stock to the public. I told in my advertisements and letters to those who asked for information that in the opinion of those competent to express an expert opinion we had a great property.

I knew we were in close proximity to some great producers (North Pole, Eureka and Excelsior, Golconda, Columbia, and others), and we expected to equal some of them.

I was not prepared, however, for the strike, six months from that time, of \$50,000.00 ore!

Cracker-Oregon stock at once jumped to par, and some of it sold at \$1.50 a share.

IT IS A GOOD STOCK TO HANG ON TO.

Now, then, in the face of the returns, in spite of the remarkable showing by the Cracker-Oregon, I am predicting that its blood relation, "Cracker Jack," will prove a richer gold producer.

I could go into details here and tell you the why and wherefore, but my space is limited. The prospectus does it better, and to that matter-of-fact book I shall leave the telling of the story of the Cracker Jack.

This much I know. If I have as good a proposition as I contend, YOU WANT SOME STOCK. I have never sold ANY stock that sold so easily, but that is only natural, perhaps, as the Cracker-Oregon has acted as a blazed trail that pointed the way. Those who failed to buy that good stock when it was cheap are not letting a second opportunity go by.

Are you interested?

It will cost you the price of a stamp to find out about this property.

Will you write in for the prospectus?

You will find in dealing with me that I sell Mining Stock on different lines from most brokers.

I have a record of successes behind me of which I am proud and jealous, and I shall not urge you to buy a share of my stock unless first of all you have satisfied yourself that what I offer has every appearance of being not merely a fairly good thing, BUT A REMARKABLY GOOD ONE—I DEAL IN SUCH.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 18, 1903

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previously reached, that Mr. Roosevelt cannot be beaten for the Republican nomination, and that his defeat must come, if it come at all, through the triumph of the Democratic candidate at the ballot-box.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. McKinley differ in this respect, that the former goes on his travels with his opinions ready made, whereas the latter used the opportunity of meeting representative men in various sections of the country to ascertain the prevailing drift of public sentiment. Mr. McKinley also strove to allay factional quarrels, and a subsidence of such dimensions was generally observed after his visit to a particular State. Whether Mr. Roosevelt will also essay the rôle of peacemaker is as yet unknown, but undoubtedly there is ample room for the exercise of the conciliatory function. Of the States that he has visited, or means to visit, no fewer than eight have party troubles of their own. In Wisconsin, for example, the followers of Governor La Follette believe him to be quite as worthy as Senator Spooner of consideration at the hands of Republican voters and of the Federal Executive. In Michigan there are Alger and anti-Alger factions. Among the Iowa Republicans there is a sharp line of cleavage between the tariff-revisers headed by Governor Cummins and the anti-revisers, of whom Secretary-of-the-Treasury Shaw and Representative Hull are spokesmen. The two Senators from Minnesota are rivals for Federal patronage, and the State, having an important beet-sugar industry, is still to a certain extent divided with reference to the Cuban reciprocity treaty. In Missouri the partisans of Kerens and those of Hittcock are still far from being reconciled, and there is a contest in Nebraska between the Roosevelt and the Mercer factions. When he gets to Oregon and California, the President will find plenty of work for a pacifier, if he has any inclination for the rôle. No doubt he will try to be impartial, but impartiality is not always satisfactory when the stock of Federal patronage is small. Few Presidents have had Mr. McKinley's knack of making a little patronage go a long way. In any event, there is no doubt that the duties of hospitality will enforce a lull in factional controversies during Mr. Roosevelt's visit.

Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, Mr. Gorman, and Judge Parker are not the only men who have been mentioned as possible recipients of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. Five other names have lately been suggested, to wit, those of David R. Francis, of St. Louis; of Melville E. Ingalls, of Cincinnati; of Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago; Tom Johnson, of Cleveland; and W. R. Hearst, of New York city. Only the three last-named would be acceptable to Mr. Bryan. As Mr. Hearst could not possibly secure the delegation from the State of New York, his pretensions to the nomination can scarcely be regarded as serious at this time. As Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ingalls are citizens of the same State, their ambitions are hardly reconcilable. Each might have strength enough to prevent the other from getting an undivided delegation from Ohio. As between these two Mr. Johnson is ahead, for he has been elected Mayor of Cleveland, whereas Mr. Ingalls has failed to be elected Mayor of Cincinnati. But Mr. John R. McLean must always be reckoned with in an Ohio State convention. Though Mr. Carter H. Harrison has been re-elected Mayor of Chicago, he will have no chance of being nominated for President, but if the nominee of the Democratic convention were an Eastern man, Mr. Harrison might possibly be named for the Vice-Presidency, in the hope of carrying Illinois. Of the five new candidates whom we have mentioned, Mr. Francis has by far the most distinguished record in

COMMENT

We have discussed elsewhere the latest revised edition of the President's views of the Monroe Doctrine, the trusts, and the tariff, as these were expressed in the interesting speeches delivered at Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. What we would here consider for a moment is the probable effect of the tour which Mr. Roosevelt is making on his political prospects. Ostensibly, of course, his journey has no political purpose, but it is obviously impossible that some influence upon his chances of nomination and election in 1904 should not be exerted by his forceful personality, and by the utterance of his opinions concerning questions of vital moment to the American people. As we have repeatedly said, we have no doubt that if the Republican national convention were held next month Mr. Roosevelt would receive the nomination, and we have a little doubt that were the election to take place next November he would be chosen President. Many things may happen, however, in a twelve-month, and one of the things, which is already in the course of happening, in the present tour, by which the attitude of party leaders, as well as that of the voters at large, toward the President may be affected. Our opinion is that what he has thus far said in regard to the tariff and the trusts will tend to conciliate party leaders in the East and in the Middle West, where alone a formidable opposition to him might possibly have been organized.

That most of the delegates from the Northern States west of the Mississippi will zealously support him seems as certain now as it seemed a month ago. That most of the delegates from those Southern States wherein the party organization is controlled by Lily White Republicans would oppose him if they saw a likelihood of success, still continues to be probable. In view, however, of his latest and relatively conservative declarations about matters of capital importance to industrial, commercial, and financial interests, the party leaders in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois no longer have such plausible reasons for opposition to his candidacy as they might have advanced five months ago. Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably stronger with the rank and file of the voters than he was before he effected a settlement of the coal strike. His hold upon their confidence and sympathy is attested by the enthusiasm with which he has been received everywhere during his tour. That such popularity may prove an irresistible factor in a national convention was shown in 1896, when, if it is not secret, some of the most powerful party leaders preferred another candidate. On the whole, recent events confirm the conclusion which we had

public life. He has been Mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior in a Cleveland cabinet, and is now president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. We take for granted, however, that, as he was a Gold Democrat in 1890, he would be opposed by Mr. Bryan in the Democratic national convention, if not afterwards as well. From the Bryanian point of view Mr. Ingalls is open to criticism on the same ground, but, unlike many representatives of capital at Chicago and Kansas City if they were freed from the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. He is opposed to the coercion of labor, he is a believer in the taxation of franchises, and he has expressed regret that the United States Supreme Court pronounced the income tax unconstitutional. Mr. Bryan must by this time perceive that the insertion of his silver plank is an impossibility, and, therefore, he might be expected to recognize in Mr. Ingalls an almost ideal candidate. We apprehend, however, that Mr. Ingalls's failure to support Mr. Bryan in 1896 would be deemed an unpardonable sin. On the whole, we adhere to the opinion that Judge Parker, if he can secure the delegation from his own State, has at present much the best chance of securing the Democratic nomination.

The latest news from the anthracite-coal region is that so many of the miners are dissatisfied with the practical results of the commission's award that another general strike must be regarded as at least conceivable. It seems, to be sure, incredible that the union mine-workers should fail to recognize the tremendous advantage gained by them through the appointment and outcome of the Coal-Strike Commission. It will be remembered that the operators originally denied that there was anything to arbitrate, and refused to recognize in any way, direct or indirect, the miners' union. Through the President's interposition, the operators not only consented to refer all the questions that were or might be at issue between them and their employees to arbitrators, but, inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt had called into consultation Mr. Mitchell as the representative of the labor element, they were virtually constrained to recognize the miners' union as a party to the controversy. Thus they practically acquiesced in the establishment of a principle for which theretofore the union-labor leaders had vainly contended. That principle will be hopelessly discredited if the union workers now decline to abide by the award which they promised in advance to regard as obligatory for three years. It is true that employers and employees may differ as to the meaning of certain terms of the award. Such a divergence of interpretation was foreseen, however, by the commission, and a safeguard was provided in the form of conciliation committees. If Mr. Mitchell deserves the reputation for sagacity and foresight which he has acquired, he will insist that the miners, instead of recurring to a strike and thus committing industrial suicide, shall request the appointment of conciliation committees, and abide by their decision. Instead of waiting for such a decision, the employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and also of several individual collieries, have taken the law into their own hands, and refused to work after half past two on Saturday afternoon. It appears that, before the award of the commission became operative, the employees of the anthracite companies were accustomed to work only eight hours a day on Saturday, and to stop at half past two, although they were allowed pay for ten hours' work on that day. The commission reduced the number of working-hours from ten to nine, but said nothing about Saturday. The operators, whose expenses have been materially increased by the findings of the commission, insist that their employees shall work nine hours on Saturday, as on every other day. Whether this was the intention of the commission is just one of those things which conciliation committees were expected to find out. We take for granted that Mr. Mitchell will not permit the principle of arbitration to be made a laughing-stock thus early in its application, before the mine-workers have even received their arrears of back pay.

An unanticipated quarrel for the promulgation of socialistic or semi-socialistic doctrine is the Committee on Federal Relations of the Massachusetts Legislature. The usual function of this committee is academic, as to it go many of the debating-society questions which find their way into the

Legislature, and generally it is expected to do no more than to report a series of fluent and more or less laudatory resolutions, to afford chance for an afternoon of tall talk on the part of the orators of the general court. This is not precisely what it has done in the matter of the national control of the anthracite-coal mines, a subject on which some sort of action was made necessary by the appearance of an immense number of petitions looking to that end. The surprise is found in the fact that the committee, composed of eight Republicans and three Democrats, have unanimously reported a resolve asking Congress "to take such measures as will place the anthracite-mining industry under government control or supervision; and if this prove ineffective, then to take such measures as will lead to ownership of the said mines by the national government." All the members of the committee, except one, come from the cities and larger towns, where the stress of the coal famine of last winter was most severe, and they probably reflect to a great extent a certain vociferous sentiment rather than any carefully decided conviction. Some indication to the same conclusion is seen in the action of another committee, which has been investigating the retail coal business in the State, but which went out of its way to make a special report in support of the Committee on Federal Relations. Two committees of the Massachusetts Legislature, including in all about twenty fairly able politicians, standing sponsors for such a revolutionary and far-reaching proposition as governmental ownership of coal-mines constitutes a spectacle which in many respects a wonder among the political curiosities of the hour. Either the current is actually running pretty strong, or these gentlemen have made themselves believe that it is.

An incident which, it is to be hoped, will have far-reaching consequences, was the conviction on Saturday, April 4, in Philadelphia, of three school directors accused of conspiring to extort money from persons seeking to be employed as school-teachers, and also of having accepted bribes for the promotion of teachers. The verdict carries with it a maximum penalty of \$500 fine and an imprisonment of two years. It is well known to those who are conversant with municipal affairs in our larger cities, that the position of school director, although usually unsalaried, is eagerly sought by politicians of questionable reputation. It is not customary for men of that type to perform public services gratuitously, out of single-hearted devotion to the good of the community. The motive which has been currently imputed to them is the desire to levy blackmail, not only on the actual or prospective teachers who desire appointment or promotion, but also on the business firms which wish to furnish text-books and other things needed in public schools. The extortion of money under such circumstances is a crime, but, for obvious reasons, it is a crime very difficult to prove. The exposure of an attempt to blackmail would ordinarily prove fatal to the hope of procuring an appointment or a promotion, or of obtaining orders for text-books or school supplies. The only possible mode of purging and rehabilitating school boards in our larger municipalities is by making the position of school director undesirable to rascals through the discovery that it can be turned to pecuniary account only at the imminent risk of a sentence to the penitentiary. From this point of view, the fate of the Philadelphia school directors should prove of signal benefit to more than one municipality. What went on in the school department of the New York City government under the Tammany régime should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny, and we have no doubt that the state of things in Chicago and St. Louis would also repay investigation. The conviction of the Philadelphia school directors reflects the highest credit on District-Attorney Weaver, and it is a happy augury for the city of which he is Mayor-elect.

It is fortunate that the date for the meeting of the Colombian Congress has not been as yet fixed by executive decree, for it is known that many of the members-elect are opposed to a ratification of the Panama Canal treaty, and it is desirable to ascertain the grounds of their opposition. It is hardly possible that, although elections in Colombia have long been a farce, the Bogota or provincial authorities may have carelessly permitted the return of some intractable persons. It is even conceivable that such a thing as disinterested patriots may exist in Colombia, and that such men might be

foolish enough to suppose that their country's interests would be seriously impaired if the canal treaty were ratified. We call such a hypothesis foolish, because all intelligent Columbians must know that their own country could never complete the canal; that the United States would never allow any European power to do it, and that we ourselves will not undertake the work, except upon the equitable conditions that we have prescribed. The treaty sanctioned by the Senate is the very best that Colombia can get. She must, therefore, take it or leave it. In the event of the treaty's rejection, we should, of course, proceed to negotiate with Nicaragua. We do not apprehend, however, that the needy officials of Bogota will miss the chance of fingering ten million dollars in gold. They are probably not much surprised at the ostensible opposition to the treaty, and impute it, doubtless, to a natural desire to secure a share of the spoils. Experience has rendered them familiar with several ways of disarming opposition. One way is intimidation: when the late President, San Clemente, proved inconvenient, he was assigned to prison. Another way would be to promise a modest fraction of the purchase money receivable from the United States. There is a report that by promises of this kind some of the leaders of the recent revolution in the State of Panama were persuaded to lay down their arms. A third way would be to offer a member-elect who proclaims his intention to vote against the treaty a lucrative federal office, the acceptance of which would render his seat in Congress vacant. It is said that this mode of silencing opponents has been successfully employed in several instances during the last two weeks. One thing is certain, namely, that ten million dollars in gold represents the maximum amount of cash that the Colombian Confederation will ever get a chance of dividing, and, as by this date the fact must have been driven home to them, we entertain no doubt that the treaty will in due time be ratified.

No reasonable man will question the soundness of the position taken by Mr. Bowen, the representative of Venezuela, with regard to the provision which the three blockading powers desired at the last moment to insert in the protocol defining the issue which is to be presented to the Hague tribunal. The original agreement was—the agreement accepted by all of the non-blockading powers which have entered into negotiations with Mr. Bowen, as well as by Great Britain, Germany, and Italy—that the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague should simply be invited to determine whether in the distribution of the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, which is to be set aside for the payment of foreign creditors, the blockading powers should have preference over those other creditor powers that have refrained from an attempt to enforce their claims by acts of war. Now Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, possibly foreseeing an unfavorable decision at The Hague, propose that, if the international tribunal should deny preference to the blockaders, it should then be requested to answer the two additional questions, first, whether Venezuela ought to make good to the allies the cost of blockading her own ports, and, if so, what sum of money should be paid for such purpose, and under what conditions. It is obvious that, if the Hague court should establish a precedent by condemning Venezuela to pay the cost of the blockade, two things would almost certainly follow. In the first place, the European creditors of a Latin-American republic would be even more eager than they are now to exact the payment of claims by acts of war; and, in the second place, having once started a blockade, they would be tempted to prolong it. That is to say, a result precisely opposite to that desired by our government would be attained, for it is the manifest wish of the United States to disengage the creditors of American commonwealths from resorting to blockades and bombardments which might bring about unpleasant complications.

Another amendment proposed by the allies, but rejected by Mr. Bowen, was to the effect that, in deciding the question of preferential or separate treatment for the blockading powers, the tribunal should take into consideration the resources of Venezuela other than the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue to be set aside, which outside resources might be available for the claims of other powers. Mr. Bowen declined to acquiesce in either of these proposals, on the

ground that they constitute entirely new demands or claims, and that the blockading powers are bound not to add anything to the protocols into which they respectively entered on February 13, 1903, and in pursuance of which the blockade was suspended, and the Venezuela controversy was presumed to have been adjusted. As to the request that the Hague tribunal shall determine whether Venezuela ought to pay the cost of the blockade out of the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue to be set aside, Mr. Bowen points out that this is irreconcilable with the original protocols, which provided that the thirty per cent. should be applied to the payment of the claims therein designated, and to be alienated for no other purposes. There is not the slightest doubt that the United States and all the other non-blockading powers will sustain Mr. Bowen's position, so that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy will either have to withdraw their additional demands or try to enforce them by a renewal of the blockade. They are not in the least likely to recur to the latter alternative.

According to the latest news from Shanghai, the stability of the Peking government is threatened not only by sporadic uprisings among the native Chinese in the southern provinces, and by the widespread discontent caused by the increased taxes which the Manchus levy on the pretext of providing for the indemnity due to foreign powers, but also by a split among the Manchus, who constitute the backbone of the dynasty. It will be remembered that among the high Manchus dignitaries who were implicated in the Boxer outrages, and the condign punishment of whom was exacted by the allied powers after the capture of Peking, were General Tung Fu-Hsiang and Prince Tuan, whose son, Pu Chun, had been declared heir of the throne by the nominal Emperor, Kwang-Hsu, acting under the orders of the Empress Dowager. The demand was nominally granted, but the sentence could not be executed, the designated victims having fled to the western provinces. Here the banished prince and fugitive general have collected a large force, which, although mainly composed of Manchus, they have managed to organize and discipline and to equip with modern rifles and cannon, in the use of which the soldiers have been trained by European resources. As was expected, it has proved impossible, owing to the difficulty of watching the vast maritime and land frontiers of China, to enforce the treaty stipulation which prohibited the importation of European firearms and artillery, was prohibited. There are no soldiers at the disposal of the Peking authorities who could possibly cope with the formidable body of rebels collected in Kansu, except the foreign-armed and foreign-drill-in army which has been created by Jung Lin and Yuan Shih-Kai in the metropolitan province of Chih-li. Jung Lin, however, is in very poor health, and it remains to be seen whether he will march against the rebels or content himself with the protection of Peking.

He will quickly have to decide, if there is truth in the twice-repeated report that Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu-Hsiang have sent an ultimatum to the Dowager Empress insisting on the deposition of the Emperor Kwang-Hsu and the immediate enthronement of Pu Chun, still nominally heir apparent. Should the Empress refuse, they announce that they will transform the provinces of Shensi and Kwansu into a separate kingdom, which will have Sian-fu for a capital. Students of Chinese history will remember that for centuries an independent kingdom existed in the northwestern provinces of China, and that its capital city was Sian-fu. It will be observed that the contemplated movement differs essentially from the Tai-ping rebellion, which was a revolt of native Chinese against their Manchu rulers. Now, on the other hand, we find Manchus arrayed against each other, and there is but little doubt that the reactionary element throughout the empire would side with the faction headed by Prince Tuan. If the rebels should succeed in placing Pu Chun upon the throne, it is hard to see how the allied powers could refuse to recognize him, inasmuch as, at the suggestion of our State Department, they forbore, when the treaty of peace was signed, to insist upon the deposition of the heir apparent. There is not the least doubt, however, that the regeneration of China would be signally promoted if the rebellion under Prince Tuan could be extinguished, and if Jung Lin and Yuan Shih-Kai could carry out their plan of placing in the line of succession as heir apparent Tsai

Feng, Prince of Chun, the brother of the present Emperor, who evinced, it may be recalled, remarkable discretion in his conduct of the expiatory embassy to Berlin.

Although it seems to be absolutely certain that for fiscal and industrial reasons brought forward by Mr. De Witte, the Minister of Finance, the Czar Nicholas II. earnestly desires to defer for at least a year any armed interposition in the affairs of the Balkan peninsula, it looks as if his hand might be forced, as was that of his grandfather in 1877. By the Russian-Austrian agreement, by the resultant ultimatum with which the Sultan has ostensibly complied, and by the peremptory orders addressed to Sofia, which Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is afraid to disobey, diplomacy must be admitted to have done its utmost to avert the necessity of sending a Russian army across the Danube. The Sultan, however, by announcing an intention of applying the reforms demanded for Macedonia to Albania also, has provoked the Arnauts to rebellion, has caused the death of a Russian consul, has set the whole western half of the Balkan peninsula in an uproar, and has compelled the Montenegrins and Servians, who are neighbors of the Albanians, to arm in self-defence. Whether these results were premeditated it is not easy to say, for, although they manifestly afford a pretext for bringing across the Bosphorus scores of thousands of Kurds and other loyal troops from Asia Minor, they expose his person, on the other hand, to grave danger at the hands of his Albanian bodyguards, who are said to be exasperated by the knowledge that the insurrection has already cost the lives of 600 of their compatriots.

It seems, upon the whole, most probable that the Sultan will use his Anatolian levies, not to punish the Albanians, beyond some perfunctory demonstrations, but to exterminate the Macedonian rebels. The wholesale massacres that would inevitably result from such a policy will compel the present Czar, however reluctant, to intervene, just as the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria and Servia in 1876 so inflamed Russian public sentiment that Alexander II. succumbed against his will, consented to give the order to advance. For Russia's hesitation at the former epoch there were international reasons which do not now exist. At present neither England nor Austria would lift a finger to avert the entrance of the Czar into Constantinople. Never again will the British people permit their government to commit the crime which Bismarck-field was guilty at the Congress of Berlin, when he condemned the Christians of Armenia and Macedonia to remain for a quarter of a century longer under the heel of Abdul the Damned. As to Austria, there is no doubt that, by the agreement recently concluded with Russia, the part of the Balkan peninsula which will pass into Hapsburg hands in the event of a partition has been exactly defined. Austria's share will probably include Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which hitherto have been only provisionally occupied, but also a part of Albania, the district of Novi Bazar, and a strip of territory stretching thence to the Aegean, and including Salonica. So far as the heart and conscience of Christian onlookers is concerned, the sooner the partition takes place the better.

On the other hand an element which makes for peace in Turkey is the fact that Germany has at last decided to come forward and support the reform policy of Russia and Austria. The attitude of Germany has all along given cause for uneasiness, in view of the friendship—the alliance, it might almost be called—between the Kaiser and the Sultan. This friendship was manifested in the visit of the Kaiser to the Sultan's dominions, in his sending the Crown Prince and his brother to renew that visit just at this time, and in the part Germany has taken in developing and arming the Turkish army. It is well known that Germany is peculiarly interested in Turkey to an enormous extent, and seeks to be interested there still further, especially in the railways in Asia Minor. Further, Germany is instinctively hostile to everything Slav, whether within her own borders in Prussian Poland, within the bounds of her neighbor and ally Austria, in the Balkan peninsula, or across her eastern frontier. These causes all combine to incline Germany to thwart the policy of Russia and Austria in Macedonia; and it is, therefore, a matter for international congratulation that better counsels

have prevailed in the Berlin Foreign Office, and that Germany will throw in her great weight on the side of peace, reform, and liberty for the Macedonian Christians. One thing more is needed to make the Russo-Austria policy wholly successful; and that is that the revolutionary leaders and their followers should come to understand that the object they have in view is more likely to be reached through the policy of peaceful pressure exerted by the great powers, now practically unanimous, than by armed revolutionary outbreaks, which of themselves are quite hopeless and helpless against the organized army of Turkey, and the real purpose of which is to provoke armed intervention by the powers. Once the revolutionists become convinced that this is so, they will see that their true good lies in co-operation with the powers, for the pacific amelioration of conditions.

A new element, and a very picturesque one, is introduced into the Balkan situation by the appearance of a claimant for the throne of Albania, in the person of Prince Don Juan Kastrioti, who is apparently directing his revolution from a safe distance, being at present in Paris. Prince Kastrioti is an elderly man, who was born in Spain, and has held posts in the Spanish diplomatic service. His grandmother was a Princess Kastrioti, a descendant of George Kastrioti Scanderbeg, famous in Albanian revolutionary history. The Albanian claimant has for several years made his home in Paris, where he has engaged in railway enterprises in the peninsula, and has amassed a considerable fortune, which he wishes to spend in setting Albania free and raising her to the position of an independent monarchy, with himself as monarch. It must be said that we do not very clearly see what material and political forces this good gentleman can look to to help him to a throne; his hopes seem to us rather chimerical. Yet we are impressed with the fact that recent years have seen the resurrection of several thrones in the Balkans, and it is certain that the Albanians are a vigorous and robust, if somewhat turbulent, little people. It is said that they are the descendants of the original Pelasgians, whom the Hellenes found in Greece and in part dispossessed; if this be true, then they may claim to be the oldest of European nations, and rivals with China for the honor of being the oldest nation in the world.

The close shave of the Balfour cabinet in a recent division in the House of Commons, where the day was saved no longer by the passive neutrality of the Irish Nationalists, but by their active intervention, has already caused rumors of a dissolution of Parliament at the end of the session, with a general election to follow. The prophets who claim to reveal the future aver that the Conservatives will make local government for Ireland one of the main planks in their platform, in case of a new general election, perhaps dropping the very unpopular Education bill, or at least modifying some of its more extreme features. One thing they will find it impossible to drop, however, and that is the burden of taxation arising from the South-African war. This, more than anything else, will make votes for the Liberals, and, if the Conservatives win at all, they will win by a very narrow majority. Then they will once more be dependent on Irish support, which will make the outlook for local autonomy very good indeed. Mr. Wyndham said a good thing at Manchester the other day, when he declared that Ireland should be a bridge between England and Canada, and not a chasm; and he said an even better thing when he added that this was even more true of the United States. Nothing would have greater influence for good on the relations between this country and the British Empire than a settlement of the Irish question in a manner satisfactory to Ireland, and this is what the Conservative government is evidently seeking to bring about. It is noteworthy that the Parliament of the Dominion has recently declared in favor of home rule for Ireland, by an overwhelming majority, and this emphasizes the influence of Canada on the policy of the empire—an influence which was most beneficially used when the extreme Chauvinists in South Africa sought to annul the Constitution of Cape Colony, and were prevented largely through the wiser counsels of Canada and Australia.

At the very hour when a distinguished Yale student, himself of African race, was triumphantly sustaining the contention that the black republic of San Domingo was inescapable

of self-government, and should be brought under the tutelage of the United States, the inhabitants of the island-republic were doing their best to strengthen his position and justify his views. It is always a delicate question to decide whether the malcontent party in a Latin republic should be called revolutionists or rebels; but, at any rate, the malcontents in San Domingo seem to have decidedly the worst of it. In a contest fought on the last day of March between the insurgents and the government troops at San Antonio de Guerra, some twenty miles from Santo Domingo city, the former lost nearly a hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Another force, under Miquel Febles, which was marching to Macoris, lost twenty-five men in an encounter with the government troops. Apparently the work of international politics has had a narrow escape, for which we must all be devoutly grateful; we read that a shell fired by the Dominican cruiser *Presidente*, which is fighting for President Vasquez, fell on the German consulate. Fortunately, it did not burst. If it had, the reverberation would have heard all the way to Kia-chau. Incidentally, our own *Atlanta* put fifty blue-jackets ashore, to keep watch over the American consulate. San Domingo is in a fair way to get that supervision which the distinguished Yale student pleaded for so eloquently.

The quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation shows net earnings for the month of March of about \$9,500,000. The annual report shows the amount of cash on hand to be about \$50,000,000, to say nothing of the proceeds of \$250,000,000 worth of second-mortgage bonds, which are now authorized and will soon be issued. To appreciate the magnitude of such resources, we must compare them with those of the Federal government itself. It has been asserted, and not contradicted, that the amount of cash in the Federal Treasury now available for immediate payments does not much exceed \$70,000,000. Then, again, the gross earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for 1902 have been computed at some \$500,000,000. Now the average trade balance in favor of the United States during recent years has not much exceeded the aggregate just named. There is thus far no other combination of capital in the United States which can figure in the same rank, although the Northern Securities Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad are not far behind. It is a fact less generally recognized that the total assets of three life-insurance companies, namely, the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life, represent about a billion dollars. Nothing approaching such aggregations of private capital exists in Europe, or has ever been witnessed in the history of mankind. The largest accumulations of money in Europe are to be found in the Russian Treasury, where gold has been for years collected, and in the vaults of the Bank of France and of the Bank of England. There may seem at first sight no limit to the influence that might be exercised on the market for iron and steel products by a combination equipped with pecuniary resources so unprecedented as are those of the United States Steel Corporation. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Carnegie has expressed the belief that aggregate capital can always be beaten by an individual capitalist, provided, of course, the latter has means enough at his disposal to withstand competition for a considerable period. That the United States Steel Corporation recognizes that its power has limits is evident from the prudence with which it has refrained from increasing the prices of its commodities, even when the demand for them largely exceeded the supply. So long as such excess continues, no industrial crisis in the iron and steel industry need be feared. It is only by overproduction and by the resultant glut of the market that an industrial, as distinguished from a merely financial, crisis is caused.

We heartily welcome the announcement that in 1906 the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia will celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The association which he founded has done well to start a movement in which the whole American community will cordially co-operate. If we were asked to designate the eighteenth-century Americans who are held in highest honor by their countrymen, we should name them in the following order: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Hamilton. Franklin differs from Jefferson and Hamilton in that, during the period of political discord which followed his death, he

was respected, admired, and liked by Federalists and Anti-Federalists alike. In this particular, indeed, he was even luckier than Washington. Not even Jefferson was a man of so wide and various acquisitions, or had it in his power to render so many and so diverse services to his State and country. Franklin, of course, was no soldier, but there is no doubt that as a patriot he stood only second to Washington in the eyes of his countrymen when the Federal convention met at Philadelphia in 1787. He had many other titles to distinction. He was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as a civil administrator, an educator, a moralist, a man of letters, a scientist, a diplomatist, a political thinker and statesman. More than any other man he should be credited with the repeal of the Stamp Act. He had been Postmaster-General of the colonies, and for years before the Revolutionary war he had been the agent of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia in London. The maxims to which Franklin gave currency in his *Poor Richard's Almanac* have long since been incorporated with our proverbial wisdom. His contribution to electrical science gained for him admission to almost every learned society in Europe, and his general intellectual eminence was cordially acknowledged by Voltaire. It is probable that no other man could have overcome the natural reluctance of Louis XVI. to enter into an alliance with England's rebellious colonies, an alliance which, we may now admit, was indispensable to our success. As for Franklin's memorable achievements in the field of political thought and statescraft, they stand embodied in the organic laws of Pennsylvania and of the Union. It was his unique privilege to sign all four of the most fateful documents in the history of the United States, to wit, the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, and the Federal Constitution. These four signatures should suffice to make the man immortal. Curiously enough, though Franklin left no legitimate son, he has through his one daughter numerous descendants. Had he died, however, like Washington, without any heirs of his body, he would have found in his country and his State grateful inheritors of his renown. It is impossible for any visitor in Philadelphia to gaze at Independence Hall without recalling Benjamin Franklin. *Si monumentum queris, circumspice.*

In the English "varsity" contests, Cambridge is carrying everything before it this year, and greatly exulting and glorifying the light blue above the dark. In the athletic contests of a few days ago Cambridge came forth victorious in no less than eight events out of ten, and to this fine achievement has now been added the supreme honor of the boat-race, the original and model of all boat-races the world over. This makes the fourth victory for Cambridge in the last five years, while the nine years before that were a series of unbroken triumphs for Oxford. These Oxford and Cambridge boat-races have been rowed, with a few short intervals, for seventy-four years, Oxford winning thirty-three times, as against twenty-six, including the present year, for Cambridge. The time this year, nineteen minutes thirty-two and a half seconds, was good, but by no means a record.

Some writer who lately preached the gospel of adornment to cities argued that it paid cities to be beautiful and interesting, because it made them attractive to visitors. He suggested that for Boston (the piece may have been in a Boston newspaper) there would be "good money" in a splendid memorial to Emerson—a kind of memorial temple, which all sight-seers in Boston would wish to visit, and which would come to be a Mecca for the admirers of the Yankee sage. The suggestion is still unimproved by Boston, but Harvard College has got so far as to propose to have an Emerson Hall, to be devoted to the study of philosophy. The proposal is far on towards realization. Some one has subscribed \$50,000; some one else \$10,000, and the Visiting Committee on Philosophy had raised, some weeks ago, as much as \$85,000. The minimum amount needed is \$150,000, and that is likely to be in hand before May 24, which is the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth. It is desired, however, to raise as much money as possible—\$200,000 perhaps—to make the memorial the more significant and adequate. The treasurer of Harvard College will be glad to hear from all Emersonians who want to contribute. It would

seem as if a statue of Emerson might well be placed near this new building. He never got rich, nor ever distinguished himself as a gainer of yards against Yale. He was not physically straggling, nor meteoric even in his intellectual feats. But he took time to think. That was very creditable to him, and should be imputed to him as righteousness just as faith was to Abraham. And having taken time, he thought to remarkable purpose. That was all he ever did; just thought about things—things in general—and wrote his thoughts down and spoke them from pulpits and lecture platforms and in conversation. It is a good time to put up a statue to a thoughtful man. We are all for doing, just now—for hustling, and getting there; for rushing the ramparts of fame and fortune and immortality in automobiles; for rushing in our speculations before they are fully ripe, and selling experience short. Emerson, the serene, would look very proper in Harvard's new quadrangle, and his influence would be good there. For, after all, the highest product of civilization is not war-ships, nor devil-wagons, nor wealth, nor any material thing whatever, but wisdom. It begins, just as it always did, in the fear of the Lord, and it ends, doubtless, as it always did, in love.

The discovery made by the *Sun* and the *Evening Post* of the criminal record of Edgar S. Bellairs, author of *As it is in the Philippines*, has deprived that adventurer's opinions of any weight. He had reviewed in his book the course of Governor Taft in the Philippines, and had been unable to recognize in Judge Taft the qualities which his important office demands. If Bellairs's credit had remained unimpaired, his representations would at least have received attention, for he is the same Bellairs who was the chief representative of the Associated Press in Cuba after the Spanish war, who was transferred from there to Manila, who went with General Chaffee on the China expedition, and who, on leaving Manila last July, was the guest of forty-three distinguished Americans at a farewell dinner. His services to the Associated Press seem to have been highly satisfactory until in some way its manager discovered his record and discharged him. His record is interesting. He is, it seems, not only Bellairs, but Ballentine, Cherton, Elaine, and Cameron; a clever man, undoubtedly, but a swindler and confidence-man, who within ten years had served a term in a Florida prison for forgery. Both the *Sun* and the *Post* have pointed out in detail the close relations of this person with General Wood in Cuba, and have recorded with something like glee his boast that he "made Wood" by his newspaper dispatches. That he did buck Wood faithfully and effectively is true enough, and that his attack on Taft was a step towards securing further preferment for Wood seems probable. But it is not fair to blame or disparage General Wood on account of Bellairs. Wood was deceived by him, but so was Colonel Melville Stone, of the Associated Press; so was General Chaffee, General Humphrey, and pretty much every one with whom Bellairs came into contact at the Philippines. He is an adroit rogue, and diligent in business, and it will take some watchfulness even now to make sure that he does not continue to mould public opinion.

Dr. Isaac K. Funk has received an impression that he has seen the spirit of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and has been exhorted by that respected shade to return to the heels of Professor West of Brooklyn a "widow's mite" which he borrowed some years since of Professor West to use in his business. The mite is a rare coin and valuable. Dr. Funk supposed he had returned Professor West's mite years ago, but being told by Dr. Beecher's spook to look in his safe for it, he looked, and found it, and sent it back. Now he wonders whether it was really Dr. Beecher's ghost that communicated with him, and if not, who did. He is taking deep thought in the matter, and consulting such psychological experts as Dr. Richard Hodgson and Professor Hyslop. Dr. Funk has in the past been subject to delusions about spirits, but not of this sort. Ardent spirits have been the subjects of his errors heretofore, and he has devoted much time and energy to the hopeless work of abolishing the use of them by prohibitory legislation. Ardent spirits are hard enough to deal with, but they are easy compared with the Brooklyn spirits that Dr. Funk has tackled now. Here's wishing him a clear head and much patience. The only modern who seems to have had real comfort with spirits was Swedenborg. He got

much information from them which was satisfactory to himself, and has been more or less clinging to thousands of his readers. No more recent seer seems to have got anything more out of them than confusion of mind.

We are spending a good deal of money on our navy. It is well worth the close attention of citizens who care to know what our government is doing, and it needs such attention. That it may get it, and that citizens may really get the information about the navy that they ought to want, the Navy League of the United States has been organized. Its headquarters in New York are at 32 Broadway. Its officers include Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy (former Secretary of the Navy), president; Mr. William McAdoo, vice-president, and Mr. George B. Satterlee, secretary. Its purpose, as set forth in its constitution, is "to acquire and spread before the citizens of the United States, through branch organizations and otherwise, information as to the condition of the naval forces and equipment of the United States, and to awaken public interest and co-operation in all matters tending to aid, improve, and develop their efficiency." The League has three classes of members; life members who pay twenty-five dollars, and are exempt from annual dues; members who pay one dollar a year, and junior members who, being minors, may join in groups of ten, each group paying one dollar a year. Membership is open to any citizen who is not in the active service of the navy, or a member of Congress. Applications to join should be made to the Secretary of The Navy League at 32 Broadway.

It seems that Pennell, of the Buffalo Burdick case, added to his other crimes the embezzlement of trust funds. The uncovering of his character which has proceeded so gradually is very interesting, and if the processes of his degeneration could be traced in detail by a competent hand they would probably make a remarkable book. His reputation in Yale College seems to have been excellent. He made warm friends there, who testified immediately after his death to the nobility of his character. There is no doubt that they utterly misapprehended their man, but the signs indicate that Pennell was a clever man at first, and that somehow he lost all his holds on virtue and "went miscellaneous to hell." His embezzlement of trust funds began, apparently, ten years ago, and was marked by notable changes in his habits of life. He seems from that time to have deliberately planned to end a career of pleasure by suicide, and having robbed his clients, to reimburse them finally by the proceeds of life-insurance. Speaking of the embezzlements, Pennell's lawyer, Wallace Thayer, has been quoted as saying: "While others condemn him I see something which removes much blame in his carefully planned-out system of striving to right his wrong after death. He misappropriated a vast sum of money; used it for his own pleasures for a short time, and paid for it with his life, for that is the reason that he carried a quarter of a million life-insurance. It was to repay after death those whom he had wronged in life." Mr. Thayer's own moral sense seems to have become somewhat warped by his close consideration of his client's malfeasances. The life-insurance companies will hardly admit that it is any less blame-worthy to rob them than to rob others. Pennell did not pay for anything with his life. His death was merely another form of theft to which he added murder. There was a good deal of George Eliot's Tito Melena in Pennell. One could almost wish he had left an autobiography—the record of the descent of a damned soul.

Henry L. Stoddard, editor since 1890 of the *Mail and Express*, is of the fourth generation of newspaper men in his family. Born in New York in 1861, he was educated in the public schools and the College of the City of New York. His newspaper work began in his grandfather's office at Hudson, New York, from which he came to the *New York Tribune*. Beginning in 1882 he took service with the *Philadelphia Press*. Later for two years he was editor of the *New York Graphic*, which he left to join the staff of the *Mail and Express* under Colonel Elliott F. Shepard. In 1897 he joined Messrs. R. C. Alexander and E. E. A. Doer in buying the paper from Colonel Shepard's estate. He was war correspondent in Cuba for his paper in 1898. In 1899 he succeeded Mr. Alexander (who died) as editor, and when Mr. Doer died, in the following year, he became the controlling owner of the company. He is forty-one years old.

The President and the Tariff

There is manifested a certain hard-headed inclination to hold the President responsible for his utterances on the subject of tariff revision. Undoubtedly the subject of tariff taxation is important; it is also difficult in its technical features, and very few of our public men understand it, or, indeed, have given it a perfect examination. The President's critics are unjust to him because he is not really talking or trying to talk economics, but politics pure and simple. No one would have dreamed of consulting Mr. Roosevelt about the tariff before he made his laugh-compelling Minneapolis speech. That speech did not change this fact, unless it be that two who would not then have thought of consulting him, a negative state of mind, now know precisely why they would not discuss the subject with him, which is a positive state of mind.

Mr. Roosevelt is young and still, but when he was much younger than he is now he was a free-trader of such vigorous hue that, on one occasion, he announced that he would "die for free trade." Practically, he has since learned nothing concerning the tariff, but he has accepted the *post hoc propter hoc* sort of philosophy to which protectionists have resorted in these days of the degeneracy of their doctrine, and he is, therefore, ready to say, with honorable sobriety and other like distorted authorities, that because we are now prosperous we are so because of the tariff law. This is utter folly, of course, but the President does not know it, because since the days when he was a crusading knight of free trade he has learned that the doctrine of extreme protection is essential to the life of his party. Mr. Roosevelt, besides being very young, younger perhaps than David Copperfield seems to be in Sturtevant's tale; is an ardent party politician. He has, indeed, the disposition to "reform within the party," but this disposition does not carry him very far, once it has brought him in conflict with the party leaders who write the platforms and make the nominations. So, after trying for a time to be that impossible thing, a free-trade Republican, he has gradually settled down into a protectionist of the most advanced type. He is of the school which says, "stand pat"; "no revision at all"; "revision only by its friends," which, being interpreted, means revision only by those who insist upon maintaining the existing exorbitant rates of duty which are so enormously increasing the cost of living in this country, and which are, also, incidentally giving to some of the trusts, those which are most flagrant from the President's own point of view, that monopoly of the home market that substantially kills the competition which the President believes to be the life of healthful trade. This school of protection recognizes the breakdown of the system as logically defensible. The arguments which once moaned over infant industries are out of place, now that the infants have become, even in Mr. Roosevelt's imagination, brooding giants breeding evils. The protectionists, therefore, unconsciously sustain their cause by clamor. This clamor is not made for economic, but for party, reasons, and there is a species of injustice in the attempt to transform a petrot party howl and to make it appear to be a serious argument. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt, in imitating this howl, may think it an argument, for he undoubtedly lacks information on the subject, but there is no doubt that even with him the purpose of tariff speeches is purely political.

And yet it is a pity that his own and his party's exigencies should have led him into what, if we were speaking of a better-informed man, would be obliged to call

misrepresentations. For example, Mr. Roosevelt said at Minneapolis that our tariff system "is based upon simple recognition of the difference between the cost of production—that is, the cost of labor—here and abroad." In the first place, we all know,—we who want more protection, we who want to "stand pat," we who want lower duties, and we who want free trade,—that our protective system has no such basis; that, on the contrary, it is based on the world-old theory of taking as much from the patient public as that public will "stand up." It is not true, as every well-informed person knows, that those American industries alone are protected whose cost of production is greater than that of their possible foreign competitors. We make many articles, which are protected by rates of duty ranging from 50 to more than 100 per cent., which are actually cost their manufacturers less than the cost of producing like articles in their foreign markets. Glass, iron and steel, cotton goods, some woollens, and other articles of this class. We know, for example, that steel rails made in Pittsburg could be landed in New York for less than Scotch rails if the duty on rails were wholly removed. We know that the same is true of structural forms and of armor plate, and of a score or more of other forms of iron and steel.

We know that the protection on glass is not the result of the absence of a better summer, but that it tells distinctly to the disadvantage of the glass industry in this country; that we do not make such good glass as we might, because the exclusion of good foreign glass by our tariff enables our manufacturers to sell an inferior article for an exorbitant price. Every expert on glass knows that we might stand at the head in the production of plate and cut glass, but the tariff makes it unnecessary for our manufacturers to strive for this pre-eminence. A similar story may be told as to our manufacture of woollens. Some mills have demonstrated our ability to manufacture good woollen cloths, but our tariff gives to shoddy the opportunity to keep out sound foreign cloth of the cheaper grades, so that those who must wear woollen goods are compelled to buy the imitation instead of the real. Illustrations of the President's error might be multiplied indefinitely. As we have already said, however, the President is probably quite unconscious of his error. Indeed, say one who can gravely assert that the cost of production is the cost of labor cannot be held morally accountable for any economic blunder. The President also asserts, or at least suggests, that we must have protection in order to pay higher wages to our "better-educated, better-fed, and better-clothed workmen, of a higher type than are to be found in any foreign country." Now it is one of the settled economic facts that the labor cost of articles produced by the kind of workmen whom the President describes as ours is less than the labor cost of articles produced by uneducated, ill-fed, and insufficiently clothed workmen.

It would be idle to follow the President for the purpose of making further exposures of his blunders. Moreover, we should thereby lay ourselves open to the charge of taking his oratorical economies seriously. Consciously or unconsciously, he is but repeating the lessons which have been taught the Republican party and the country by the leading apostles of the protective principle. The difference between these apostles and the President is, very likely, that while they know that their talk is for the deception of the people and for the profit of the beneficiaries of the present tariff, he may think that he is uttering economic truths. Whether he does think so or not, he knows that he is talking for personal and political ef-

fect, for his own remuneration, and for his party's triumph in 1904. If he is as ignorant as he seems he is to be pitied, and his youth is to be deplored. If he is as ignorant as he seems, and says what is false, or what is only half true, for the welfare of his party, its leaders, its beneficiaries, and himself, he ought to be heartily ashamed of his task and of his performance.

The President's Latest Definition of the Monroe Doctrine

In his speech at Chicago Mr. Roosevelt dealt exclusively with the Monroe Doctrine, which he pronounced a cardinal principle of our foreign policy. He undertook to define the principle as he understands it, and as he wishes to see it accepted on both sides of the Atlantic. We cordially concur in that definition so far as it goes, and we can easily comprehend why our general statement, to which we shall presently refer, was not made more explicit by specification. It ought to be obvious, although, from the neglect of the navy by some Federal administrations, the contrary conclusion might be drawn, that, if the American people really intend to make the doctrine a cardinal principle of their foreign policy, they must be at all times prepared to uphold it by force, should it be challenged. That, of course, should be recognized as an imperative and urgent duty, unless we desire to stand forth before the world as braggers and simulators. What Mr. Roosevelt had to say upon this point need not have been driven home to the common sense of the nation with more distinctness or more energy. Foreign powers will respect the doctrine just so long as our naval force, by which alone it can be defended, shall seem to them respectable. Nor is it enough, as he reminded us, to build war-ships which in respect of number, size, and weight of armament, shall constitute a fleet that shall rank at least third among the navies of the world. It is equally indispensable to provide each warship with an adequate complement of officers and men. Neither does this exhaust the list of our indispensable obligations. The officers must have seen an amount of service at sea commensurate with all possible contingencies and the engineers, seamen, and gunners must have been thoroughly trained. During the recent manoeuvres in the Caribbean, our marksmanship was observed to be deficient, decidedly inferior to that exhibited in Mexico Bay and off Santiago. That is a shortcoming which justly exposes us to foreign criticism, and might prove disastrous in the hour of trial. As Mr. Roosevelt said at Chicago, to lay up a battle-ship in a navy-yard and only send it about at the outset of actual war, with a raw crew and untried officers, would be not merely a folly, but a crime; and what is also not to be lost sight of, if we only prepare sufficiently, no war will ever come. It is perfectly true, as the President avers, that, if we need and must have a powerful and efficient navy, it is not for the purposes of war, but as the surest guaranty of peace.

So much for our duty to ourselves, if we honestly intend to stand by our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. But what about our duty to our sister commonwealths in Latin America? Has Mr. Roosevelt's conception of that duty undergone any modification since he wrote his second annual message? Then he seemed to say that European governments might go to any lengths in the enforcement of "just obligations" upon a Latin-American republic, provided they stopped short of a permanent occupation of

the latter's territory. As we have formerly pointed out, the phrase "just obligations" was broader and more ambiguous than the word "misconduct," which Mr. Roosevelt used in his first annual message, in which he said that we should not interfere to shield from punishment an American republic should it misconduct itself, except for the purpose of averting a permanent occupation of its territory. By his choice of the word "misconduct," Mr. Roosevelt appeared to concur with all predecessors in the office of Chief Magistrate, who, in their exposition of the Monroe Doctrine, had been careful to say that they should not oppose the coercion of an American republic by acts of war, provided the coercion were intended to obtain redress for grievances or reparation for wrongs, and provided, of course, it were not extended to a permanent occupation of territory. It is now evident that European powers understood the new term "just obligations" to cover not only the redress of grievances and reparation for torts, but also ordinary debts incurred under absolute freedom of contract, as to which, according to Latin-American statesmen and jurists, the maxim *curvi capitor* should apply to foreign creditors. The three blockading powers, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, acted upon this understanding. By blockade and bombardment they extorted from Venezuela an agreement to pay, not only certain insignificant sums for the redress of alleged grievances, but also ordinary debts arising out of contract, and amounting to many millions of dollars, for which thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of Venezuela's two principal custom-houses is to be set aside. Against this dangerous precedent for the renegeation of a large fraction, or even the whole, of the customs revenue on which Latin-American governments largely depend for their support, Argentina has virtually protested through her minister at Washington. Would Mr. Roosevelt make any allusion to that protest? Would he qualify his earlier classic phrase "just obligations," which, as he said in his second annual message, European powers were at liberty to enforce upon American republics? Would he announce that there were other acts, besides the permanent occupation of territory, which, if committed against sister commonwealths, the people of the United States could not view with equanimity? These were questions that thoughtful Americans, foreseeing the perils of the Venezuela precedent, could not but ask themselves when they learned that Mr. Roosevelt purposed to disown the Monroe Doctrine in the course of his Western tour. We are happy to say that at Chicago the President did materially qualify the purport of the definition which he had put forth in his second annual message. He declared in so many words that the policy associated with the name of Monroe "not only forbids us to acquiesce in territorial acquisitions on the American continent by European powers, but also causes us to object to the requirement of a control which, in its effect, would be equal to territorial encroachment." Such is the general principle now propounded by the President, and we would point out that it is in almost perfect harmony with the original declaration made by Monroe, who said, it will be remembered, in his annual message of December 2, 1823, that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them [Latin American republics], or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." At Chicago the President assumed only one specification or application of this principle. He said, what is unquestionably true, that, had the inter-

oceanic canal across the American isthmus been built by a European power, one or more Latin-American republics would inevitably have been subjected to a large measure of control at the hands of the power which should construct and operate the waterway. That was one of the cogent reasons that impelled us to construct the canal ourselves. Mr. Roosevelt did not go on to specify other instances in which his principle would be applicable. Without repudiating the action of his own State Department, which has acquiesced in the outcome of the Venezuela blockade, he could not at this time declare that Argentina's protest is well founded, and that the destiny of an American republic might be vitally controlled if the whole, or even a large part, of its customs revenue could be confiscated to the profit of foreign creditors for an indefinite period. It is perfectly obvious, however, that such a deduction follows logically and unavoidably from his new declaration.

Mr. Roosevelt's Advisers on the Tariff and the Trusts

DURING the week ending April 4, not only President Roosevelt, but two members of his cabinet, Secretary Root and Secretary Shaw, discussed the suggested revision of the tariff and the recent anti-trust legislation. The Secretary of the Treasury, speaking at Peoria, Illinois, on March 31, undertook to refute the Democratic assertion that customs duties ought to be removed from commodities the producers of which in the United States possess under the existing tariff a monopoly, or are making a close approach thereto. Mr. Shaw demanded that the Democratic advocates of this remedy for monopolies or monopolistic tendencies should explain whether they would remove protection temporarily or permanently from monopoly-produced goods. If the removal of protection is to be temporary, who is to say, he inquired, when it shall be restored? We answer, Congress, which brought about the temporary removal. Mr. Shaw spoke more to the point when he queried whether, if the iron and steel industry, the glass, the paper, or any other industry, has been monopolized, as is claimed, and if so American now dare build factories in competition with these monopolies, American courage would be reinvigorated by the removal of the tariff, which would inevitably cause an inflow of competitive products from abroad. It seemed to him that American enterprise would be quite as likely to build a factory and compete in the American market under protection as under free trade. What Mr. Shaw overlooks is the fact that under the free-trade régime individual Americans would compete against individual foreigners, whereas under the protectionist régime they have to compete against the colossal aggregations of capital which the tariff has fostered.

Mr. Root, speaking at Boston on April 2, admitted that some good had true men, by which, apparently, he meant certain members of the Republican party who have adopted the Iowa idea, recommended a substantial revision of the tariff. He thought that their desire should not be gratified at the present time, for several reasons. In the first place, he said, a revision of the tariff is a great and difficult task. That is true, but if it be a task beyond the ability of Congress to perform, our system of Federal government needs mending. In the second place, he suggested a doubt whether the evils existing under the present tariff are as great as the evils that would be experienced from the long and difficult process of revision.

This, again, is equivalent to saying that our Congress is so incompetent, or so slow, that, having got a bad thing, we had better cling to it lest we get a worse. In the third place, Mr. Root bade his audience remember that out of no possible revision would any one man be likely to get precisely the kind of tariff law that he wants. Of course not. Every tariff law is the outcome of multifarious compromises. The question is not whether we can attain an impossibility—that is to say, a tariff perfectly satisfactory to everybody—but whether we can get a tariff which would be an improvement on the existing one from the view-point of the community considered as a whole.

Now let us see what the two secretaries said about the trusts. Mr. Shaw certainly has the courage of his opinions, for at Peoria he did not hesitate to avow the paradoxical belief that the present prohibitory law against trusts has generally been found adequate whenever the evidence attainable has been found sufficient to establish the alleged fact. He asserted that the trust-busting legislation of the Fifty-seventh Congress did not provide new remedies so much as new methods of discovering facts and expediting judicial investigation. The Sherman law, he said, contains quite drastic provisions, applicable to both persons and corporations, when these are once proven to have combined, or to have conspired to combine, for the purpose of monopolizing a business or a trade privilege. It is undesirable that the anti-trust acts passed by the last Congress amount to nothing, and were intended to amount to nothing, beyond ostensibly providing the means for applying the search-light of publicity to the private affairs of railway and industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce. Two things remain to be seen: first, whether the vaunted publicity will, in fact, be secured, and, secondly, what use will be made of it by the Bureau of Corporations and by the Attorney-General's office. We add that Mr. Roosevelt had his executive chief in directing attention to the trusts that remained capital, while not by any means an unmixt evil, is capable of evil. Unquestionably we have reached a stage in our civilization where the things that we feel called upon to undertake require associated capital. It is, therefore, as Mr. Shaw says, the province of a statesman so to legislate as to encourage the aggregation of capital, while, at the same time, guarding against the abuses of which such aggregation may be susceptible. The Secretary of the Treasury put the facts acutely when he reminded us that it requires no remarkable skill to kill a vicious colt, but it does require skill, and patience, and wisdom, to get superlative speed out of a strong animal possessed of much evil propensity. We quite agree with the Secretary in thinking that it is wiser to put kicking-steps on a horse than to hamstring the animal.

Mr. Root at Boston was firm in the belief that you cannot get rid of trusts by revising the tariff, unless you are ready to reduce the duties in the classes of manufacture in which the so-called trusts are engaged—that is to say, in all the principal kinds of manufacture—to such an extent as to put an end to all American manufactures. That is just one of the assertions that the Democrats want to test by experiment. They want to find out whether the duties may not be so lowered as to make it impossible for a heavily watered trust to pay dividends, and yet leave it perfectly possible for an individual manufacturer, working with unwatered capital, to reap reasonable profits. There is no doubt about Mr. Carnegie's opinion on the subject. He would back the individual manufacturer with unwatered capital against the watered trust every time.

Municipalism in England

By Sydney Brooks

London, April 4, 1905.

"As regards municipal ownership, we are a hundred years behind Great Britain,"—*HARPER'S WEEKLY*, March 14, 1905.

I showed that sentence to an English member of Parliament who has been twice mayor and for over ten years a councillor or alderman of one of the largest cities in the kingdom. His comment was startling. "Happy America!" he exclaimed. "Long may she remain so." He went on to make a vigorous attack on the excesses of modern "municipal enterprise." The mid form of it, the form known as "gas and water socialism," he approved. Experience had convinced him that there were certain undertakings which, being monopolistic in their nature and vitally bearing on the health or safety or necessary comforts of the people, could be more efficiently and more economically controlled by a municipality than by a private company. He could not, and no more, be declared, could any one else, lay down hard and fast lines as to the sphere in which municipal enterprise might legitimately move. Local conditions, as it seemed to him, could alone determine that. But he thought it unquestionable that when a municipality branched out into all sorts of minor trades of a speculative and even experimental character, incurred immense liabilities in prosecuting them, and raised local taxation to an almost unbearable height, a point was reached where it became a matter of principle and common sense to call a halt. That point, in his opinion, England had not yet reached, but passed. "Our local governing authorities," he said, "have gone crazy over municipal trading, England, without realising it, is settling rapidly down on a Collectivist basis. The municipalities are the socialism of the future in embryo, and the men who compose them, whether they know it or not, are playing the game of the Socialists to perfection. Of course socialism is not a good many of its larvae." "We are all Socialists now," as Harcourt said. But there is one thing that has not lost its terrors, and that is bankruptcy. If municipal speculation goes on at its present rate, it is my opinion we must either end in a sort of local bankruptcy or else in such a widespread atrophy of private initiative as will wreck our commercial ruin. That is why, as a lifelong friend and admirer of America, I am glad to hear she is a hundred years behind us in the matter of municipal ownership. That is why I say 'Long may she remain so.'"

One hears opinions like this expressed on all sides nowadays. I do not think it would be too much to say that the intelligent public spirit of this country is preparing for a revolt from the extremes of the "new municipalism." "Ratepayers' defence clubs, property owners' associations, citizens' unions, industrial protective societies, and so on, are multiplying all over the kingdom, and endeavoring to arouse the average respectable citizen, whose apathy is at the root of the mischief, into some active sense of the dangers that lie inevitably ahead. An invaluable series of articles contributed to the *Times* during the summer and fall of last year has given an immense impetus to the movement. It is not an impossible undertaking, but it is an exceedingly arduous one—how much so may be gathered from studying the example of Glasgow, Glasgow prides itself on being the model municipality of Great Britain. It is, at any rate, the most active. The Corporation—that is to say, the City Council—sup-

ply the people of Glasgow with water, gas, electric light, cable and electric cars, and telephones; they control eleven public parks and galleries, thirteen baths and wash-houses, a fruit and vegetable market, a dred-meat market, a horse cattle market, two foreign cattle markets, a cheese-market, a bird and dog market, and an old-clothes market, four slaughter-houses and offices, four hospitals, and one burying ground; they are the owners of 2488 municipal houses, seventy-eight lodging-houses, of which they manage seven themselves; a family home, which they also direct; 372 shops, forty-nine stores, forty-three warehouses, forty-three workshouses, twelve halls, two churches, two hotels, one theatre, one studio, one gymnasium, one nursing-home, one post-office, one laundry, one bathhouse, one golf-course, and one gospel-text; they farm over 1000 acres of land, where large crops are grown, including all the hay used in the stables of the cleansing department, as well as crops of oats, wheat, turnips, etc.; they convert the city sewage into solid matter, and sell it to farmers for manure; they erry on business as market-gardeners; they possess stone-quarries and 900 railway wagons; they build street cars, reclaim bays, and raise the city's sewage, raise 23000 a year on the slinker from the refuse-burning furnaces, collect and sell waste-paper, and are not above melting and disposing of the solder from the old tin cans they find in the dust heaps. The contributor to the *Times* adds that this catalogue makes no pretence of being exhaustive. Such as it is, however, it will probably suffice to startle even those light-hearted New York statesmen who proposed the nationalization of the Pennsylvania coal-mines "by the right of eminent domain."

Glasgow, moreover, is only one of many,—an extreme, but by no means unique, example of what is going on all over the kingdom. The *Times* correspondent found and collected instances of the same sort of "enterprise" wherever he looked. There are about ten or a dozen towns in England where municipal sterilized milk for babies is supplied. The local governing authorities only furnish the milk, but feeding-bottles with it—the purchaser being required to bring the tins at specified intervals to the municipal milk-store that their cleanliness may be tested. From this to the municipalization of the entire milk-supply is only a moderate step. It has not yet been taken, but sooner or later it inevitably will be. Several local governing authorities run schools. Several others have set up homes for leprosy. General hospitals are still, for the most part, left to the support of private charity, but sanatoria for consumptives, smallpox, and scarlet-fever hospitals are common objects of municipal benevolence. In one town tubes of serum are prepared out of the public funds for cases of diphtheria and measles fever, and sold at a nominal price to all who apply for them. Cemeteries and crematoria under municipal ownership and management literally abound. The control of local markets has always, and quite properly, been vested in the local authority, but municipal markets are now swiftly leading to municipal slaughter-houses, municipal cold-storage houses, municipal ice factories. Cardiff has a municipal fish-market; Torquay breeds rabbits on a large tract of land where water is collected for the municipal water-works, and the profits from the sale of those goes to reducing the rates,—the experiment having answered so well that the City Council has a good case in for sheep-farming. Tunbridge Wells grows hops, and Liverpool best-roots, on their sewage farms; at Colchester there are municipal oysters, which those who have never tasted an American oyster

may conceivably relish; Brighton and several other towns own race-courses; a few have built theatres: West Ham not only manufactures its own paving-stones, but sells its surplus to contractors; many local authorities drive a good business in the residual products of gas—see Manchester, for instance, trading in soap, oil, tallow, and mortar; most of the corporations that supply gas are prepared also to furnish stores and all the necessary fittings; Sheffield undertakes plumbing work as a side issue to supplying water; Liverpool has a municipal tailoring establishment, where the tailors of the town officials and employees are made; Battersea cuts all the timber required for municipal buildings and street paving in its own sawmill; Cardiff does the same; Manchester manufactures for itself all the wagons, trams, and brushes needed by the local street-cleaning department; the Westminster City Council at the time of the coronation set up as seat-spreaders, and got most handsomely "left"; a good many local authorities provide bands in the parks, organ recitals, and free municipal concerts; Nottingham runs both a university college and an aviary; the London County Council makes the distribution of plants at the end of each summer season; Glasgow, Liverpool, and Leicester provide window-boxes filled with flowers for cottages in the poor and crowded districts; Blackpool, a seaside resort, spends thousands of pounds a year on advertising its charms and subscribes considerable sums to the local "attractions"; Harrogate goes one better by offering visitors municipal displays of fireworks; at least a score of local authorities own golf-links and cycle-tracks, and, on a somewhat higher plane, schemes are constantly being put forward for municipal leisureare offices, municipal banking, and municipal ownership of coal-mines and canals.

Side by side, and intimately connected with all this, are to be noted a prodigious expansion of municipal indebtedness—it now stands at well over \$1,200,000,000—and an increase in the local free allowance as great. The way in which local authorities plunder manufacturers, industrial companies, well-to-do traders, and property-owners, that to some fresh municipal enterprise may be undertaken, is almost incredible. The question of local rates is becoming as formidable to British industry as the question of trade-unionism. Moreover, it is a fact that the "new municipalism" is the direct outcome of the concerted movement which English trade-unionists, Socialists, and laborers have organized for the capture of the local authorities. They have pushed forward this movement with an electioneering skill worthy of an American campaign-manager. One result of their irritation into city councils is that the best type of men are ceasing to interest themselves in local affairs; another is that while the range of municipal activity is constantly widening, its efficiency is as steadily deteriorating. At the same time a bureaucracy of municipal office-holders is being solidly formed, and even the municipal employees are now a sort of trade-union on their own account. Add to this the unfairness of a local authority competing with and finally crushing private traders and professional men, add the paralyzing effect on invention and initiative, add further the recklessness with which wild-ent schemes are plunged into and the extravagant inefficiency with which they are usually prosecuted, add finally the suspicion that a municipal balance-sheet needs as close a scrutiny as a prospectus from Mr. Whitaker Wright's pen, and you will understand why Englishmen envy America her hundred years' backwardness.

The Effect of the Kaiser's Speeches

By Wolf van Schierbrand

If I were asked the question, What effect, on the whole, have had the Kaiser's speeches? my deliberate answer would be, On the whole, a good one. And in making such answer I am well aware that it runs counter to the prevalent opinion, both of this country and of England. But it is, I honestly believe, nevertheless, the true and fair one.

For one thing, then, it must be borne in mind that the Kaiser, in most cases, in talking to his people, the Germans. And with all their high mental culture, their many sterling qualities, the Germans are, in political education, at least a whole century behind either England or the United States. The frank and well-instructed minds of Germany, those who have been reared abroad should long enough to form an intelligent opinion, admit this, irrespective of party ties. Now, in speaking to a people like that—a people of their overwhelming majority composed of monarchists by conviction and tradition, steeped in the faith that good can come to them, if at all, only through and by their rulers, it must be manifest to every unprejudiced person that modes of speech and methods of style must be adopted to produce a given effect different from those that would produce a similar effect on a nation politically more advanced.

That the Kaiser himself knows this full well is proven by the fact that when speaking to representatives of other nations—to American, Englishmen, even Frenchmen—he never makes use of the bombast, dictatorial, oracular mode of delivering himself which he, as a ruler, employs in his public addresses to his own people. Witness in striking proof of this his speech, on July 10, 1891, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Guildhall, London. It might be objected that representatives of other nations, above all, American and English, would "stand" such speeches. Very well, admit that—they wouldn't; and the Kaiser knows it, and does not talk to them, or of them, in that objectionable manner, which always proves our contention. He usually gauges his audience quite keenly and accurately, and he tells them that which he knows will be good for them. That he, with all that, is quite honest in his "ruler-by-divine-right" belief, admits scarcely of doubt, and does not alter the above fact. To the vast majority of the Germans of to-day neither the subject-matter of his innumerable speeches nor their peculiar force is at all distasteful. Many of them touched chords in the German soul which would not have vibrated otherwise; and only touched them, but stirred them so electrically as to produce action and lasting effect on the phases of national life.

Turning now to the peculiar conditions in which the German Empire is placed, it will readily be seen that they account for much that seems strange to us in his talk. For the young empire is all the while contending against a sea of troubles, both within and without. As to the troubles within, they are, first to mention the chief ones—three: The absolute necessity of a firmer consolidation; the splitting up of political life into a score of factions, none of which is able able to accomplish anything; and the Socialist danger. And as regards the foreign situation, we see Germany surrounded, east and west and north, by powerful foes, forever at the watch, quick and willing to seize a really favorable opportunity for the dismemberment of the empire. We see her, besides, in the stress of a fierce and never-ceasing competition, political and commercial, with all the rest of the world. And yet the empire's soil is

inferior in fertility and resources to that of her neighbors and most of her rivals.

Now let us see what purposes the Kaiser has chiefly had in view when speaking publicly. In the main these purposes have been the following: To preserve the peace of the world, enabling Germany to develop internally, and to rely on the fruits of her efforts in industry, commerce, science, invention; to strengthen the bonds of cohesion which hold the empire together; to foster and direct the expansion of Germany's political and commercial fields. A recent German compilation of the Kaiser's speeches, shortly to be published in English by Harper & Brothers, furnishes authentic and exhaustive material on which to base these claims. No one reading these speeches in their totality can help the deduction that his main program as a ruler is bounded by the limits defined above. But it will repay the trouble to go a little more into details here.

As to his efforts to preserve the peace of the world, his visits, at the outset of his reign and since, to Russia, England, Austria, Italy, and elsewhere, and his toasts and speeches, telegrams and letters, give abundant proof that he was both sincere, untiring, and successful in these labors. In the light supplied by them there remains scarcely a doubt that it was principally owing to him that no war broke out between Russia and France on the one hand, and Germany, Austria, and Italy on the other, any time from 1883 to the death of Czar Alexander III., in the autumn of 1894. He made skillful use of the only effective means at hand to prevent this war—he convinced his adversaries that Germany wanted no war, and would do everything she honorably could to avoid it, and he convinced them equally of the fact that Germany would fight hard, and go into the fray prepared for a life-and-death struggle if forced into it. The latter conviction he contrived to convey by repeated and enormous enlargements of the German army during that period, and by knitting together the Triple Alliance. The evidence is as irrefragable in regard to the other two tasks he had set himself. No close observer of German internal affairs will deny that the Kaiser has succeeded to an unprecedented degree in strengthening and multiplying the cohesive forces that bind the young empire together. He has wiped out the strife between the Catholic Church and the Protestant state in Germany, known under the name of *Culturkampf*, and which he took over as an inheritance from Bismarck. He has made loyal disaffected Alsace-Lorraine. He has made the relations between Emperor and the co-ordinated German sovereigns much more intimate and pleasant. He has vastly improved and doubled the size of the army. He has created the formidable German navy.

As to Germany's expansion, political and commercial, the Kaiser is practically responsible for it. That the world admits. And the same remark applies to Germany's internal advance in all material things—industry, trade, shipping, applied science, general prosperity. It is no mere coincidence that the last decade of the Kaiser's reign has seen Germany bound foremost on the path of expansion at a marvellous rate. It is largely due to his unending energies in that direction.

Thus, then, the Kaiser's hundreds of speeches subserving these chief purposes of his, have unquestionably produced vast good, not to his country and people alone, but to the world at large, inasmuch as they have served to keep Germany bound foremost on the path of expansion at a marvellous rate, and in a manner that has contributed immensely to the welfare of mankind as a whole.

But there is an entire category of his speeches which have achieved not good, but evil. In it belong his many public utter-

ances against political Liberalism, for whose dwindling sway in Germany he is mainly responsible; his amazingly violent diatribes and insults hurled against the Socialists of Germany, comprising, it must be remembered, one-fourth or more of the entire population; those against the freedom of the press and against the new literature and art of Germany; and also those many wild and irrational sayings and orders to his soldiers, sailors, and recruits. Of the latter, no doubt, more at least were momentary ebullitions, not to be taken seriously. One may arrive at that conclusion because they have been excluded, at the implied behest of the Kaiser himself, from recent compilations. But enough of them remain to make the calm observer stand aghast.

The other day, August Hebel, the Socialist leader, delivered one of his characteristic speeches in the Reichstag. It was a scathing and almost hysterical frank reply to the Kaiser's innumerable attacks on his party. Anybody who has been on the inside of German affairs knows that, in sober truth, the Socialists there—who must not be confounded in their teachings with Socialists elsewhere—have been and are the most powerful check on the growth of monarchism, and have benefited the laboring classes in the empire as no other factors together have not. The Kaiser's dread of them is unerring.

And while the Kaiser's speeches have had a most unwholesome effect on German literature and art, they have been still more harmful as to press conditions in the empire. It is an undeniable fact that the Kaiser has threatened freedom of opinion and its expression there, and this to a degree without a parallel. The press in Germany is muzzled and powerless. The writer himself (if he may be pardoned for mentioning the case) illustrates this, for he was expelled from Berlin for writing, as an American correspondent, the truth about the Emperor, expelled, broken in health, raised financially by a supple it would be but human—in Hebel's own life. If a similar opportunity offered, should confound my private wrongs with the public ones wrought by the Kaiser's illiberal policy toward the press. But that would not be fair to the reader nor to the Kaiser. It is, however, strictly within the truth to say that his practically absolute power has given the Kaiser a notion that he is infallible, and that to hold, or, above all, express, opinions at variance with his own is tantamount to high treason, tantamount to injuring the empire's interests. That again is quite "human." I do not doubt for a moment the sincerity of his convictions and notions. In fact, his most inveterate foes within the empire, the Socialists, admit that much themselves. But that does not alter the fact that Hebel's charge is true—the Kaiser, in his speeches, and in his whole public activity away beyond constitutional limits, limits which he solemnly pledged himself to adhere to on ascending the throne. However, the point at issue in this article scarcely concerns itself with that question, interesting as it is.

Striking a general balance, after carefully weighing his evidence on either side, I am constrained to say that, in his speeches, and in his whole public activity away beyond constitutional limits, limits which he solemnly pledged himself to adhere to on ascending the throne. However, the point at issue in this article scarcely concerns itself with that question, interesting as it is.

The Kaiser fills, no doubt, an anomalous position in the world's eye. He is a bundle of contradictions. His double lineage—Hohenzollern and Guelphic—renders for that, his complex nature, in his behavior, more dazzling and yet impartially than in his very speeches. But much of what is anomalous in his speeches is due not so much to him as to the anomalous circumstances surrounding him as a ruler.

Personal Impressions of Monte Carlo

By Maurice Maeterlinck

I

I SACRIFICED—for it is a sacrifice to give up the incomparable play of the stars and moon on the divine Mediterranean—sacrificed a few evenings of my stay in the land of the sun to the consulting of the most mystic god of this world of ours, in the highest, the most gorgeous, and the most individual of his temples.

This temple stands down there, at Monte Carlo, on a rock bathed in the dazzling light of the sun and sky. Enchanted garden, where blossom in January all the flowers of spring, summer, and autumn, sweet-scented thickets that borrow nothing from the hostile seasons but their perfume and their smiles, lie before its porch. The orange, most lovable of all trees, the palm, the lemon-tree, the almost wreath it with gypsy. The crowds approach it by royal stairways. But, oark you, the building is not worthy of the admirable site which it commands, of the delicious hills, the azure and emerald gulf, the happy meadows that surround it. Nor is it worthy either of the god whom it shelters, or of the idea which it represents. It is impudently emphatic and hideously blatant. It suggests the low insolence, the overbearing conceits of the funkier who has grown rich but remains obsequious. Examination shows it to be solidly built and very large; nevertheless, it wears the mean and sadly pretentious air of the ephemeral palaces of our great exhibitions. The august father of Destiny has been honored in a sort of meretricious covered with preserved fruits and sugar canopies. Perhaps the residence was purposely made ridiculous. The builders may have feared lest they should warn or alarm the crowd. They probably wished to make it believe that the kindest, the most frivolous, the most harmlessly capricious, the least serious of the gods awaited his worshippers on a throne of caks inside this confecturer's masterpiece. Ah, no! a mysticism and grave divinity reigns here, a wise and sovereign force, harmonious and sure. He should have been throned in a bare marble palace, severe, simple, and colossal, high and vast, cold and spiritual, rectangular and rigid, positiver and overwhelming.

II

The interior corresponds with the exterior. The rooms are spacious, but decorated with commonplace misfeasance. The acedrics of Chance, the bored, indifferent, monotonous conspirers, look like shop-assistants in their Sunday clothes. They are not the high priests, but the office clerks of Heavard. The rites and implements of the cult are vulgar and commonplace: a few tables, some chairs; here, a sort of bowl or cylinder that turns in the centre of each table, with a tiny ivory ball that rolls in the opposite direction; there, a few packs of cards, and that is all. It needs no more to evoke the immeasurable power that holds the stars in suspense.

III

Around the tables crowd the faithful. Each of them carries within himself hope, belief, different and invisible tragedies and comedies. This, I think, is the spot in which more nervous force and more human passions are accumulated and shrewly squandered than in any other in the world. This is the ill-omened spot where the peerless and, perhaps, divine substance of substances, which, in every other place works pregnant miracles, prodigies of strength,

of beauty and of love, this is the fatal spot whence the flower of the soul, the most precious fluid on the planet, breaks away into nothingness. . . . No more criminal waste can be conceived. This unpredictable force, which knows neither whether to go nor what work to do, which finds no door nor window, no direct object nor manner of transmission, hovers over the table like a mortal shadow, falls back upon itself, and creates a particular atmosphere, a sort of aerating silence which somehow expresses the fever of true silence. In this unwholesome stillness, the voice of Fate's little quill-driver snuffles out the sacred formula: *Faites vos jeux, messieurs, faites vos jeux!* That is to say, make to the hidden god the sacrifice that he demands before he shows himself. Then, somewhere from the crowd, a hand bright with certainty places imperiously the fruit of a year's work on numbers that cannot fail. Other adepts, more cunning, more chromatic, less confident, compound with luck, distribute their chances, compute illusive probabilities, and, having studied the mood and peculiarities of the genius of the table, lay complex and knotty traps for it. Others again stand over a considerable portion of their happiness or their life, at random, to the caprice of numbers.

But now the second formula resounds: *Rive ou ce plus!* That is to say, the god is about to speak! At this moment an eye that could pierce the gray veil of appearances would distinctly see scattered on the plain green cloth (if not actually, then at least potentially, for a single stake is cast, and he who plays of his superfluity to-day will risk his all to-morrow) a cornfield ripening in the sun a thousand miles away, or again, in other squares, a meadow, a wood, a moonlit country house, a shop in some little market town, a staff of book-keepers and accountants bending over ledgers in their gloomy offices, peasants laboring in the rain, hundreds of work-girls slaving from morn to night in deadly factories, miners in the mines, sailors on their ship; the jewels of debauchery, love, or glory; a prison, a dock-yard; joy, misery, injustice, cruelty, *avarice*: crimes, privations, tears.

All this lies there, very peacefully, in those little heaps of smiling gold, in those glossy scraps of paper which ordain disasters that even a lifetime would be powerless ever to efface. The slightest tinct and hostilest movements of these yellow counters and blue notes will rebound and swell out in the distance, in the real world, in the streets, in the plains, in the trees, in men's blood and in their hearts. They will demolish the house that saw the parents die, carry off the old man's chair, give a new squire to the atombanked village, close a workshop, take away the bread from the children of a handier, divert the course of a river, stay or break a life; and through an infinity of time and space burst the links of an uninterrupted chain of cause and effect. But none of those resounding truths alters an indolent whisper here. There are here more sleeping Furies than on the purple steps of the palace of the Atride; but their eyes of waking and of pain lie hidden at the bottom of men's hearts. Nothing but tears, nothing foretells that there are definite life hovering over those present and choosing their victims. Only, the eyes stare a little, while hands shiftily finger a pencil, a bit of paper. Not an unaccommodated word or gesture. Clammy expectation sits motionless. For this is the place of voiceless pantomime, of stifled fighting, of unblink-

ing despair, of tragically masked in silence, of dumb destiny sinking in an atmosphere of lies that blots out every sound.

IV

Meanwhile, the little ball spins on the cylinder, and I reflect upon all that is destroyed by the formidable power conferred on it through a monstrous compact. Each time that it thus starts in search of the mysterious answer, it annihilates all around it the last essential remnants of our social morality: I mean, the value of money. To abolish the value of money and substitute for it a higher ideal would be an admirable achievement; but to abolish it and leave in its place simply nothing is, I conceive, one of the gravest crimes that can be committed against our scheme of evolution. If we look at it from a certain point of view, and purify it of its incidental evils, money is essentially a very worthy symbol: it represents human effort and labor; it is, for the most part, the fruit of laudable sacrifice and noble toil. Whereas here, this symbol, one of the best that was left to us, is daily subjected to public mockery. Suddenly, at the caprice of a little thing as insignificant as a child's toy, ten years of striving, of conscientious thought, of tasks patiently endured, lose all importance. If this ludicrous phenomenon were not isolated on this one rock, no social organization but would have fallen victim to the injury spreading from it. Even now, in its leprous isolation, this devastating influence makes itself felt at a distance which may really have been estimated. We feel that this influence, so inevitable, so malevolent and so profound, is such that when we leave this cursed palace where gold clicks incessantly against the human conscience, we wonder how it is that the everyday life goes on, that patient gardeners consent to keep up the flower-beds in front of the fatal building, that wretched gardeners can be found to watch over its pretents for a contemptible wage; and that a poor little old woman, at the bottom of its marble stairs, amid the coming and going of lucky or ruined gamblers, for years persists in earning a laborious livelihood by selling pennyworths of oranges, almonds, nuts, and matches to the passers-by.

V

While we are making these reflections, the ivory ball slackens its course and begins to hop like a noisy insect over the thirty-seven compartments that assure it. This is the irreversible judgment. O strange infirmity of our eyes, our ears, and that brain of which we are so proud! O strange secrets of the most elementary laws of this world! From the second at which the ball was set in motion to the second at which it falls into the fateful hole, on the battle-field three yards long, in this childish and mocking form, the mystery of the Universe befits a symbolical, incessant, and disconcerting defeat upon human power and reason.

Collect around this table all the wise men, all the divines, all the sages, all the sages, all the prophets, all the saints, all the wonder-workers, all the mathematicians, all the gnomes of every time and every country, ask them to search their reason, their soul, their knowledge, their heaven for the number so close at hand. The number already almost part of the present at which the little ball will end its race; by them, so that they may footfall that number to us, to invoke their gods that know all, their thoughts that govern the nations and that

aspire to penetrate the worlds: all their efforts will break against this brief puzzle which a child could take in its hand and which no larger fills the smallest moment's space. No one has been able to do it, no one will ever do it. And all the strength, all the certainty of the "bank," which is the impassive, stubborn, determined, and ever-victorious ally of the rhythmical and absolute wisdom of chaos, lie solely in the establishment of man's powerlessness to do it, were it but for the third of a second, that which is about to happen before his eyes.

If, in the span of nearly fifty years during which these formidable experiments have been made on this flower-clad rock, one single being had been found who, in the course of an afternoon, had torn the veil of mystery that covers, at each throw, the tiny future of the tiny ball, the bank would have been broken, the undertaking wrecked. But that abnormal being has not appeared; and the bank well knows that he will never come to all at one of its tables. We see, therefore, how, in spite of all his pride and all his hopes, man knows that he can know nothing.

VI

In truth, Chance, in the sense in which the gamblers understand it, is a god without existence. They worship only a lie, which such of them picture in himself as a different phase. Each of them ascribes it to laws, habits, preferences which are utterly contradictory as a whole and purely imaginary. According to some, it favors certain numbers. According to others, it obeys certain rhythms that are easily grasped. According to others again, it contains within itself a sort of justice which ends by giving an equal value to each group of chances. According to still others, it cannot possibly favor indefinitely any particular series of simple chances for the benefit of the bank. We should never come to an end if we tried to review the whole illusory corpus *forte* of roulette. It is true that, in practice, the indefinite repetition of the same limited accidents necessarily forms groups of coincidences in which the gambler's deluded eye seems to discern some phantom laws. But it is so less true that, upon trial, at the moment when you rely upon the assistance of the surest phantom, it vanishes abruptly and leaves you face to face with the unknown which it was masking.

For the rest, most gamblers bring to the green cloth many other illusions, conscious or instinctive, and infinitely less justifiable. Almost all persuade themselves that Chance reserves for them special and premeditated favors or misfortunes. Almost all imagine some undefined but plausible connection to exist between the little ivory sphere and their presence, their passions, their desires, their vices, their virtues, their merits, their intellectual or moral power, their beauty, their genius, the enigmas of their being, their future, their happiness, and their life. Is it necessary to say that there is no such connection; that there could be none? That little sphere whose judgment they implore, upon which they hope to exercise an occult influence, that inscrutable little ball has something else to do than to occupy itself with their joys and sorrows. It has but thirty or forty seconds of movement and of life; and during those thirty or forty seconds it has to obey more eternal rules, to resolve more definite problems, to accomplish more essential duties than would even find place in man's consciousness or comprehension. It has, among other enormous and difficult things to do, to reconcile on its brief course those two incomprehensible and immeasurable powers which are probably the bifurcated soul of the Universe: centrifugal

force and centripetal force. It has to reckon with all the laws of gravitation, friction, the resistance of the air, all the phenomena of matter. It has to pay attention to the smallest incidents of the earth or sky; for a gambler who leaves his seat and imperceptibly disturbs the floor of the room, or a star that rises in the firmament, compels it to modify and begin anew the whole of its mathematical operations. It has no time to play the part of a goddess either well or ill disposed toward mortals; it is forbidden to neglect a single one of the numberless formalities which inflexibly demands of all that moves within it.

And when at last it attains its goal, it has performed the same incalculable work as the moon or the other cold and indifferent planets which, outside, above, in the transparent azure, rise majestically over the sapphire and silver waters of the Mediterranean. This long work we call Chance, having no other name to give to that which we do not as yet understand.

"Wee Macgregor"

A Few Remarks about James Jay Bell, the coming Man in Scottish Literature, by Robert Barr

THE literary tide which, taken at the flood, led three or four people on to fortune in Scotland, began to ebb some time since. It was a strong tide while it lasted, and the question now arises, in what shape will it



J. J. Bell
Author of "Wee Macgregor"

return? Fashion changes in literature as it does in ladies' hats, and as rapidly. The "Boots Man" novel had had a very good innings, and now it is time for another team to come to the bat. Of course I am mixing my similes, but that is a fashion set by the "Kailyard" School, so if the reader is particular in the matter of similes, I withdraw the man from the bat, and say it is now time for another wave to roll up the sandy shore of literature.

The Scottish novel of the past ten years presented characters of the poor but honest hand. The people who moved about more or less slowly in its pages, were rough and uncouth, so far as its exterior was concerned, but they were always pure gold within. They were capable of amazing and unexpected self-sacrifice, which usually came upon the reader unawares, for until he got well acquainted with them, he thought they were merely un-

cultured bores, narrow, selfish, and in chronic ill-humor. But it invariably turned out that the heart was in the right place, and that, after all, was the main thing from the Scottish novelist's point of view. Many of the discussions turned upon the matter of a somewhat narrow and harsh religion, which frequently brought about a crisis toward the final chapters. But this crisis was always worked down or mitigated by the natural good-heartedness of all concerned. There was also a glimmer of fun of a sort in the books, very sparingly indulged in, and yet some of these novelists actually acquired the reputation of humorists.

But the great asset of recent Scotch novels has been salt water. A while since an educational primer for children was produced in America, entitled *Reading Without Tears*, which was intended to teach the infant how to tread the thorny path of knowledge without getting its hair feet scratched by the brambles. *Reading Without Tears* would have proved a most inadequate introduction to the works of the "Kailyard" cult, for the water-works idea proved so successful that the later efforts of the school began to indicate a lack of adequate plumbing. One of the most popular of the coterie rapidly degenerated into slush, until it seemed as if we would have to wear waterproof and rubber-gloves were we tackled him.

One would have thought that the revolution against this submerged state of things would have been inaugurated by either Americans or Englishmen, but the anti-slush movement was led by Scotchmen. For some time an uneasy feeling had been prevalent among the Caledonians that they were not really the white-winged angels depicted by this group of writers. I think it was the poet W. E. Henley who pinned to the coat tails of the group the placard labelled "Kailyard" or if it was not Henley, it was some writer for the magazine which the poet at that time edited. However, the great example of the swing of the pendulum was the issuing of the late George Douglas Brown's biting book, *The House with the Green Shutters*. This was a work of genius, which many of the books of the Kailyards were not, but it was nevertheless an untrue to life in the one direction as Ian Maclaren's goodly-goodly contributions were on the other. *The House with the Green Shutters* could not have founded a school, an did the Window (a *Taraxacum*, for it could not be limited, and the author of the former told me himself that he did not intend to write such another. I heard an alleged Scottish humorist say the other day that the *Green Shutters* had closed on the Window in *Taraxacum*, but I think the Window in *Taraxacum* is the one book issued by the "Kailyard" combination that will live, and I doubt if that can be said for *The House with the Green Shutters*.

A story must be founded on eternal truth if it is to taste eternity. It must be without false note, exaggeration, or melodrama; such a work, for instance, as *Rob and His Friends*. The average Scotoman knew very well that he inhabited neither the house with the green shutters nor a cottage in Drumochter. The coming man in Scottish literature, then, is likely to take a middle course between the bitter hardness of the one and the sentimental gush of the other.

Is this man in sight? I think so. Towards the end of last year a friend in Edinburgh called my attention to some domestic sketches that were appearing in a Glasgow paper. I read a few of them, and found for the first time, set down in print, the kind of Lowland Scotch which I talked down in Glasgow the year or four years, and which was a constant source of merriment to young Americans when I imported the lingo. Dialect, except

for the native, is a drawback rather than a recommendation in a story. In English-speaking countries a book succeeds in spite of its dialect, rather than because of it, and it requires sterling qualities in the matter to overcome the disadvantages of the dialect. These assigned sketches seemed to me to contain the necessary sterling qualities. There was exhibited a fine, delicate humor, and a touch of pathos now and then equally fine and delicate. Through them all ran a sweet domesticity, the touching flavor of a humble home.

There was an utter absence of straining for effect, and real life was depicted exactly as it exists in that lower sphere which the author had chosen. Later I met Mr. J. J. Bell, the writer of these contributions to the Glasgow paper. He is a very young man, and is modest as most of them are at the beginning. It did not occur to him that these sketches were of any value; in fact, when he sent the first of them to the editor he wrote him a letter apologizing for the contribution. Mr. Bell at first time was on the staff of the Glasgow Evening Times, and it was his duty to furnish a column to that paper every now and then as occasion required. This column was generally on some topical subject, but one day nothing particular happened to write about, and he sent to the editor a sketch which lay by him in which his hero "Wee Macgregor" first appears. He told the editor frankly in his note that if this falling away from duty was excused, he would not offend again, and suggested that the sketch be not used unless it was absolutely necessary to fill in the space. The editor, however, was taken with it and published it. Its local success in Glasgow was instantaneous, and so many letters poured in upon the manager of the paper that he asked Mr. Bell to carry his small hero a few steps farther. Even when "Wee Macgregor" had been appearing for some time, Bell had no notion of the value of his contributions, and it was that sterling novelist Neil Munro who first suggested that they should be put together in a book. Here, however, the usual difficulty met the young and unknown author. He offered the book to two publishers, asking a modest \$50 for its sale outright. Luckily both refused, and as Neil Munro and other friends urged its publication, the young man offered the book for nothing, and that being also declined, he published it at his own expense. Even then he did not venture to put his name on the cover, but contented himself with the initials that had appeared in the newspaper. It was brought out in a form which publishers recognize as little liable to produce a profit, namely, in paper covers at the price of one shilling. As was the case with Hugh Conway's *Colored Boys*, the printing-press had to run night and day to supply the demand, and up to the time of writing, the profits have amounted to more than \$15,000, and England is just beginning to wake up to the fact that such a book is in existence. It was only the other week that it began to appear in the book-stalls of London.

John Joy Bell was born in 1871. After the usual school life of a Scottish boy, he entered Glasgow University, where he studied chemistry. I believe it was his inclination in the first place to learn the blending of tobacco, for his father is one of the chief tobacco manufacturers of Scotland. But when he left the university he was attracted toward the literary life, and took the first steps leading thereto by becoming a newspaper man. His book is soon to be got out in more expensive form, illustrated by Mr. A. S. Boyd, a fellow-townman, but for many years resident in London. Mr. Boyd belongs to the Punch staff and to the staff of the *Daily Graphic*. The artist has been almost the lifelong friend of Bret Harte, and it was Bret

Harte who persuaded him to leave Glasgow for London, and who was his introducer: in the metropolis.

Shakespeare and the Theatre

SHAKESPEARE'S plays were written for the theatre and survive for the library. This is the truth, so far as England and America are concerned. It is not true in Germany and Austria, in Berlin and in Vienna, and in a score of smaller cities, where the tragedies and comedies of the greatest of poets are still acceptably upon the boards, still presented by actors whose minds have been dignified and whose sentiments have been elevated by familiar associations with high thoughts, by deep and moving passions, and by noble verse. In England and in this country Shakespeare has become harder possible; his plays, apparently, are not for our stage; his lines do not fit the mouth of our actors. If we, whose poet he is, want Shakespeare, we must take him in the corner of our libraries. It is true that an actor or an actor-manager, now and then, stung into a worthy ambition by the sneer of the critic, or by the jeer of the old playgoer who goes no longer, or by the ghost of an uneasy recollection, or by no matter what—it is true that sometimes such an actor or actor-manager may "have the honor of the present," to quote the lucky phrase of to-day, some one of those plays of William Shakespeare which permit of clothes and scenery. And to these scenic productions go conscientious mothers of dimly lighted virgin minds, with the purpose of the improvement thereof. Schoolmasters, fathers, the seekers after culture, go to these "revivals" of the great master as they go to church, or to the Lowell lectures, or as they read aloud, and, apparently, of the work of university settlements, or of the achievements of the tenement-house commission. These fill the seats of the theatre with restless boys and girls for the sake of the influence upon their minds and manners. They want the children to have a certain familiarity with the greatest poet of the race, and so they take them to see a stage-manager's production, and to listen to actors who cannot represent the living scene or repeat the lines with proper emphasis.

The truth is that we no longer have English-speaking Shakespearean actors. Time was when this was not true. Edwin Booth probably engaged the last company of old-fashioned actors who were bred in the traditions of Shakespeare. These lived on Shakespeare's imagery. They ordered their breakfasts in blank verse, and betrayed the literary dignity of the kings and knights and villains of the Elizabethan drama, but, also, their minds were dignified, and the fibre of their intellect was toughened by the great thoughts and the great passions with which they dwelt. There are none such now, or not so many that a real Shakespearean star could find a sufficient number to fill the minor parts in "Hamlet" or "Lear" or "Macbeth" or "Julius Cæsar" or "Romeo and Juliet," to say nothing of the comedies which require, on the part of the actor, a nice interpretation—that is, a nice discrimination, a consummate art, a keen appreciation of the literary values of the lines, and a quick responsiveness to the spirit of the poet.

The reason for this lack of actors capable of Shakespeare is clear to all who know the modern stage. Actors are no longer trained to the expression of the grand poetic philosophy of Shakespeare. The old rare of actors who could fill the stage with the heroes, the villains, and the clowns of England, whom Shakespeare portrayed, is dead.

A new race has succeeded, and the men and women of this race have not been bred on elemental food. It is impossible to train an actor for high thoughts or for the appropriate repetition of noble sentiments by way of modern farce-comedy. The actor of to-day spends his life either in displaying to society its own follies, or in amusing it by preaching to it, or in bringing a laugh to modest cheeks that ought to be blushing, or in beguiling the weary with extravaganzas. A mind devoted to mere pastime is not likely to be hospitable to Shakespeare. A bad course in Howery slang does not open the intelligence to the melior humor of the "Merry Wives," or to the orish wisdom of the grass-diggers in "Hamlet," nor does it lead to an appreciation of the satire of *Dog-Beady*, or of the keen wit of the two who stung themselves into mortal love. The quips and jests of the modern burlesque not only lack the distinction of ancient English tavern raillery, but they demoralize the mind that devotes itself to them.

The mind of the modern actor—we speak, of course, of the man, not of all—the in his dancing legs, his side-splitting grimaces, his "business," his exaggerations of peculiar lives of to-day. The mind thus devoted to the lighter tasks of jocular, skipping also from one author's jokes to those of another, on a moment's notice, as its possessor skips from town to town and from stage to stage, is not a mind that can suddenly turn to the contemplation and the study of Shakespeare with any hope that the lines of the poet will get the better of the encounter. The actor who is to play Shakespeare acceptably must not strive away his intellectual dignity. One cannot sing "Mary had a Little Lamb," with all the enthusiasms of his soul, for three hundred nights, and hope to be equal to the Magnificent or a *Is Drum*, or *Kingfried's Rhine Journey*, on three hundred-and-first night. The tasks to which the modern English and American manager puts the English and American actor have destroyed the old school of Shakespearean actors. Now we are not saying that this is not for the best; that in the processes of the evolution of the arts the theatre has not naturally become what it is. Still, in writing this phrase, which must be accepted as nothing in the world but politeness, we inevitably think of the stage of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna, and of Rome, and wonder how it is that the dramatic art continues to flourish in those Continental cities, while farce-comedy is about as near as we can get to it. At any rate, this we know, that the English or American actor is incapable of giving us Shakespeare; that he reads the immortal lines with the unconsciousness of one who comes to a string of words of no quality which, to his mind, is its inscrutable likeness; that he is out of tune with the master poet of his race—and the only reason that we can assign is that he has passed his life in unbending his mind to the expression of trivialities and commonplace, and therefore it has lost its dignity. We know, too, that the almost total disappearance of Shakespeare from the English-speaking stage is due to lack of intellectual interest in Shakespeare himself. He continues to charm German audiences, and when he is announced in New York the cultivated and their small charges throng the theatre, only to be disappointed. While our theatre has no place for Shakespeare, our libraries have, and the Englishman or the American who is sensible reads his poet's plays instead of going to the theatre to see them slaughtered. But it will not be always so, for Shakespeare wrote, as we have said, for the stage, and on the stage he will some day again be played by actors yet unborn, in England and in America, as he is played to-day in Berlin and Vienna.

Books and Bookmen

The Sentimentalist, the Romancer, the Humorist—these we know in American fiction, but where are the Philosopher and the Comic Muse? "Comedy," says George Meredith, "was never one of the most honored of the Muses. . . It has subsided altogether as a power in the profession of humanity; but it is an error to suppose it extinct." Again, he desiderates: "A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. . . Moreover, to touch and handle the mind through laughter demands more than sprightliness, a most subtle delicacy. He must be subtle to penetrate." Yet again: "The Philosopher and the Comic Poet are of a coinship in the eye they rest on life." Wherefore we say—deduce that the Philosopher and the Comic Muse came last in the progress of any civilization, and that the presence of both or either connotes the existence of a marked degree of intellectual activity and ripeness. The mind of the nation has been passing through a period of semi-barbarism and giddy pride in the lustiness of adolescent being, of a feverish rhapsody and emotional instability. To all this the novel of sentiment, the romance of history, the rattle of wit, the mélange of humor and pathos, of which we have had a surfeit, have been the natural mental pabulum so they have been naturally its product. But the river runs to the sea, and a hazy atmosphere gives place in clearing to an ideal one. That we are at present in a state of intellectual transition is clear to the observing student; that it will lead to a higher and surer intellectual plane is devoutly to be hoped. Meanwhile, we are grateful for any sign that we may desire, in the exodus from intellectual apathy, of that divinity which shapes the ends of national movements in literature and art.

Such a sign we think we see in Mr. William Farragher Payson's new novel, *The Triumph of Life*. It contains a distinct line of cleavage, and separates itself bravely from the fiction we have been accustomed to for some years. It addresses itself to the cultivated, to the alert of mind and the quick of sight; it is that hazardous thing for the author—a perilous venture on the popular intelligence, a bold attempt to face the study of the actual world from the coin of vantage of the Philosopher and the Comic Muse. George Meredith did it in *The Egoist*. Will the American public be as slow to recognize Mr. Payson's effort at shaking and rousing our intellectual apathy as the English public was with Meredith's masterpiece? We are inclined to think not, for the American mind is more capable of quick response, of agile perceptions, and of a readiness to welcome new ideas and new forms. Moreover, there is an unimpaired sense of comedy, that lays its open to endure the calm, curious eye of the Comic spirit and be probed for what you are. The figures that live and writhe under the sportive leading-strings of Mr. Payson's Comic spirit are essentially modern, peculiar to our time and through-going civilization, types of an exalted variety thrust into public gaze by the complex currents that knit together the noble and ignoble elements in human nature. The girl Cécile, for instance, a darling original character, thrillingly alive, realized with a wonderful sense of vitality and diabolic, how typical of her kind, how real, how present, she is with us! There has been nothing in fiction for a long time like the visualizing process in the opening chapters by which she is revealed to us. Take this passage:

Who else could so cogent with the prophecies, yet never actually offend? Thus are the faces of the Variétés writhed for the Madonna Square. Subtly she appreciated virtue. Was it not an expedient always to be regarded as the most valuable asset of ambition! In the old dark days of the quain and alleys, come who might to the Quarter, this one possession she had hoarded, so to speak, by an unusual frankness of admission. Though in language and thought and knowledge of things to better than the rest, she had never forfeited, as they had, the first advantage. They had called her "La Petite qui Refuse." Yet it had all been a question of expediency. Never had considered her baroness. [Heraware] once had counselled a priest of Notre Dame; "she is dangerous. Even her virtue is evil."

When we are introduced to her she is located on lower Lexington Avenue. "What irony in her present position! Yes, but what congruity as well! Behind her, the great East Side, the under-world; before her, the highways of fashion. She was poised, one might say, between hell and heaven. Only a couple of blocks away, and there lay Madison Avenue—her dream!" And the reader guesses well that, whoever has to go down before her to bridge the chasm, she will arrive at the goal of her ambition. Two men are used by her to hoist her to the height, though in the end she is hoist by her own petard to a cruel fate, relentless as Tragedy on the heels of Comedy. Matthew Steen is one of these men. "versed only in the outright, the direct, the big plain, forceful methods of his beginnings in the West," where he peddled cheap novels, whereas now he peddles them and conducts a popular magazine for the million. Steele is as aggressively real and alive as his opposite, Stephen Lee, the publisher, of quaint eccentric habits and high ideals, seems shadowy and pathetically unreal in a day of hustle and seize-the-day. The other man used by Cécile as an instrument of her ambition is Enoch Lloyd, the central character of the book. He is a most interesting personality. In his Mr. Payson has created a character with which to play the double part of a literary Jekyll and Hyde. And here again he is modern of the moderns, while striking at the roots of moral integrity and expediency that erect or ruin a man's mind and character, and handling in an original way a problem of common conduct focused upon an individual type. To illustrate: only the other day we read in the *London Daily Chronicle* that certain novelists who used to appeal to the suffrages of the best class of readers were counting more and more the notice of editors of popular periodicals and the syndicates which supply fiction wholesale, and to regard these as their main providers of income. "Many writers of this class nowadays," to quote a significant sentence, "either because they mistrust themselves or because they still imagine that it is a degradation of dignity to enter for the readers of penny weekly journals, try to achieve two separate reputations. They go to the fiction editor of a great serial-publishing firm, or to the manager of some syndicate, and offer him work under a pseudonym." The italics are ours, and point the illustration in mind. Enoch Lloyd has published one book true to his ideals. It falls. Temptation comes his way through Matthew Steele, and he yields, using as a pseudonym the anagram on his name, of "Dolly Cohen." The three come when Cécile, partly from motives of revenge, partly from ambition, claims the title to the authorship and threatens Enoch with exposure if he ceases writing or attempts to rob her of the usurped title. The Comic spirit has its wildest fling here. It is Cécile's supreme hour. She is Queen of Bohemia, and

her fascination plays like lightning about the young author. But—

A good man in the direful grasp of ill. His consciousness of great retained still, and Enoch is also drawn by the sweeter influence of the woman he really loves. The damning evidence of his literary charlatanism begins to show without and within. There lies the real tragedy—the moral disintegration, the intellectual decadence, the spiritual death. He tries to write a successor to his first novel to rise to his pristine ideals. The truth is forced upon him. "I don't know the difference between good and evil. . . I have gone so far that I can't distinguish between them. I'm no longer Jekyll and Hyde," he laughed, hoarsely. "I am only Hyde."

We cannot begin to give even the merest hint of the story itself here, in its intricate plot, its various characters, its dramatic unending climaxes. The scenes are laid partly in Bristol, Rhode Island, and mainly in New York, in the vicinity of Madison and Washington squares. There are pictures and scenes that flash and glow with vivid light and color, passages that burn into the memory, characterization that penetrates and strikes home with probing intensity. And Nemesis waits for all, dogging their footsteps to the murky end, or the ultimate victory which is the Triumph of Life. There is deep feeling in the book, passionate earnestness, warm sympathy, profound knowledge of life, an unerring insight into the souls of men and women which in an author so young makes his work a remarkable and startling performance, and raises our hopes for the future of fiction in this country. And, as we said in the beginning, over and through it all there are the shrewdness and spiritiveness of the Comic spirit which finds its vindication in the triumph of a candid realism, the inevitableness of life which pursues and overtakes those who deviate from the moral compass that points the way of sound sense, rightness, and justice. *The Triumph of Life*, be it said is not a book for an idle hour; but few books have appeared in recent American fiction that possess such power of intellectual stimulation and exaltation, and which contribute to the highest and most satisfying pleasures of the imagination.

The recent death of Edna Lyall recalled for a moment the widespread interest which at one time was taken in her fiction. For years before her death she had become little more than a memory to many readers who used to meet in their youth by the author of *Dorothea* and *Kaïph-Ervant*. To such, the following letter from a correspondent, who shared this early enthusiasm, may be of passing interest: "In my school-days at Eastbourne," this lady writes, "we used to see a good deal of Edna Lyall. She was one of our heroines, and we were always delighted to catch a glimpse of her either in the street or at church. One of her favorite walks was on the sea-front—not on the central parade, before the big hotels, but on the quieter, less frequented promenade from the Wish Tower to the foot of Beauty Head. Here on windy days, when the white, spongy foam was blowing in large flakes over the shore, she used to wander up and down, wrapped cozy in a long red cloak. She was generally alone, but was always interested in all that went on around her. A bright smile would pass over her face if she became conscious of recognition by any of the numerous schoolgirls of the town. We passed very frequently the house in College Road where she lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jamson. It was there, in the red-roofed house, looking over the downs, that much of her writing was done."

Correspondence

THE COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE ARGENTINE.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent issue of your paper you quote what purports to be extracts from a letter addressed to President Roosevelt by Mr. Emory C. White. Whilst entertaining the highest respect for the conclusions this gentleman has come to, I consider it my duty as an Argentine citizen to contradict his statements, and dissipate the ideas imbedded into your readers as to the supremacy of the German in the Argentine Republic.

Whilst Germany is undoubtedly having a good time to that country, Americans have nothing to fear as, so far without effort, they have exceeded their trade, until the beginning of 1900, when the wave of prosperity in this country started, and made Americans rather independent in view of their being more inter-State trade than they could conveniently handle. At this date I have visited manufacturers, who have informed me that while running at their full capacity, they are eighteen months behind with their orders (these conditions are notably prevalent in the machinery line).

I admit that the German figures show higher than those of the United States at present, but will proceed to explain the cause of this.

In the first place, the time required by the Americans, under prevailing conditions, is so long that a prospective client would have to wait so long for his goods that they would possibly be useless to him on arrival; he therefore turns to the German, who is hungry for trade, and gives him the order to be executed in a minimum of time.

Secondly, the American manufacturer does not like to make the slight modifications demanded of him to make merchandise suitable to market conditions in those countries, whereas the German will go to any expense to secure an insignificant order, and does not give a brass button for profit on the first few transactions. He has learned the old proverb, "All comes to him that waits."

Thirdly, the German manufacturer gets out a fine Spanish catalogue, with weights and measures according to the metric system, which at once appeals to the Argentine, as he is all but ignorant on the subject of pints, pounds, and ounces. The American sends him his English catalogue, or, if he sends them a Spanish one, it is in one of the vile idioms of that beautiful language, or an essay by a correspondence-school graduate that has ever come nearer a five figure sum than through a phonograph.

It is really painful to note the indifference of the American manufacturer to export trade, whilst he allows the fair-haired Truton to have the floor to himself. The following are a few of the excuses, given me personally, by American manufacturers:

"To make better to pack things special."

"We can't give our time to work out things' weights in kilograms."

"I want my money before the goods leave the premises."

"Oh! Don't worry me about it—the export agents look after it for me."

Another mistake made by American manufacturers is that generally, instead of sending a live representative to South America, they, as a rule, "tie up" with an English house that is in all probability handling the same category of goods for an English manufacturer, and the fact must not be overlooked that an Englishman would sooner sell English goods on a twenty per cent. profit than American at forty per cent.

A few statistical figures as to exports from England, United States, and Germany may not come amiss to your readers, and it will show that German trade is not gain-

ing in any abnormal way when we consider the reasons I have set forth.

	1898	1899	1900
United Kingdom.....	\$2,224,370	\$2,192,807	\$2,222,700
United States.....	4,606,399	10,150,714	13,450,939
Germany.....	11,381,549	11,154,105	13,450,413

It must also be taken into consideration that owing to the difficulties of transportation between this country and the Argentine, many shipments are made from branches in England of American houses (such as the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company), and would therefore appear as exports from the United Kingdom.

As to the competition from the English, nothing is to be feared unless they "Americanize," which is highly improbable on account of their very conservative ideas. American goods are in favor, and when Uncle Sam wants the trade and really goes for it, he will find that there is not so much competition actually existing, other than the demand of foreign goods due to his neglect of the market.

Patent medicines are, of course, barred, as the Argentines are a intensely healthy race.

I am, sir,

ALEXANDER E. HOCH.

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

DORRIS, MASS., MARCH 25, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read with much interest your correspondent A. B.'s letter concerning Mrs. Humphry Ward and her latest heroine. I think he (or she) has succeeded admirably in summing up Mrs. Ward's splendid qualities as a novelist. A practiced professional critic could hardly have done better. But I wonder how your correspondent would reply to a piece of severe criticism of *Lady Rose's Daughter* which, in a single sentence, a young woman threw at me across a dinner table the other evening when I ventured to express the delight the book had given me. "Julie Le Bretton," said the fair critic, "is an utterly selfish young woman." My first impulse was to deny the fact and quote chapter and verse in support of my view. But as I mentally ran over the scenes of the book I grew perplexed, and I am still at a loss for an answer. Is Julie really mean and selfish?

I am, sir,

PERPLEXED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out April 22) will have, among other features, *The President's Western Trip*, with photographs from our own representative on the President's train; *Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago*—a far-reaching plan now under way to solve Chicago's transportation problem; *Radium, the wizard metal*—a scientific paper, showing results of experiments and new discoveries; *The new Cup Defender*, with pictures of the launching of the "Reliance," and a critical estimate by an expert yachtsman on our chances for winning the Cup; *New Automobile Head-dresses and Costumes worn by the American Auto Girl*; *The beginning of the Fishing Season*—a double-page drawing by Clarence F. Underwood—etc., etc.

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Finance

While "sentiment" is perhaps not so pessimistic in the speculative community at this writing as it was a fortnight ago, the security markets are still under the influence of professional operators. It is not very long ago that every one professed to be appalled by the potential dangers of the situation, created chiefly by the huge mass of "undigested" securities and by the inefficiency of money with which to carry on the enormous business of the country at large, and at the same time permit the financial and underwriting syndicates to "carry" their heavy loads of unsold goods. But whereas at the beginning of the downward movement the bears found ample ammunition and encouragement in the liquidation by timid or weak holders, the later operations for the fall disclosed the cessation of other selling than that of the bears themselves. The market, to all appearances, was sold to a standstill, as the Wall Street phrase goes. The talk of the syndicates staggering pitifully under their huge unmarketed loads, and of permanently higher rates of money, lost its potency temporarily, and professional Wall Street remembered the old adage to "never sell stocks while the sap is running up." This is not a propitious season for a bear market, according to long and honored precedents. The last bank statement was bad; it was, indeed, much worse than the Street had looked for. But so many people endeavored to take advantage of the fancied opportunity to reduce commitments on the short side of the account, that prices, instead of falling, actually rose. It showed clearly what technical conditions were. On the following Monday, however, the overwhelming masses of the Southern Pacific Union Pacific content disappeared by the refusal of Judge Landon to make permanent the injunction asked for by the representatives of the Keene pool, restraining the Union Pacific from voting its holdings of Southern Pacific at the annual meeting of the latter company. On general principles, Wall Street is always frightened by what it calls fights among "big interests," and the prospect of a campaign of annihilation by James R. Keene on the one side, and Mr. Harriman and his associates on the other side, was altogether too much for its nerves.

It is but fair to add, however, that Mr. Keene—or his representatives—raised questions of far greater importance than the declaration of dividends on a stock, which might or might not have helped the marketing of the Keene pool's holdings. If the court had decided that the Union Pacific could not vote its Southern Pacific holdings because it had no legal right to hold such stock at all, it requires no financial expert to realize the disastrous consequences of such a decision to the principal railroad systems of the United States, notably the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. However, the Union Pacific won the first round, for the language of the early bulletin sent to Wall Street, was true and "sporty," to wit, "Harriman wins!" The market rose a trifle, but lost ground when the news came that the annual election of the Southern Pacific Company had been indefinitely postponed, to allow the plaintiff's lawyers to appeal to the Federal Court of Appeals.

The money outlook is growing less gloomy. It looks as if the return movement of currency in this centre had begun, and there should be easier rates until the usual autumnal stringency. But even when the time comes for the crops to be moved it will be found that Secretary Shaw has profited by last fall's mistakes. Notwithstanding this, at this writing the stock market continues depressed.

Financial

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,733.59
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,594,799.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c's on other Banks .	9,386,664.73
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$3,216,107.78
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Harper's Magazine

For MAY

Photographing the Nebulae

G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy at the Yerkes Observatory

Tells of remarkable new methods of photographing the stars, and shows the important discoveries made. His article is illustrated from many stellar photographs of the greatest interest and never before reproduced.

Sociology

A striking study of the American working woman, written by a woman of culture and refinement, who, in order to study this class, worked among them.

Literature

Hamilton W. Mabie contributes a brilliant essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903, and Joseph Knight writes on Shakespeare's "King John"; his text is accompanied by Mr. Abbey's pictures.

Nature

Sadakichi Hartmann contributes a charming nature study, "Along the Salt Meadows." His article is artistically illustrated from photographs reproduced in tint.

Short Stories

The eight short stories in the May number are a most striking collection. Among them are stories by Margaret Deland, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Anna O'Hagan, James Branch Cabell, Arthur Colton, and Octave Thanet.

Travel

Waldemar Bogoras, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes of a strange Northern people, where the old are put to death at their own wish, and where a man is allowed to kill himself when tired of life.

Arthur Symons gives a vivid, poetic picture of life in Constantinople.

Science

Carl Snyder, in an interesting psychological article, tells how the brain thinks, showing the entire material processes of mental operations.

Mr. Abbey's Pictures

There are three exquisite drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in the May Magazine. They illustrate scenes in Shakespeare's "King John," and are reproduced in tint.

Illustrations in Color

The pictures in color in the May number, in addition to Mr. Abbey's drawings, include three full-pages by E. M. Ashe, in full color, a number of dainty drawings accompanying Mr. Symons' paper on Constantinople, and some strikingly artistic photographs.

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

In "The Triumph of Life" William Farquhar Payson works out an absorbing problem of modern life. It is the story of a young writer, who, upon the failure of his first story—a worthy effort—finds himself tempted to write only for money. There are two influences at work, two women—one good and one bad—who seek to pull him in opposite directions. The scenes are laid in New York and Bristol.

WEE MACGREGOR

Harper & Brothers have just brought out the American edition of a book that is creating a furor in Great Britain. This is J. J. Bell's "Wee Macgregor"—a humorously sympathetic study of a wee Scottish laddie, of his father, who is his boon companion and can deny him nothing, and of his mother, who adores and disciplines him. Their most amusing experiences are told from the diverting and wholly unexpected point of view of "Macgregor" and his "paw" and "maw." The humor is new and true.

THE BISHOP

Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest book, "The Bishop," just published, deals with a lovable, militant bishop, who spends his years among Western camps and army posts. The book carries us into scenes of the rough West, peopled by the full-blooded, vigorous men and women that have built up its wildernesses. The Bishop is a wonderfully human character. A clean, vigorous book, and a readable one.

MARJORIE

(Imprint of R. H. RUSSELL.)

Following the success of Justin Huntly McCarthy's romance "If I Were King," and the popular stage presentation of that book, the advent of "Marjorie"—a new novel by Mr. McCarthy—is most opportune. This story is romantic in nature and deals with the daring adventures of a piratically inclined expedition which started to establish a colony in the West Indies. Life, vitality, action, and splendid color enliven the pages and make stormy the course of a dainty love story.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

Lady Rose's Daughter

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

The Washington Post says:

"Mrs. Ward has eclipsed all her previous successes. She has given us a flesh and blood heroine—her charm is wonderful and bewitching."

The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"Neither religious problems, nor politics, nor social contests occupy Julie Le Breton's mind. She is wrapped in an o'ermastering passion of love."

The Milwaukee Free Press says:

"Julie Le Breton has the mysterious gift of the emotions, her stormy, impulsive nature sets the nerves of others vibrating."

The Boston Transcript says:

"The story is the combat between two powers of a brilliant woman's nature. Sometimes you are sure the lawless, the vagabond, the intriguing side will win. But it doesn't."

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by SCOTSON-CLARK

Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. R.P.

The man of the hour in England who is planning to visit America during the summer



The Launching of the "Reliance," which is to defend the Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's "Siamrock III."

Are We Going to Keep the Cup?

THE *Columbus*, *Reliance*, and *Siamrock III*, afford an instructive comparison. The two new boats practically conform to the type of the *Columbus*, which has proven herself thus far the fastest yacht afloat. There are minor differences, but in essentials both of the new boats are copies of the older boat. The main feature is the form of the under body. Both of the new boats have the convex or outward curve of the *Columbus*, on the forefoot, from the fin to the cut-water. *Siamrock II*, and the *Constitution* differed alike from the *Columbus* in having a flatter line along the forefoot. As a consequence both proved inferior to the champion in windward work. It is noteworthy that *Siamrock II*, differed more in this respect than the *Constitution*, and was less westerly. As yachtmen say, "she had less" to hold on to.

The essential difference between the *Reliance* and the *Columbus* are in the greater overall length and beam, and shallower upper body, of the former. The *Reliance*'s beam, from the *Gibson* to this latest creation, are developments of the "sneak box" type. That is, a boat with a broad, flat, spoon-shaped upper body and a lean under body. The "sneak box" proper has a spoon-shaped upper body, but, in the sense here employed, no under body at all. Mr. Bertrams' improvement consisted in creating an under body and adding a fin. Thereby he produced a type of boat faster than anything that had previously set sail. All other designs, both at home and abroad, have been farred in comparison to it.

From the photographs at hand it appears that in the *Reliance* the designer has come closer to the sneak box upper body than ever before in a cup yacht. In other words, the upper body of the *Reliance* is flatter and broader, more spoon-shaped, than that of the *Columbus*. As to the under body, besides being leaner, there is less curve to the fin both fore and aft. It is interesting to note in this connection that, while the *Siamrock III*, does not show the forward part of the fin, the after part presents an even sharper angle than that of the *Reliance*.

It would seem that Mr. Bertrams has preserved in the *Reliance* the convex forefoot of the *Columbus*, to insure ability in windward work, and give her a flatter hull for increased sail-carrying power, and much greater over-all length, to avoid, if possible, the reaching qualities of the older boat. Her over-all length is variously estimated at from 122 to 146 feet, which is from 10 to 14 feet greater than that of the *Columbus*, and her water-line length is put at 88 feet, which is 1 R 7', in, less. Her beam is given at 25 ft. 10 in., which is 1 R. 8 in. greater than the *Columbus*'s, and

only 2 inches less than that of the *Empire*, the heaviest of cup-defenders. In the above, however, of official measurements these figures must be accepted with reserve.

It is likely that the sail area of the *Reliance* will approximate 16,000 square feet, considerably more spread than is carried by any other yacht. The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed description of her construction. It must suffice to say that the structural devices for combining lightness with strength, first introduced in the *Constitution*, have been re-employed. To reduce weight along the water-line an aluminum deck is used—a step in advance of the latter. With the same object in view, tubular bronze is used in the plating of the under body, while that of the upper body is nickel-steel—a lighter material. The new boat also has several inches less freeboard than her predecessors, to bring the hull surface to the resistance of the wind down to the sea-level.

Although, if the water-line length given be approximately correct, due attention has been paid to economizing time allowance, it is probable the *Reliance* will have to allow the *Columbus* something more than a minute over a thirty-knot course.

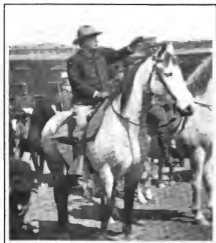
Concerning the challenger, the indications from the trials so far laid are, clearly, that she is the fastest yacht yet sent in quest of the cup, and that she is better, comparatively speaking, in light than in heavy weather. She has already shown excellent form, and that will, no doubt, be improved by tuning up. In the first leeward and windward trial, over a measured course of thirty knots, at Weymouth, on April 9, she beat *Siamrock I*, by 17 min. 26 sec.

The second trial, over a three-legged course, tested better the relative merits of the yachts. The course was an extreme knote, and the yachts went twice around. At the finish the challenger had a lead of 8 min. 31 sec., but, as she allowed 10 min, the old boat won by 5 min. 29 sec.

It may be inferred from this performance that *Siamrock III*, when tuned up to her proper form, will be from seven to ten minutes faster than *Siamrock I*, over a thirty-knot course. The *Columbus* beat *Siamrock I*, more than ten minutes under much the same weather conditions. But the *Columbus*, as her meetings with the *Empire* showed, was a much faster boat in 1901 than in 1909. *Siamrock II*, beat her older sister uniformly, though not so decisively as the latest of the name, and yet, with conditions sailing her as if made to order, failed to get a single race from the *Columbus*. Leaving the *Reliance* altogether out of consideration, therefore, the cup may be regarded as reasonably safe.

The President's Western Trip

Photographs taken for Harper's Weekly by N. Lazarnick, our special representative



The President addressing the Embargo at Gardiner, the Entrance to Yellowstone Park



Colonel Pitcher discussing the President's Trip through the Park with Secretary Love



A Meeting with the President in the Town Hall at his old Home, Medora, N. D. This picture was taken at the President's special request



The President's Arrival at Yellowstone Park and Meeting with Colonel Palmer, the Superintendent of the Park



John Burroughs, the well-known Writer and Naturalist, who went with the President to Yellowstone Park



Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sidney Harrison

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

One of the interesting features of the annual Military Tournament which begins next week in New York, will be the exhibition of skilful driving by the Artillery Corps. Two days are devoted to the ground and two to sufficient distance where to allow a gun-carriage to pass between the posts part of a track, then at a trot, and finally, at a gallop, at full gallop. It rarely happens that the wheels pass the posts even at full speed.

to give up spurs. Spurs is part of a mounted officer's kit, and spurs I intend to wear. This is my plan, and this is what you must do: Go over to the 'ussar lines and get a stout black, or dark-colored strap, about 'arf an inch wide and a fathom and a 'arf long. This strap you must take fast to my starboard stirrup-iron, then take a turn through the iron on the port side, back through the first iron, and then 'round me the slack end when I mounts. Then, you see, when I 'nubs it taut and latches it to a ring on the fore-end of the saddle, it will draw my feet together under the 'orse's body, and I'll lay odds the legging won't shift me then. But get a dark-colored strap, so as it won't be noticeable. Do you quite understand? In course I understood well enough, but I made no heed as to tell 'im that I thought it was a very dangerous game to play, as if the blossom 'orse came down, why, 'e wouldn't be able to get free, and might get a very nasty roll; but 'e wouldn't listen to no reason. 'Danger be 'inged,' said he. The little benjam:

"I don't mind a roll a 'ing. Many a good 'orseman axay get a roll through 'is 'orse a-fallin'. There ain't no disagree attached to that, but I do call it disagreeable for a commanding off'cer to be us shipped before his blossom's parade, and that don't 'uppear again to me.

"So there were nothin' more to be said, and I went off to the 'orse lines of the 'ussars, and soon came across just the bit of tackle as I wanted, and when the skipper come to mount for next mornin's parade I 'ad the tackle rigged according to 'is directions, and 'and 'im the slack end according to 'is orders. Some of the men on parade spotted 'is little 'oldin' tackle, and do 'e get a reputation for bein' a most wonderful 'stinky' rider, for the 'orse played up a bit, I can tell you, 'is 'is first effort in friendship 'im.

"Well, by the end of February, do 'ad 'is command very ship-shape, and it must 'ave been about the last day of that month that we was all concentrated at Fort Tokar, previous to marchin' on Tokar. Well, we went to Tokar, and did no good we got there, the Arabs 'avin' all cleared out, so we was marched back to Trinkitat, and from there we went back to our old lines at Susskin, where we staid till the 11th of March, yes, it must 'ave been the 11th, because we fought Tamal on the 11th, and that were ten months.

"On the 11th we started off again. As we got nearer and nearer the 'ills the enemy seem'd to get thicker, so the general ordered to 'all for the night, and to prevent the camp from bein' rushed we made a march round it of them bushes and such like, arter which rations of bulle's beef were served out, and we lay down, as the night afore, to sleep the best way we could. The night passed 'omfortable, and next mornin' about eight o'clock we was all formed up in two brigades, and advanced towards the enemy, who was 'idin' in a lot of broken ground in front. We'd not gone very far before the Arab 'orse came for us like a 'undred thousand wild cats. Our ranks opened fire pretty sharp, and 'undreds of 'em went down, but the others come on just the same, and things began to look a bit too warm for some of us. Just as the square got real busy, a stiff officer come up to do, who was a-settin' on

'is old 'orse a-spendin' a real 'appy day, and said as 'ow the general 'ad give permission for mounted officers to dismount. Now do 'e couldn't very well dismount without givin' 'is patent 'oldin' tackle away, so 'e just took 'is chances and staid where 'e was, and I staid quiet arter 'is lie, ready to take the 'orse if 'e should change 'is mind. The old 'orse took no notice of the firing, and stood as quiet as if 'e was in 'is own stable. Suddenly the square began to give ground a bit, the pressure on the front line bein' more than our men could stand. But they rallied quick, and made a move forward again, and, the side face not comin' thick enough, a gap was opened at one corner, for which a gang of Arabs moved like a shot, and in another minute they would 'ave been a-sashin' around inside the square if it 'adn't 'a-been for do.

"Just a second or two after the gap were opened the old 'orse was struck fair and square on the quarter by a spent bullet.

"Evens, 'e left the 'right of 'isself, a leg which would 'ave unshipped the skipper, but for 'is patent tackle, and bolted around the square. 'E jumped clean over a baggage camel as 'e was a-lyin', knocked over a couple of mules, and went fair for the spot where the Fuzzy Wuzzies was just a-goin' to break in. 'e 'ad quite given up stoppin' 'im at that time. 'E 'ad picked up 'is sword, which was dancin' by the knot from 'is wrist, and as the old 'orse charged the leadin' Arab and sent 'im flyin', do 'e gave 'is wild war whoop, and fair split the next 'orse's 'ead open with 'is old sword. 'is course the sword, not bein' used to that sort of treatment, went in two in 'is mid, but do jolted about with the 'eart end in some purpose, though 'e would accidentally 'ave been speared in the end, if some of our soldiers 'adn't come up in time to fill up the gap, and to pull do and the 'orse back again into the square. The skipper 'ad filled the gap, and the situation was saved.

"Well, 'e might never 'ave 'ard no more about it if the general 'adn't 'appened to 'ave cast 'is eye in that direction just as do gave 'is war whoop and bolted over the first gap.

"'Khelp me!' says the general, 'e gets the Cross for that! What blossom! pluck! What 'ommonship!' or words to that effect. And, sure enough, do was recommended for the Cross, and, what's more, 'e got it.

"'An' the horses?"

"Oh, the 'orse. Oh, 'e 'ad fought 'is last fight, 'e 'ad. 'e brought 'im back, do axin', and as 'appy as a girl at 'er first ball, but the poor old creak was a-doinin' like a pig from a spear wound in the chest. 'e 'ad never noticed another 'orse 'idin' 'im, 'e dismounted very quick, and looked at the poor old 'orse, a-sashin' 'is 'ead, quite put out I could see. Yet 'e made me laugh all the same. 'Ah,' 'e said, 'bad job, bad job. 'E'll of a collision four compartments filled. 'Ee, put a collision not over 'is head, and two 'im stars first. That's the only 'orse 'idin' 'im, 'e couldn't do 'im no good. The poor old blighter 'e fell dead, and do had to walk back to Susskin. But 'e didn't care. 'E had been recommended for the V.C., and you might 'ave thought as the little man was a-trinkin on nir, instead of Sudan sand and rocks."



As the old 'orse charged

'E gave 'is wild war whoop"



An Expert Weaver at Work on a Tapestry Design



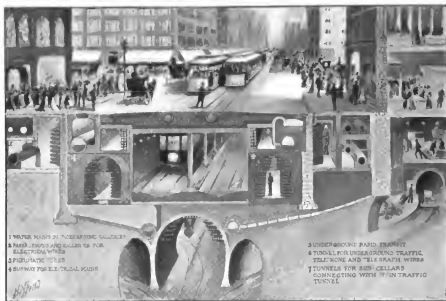
Apprentices and Overseer at the Bronx Tapestry Works

Progress in an Old Art

GOBELIN tapestry is being woven at Willimansbridge, New York. Ten years ago Mr. William Ramsgarten, who is now at the head of the Willimansbridge industry, introduced the art to America. He brought with him from Europe a number of skilled tapestry workers. His former, Mr. John Fuseseder, was master workman of the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works in England, and has long been known as an expert of unusual ability. The work is carried on in an magnificent building beside the Bronx. Mr. Ramsgarten has equipped his plant with the most modern and approved appliances, and is enabled to secure results which equal in artistic effect the best work that is being accomplished to-day in the art of weaving. The industry is similar in effect to that carried on in France, in

the fifteenth century, by the Gobelins. The restoration of old tapestries is a considerable part of the venture, aside from the more important work of creating original designs. In size and the capacity for adequately handling large subjects the Willimansbridge plant has so far developed that it now exceeds the government works at Paris. The establishment of such an enterprise in this country marks a distinct advance in the development of American art.

The occasion for the introduction into our public buildings of Gobelin tapestries of American manufacture occurred when Mr. Charles McKim, the architect, assigned a conspicuous place for their exposition at the head of the grand stairway of the Rhode Island State Capitol.



Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago

By a new plan now being carried out in Chicago all the telephone wires and heavy street traffic will be put underground. The laying of telephone wires, with a cable 16 in. in diameter, will be done in tunnels and not, as now, from the street. It is planned to have the basements of the large stores connected with the tunnel, so that which freight will be sent to all parts of the city. The plan is told about in detail on page 679.

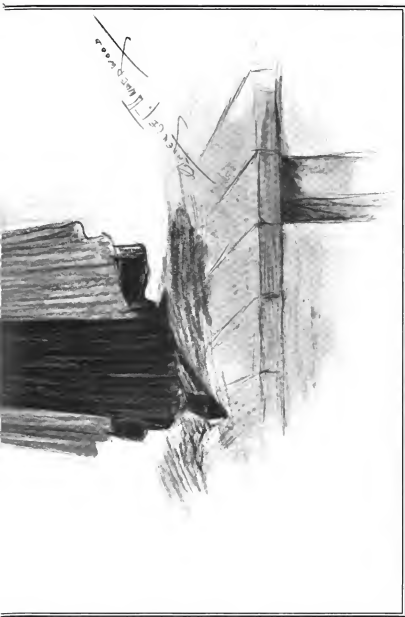


EATING BY MACHINERY

In a New York restaurant recently built, one may drop a coin in a slot and get a dinner. Turnstiles have machines, supply about one hundred different kinds of food and drink. To get a cup of coffee, one drops a coin in a slot and turns a handle. There is a similar plan for soups, soups, and entrees. The whole operation of being served for lunch or dinner takes about a minute.

Drawn by CLARENCE GRAYSON





Drawn by Clarence F. Blinnwood

THE FISHING SEASON HAS BEGUN

BY E. S. MARTIN

*Three days experience prescribes
For fishing of the busy tribes
To hold with rod and reel this moid
Subaqueous lairs with skill invade
Hous' perch and pried, chub and trout,
Her look invites. She pulls them out*

*Admit her cut, well found her bait,
The sport's delightful, but wait!
Hicster different be her plan,
She's bound in time to look a man,
Then watch for trouble to begin,
For if the tackle holds he'll—maybe—pull her in.*

The MISSING COLLARS

A DOMESTIC AFFAIR
BY ALBERT LEVERING



1. Mr. Phelan. "Now, I suppose I can lay my hands right on a new ribbon collar."



2. "Just what I thought, never where they belong. Probably the laundry man's come home yet."



3. "In the bottom drawer, under everything else, I'll bet a five-dollar note."



6. "Collars? Well, how do you mean, why I'll show you 'em right on the spot. I do hope you've had your laundry for them."

What do you mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped business of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity there is a deathful enthusiasm, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity.
Kushin.

ANALYSIS OF MOTHER'S MILK.—Mrs. WOODSON'S NESTLE'S MILK is the best adapted for infant feeding. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures all colic, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —[Ad.]

THE INFANT takes best to human milk; but failing, the mother feeds it on a doctor's milk as the best substitute. BROWN'S ENGLISH BRAND CONDENSED MILK is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Most best for early five years. —[Ad.]

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A HEALTHY GIFT and a health promoter—ABNEY'S, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists. —[Ad.]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD will sell second class tickets to the National Conference of Charities and Correction, Atlanta, Ga., May 6th to 12th, excursion tickets to Atlanta at reduced rates, good going May 30 and 6th, and good returning to each original starting point by May 16th. —[Ad.]

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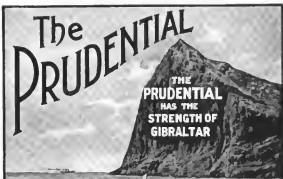
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VIOLETTES DU CZAR



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THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

Americans Invade the East

An American Engineering Feat that gives a new Route between India and China

THE spanning of the Gokteik Gorge in Burmah is considered one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished by Americans outside of their own country. The Burmah Railroad Company officials let the contract to an American company only after the bridge-builders of Great Britain and the Continent had declined to take it, saying the bridge could not be completed in the time specified. An American company asserted that it could be completed, and offered to put up a forfeit if their word was not made good. As a result they were given the contract, and a little band of thirty-five Yankee workmen went to the other side of the world to execute it. In ten months from the time the first girders were put in place, two locomotives met in the centre of the structure.

The towers supporting the centre of the railroad track are about three hundred and twenty feet in height, and in some places the sides of the gorge are so steep that a plumb line may be dropped one hundred and fifty feet without grazing the rock.

Five thousand tons of steel were riveted and bolted into place before the work was completed. In constructing the towers a temporary bridge about one hundred feet high was built in the deepest part of the gorge. This was



A view of the Gokteik Gorge and the American-built bridge, which opens a new route from India to China

used for a tram-road, on which car-loads of material were carried and elevated to the top of the viaduct.

The viaduct carried a gigantic arm which did the work of a thousand men. It contained a machine-shop with tools and lagers; another for the engineer in charge; a telephone exchange, where the men on it could talk to those at either end of the gorge; and a station where signals could be made to the valley below.

A comparison with what has already been done in bridge-building gives an idea of the undertaking. The Kinross viaduct on the Erie Railway in Pennsylvania is two thousand and fifty-three feet long and three hundred and one feet high, and contains three thousand three hundred and fifty tons of steel. The Pecos viaduct in Texas is two thousand one hundred and eighty feet long and three hundred and twenty-one feet high, and contains one thousand eight hundred and twenty tons. The Los Angeles bridge in the Andes Mountains, South America, is three hundred and thirty-six feet high, but only eight hundred feet long, and weighs one thousand one hundred and fifteen tons. The Gokteik is two thousand two hundred and sixty feet long. It is heavier than all of its rivals, and longer and higher than all but one.

An Elizabethan Play by College Students

AN interesting phase of contemporary drama is the attempt to reproduce old plays with sufficient attention to historical setting to carry the spectators back, in some measure, to the stage conditions of the period when the play was first produced. In England these revivals of early plays have been given usually under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society, and during the past winter Americans have seen with no little enthusiasm some of the work of that society in the reproduction of the old morality play, "Everyman." For the most part, however, such reproductions in this country have been undertaken by the students of the universities—a revival of the old custom of rendering the classic drama on the college stage. At Stanford University the interest in this sort of dramatic study has already won some distinction. A year ago the students of the Greek department pre-

sented Sophocles' "Antigone" at their own college and at the University of California; and this year the members of the English Club—a voluntary students' organization—have presented Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the two universities. The representation was planned in conformity with the traditions of the Elizabethan stage of 1610. The stage structure was modeled after the sketch of the Swan Theatre made by the Dutch scholar De Witt, about 1596, and reproduced as closely as possible the London playhouses of Shakespeare's day.

The opening of the play was unassuming, after the historic fashion, by three trumpet calls from the upper windows of the stage structure. There was an curtain raising, and the entire stage was throughout in full view of the audience.



A character from the Play

A scene from the old Elizabethan Play, Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," produced by students at Lehigh University

One of the costumes in detail

Radium—the Wizard Metal

No discovery since the Blenkin says has aroused keener interest or more sensational speculation than that of radium, by Professor and Madame Curie. To be sure, it was already known that certain substances, notably the rare metal uranium and its salts, had the power of giving off radiations closely similar to the X-rays, but the phenomena were rather weak and inconspicuous. But when the Curies extracted from uranium ore a new and mysterious substance pouring out radiations a thousand times more powerful than those from uranium, derived from an apparent source of energy, able to penetrate wood and even metals, raising apparently inert substances into kindred activity, and inflicting savage X-ray burns on the unwary experimenter, there was good cause for popular interest. Consequently, radium has been crowned with a sort of halo of excited hypothesis which will be very slow in disappearing.

The established facts are nevertheless enough without any aid from the imagination, and while they are still far from complete, enough have come to light to justify marshalling them in order, and looking them over with something like judicial calmness. Radium chloride, the usual salt for experiments, is a whitish heavy powder, worth in an impure state nearly \$120 per ounce. Thoroughly purified it would cost nearly \$1000 per ounce, but an ounce for that amount would certainly stagger the world's market. The metal itself has never been prepared from lack of material to imperil in the attempt, but enough has been found out about it to give a fair idea of its properties. It would probably be one of the heaviest metals known, whitish, rather soft, and easily tarnished. It is a very near relation of the rare metal barium, and, like it, would be very troublesome to prepare in a pure state. The chloride gives in the dark with a faint greenish-white light, and starts a similar glow in substances—a tuft of cotton, for instance—placed near it. This phosphorescent light, however, represents only a trivial part of the total radiation given off by the radium salt. It pours out, beside, radiations very closely akin to X-rays in considerable variety. A photographic plate shielded from the light rays by black paper is affected in a few seconds when placed close to the salt. Shadow pictures of metallic objects are quickly obtained in this manner, but the rays pass almost unobstructed through cardboard and thin wood, and less easily through glass and even aluminum foil. As in the case of an X-ray tube, part of the radiation consists of streams of material particles, accompanied by a true radiation somewhat akin to light. The latter is a far less important part of the whole in the radium than in the X-ray tube. A good many substances give off a similar composite radiation after having been exposed to strong light, but very slightly and with rapid loss of power. But the radium keeps steadily at work, and imparts its radio-activity, like its light, to substances near it in a very extraordinary degree. Uranium salts have a similar power, but to enormously less extent. Even when kept in the dark for years they still give off these penetrative rays almost, or quite, as powerfully as after exposure to sunlight. The mystery of the matter lies in the recall source of the energy thus radiated, and in the relation of the material streams to the wave radiation which accompanies them. Whether they are composed of molecules, atoms, or shattered fragments of atoms is not yet definitely known. The weight of the present evidence tends to the last named conclusion, but it depends on a chain of assumptions in which some links are of rather uncertain strength. As to the relation between the light, the penetrating rays, like X-rays, and the material streams, practically nothing is known, but this much is certain, that such mixed radiation is a far commoner property of matter than one would think. Radium seems now to be only a tremendously exaggerated case of a not very uncommon condition. Its immense radio-activity enables experiments on the subject to be carried on very easily, and it serves on a basis of operations in studying the more general problem. Two other

(Continued on page 675.)



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(Continued from page 677.)

alined radioactive materials have turned up, called polonium and radium by the discoverers, but their identity is rather uncertain as yet.

Data on radio-activity are so far rather meagre and ill assorted, but it looks at present very much like the general case of which phosphorescence is a special instance. It is perfectly easy to excite strong phosphorescent light by ordinary radiant energy totally invisible to the eye and to the photographic plate. The named radiations common to radioactive substances can be similarly excited, and their presence in a material which has been kept in the dark for a year—or a thousand years, for that matter—is interesting, but not particularly surprising. There is no darkness to generalized radiation. We say that a room is dark because we have cut off surely that almost infinitesimal fraction of the whole range of radiant energy which the eye perceives, but we are not in the least surprised that a wireless telegraph message can be received in it. And considering the fact that there is an enormous extent of unknown radiations intermediate between light and X-ray's electrical waves, it involves no stretch of imagination to conclude that radium is picking up invisible energy and transforming it into something within the range of our senses. Zinc-blende has for years been known to perform just this feat, but it claims to get its energy supply from a region which, although invisible, can still be explored by existing instruments. The theory just outlined is Madame Curie's explanation of the source of radium radiations, and it certainly agrees with very well-known facts. As for induced radio-activity, it is the same sort of thing that happens in a hot stove—the radiation from the original source does not as such penetrate the iron, but it heats it, and sends off similar radiations from the exterior. And these persist for a while after the fire dies out. Professor Curie's latest result is that radium salts actually keep at a temperature a couple of degrees above their surroundings, a discovery which involves a more curious transformation of energy than any which has gone before. If refined it is safe to say that it will be followed by the discovery of the same property in other materials.

Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago

See page 670

Chicago is planning a new system of subways, by means of which the greater part of its street car traffic, and telegraph and telephone wires are to be placed underground. Already eighteen miles of one of these subways, built in connection with the plan to give Chicago an automatic telephone system, is finished, and plans for the completion of the system are now maturing. It is also proposed to construct tunnels which will furnish an improved system of rapid transit; a separate tunnel conveying with the instruments of street cars and motor-houses along the route, through which freight will be sent to all parts of the city, and which will also carry telephone wires, cables, etc., together with additional smaller galleries and conduits for the carrying of pneumatic tubes and electric and water mains. It is also proposed to provide within the subway region a modern and improved system of high and low level sewers.

A novel and useful feature will be the provision of facilities for the laying of electric wires and cables from within the tunnels, and not, as now, from the street. The cables, on rollers, are placed on cars and lowered to the tunnel through shafts on private property, and are then carried through the conduits and laid upon racks. This method will remove any necessity for interfering with public traffic on the street level. The whole plan, as outlined, means that in the near future the streets of Chicago will be used only for pleasure-driving, without the interference of heavy trucking and of the obstructions now necessary in repairing underground wires and mains. A part of the street railway system will, however, be kept on the street level.

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See 30 page

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The Americanizing of Russia

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

THE Tsar's edict—the influence of which was recently noted in the WEEKLY—has rightly been hailed as a great stride forward in Russia's national life; the greatest, without doubt, since the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander the Liberator, the father of the present Tsar, in 1861. The period immediately following the Crimean war, the beginning of Alexander the Second's reign, was one of the great epochs of Liberalism in Russia; and so far was the tendency to advance carried, that it brought a severe reaction in the years that followed. This reaction had nearly run its course, and a new advance was in preparation, when the assassination of Alexander the Second by the Russian Anarchists brought his splendid work to a tragic close. It was known to a few at the time, and it became known to all the world at the time, that the mother of the Tsar had also slain the hopes of Russian Constitutionalism: for the Empress had had a constitution drafted by Loris-Melikoff, and was to have signed it within a few days of his untimely death. Alexander the Third took the view that matters in Russia had been going too fast; that doctrines good for Western Europe might be out of place in Russia, and that what was needed was rather an advance along more national lines. He therefore inaugurated the era of protection, encouraging Russian manufactures by a tariff wall against foreign goods, just as Mr. McKinley did in this country by the measure associated with his name. The second great element of Russia's policy was the alliance with France, to curb the overbearing power of Germany and the tendencies of domination and tyrannical control initiated by Prince Bismarck, and in part inherited by Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Both these steps were in the last degree successful, and many of us can remember point by point the disappearance of the old Bismarckian tyranny, the tranquillization of European politics, the new hopes of France, and the general amelioration of political conditions all over Europe, as the tyranny of Germany was gradually overcome. This clearing of the European sky was followed by a gradual growth of better conditions within the bounds of Russia herself; and, as the result of these better conditions, we may cite the last budget statement of Minister de Witte, the later Tsar's chosen instrument, that Russia has a surplus for the first time in many years, while commercial conditions all over Russia are better than ever before.

In view of this, it has seemed to the Tsar that the time has come when the humane policy of his grandfather may once more be resumed, and the work of liberalization within the borders of Russia carried one step farther forward. Hence we have the present edict, published on the birthday of Alexander the Third, as a touching tribute of love and reverence from his son and successor.

We have, first, an affirmation of the principle of religious liberty. Much misconception exists on this point, and certain writers here evidently believe that liberty of worship is an innovation, a revolution in Russian life. This is, of course, the very opposite of the truth, for Russia has for ages allowed all the Christian churches to worship in their own way, at their own shrines, and not only Christians, but Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists have enjoyed the same religious freedom.

With regard to certain dissenting sects there was a difference, but even here the action of Russia was rather political than religious. For it was found that many of the so-called evangelical sects, and notably those springing from Lutheran propaganda, were rather advance guards of German

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thought and influence than genuinely religious bodies. There were certain strict regulations against proselytizing from the Russian Church; against mixed marriages, or rather against the alienation of children of mixed marriages, and against leaving the State Church to join any other religious community; and in all these cases the civil law could be and was called in, and severe penalties were inflicted. The terms of the present edict will probably give greater liberty to the dissenters to hold conventicles according to their own ideals, many of which, by the way, are somewhat grotesque and extreme, like those of the Shakers, or the Russian Donkhotars, whose doings in Canada aroused so much interest a year ago.

The edict establishes certain principles which will be of the greatest value and assistance to the present class, and help to raise their almost countless millions to a higher degree of comfort and prosperity. After the emancipation, the Russian peasants tended in full more and more into the hands of a class of owners, many of whom were Jews, and whose impositions were much more tyrannous than those of the old nobility. These owners exacted forced labor in payment of the interest on their debts, thus practically creating a form of slavery which was more onerous than the former serfdom. Further, the owners obtained mortgages on the communal land, and thus cut at the roots of the peasants' well-being and livelihood. Both these abuses are removed by the present edict, which abolishes forced labor, and makes the communal land inalienable. A like measure was the assumption of the control of the production and distribution of liquor by the Russian government, a short time ago, which removed from the Jewish liquor sellers the power to drive the easily tempted peasantry deeper and deeper into debt.

Finally, more influence and responsibility are given to the local and provincial boards—a first measure of home rule and of local constitutional government. The home-rule principle has always existed in form in Russia, in the village communities, which elected their own members, and were authoritative within their own domain.

It is clear that the work of constitutional government in Russia is beginning, as it began in America, with the local self-governing units, whether we call them communes or townships; that it will extend thence by degrees to the larger subdivisions, until we come to the governments of provinces, corresponding to our States, and, finally, to the seat of these provinces, making up the empire.

The great principle now introduced is the increase of individual responsibility, both religious and civil; the brightening of the value of the individual life and the individual mind. And this tendency, with all it implies for the future, justifies us in speaking of the present reforms as a step in the Americanizing of Russia—a symptom of great hope for the new century, and one to be accompanied and complemented by a like Russianizing of America, in the direction of moral depth and seriousness, and of a larger and more humane realization of each other's spirits and lives.

Whether money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both good and great evil, and does harm both in the getting and spending, but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got, and well spent.

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evident "something" about BEN-HUR FLOUR that wins your approval at once. It has six principal points of superiority. The first one is "Quality" and the other five are "Goodness."



SEND us the card or bill head of one retail grocer in your town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR, and we will send you, free of charge, a splendid story book for children called "THE BEN-HUR DOUGH BOYS." "The Chariot Race" is a sample page taken from this book. Many other adventures of the rollicking crew are equally well written and illustrated in bright colors.

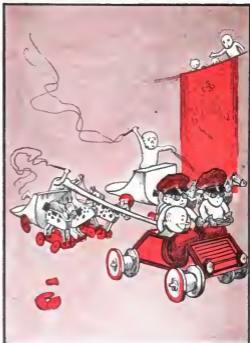
THE DOUGH BOYS CHARIOT RACE.

The sportive Dough Boys planned a race
Their nimble steeds to try:
For they enjoyed a track event
As well as you or I.
The day had come, the track was fine,
No clouds hung o'er the sky.

Their horses were but wooden toys:
You might have thought them slow,
For you have really, truly nags
Which can like lightning go.
But wooden horses are the things
For little boys of dough.

Each charioteer made up his mind
That he would not be last.
Clang! Clang! rang out the starter's bell,
Off sped the racers fast:
When, like a streak, a spool-mobile
With Dough Boys two whizzed past.

The hindmost racer saw a chance
To have a bit of fun,
Beneath the "chuffer's" arm he tucked
His head, as by they spun,
Out stretched his neck across the line—
Thus, "by a neck" he won.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 25, 1903

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COMMENT

We have discussed elsewhere the significance of the unanimous decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case. We may here point out that several other colossal combinations of capital had been contemplated, and probably would have been effected had the merger plan exemplified in the Northern Securities Company been adjudged legal. There, for instance, was the Southern Securities Company, which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was said to have in view, a company which would have brought about a practical consolidation of the interests represented by the Southern Railway, the Louisville and Nashville, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line. The total number of miles operated by these four roads is 14,142. The aggregate amount of their stock exceeds \$292,000,000, and their total funded debt falls but little short of \$300,000,000. There, too, were the so-called Gould properties, which also were to be controlled, we were informed, by a single securities company. The Gould system comprehends the Washburn Railroad, the Missouri Pacific, the Texas and Pacific, and the Denver and Rio Grande. It operates 11,219 miles; the whole amount of stock issued is about \$247,000,000, and the aggregate funded debt is nearly \$318,000,000. The close relations established by Mr. Harriman between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are also imperilled by the decision in the Northern Securities case.

Bigger yet was the consolidation which at one time was thought to be intended by Mr. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. What is known as the Pennsylvania system comprises not only the Pennsylvania Railroad and Pennsylvania Company, but also the Reading Railway Company, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, the Panhandle, and other Western lines. The total number of miles operated by this monster corporation would have been 15,488; the par value of the stock of the constituent companies would have exceeded \$893,000,000, and their aggregate funded debt would have been almost exactly \$750,000,000. Whether these far-reaching schemes will be permanently or only temporarily thwarted depends upon the answer to the question whether the United States Supreme Court will confirm or set aside the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals. We have elsewhere indicated the reasons for thinking that the judgment of the highest tribunal will be affirmatory. If the decision of the United States Supreme Court should be rendered before next November, it might materially affect the vote in the State of New York on the proposal to expend \$101,

000,000 for widening and deepening the Erie Canal. If it were certain that the trunk lines conveying the foodstuffs of the West to the port of New York would never be amalgamated, there would be no likelihood of any material increase in the rates paid for the transportation of grain. The present railway rates are lower than canal-boats could afford to charge, but it has been feared that they would cease to remain so if the railroads should be consolidated and freed from canal competition.

The outcome of the municipal elections in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Toledo was not encouraging to the conservative wing of the Democratic party. In Cincinnati, Mr. M. E. Ingalls, who was a sturdy upholder of the gold standard in 1896 and 1900, had been nominated by a citizens' convention and endorsed by the Democrats. Nevertheless, he was beaten by a majority so large that it seems hopeless for him to present himself as a candidate for Governor or for United States Senator. On the other hand, Mr. Tom L. Johnson and Mr. Samuel L. Jones, who represent the Socialist element in the Democratic party, were re-elected Mayors of Cleveland and Toledo. Mr. Carter Harrison's re-election to the Mayorship of Chicago must also be accounted a triumph for the Bryanite faction of the Democracy. Conspicuous in his platform were demands for municipal ownership and for the adoption of the referendum. There are indications of a close alliance between Mayor Harrison and Mr. W. R. Hearst, who owns a newspaper in Chicago and another in San Francisco, as well as the *American* in New York. As we have previously pointed out, it is not improbable that Mayor Harrison's success in Chicago will gain for him the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency, provided that party's candidate for the Presidency comes from an Eastern State.

The outcome of the Cleveland municipal election not only promises to give Mr. Johnson control of the next Democratic convention in Ohio, but also seems likely to have some effect on the Republican party in that State, depressing the faction headed by Senator Hanna, and elevating that which looks upon Senator Foraker as its chief. It was Mr. Hanna's political lieutenant, Mr. Herrick, who directed the Republican forces at Cleveland, and it was Mr. Foraker's lieutenant, Mr. Cox, who managed the Republican canvass in Cincinnati. As the expiration of his Senatorial term is not distant, it is a matter of manifest importance to Mr. Hanna not only that the Republicans shall carry the Legislature to be chosen next autumn, but also that they shall be Republicans of the Hanna stripe. Whether Senator Hanna or Senator Foraker shall eventually become dominant in Ohio is a question of some moment to Mr. Roosevelt, for, while the President has in Mr. Foraker an unwavering and zealous supporter, he has more to fear from Mr. Hanna than from any other Republican politician. It is by no means certain, however, that any concerted attempt will be made to best Mr. Roosevelt in the Republican national convention. At present the President's popularity is, as we have often said, the Republican party's most valuable asset. If the Bryanites, however, could manage to dictate the platform and name the candidates of the Democratic national convention, almost any Republican could win.

There has been of late some subsidence of the Parker boom for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and a disposition is evinced in some of the Southern States to put forward Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, as a candidate. It is scarcely probable that any sectional prejudices would be invoked by Mr. Gorman's nomination. It is true that Maryland was a slave State, but so was Delaware, and both States were loyal to the Union during the civil war.

Moreover, of late years, Maryland has often given Republican majorities at State and national elections, and it was but the other day that both of her United States Senators were Republicans. There is no doubt that Mr. Gorman would be acceptable to the conservative element of the Democracy. He would favor a revision of the tariff, but he is no headlong repudiator of a protectionist policy, as he showed by his handling of the Wilson bill in the Senate. The main objection to Mr. Gorman is Mr. Bryan's opposition to him, which is outspoken and seemingly implacable. The rule which makes a two-thirds vote necessary for a nomination in a Democratic national convention—in a Republican national convention a majority of one would suffice—is calculated to give Mr. Bryan a vote on the selection of candidates. That he will be able to control rather more than a third of the delegates now seems probable, in view of the success of his friends, Carter Harrison and Tom Johnson, in Chicago and Cleveland. Fortunately, nobody believes that he will have strength enough to frame the platform.

Mr. Bryan has lately begun to publish in his *Commoner* sketches of possible candidates who, he says, would be acceptable to his supporters. It will be interesting to note whether he will include in the list Mr. Olney, who declined to vote for him in 1896, but advocated his election in 1900. He has lately pointed out, what is true enough, that the logical candidate of anti-Bryanite Democrats is ex-President Grover Cleveland; but, as we have said, some doubts exist concerning Mr. Cleveland's availability as a nominee for a third term, and it is, moreover, almost certain that Mr. Cleveland would decline a nomination. Mr. Bryan has not said in so many words that he would bolt Mr. Cleveland's nomination, and, apparently, he counts on controlling votes enough in the national convention to prevent the selection of the ex-President. It will be observed that Mr. Bryan has never said that he would oppose Judge Parker, nor could he do so with a good grace, in view of the fact that Parker voted for him both in 1896 and 1900. The utmost he has said upon the subject is that he would like to be enlightened about Judge Parker's views concerning certain important issues. We repeat, what we have frequently said, that it is a mistake to treat Mr. Bryan as if he were a negligible factor. We do not want him to frame the next Democratic platform, but we would like him and his friends to support the nominee of the convention.

Mr. Cleveland was one of the speakers on April 14 in New York at a mass-meeting organized by the Armstrong Association in aid of negro education in general and the Tuskegee Institute in particular. He classed himself among those friends of the negro who belonged in the Booker Washington-Tuskegee group. He believed that the negroes needed a vast amount of uplifting, that the Tuskegee method of uplifting them was the right one, and that the negroes' future, except so far as it rested with themselves, depended mainly "upon the sentiment and conduct of the leading and responsible white men of the South." "I do not know," he said, "how it may be with other Northern friends of the negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the negro and his improvement and well-being. They do not believe in the social equality of the race, and they make no false pretence in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the negro is very plain. It seems to me that there is abundant sentiment and abundant behavior among the Southern whites toward the negro to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born of something so much deeper and more imperious than prejudice as to amount to a racial instinct. Whatever it is, let us remember that it has consoled the negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the saturnalia of reconstruction days, and has allowed a kindly feeling for the negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by the perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent, and blighting negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice or racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who in the solution of the negro problem must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden. . . . As friends of the negro, fully believ-

ing in the possibility of his improvement and advancement, sincerely and conscientiously laboring to that end, it is folly for us to ignore the importance of the ungrudging co-operation on the part of the white people of the South in this work. Labor as we will, those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it. Their co-operation cannot be forced, nor can it be gained by gratuitously running counter to firmly fixed and tenaciously held Southern ideas, or even prejudices."

According to the latest news from Bogota, the opposition to a ratification of the canal treaty is much more widespread and resolute than was expected. Indeed, almost the only member-cloth of the Colombian Congress who are known to favor the treaty heartily are the representatives from the State of Panama. They are in a position, however, to exert great influence at the Colombian capital, for it is extremely probable that, were the treaty rejected, the Conservatives and Liberals in the State of Panama would unite to pass an ordinance of secession and to organize an independent republic. This they would have as much right to do as Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala had to dissolve the old Central-American Confederation and to proclaim themselves separate commonwealths. Nay, Panama would but imitate the action of New Granada itself when it withdrew from the Confederation founded by Bolivar, a Confederation which, besides New Granada, included Venezuela and Ecuador. We should have no more reason for withholding recognition of a republic of Panama than we had for withholding it in the case of the commonwealth just named. There is but little doubt that the Conservatives and Liberals of Panama if combined could maintain their independence against any force which the rest of Colombia in its present impoverished condition could array against them. It was but the other day that the Panama Conservatives, though backed by all the resources of Colombia, found it extremely difficult to quell the revolution started in their State by the Liberals. It is obvious that the State of Panama would have strong motives for secession. As things are now, the inhabitants of Panama have but little chance of touching any part of the ten million dollars which the treaty binds us to give to the Colombian government, or, for that matter, any part of the annual rental which will by and by be paid. The benefit which they will derive from the treaty, if it be ratified at Bogota, is the tremendous stimulus which their industries and trade will receive from proximity to the interoceanic waterway. That is a benefit which they are determined not to be deprived of, and if they cannot secure it in one way, they will in another. Nor is it by any means improbable that if an independent State of Panama were organized it might follow the example of the Republic of Texas, and request admission to our Union. All doubts about our right to fortify the canal, to close it in time of war against our public enemies, and to treat it in all ways as our property would thus be extinguished. We opine that when these considerations are brought home to the Bogota politicians by the representatives of Panama, the former will make up their minds to ratify the canal treaty.

It will be remembered that the treaty by which Denmark agreed to cede to the United States the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz was not ratified, the Upper Chamber of the Danish Parliament expressing disapproval by a narrow majority. Thereupon the Copenhagen government sent a commission to the West Indies to ascertain the views of the islanders concerning the proposed annexation, and also to learn whether some substitute could not be found for the profit which the sugar-planters of Santa Cruz expected to derive from access to the United States market. It is now known that the report of the commission is decidedly adverse to a retention of the islands, on the ground that the inhabitants could not be compensated for the benefits which they would secure from annexation to the United States, except at the cost of an outlay which the Danish Exchequer could not afford to make. There is no doubt that the feeling in favor of annexation has been powerfully stimulated in the Danish West Indies by the spectacle of the prosperity enjoyed by their neighbors in Porto Rico. As the period allowed for an exchange of ratifications, however, expires in July, it will be necessary for the Danish government, if it desires to conclude

the treaty, to convolve the Upper House of the Parliament in extra session, in order to reconsider its previous action, in view of the commission's report. There is an impression in quarters usually well informed that German influence was chargeable with the rejection of the treaty. It must be well known to Denmark, however, that we should regard the sale of her West-Indian islands to a strong European power as an unfriendly act. That is the position which we took towards Spain with regard to Cuba. There is no doubt that the German Empire would like to acquire the harbor of St. Thomas for a coaling-station, in view of the great importance which the Caribbean is likely to acquire after the completion of the Panama canal. We should certainly protest against the purchase of the Danish West Indies by Germany. It is not so easy to see on what ground we could object to their acquisition by absorption, in the event that Denmark should enter at some future day the German Confederation on the footing of the kingdom of Bavaria. On the whole, we deem it probable that Denmark will sell the islands to the United States, but it may be that a new treaty will be needed for the purpose. We unquestionably want St. Thomas, because its harbor is not only one of the safest and most commodious in the West Indies, but also because it occupies an invaluable strategic position with reference to the most-frequented route from Europe to the Caribbean.

For several reasons the United States are profoundly interested in the anti-strike legislation just enacted in Holland. In that country, it will be recalled, all the railways are owned and operated by the state. The new law makes it a crime for any railway employee to quit work without leave, and, if two or more of these engage in a concerted movement to that end, they are guilty of a much more serious offence, and are exposed to severer punishment. It remains to be seen whether the agitation excited by the measure will subside, or whether The Hague government will be compelled to accept for its suppression the aid offered by the German Emperor. In the former event, it is obvious that the theory of state Socialism recently exemplified in Great Britain, and, to some extent, on this side of the Atlantic in a tendency toward municipal ownership of certain franchises and industries, and even toward municipal trading, will receive a mortal blow. American workmen consider the right to strike the keystone of their liberties. If, on the other hand, the Dutch authorities are unable, with the military force at their disposal, to quell the disorder caused by the passage of the new law, and are, therefore, constrained to accept Emperor William's proposal to keep the railways in running order by means of German soldiers, a long step will have been taken toward the entrance of Holland into the German Confederation on the footing of Saxony or Württemberg. The Queen of Holland, like the King of Saxony, would retain all of her royal attributes, except those of making peace or war, or being represented abroad by diplomatic agents, and of exercising certain other functions which are delegated to the empire as a whole. On the other hand, she would be relieved from apprehensions on the score of foreign aggression or internal disorder. There is no doubt that the Dutch people have hitherto clung to their independence, but the troubles engendered by the anti-strike law may cause the property-owning classes to take another view of the matter, while Dutch workmen may think that they would gain political strength through co-operation with the German proletariat. There is no doubt that the incorporation of Holland with the German Empire would bring fruition to two of the aims most fervently cherished by William II. and by the German Colonial party. It would give Germany a colonial empire in the Far East second only in population and wealth to that of Great Britain, and it would give her the island of Curacao in the Caribbean, together with Dutch Guiana on the South-American mainland, a province which at any time might have a boundary controversy with Brazil. It is hard to see on what ground we could protest against the voluntary entrance of Holland, with her splendid colonial dowry, into the German Empire.

It is well known that the duties now levied by the Dominion of Canada on goods imported from Great Britain are lower by 33-1-3 per cent. than the duties imposed upon similar commodities sent from the United States. With such a preference, it might be inferred that Great Britain would secure a

far larger share of Canada's import trade than would be obtainable by the great American republic. The contrary is the case. It is true that the British manufacturers of wool, cotton, flax, hemp, and silk are able to undersell their American competitors. According to a return, however, for the seven months ending with January, 1893, the aggregate value of the merchandise imported into Canada from the United States during that period was \$67,600,000, as against \$32,000,000, representing the commodities shipped from the United Kingdom, and \$31,000,000, those brought from all the rest of the world. In other words, the United States, although they had to face an adverse discrimination of 33-1-3 per cent. in duties, supply Canada with considerably more than twice as much as does Great Britain. The Canadian argument for a reciprocity treaty is that, if the differential against us were removed, we should be able to oust Great Britain entirely from the Canadian market. This we doubt, so far as manufactures of wool are concerned, but the assertion is probably well founded with regard to many other articles, including conspicuously manufactures of iron and steel. Even if we give the whole of Canada's import trade, however, we should only have added during the seven months named \$33,000,000 worth to the amount actually secured. It is certain that Canada would gain incomparably more than that, if her agricultural products had free access to our markets. The chances are that, if the existing conditions continue, we shall eventually meet nearly the whole Canadian demand for foreign manufactures, except those of wool. It is true that now and then a threat emanates from Ottawa to the effect that existing conditions will not be suffered to continue, but that, on the one hand, a still greater preference will be given to British goods, while, on the other, certain American articles now on the free list will be removed from it. We do not believe that Canadian consumers will permit any such threat to be carried out. They buy our manufactures because they like them, and they will naturally want to get them as cheaply as possible. All of our products would be on the free list if the Canadian Dominion were to become a part of our Union. The privilege of free access to our markets will ever constitute in the Canadian mind the principal incentive to annexation. As we have formerly pointed out, Lord Elgin, who, in the fifties, managed to negotiate a partial reciprocity treaty at Washington, told the Southern Senators that, unless the Canadians got access to our markets nothing could hold them back from annexation.

The latest publication of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics brings out in a singularly impressive way the astonishing progress in the United States in respect of our foreign trade during the last thirty-two years. It compares our imports and exports in 1870, and again in 1902, with those of the other great maritime countries of the world. Let us look first at imports, and mark how we stood at the first-named date. In 1870 our imports were valued at \$436,000,000. That value was exceeded, not only by the United Kingdom (\$1,256,000,000), but also by Germany (\$775,000,000), and by France (\$533,000,000). In 1902 our imports had reached a valuation of \$908,000,000. The import figures for European countries in that year are not given, but in 1901 they were: United Kingdom, \$2,210,000,000; Germany, \$1,290,000,000; and France, \$843,000,000. Strange to say, the Netherlands are credited with an even greater gain than the United States, for they imported in 1870 only \$187,000,000, but in 1901 \$818,000,000, or almost as much as France. Passing to exports, we observe that in 1870 we sent abroad only \$378,000,000 worth of commodities, or \$60,000,000 less than we imported. In 1902 our exports had mounted to \$1,356,000,000. What these figures signify will be apparent when we compare them with those of the principal commercial countries of Europe for the year 1901. In that twelvemonth the exports of the United Kingdom were valued at \$1,563,000,000; those of Germany at \$1,290,000,000; and those of France at \$774,000,000.

Interesting, also, is it to note the gain in foreign trade made during the period named by three other American countries, to wit, the Dominion of Canada, Brazil, and Argentina. In Canada the imports increased from \$74,000,000, in 1870, to \$212,000,000 in 1902; during the same period her exports were augmented from \$73,000,000 to \$211,000,000. It is a curious fact that, at both the beginning and end of the period, her imports and exports were nearly balanced. In Brazil, which,

next to Canada, is the most important commercially of our sister commonwealths, the imports rose from \$69,000,000 in 1870 to \$96,000,000 in 1901. Here the gain was relatively small, but Brazil's exports advanced in the same period from \$89,000,000 to \$197,000,000. So far as imports are concerned, Argentina has a better record than Brazil, having ascended from \$47,000,000 in 1870 to \$109,000,000 in 1901; during the same time her exports increased from \$29,000,000 to \$161,000,000. We should also mention that Mexico, although in population she ranks next to Brazil, is, in respect of commerce, behind the three Latin-American republics mentioned. Her imports have merely grown from \$20,000,000 in 1873 to \$62,000,000 in 1901; and her exports, excluding silver, from \$28,000,000 in 1877 to \$13,000,000 in 1901. This is by comparison a deplorable exhibit.

The Paris visit of King Edward is causing interested comment. It is the first time in history that an English king has paid a visit to a French President, and the event gains immensely in interest, because it takes place not in remote Algiers, as was at first expected, but in Paris, the capital of civilization. Opinions are rife as to the occult significance of this meeting, which is really one of pure friendliness and international courtesy; and especial stress is laid on the fact that his Majesty, though he has made a round of Latin potentates and heads of states, shows no immediate intention of visiting his distinguished nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm. It is even suggested that we are on the eve of a new European combination, to offset the Austro-Russian co-operation in the Balkans, to which Germany has now given a formal adherence. It is said that France, England, and Italy are about to combine, and that Edward VII. has already spoken of Portugal as his ally. It is further said that this is a new step in the personal policy of sovereign intervention gradually being developed by the King; his part in ending the South-African war and his personal understanding with the Kaiser in the Venezuelan matter being quoted as steps already taken. We are even told that the Irish Land Purchase bill is another result of the King's personal initiative, and that he has set himself to carry out Queen Victoria's ideal of friendly relations between England and Ireland, and has other views presently to be carried out. It is obvious that all this is part gossip, part guess-work, and that some of it is sheer fancy. The King will return his Imperial nephew's visit in due time, and the Drednaut has not been superseded. It is, on the contrary, likely to be applied in a new direction closely interesting to ourselves; a system of preferential tariffs among the Central-European nations, aimed against the American invasion.

A good deal has been made of a possible quarrel between Russia and Japan in a corner of the Manchurian region; but it seems that there is no valid ground for giving the incident any importance. The essence of the matter is this: a former Russian financial agent in Korea claims to hold certain timber concessions on both sides of the Yalu River, and has recently organized and despatched a party of workmen to develop them. These workmen found a number of Japanese in possession of the conceded territory, and the Japanese, maintaining that possession was nine points of the law, declined to move. The concessionary appealed to the Russian authorities at Port Arthur, and, as a result, eight hundred Russian soldiers and a number of Cossacks here, it is said, proceeded overland towards the disputed territory, to further investigate the number of points in the law which possession does, or may, constitute. It is fairly certain that Japan will not interfere to support her subjects, who are apparently trespassing; not only because Japan has become fairly reconciled to the presence of Russia in Manchuria, with all that this implies, but also because Japan is at this moment in the throes of a parliamentary and ministerial crisis, and has enough to do, to take care of affairs nearer home. The only cause of possible trouble is the fact that, as the Yalu River is for some distance the boundary between China and Korea, at least two concessions, from two independent governments are necessary before the Russian lumberer can establish his claims; and there is thus room for considerable litigation and friction, before the matter is finally decided. As it is not a case of curtailing Chinese territory, it is difficult to see on what pretext any other power could interfere, to take Japan's part.

Yung Lu is dead. At the time of his death he was Comptroller of Finance and First Grand Secretary of China, a Prime Minister with almost unlimited power. He was deep in the plans and secrets of the Empress Dowager, who, for a generation, has been the real ruler of China, and, with her, he has shared the suspicion of having been at least accessory to the Boxer outbreak and the attack on the legations. Yung Lu first came into prominence as leader of a reaction against the reform policy of Kau Yu-Wei, who had gained a commanding influence over the young Emperor Kwang Hsu, and was about to pull the ancient fabric of the state to pieces. We all remember that Kan Yu-Wei barely escaped with his life, and fled the country; that the rest of his party were gathered to their fathers; and that the Emperor "requested the Empress Mother to resume her parental supervision of his policy." The agent in this convulsion was Yung Lu, who was promptly rewarded by being made viceroy of P'ai-Chi-Li, and general-in-chief of the Chinese army. From that moment he began to overshadow all his countrymen, even that great man and great interrogator, Li Hung-Chang, and it is still warmly disputed whether he was the prime mover in the Boxer uprising, or, on the contrary, united with the Dowager Empress to stay the hand of Prince Tuan and the party of violence. The latter is doubtless the truth, since nothing but most potent protection could have saved the embassy from utter destruction, and there is no source from which this protection could have come, unless from the Empress, through Yung Lu. It is at least certain that he received the two-eyed peacock feather "for protecting foreigners against the Boxers." He had been seriously ill for some time; and only a few days ago requested permission to resign his onerous duties, but was commanded by the Empress to remain in office. He has now received his final demission. Two distinguished personages have already been mentioned as his probable successor—Chang Chih-Tung, one of the southern viceroys, and Prince Ching, who carried out the negotiations with the allies, in conjunction with Li Hung-Chang. Neither seems to have the force needed to cope with the manifold dangers now gathering around the Chinese throne.

At the hour when we write, it seems uncertain whether Governor Pennypacker will sign the libel bill, which was "jammed"—the word used to be "railroaded"—through the Pennsylvania Legislature. The bill is obviously intended to intimidate and silence political opponents by the threat of vexatious lawsuits. Under the proposed law anybody who alleges that a given publication has subjected him to mental suffering has a cause of action. The measure is said to be aimed at two daily newspapers published in Philadelphia, and supposed to be controlled by Mr. John Wanamaker. That Republican party organs are not menaced is evident from the fact that most of these are weeklies, and weekly newspapers are excluded from the operation of the act. It is extremely doubtful whether this extension of the law of libel does not violate the fundamental provision of the Pennsylvania Constitution relating to freedom of the press. It is generally believed that honest men are sufficiently safeguarded against calumny by the existing statutes in Pennsylvania. That seems to be the conviction of Republicans, as well as Democratic newspapers, for the proposed libel law has provoked almost unanimous reprobation from the press of the State. The Governor has agreed to give the opponents of the bill ample time for the exposition of their objections, and, although he has intimated that, in his opinion, the libel law of the State needed to be made more stringent, we find it hard to believe that he will sign the present measure. He will "hear both sides," he says, and we are curious to learn what can be said in favor of the bill.

It is gratifying to record that on Monday, April 13, the one-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson was commemorated in the city of Washington. The purpose of the meeting was to start a movement for the erection in the Federal capital of a worthy memorial of the author of the Declaration of Independence. It is a good augury that the movement is entirely non-partisan, Republicans being no less zealous than Democrats in their advocacy of the project. So far as the fervent recognition of Jefferson's services to his country is concerned, we are all one

what he expressed the hope that we might become, when, somewhat prematurely, he said, in his first inaugural address, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans." Especially timely, moreover, is the movement in the present year, the centenary of that Louisiana Purchase by which we acquired an empire. There is no doubt that Jefferson belongs in the illustrious trio of Americans whose public services began before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. Comparisons are invidious, and we make none when we say that he ranks with Washington and Franklin. It is hard to say whether the Union as a whole or his native State of Virginia owes Jefferson the larger debt of gratitude. As early as 1774 his pamphlet, entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of America," which was read before the Virginia State convention, placed him among the leaders of the Revolutionary movement. It was but a perfected transcript of this paper which he penned two years later in the Declaration of Independence. When he left the Continental Congress in 1776 to enter the Legislature of Virginia, he exercised a potent and beneficent influence on the constitutional and legal system of his State. It was he, more than any other man, who brought about in Virginia the repeal of the laws of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, the equal partition of inheritances, the establishment of the rights of conscience, the relief of the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs, and a scheme of general education. Republicans do well to remember that he also introduced a bill, which passed without opposition, forbidding the further importation of slaves into the State. Neither is it likely to be forgotten that he drafted a plan for the government of the Northwest Territory, which, among other things, provided that, after the year 1800, there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the States to be created from such Territory. His solicitude for the welfare of his native commonwealth ended only with his death, and one of the acts for which he wished to be held in remembrance was his founding of the University of Virginia.

A statement made by one of the agents of the closed Lowell cotton-mills, to the effect that in some of the mills of that city machinery is still running which was running before the civil war, ought to impress the strikers with a sense of their uncertain situation, and no doubt disquiet stockholders who comprehend existing conditions in the cotton industry. We do not suppose that any very considerable amount of such old machinery is still in operation, but the fact that any is left is regarded by progressive cotton manufacturers in other cities as indicating a serious weakness. Within twenty years, nearly every cotton-mill in Fall River and New Bedford dating back as far as that has been rejuvenated as to its machinery, in many instances thousands of dollars' worth of fairly efficient apparatus having been sent to the junk-pile, simply because newer inventions had put it slightly behind the best of the times. The most alert cotton-mill management of New England promptly discards an old machine, no matter how good its apparent condition, whenever one of demonstrated superiority appears. The bearing of this on the cause of the Lowell strikers is apparent. Those manufacturing districts where the most modern and the best machinery is in use pay the best wages—and the best dividends as well; those where the old machinery remains pay the poorest, and their managements assert, and probably with entire truth, that they cannot afford to pay more. Their competitors, better equipped, are able to undersell them, and, at the same time, to pay larger wages. That is why the Lowell strike, which promises as this writing to be a long test of endurance, seems to many observers to be pre-destined to failure. It is supported generously, even lavishly, by cotton-mill operatives all over New England; but their contest is being fought, not so much against the present Lowell mill management as against conditions which are the outgrowth of years. New England's cotton industry, it is plain, has no future except in the production of the best goods by the best machinery operated by the best workmen. Lowell's strike is only one of many object-lessons in that direction.

It is customary when a man's friends have proposed him for admission to a club, and they have been advised to withdraw his name on the ground that, if pressed, it would be black-balled, to take the suggestion in good part, and to say as lit-

tle as possible about the matter. By failing to exhibit such discretion General Corbin's friends are doing him no service. No high-spirited man can desire to join a club where he learns that he is not wanted by at least a fraction of its members. A club cannot be bullied or browbeaten into opening its doors. It cannot be compelled to set forth the reasons for its inhospitable attitude, and it is sometimes imprudent to challenge their production. The wise course is to let the matter drop. It appears, however, that some army officers, who are real or professed friends of General Corbin's, propose to discipline the Metropolitan Club of Washington for declining to admit the Adjutant-General, by tendering their resignations. That would be a very foolish performance, for the resignations might be accepted. Nobody would be a gainer, and the number of losers would be multiplied. In clubland it is a fundamental principle that a man's club, like his house, is his castle, and nobody has a right to take offence at being excluded therefrom. Admission, like kissing, goes by favor. No doubt, if General Corbin's friends are numerous enough and rich enough, they might migrate in a body, and try to start a rival organization. There is a legend that certain New York capitalists, deeming themselves aggrieved by the refusal of the Union Club to admit a candidate supported by them, proceeded to start the Metropolitan Club, now quartered in the white marble edifice on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street. That has proved rather an expensive performance, and we doubt whether a similar experiment will ever be made in Washington.

Three distinguished artistic persons who have recently more or less enjoyed our hospitality have now returned to the distant lands whence they came, and have taken the first opportunity to record their impressions. Comte Robert de Montesquiou tells us that some day New York will be unified in equilibrium, declaring that our city is at present passing through the "age latent," or, as Mr. Henry James would say, the *arkward age*; we are a huddlelewoy among cities, but resemble certain youths whose features are coarse and apparently ill-proportioned, but who, in their maturity, develop regular features and magnificent forms. To-day, the "Flat-iron" and houses of thirty-and-a-half stories wreathed with small chocolate-tinted houses; but learned architects and well-inspired decorators "are working at superb reconciliations of iron and stone." Comte Robert adds that our women are good and beautiful fairies. All of which, of course, is so. Last we be uplifted, let us remember that Signora Masaccio declares we are to such a degree uncivilized that we wipe our noses with our fingers. Her melodious other half evidently does not speak his full mind, as he is coming back; but he evidently thinks us very promising barbarians. He quotes Salvini as saying that art must be supported by something quite other than art to make a success here; meaning, doubtless, good business management, and all the artifices that has come to imply.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, in departing from our shores, pays his compliments to the yellow art critics. He could have forgiven their total ignorance, the ignorance of the driftwood of the art world, as he calls them, if they had only left out the silly personalities. They kept reminding their readers that Sir Philip was a baronet, and that he was Rudyard Kipling's cousin; and they proceeded to criticize his pictures, using these two facts as their point of departure. Sir Philip avers that a New York critic did much harm by inventing a story that he was in the habit of caricaturing his hostesses, which put him and them in a very false position. He declares that the yellow critic, whose like he has seen in no land but ours, is more damaging to art than the tariff on imported pictures; to struggling artists he is a discouragement, and not a few of them hold him responsible for their poverty. It is interesting to know that Sir Philip painted forty-two portraits during his stay in this country. All the unpleasant things said about us hitherto, however, are quite cast into the shade by a volume just published by the Grafton Press in England. It is "dedicated with feelings of congratulation to women who are subjects of monarchies, and with feelings of sympathy to women who are citizens of republics." Here is the sting of the book: we are told that all we have heard about American men working only that the women of their families may have heaps of money to spend is a pure myth, for while

the women in New York spend forty millions a year on such necessities as dresses, the men spend on alcoholic drinks and tobacco about a hundred millions, on their clubs and sports at least sixty millions more, while (this is a whisper) "all this is a mere hagstello to what they spend on unmentionable luxuries."

Some interesting facts have lately been published in the *New York Evening Post* with reference to the comparative cheapness of living in New York and Philadelphia. The inquirer started with the assumption that not more than twenty dollars a month should be paid for rent, and that the distance of the premises rented from the business section of the city should not exceed three-quarters of an hour's ride. The best accommodation obtainable for the sum named in New York was a small flat comprising four rooms and a bath in the Harlem district on the West Side. The house, however, was steam heated, and there was a hot-water supply. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, a modern two-story house containing six rooms and a bath, could be secured for twenty dollars a month. The price of gas in New York is five cents greater a thousand feet, but the only outlay which the New-Yorker has to make, outside of food, in connection with housekeeping, is the gas bill. The Philadelphia house must be heated at the tenant's expense, and the snow must be shovelled from the steps and the sidewalk in winter. Some minor expenditures for repairs also fall upon the shoulders of the Philadelphia tenant. As regards food, meats and butter were cheaper in New York by a few cents per pound. There was little, if any, difference in the price of sugar, potatoes, and canned goods. The conclusion reached was that childless people can live more cheaply in New York than in any other large city except Paris.

Children, on the other hand, are not wanted in New York apartment-houses, nor would there be room for them in small flats. If, therefore, one has to bring up a family of children on a small income, one can do it better in Philadelphia than in New York. Many other things, however, have to be considered by the bread-winner. His earnings are likely to be considerably larger in New York than in Philadelphia. So far as we know, this is true of every profession and of every kind of skilled labor. The pay of newspaper men, for example, is much higher in the more northern city. They are also more likely to secure continuous employment, because the number of daily and weekly publications is much greater. The volume of law business, also, is incomparably larger. Then, again, there are in New York more open-air pleasures that cost nothing. Central Park, indeed, may be paralleled or surpassed by Fairmount Park, but what has Philadelphia to set against Bronx Park, Prospect Park, or the Riverside Drive! What single walk in Philadelphia can be likened to that along Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Mount Morris Square, a distance of over six miles? Philadelphia has her Academy of Fine Arts, as New York has her Museum of Art, but what collection of books in the former city can be compared with the vast library which is to be housed in the edifice now in process of erection on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second streets? There is, in a word, more enjoyment to be obtained gratuitously in New York than in any other American city.

A favorite topic of public discourse with President Eliot is the pursuit of happiness. He has come to years of maturity without any perceptible diminution in his sense of the importance of getting enjoyment out of life. He told an audience of young workers at the Wells Memorial Hall in Boston, the other night, about the enjoyments that could not be bought, and were, in some degree, independent of money. He named as the greatest source of happiness "family life, the joys of father and mother and children, and grandfathers and grandmothers and grandchildren." "They last," he said; they always are increasing, and he thought the poor man got as much of them as the rich. He named work too as a source of happiness, as he has often done before, and the gratification of the desire for food, and outdoor pleasures, and reading—"not reading hours a day—reading minutes a day." Reading is cheap; outdoor pleasures are cheap, provided one enjoys simple ones; an appetite is not an expensive luxury, and every

man (almost) can work. The poor can enjoy all these things about as well as the rich. But family life of an enjoyable quality is somewhat dearer. How dear it is depends upon the individual and his standard of living, but if there is one thing that more than another works against the existence of families, it is the conviction on the part of individuals that such a family life as they would enjoy is beyond their means. The trouble is partly that standards of living are high, and partly that living is dear, and partly that individuals are timid, but it is a real trouble to those who feel it. A great deal of the scurrying after money, which so many moralists observe and deplore in the contemporary Americans, is a pursuit of the means to maintain such a family life as seems to him adapted to promote his happiness.

Family life cannot be satisfactorily experienced without a family. What is the effect of the law of primogeniture upon families, family life, and, incidentally, upon population? In England, where primogeniture still obtains, families are large. In America, where it does not obtain, families are criticised as being so small (among the native-born) as to make observers uneasy about the future of the race. In France, where the division of property among all the children is largely prescribed by laws which leave testators a very limited discretion, the population is dwindling at a rate that is thought to threaten disaster. One reason given for the small size of French families is this compulsory division of all estates. Where properties are small and there are several children, the divided estate affords some of them a home, and inheritance taxes eat up a large part of what is handed down. Where parents wish their home to stay in the family, the temptation is strong to raise but one child. The English law, with all the hardships it involves, was at least made for the perpetuation of family homes, and, incidentally, it seems to have made for the perpetuation of family stocks. Englishmen have rarely refrained from raising younger sons for fear they would come to want. They have feared rather a dearth of heirs than a dearth of inheritable property. They have never had the special inducement to raise one child and no more, which is said to be such a restraining influence in France. When a family estate goes all in one parcel, some at least of the responsibilities of its former owner are apt to go with it. Where an estate is divided, each participant may more reasonably be expected to look out for himself. Moreover, the condition of a younger son, with no expectations, is doubtless often more stimulating than that of a coheir with a prospect of inheriting just enough property to keep him from actual want. English younger sons have certainly been a tremendous force in the spread and development of the British Empire, and English heirs have at least perpetuated English family homes. Primogeniture is not, and doubtless never will be, desired in this country, but with all its drawbacks there is something to be said for it.

The best information that comes from Washington about the trouble in the Red Cross Society encourages the belief that the protest of twenty-three prominent members of the society against the present methods of management, as especially of handling the society's funds, is too well founded to be either ignored or overridden without damage to the society. It is not charged that there has been misapplication of funds, but only that the financial end of the society's work is not conducted in a businesslike manner, and that nothing can be done by members to correct administrative defects because a new code of by-laws has authorized the election of the president of the society for life, and given her powers which absolutely control all action of the society. The tangle will probably be straightened out after a while, but until it is the usefulness of the Red Cross seems likely to be seriously prejudiced.

The development of language under stress of sport is very oddifying. Our neighbor the *Evening Post*, discerning a similitude between the model of *Reliance* and that of Mr. Crownshield's *Independence*, fears that the now host "in a light wind and choppy sea will have a tendency to spank her overhangs off." Never mind if she does, if she only spansk *Showrock!* She can carry an extra pair of overhangs—or even kills—in her lazaret.

The Decision in the Northern Securities Case

To comprehend the exact purport and to forecast the probable consequences of the decision rendered in the Northern Securities case by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, it is needful, not only to examine the text of the decree, and the conclusions of the tribunal, as these were formulated by Judge Thayer, but also to note the comments made by Assistant Attorney-General Beck, who was the counsel for the government. It will be remembered that the Northern Securities Company was formed for the purpose of merging the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways by holding and voting a controlling interest in the stock of each of those corporations. The decision in which all four judges of the court concurred, enjoins the Northern Securities Company from voting the stock of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern railways, but allows the return of such stock as has been delivered to the holding corporation. The injunction is based on an adjudgment that the stock of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, now held by the Securities Company, was acquired in view of a combination formed by the organizers of that company for the purpose of exercising such a restraint of trade and commerce among the several States as the anti-trust act of July 6, 1890, had made illegal. Judge Thayer points out that the two merged corporations, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railways, had always been regarded as parallel and competing lines, and that for some years at least after they were built they did compete with each other for transcontinental and inter-State traffic. By the merger in the Securities Company every motive for competition between the two roads engaged in interstate traffic was destroyed, because the earnings of the two roads were pooled for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies. At the time when the anti-trust law was enacted, what was known as a "trust" was a species of combination organized by individuals or corporations for the purpose of monopolizing the manufacture of or traffic in various articles and commodities. Not only, however, were combinations in that form prohibited, but Judge Thayer directs attention to the fact that Congress, anticipating that a combination might be otherwise formed, was careful to declare that a combination is any other form, if in restraint of inter-State trade or commerce, that is if it directly occasioned or affected such restraint, should likewise be deemed illegal. Moreover, in cases arising under the anti-trust act, it has been held by the United States Supreme Court—especially in the Joint Traffic Association case—that the act applies to inter-State carriers of freight and passengers, as well as to all other persons, natural or artificial; that the words "in restraint of trade or commerce" do not mean in unreasonable or partial restraint of trade or commerce, but any direct restraint thereof; that an agreement between competing railways which requires them to act in concert for fixing the rate for carriage of passengers or freight over their respective lines from one State to another, and which by that means restricts temporarily the right of any one of such carriers to name such rate for the carriage of such freight or passengers over his road, as it pleases, is a contract in direct restraint of commerce within the meaning of the act, in that it tends to prevent competition. The United States Supreme Court has held that it matters not whether, while the combiners are acting under such a contract, the rate fixed be reasonable or unreasonable, the essential and inseparable vice of such a con-

tract or combination being that it confers the power to establish unreasonable rates, and directly restrains commerce by piling obstacles in the way of free and unrestricted competition between carriers who are natural rivals for patronage. Nor, of course, does Judge Thayer overlook the fundamental fact, namely, that it has been adjudged by the United States Supreme Court that Congress has the power, under the grant of authority contained in Federal legislation, to regulate commerce, to say that no contract or combination shall be legal which shall restrain inter-State trade or commerce by shutting off the operation of the general law of competition.

Before the Northern Securities Company was formed, some of the most eminent lawyers in the United States were consulted, and the legality of such a company was by them affirmed. This is not the first time, however, that the deliberate opinions of distinguished counsel have been pronounced unaided by the Federal tribunals. The Joint Traffic Association was organized upon a similar basis and named by Judge Ashel Green, one of the ablest corporation lawyers in New York; yet the United States Supreme Court declared it to be contrary to law. Is there any reason to suppose that the decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals will be reversed by the United States Supreme Court? For such a supposition we can see no basis, because, first, the decision of the lower court was unanimous, and, secondly, the decision was avowedly founded on the positions previously taken by the United States Supreme Court itself. We, therefore, expect the decision of the lower court to be affirmed, and the question now pressed upon those who believe combination ought to be essential to industrial progress is, What extra-judicial course is practicable? We can perceive no remedy, except a recourse to Congress for the purpose of securing such a modification of the terms of the anti-trust act as shall render combination under certain conditions lawful.

Before the text of the decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was scrutinized, it was suggested that the object aimed at by the Northern Securities Company might be attained in another way, namely, by the substitution of a partnership for a corporation. That is to say, a number of capitalists might become partners to avert mutually destructive competition between two or more railways, by acquiring a controlling interest in each of such competing lines, and by holding such controlling interests as assets of the partnership. No recourse to such an alternative seems possible, in view of the position taken by Judge Thayer in one of the paragraphs which set forth the conclusions of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. After citing certain decisions of the United States Supreme Court, he draws from them a deduction which he deems almost too plain for argument, that the defendants, or, in other words, the organizers of the Northern Securities Company, would have violated the anti-trust act just as clearly if they had done so through the agency of natural persons what they sought to accomplish through an artificial person of their own creation. That is to say, if the same individuals who promoted the Securities Company had, in pursuance of a previous understanding or agreement as to do, transferred their stock in the two railway companies to a third party or parties, and had agreed to induce other shareholders to do likewise, until a majority of the stock of both companies had been vested in a single individual or association of individuals, and had empowered the individual holder or holders to vote the stock as their own, receive all the dividends

thereon and pro-rata or divide them among all the stockholders of the two companies, who had transferred their stock, the result would have been an act in direct restraint of inter-State commerce, because it would have placed in the hands of a small coterie of men the power to suppress competition between two competing inter-State carriers whose lines are practically parallel.

The bearing of still another paragraph on the existing relations of the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific companies seems equally obvious. Judge Thayer, speaking for the four members of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, declares that it will not do to say what the counsel for the Union Pacific Company asserted, when defending their client's right to vote the stock which it held in the Southern Pacific, that, so long as each railway company has its own board of directors, the two boards operate independently, and are not controlled by the owner of the majority of their stock. Judge Thayer points out that it is the common experience of mankind that the acts of corporations are dictated, and that their policy is controlled by those who own the majority of their stock. Indeed, one of the favorite methods in these days, and about the only method of obtaining control of a corporation, is to purchase the greater part of its stock. We have elsewhere pointed out that other contemplated combinations of railway capital are blocked by the decision we are now discussing.

Assistant Attorney-General Beck, who was the counsel for the government in the case, practically agrees with ex-Attorney-General Griggs in considering the decision revolutionary. He holds that it marks a new and most important epoch in the life of the nation, for the reason that under it the mere ownership of stock in an inter-State railroad brings the individual owner thereof into such direct relation with the inter-State commerce as to subject him to the plenary powers of the Federal government with respect thereto. From the iron grip of the anti-trust law thus interpreted Mr. Beck can see no escape except through a modification of the statute. We doubt if such a modification is attainable in the Fifty-eighth Congress—or, at all events, until the next Presidential contest has been settled.

The President and the Trusts

THE President's attitude toward trusts as shown in his recent speech at Minneapolis vindicates all that we have said concerning last winter's anti-trust campaign. Since that speech was made we have had the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case, and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt believes that he and the Attorney-General have been justified. It is quite possible, however, that it will turn out that that decision, even if affirmed by the Supreme Court, is Pickwickian. It is confessedly difficult to find a way to compel the proprietors of property to manage it in any other way than as they desire. The owners of the two competing railroads, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, have endeavored to manage them, for convenience's sake, through a third corporation, composed of themselves; the court says that such a device is contrary to law, and that the incorporators of the Northern Securities Company must hand themselves back the shares of its stock which they own, and receive back from themselves their former shares of railroad stock. It would take the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to understand how this change matters materially. The roads will continue to be managed in accordance with the wishes of their proprie-

tors. Of that the mildest enemy of the modern industrial movement will not be doubtful.

What we are chiefly concerned with here, however, is the President's Minneapolis speech. If this merger decision had been rendered last summer, it would have been an intense alarm felt throughout industrial and financial circles which might easily have brought on a panic. At that time, both the President and the Attorney-General were laying down those general principles in conformity with which the Littlefield bill was subsequently prepared. According to the Administration's speeches, the general government was to make war upon all unreasonable monopolies. So far as this war was to be confined to "unreasonable" restraints of trade and commerce, the promised, or threatened, state of things was to be an improvement. The opinion in the merger case, for instance, indicates that if the Sherman act prohibited merely "unreasonable" restraints or "injurious" monopolies, instead of any restraint or monopoly, the decision might have been the other way.

Coupled with the Administration's original suggestion of the revival of the common-law rule, however, was the threat that the Federal government would take control of all great combinations of capital—would declare whether they were or were not over-capitalized, would determine whether or not they were driving rivals out of business by conspiracies to reduce prices to the consumers, and would publish the secrets of their business to their competitors, domestic or foreign, by the adoption of a system of compulsory publicity. Moreover, it was also threatened that the Federal government would discover a way to get at State corporations over which the Supreme Court had declared, in the Knight case, that it had no jurisdiction. The manner of destroying a State corporation was formulated both in the Hearst and the Littlefield bills; it was determined that corporations doing business lawfully under the laws of its habitat should be a criminal under the laws of a government having no jurisdiction over it; that it should, therefore, be prohibited from engaging in inter-State or foreign commerce, not only to its own injury, but to the loss of citizens of other States, or of other nations, who might desire to purchase its products.

If the President had remained of this mind the country might well fear a general catastrophe from the decision in the merger case, provided always, of course, that the decision be affirmed by the Supreme Court. The logical course for the Attorney-General, it would then be thought, would involve the dissolution of many advantageous ownerships of transportation companies. Already the Springfield Republic is advertising an attack upon the Reading's alleged ownership of the control of the Jersey Central; on the Pennsylvania's control of Reading; on the common control of the Erie and the Lehigh Valley, etc. We might expect, and perhaps shall hear, demands from other socialistic sources that the Pennsylvania Railroad shall surrender its stock in the Baltimore and Ohio; that the lease of the Boston and Albany to the New York Central shall be cancelled, or that those who own a majority of the stock of the Consolidated Railroad, owning also a majority of the stock of the Central, shall be compelled to surrender the one or the other if the lease is to continue. War may be demanded also upon the United States Steel Corporation, and might be made upon the ocean steamship combination but for its British ownership. Otherwise, if the President remains of the mind in which he was last summer, there would now be expected a war upon industry and prosperity which would bring ruin not only upon cor-

porations, but upon tens and scores of thou- sands of innocent people who have invested their money on the faith that larger and more certain dividends must result from combination.

Fortunately, the Minneapolis speech assures us that in such disaster we are to be drowned. The President is not the enemy of so-called trusts or combinations, and he is now as much concerned to preserve the general prosperity as is his most fortunate beneficiary. Last summer, when he was making the speeches which excited so much alarm,—alarm, as it now turns out, that was needless,—he persisted in saying that he believed that the great combinations of capital were formations rich in potential good to the country; that corporations, large or small, were beneficent, and that he was striking at their evils, not at them. What Mr. Roosevelt then said was verified by what happened in Washington afterward. Senator Hoar and Mr. Littlefield drew bills which were more or less in harmony with the popular interpretation of the President's and Mr. Knox's speeches, and with the President's message at the opening of the Congressional session. But if the President had ever intended a general and drastic war on trusts, he soon abandoned his notion, and assented to legislation which was agreeable to Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Hanna, and to the other Republican leaders. Mr. Littlefield and those who thought well of his bill have accused the President of a breach of faith and an abandonment of them after he had induced them to take their position. This, however, is in the nature of a domestic quarrel with which, at present at least, we have nothing to do. What we are interested in is the fact that the legislation of last winter is of a very innocent kind, so far as trust-killing goes, and is likely to do no harm, unless, in some unhappy future day, a reckless President shall appoint as commissioners of corporations a dishonest partisan who will use his discretion touching publicity in order to black-mail corporations for his own profit or for the filling of the campaign treasury, or for both. On this point, it is curious that Mr. Roosevelt's experience with the office of Superintendent of Insurance in the State of New York taught him nothing. However, so long as he is President and Mr. Garfield is commissioner, there is nothing of this kind to be feared. Finally, we are again assured by Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Minneapolis that he has accomplished all that he proposes to do, or urge, for the regulation of corporations. Business may go on unhampered by fear. Prosperity is not to be disturbed by further interference from the politicians. Not even the partnership of the trusts with the government through the tariff laws is to be disturbed. The President has become a conservative as Mr. Aldrich, and nothing is to be dreaded except intemperate utterance which, like the utterances of last summer, will appear to mean more than the President intends.

From the President's present point of view it is a pity, perhaps, that he authorized the Attorney-General to bring the merger suit, for it cannot be followed up as his new, but probably soon to disappear, socialistic friends will demand. However, the suit will settle the law to a certain extent, however it may finally be decided, and so much is gained. Corporations contemplating following the example of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern proprietors will know precisely what to do; but if the noisy acclamation over the latest decision is to destroy the security which seemed to be assured by the speeches at Minneapolis, the President will probably cease to hear the congratulations of his socialistic admirers with complacency.

Are Irish Landlords and Tenants Reconciled?

THE concession offered by the British government to the Irish peasantry is epoch-making in the largest sense of the word. What Mr. Wyndham proposes is that the British government shall lend to Irish tenants, in sums ranging from \$500 to \$5000, according to the size and value of the individual holding occupied or desired, \$300,000,000, which is to be repaid in annual instalments stretching over a period of sixty-eight and one-half years. The basis for the computation of the price of each holding is the judicial rent which, about seven years ago, was fixed by a land-commissioner court for the second statutory term.

The first term of fifteen years began, it will be remembered, in 1881, when the Gladstone Land Act of the previous year became operative. We do not yet know, however, how many years' rental the peasant will have to pay in a lump sum in order to become the owner of his holding. Of late the average rate of purchase in the open market has been seventeen years of the judicial rents. There is no doubt, however, that the tenant will be willing to pay more than the market price if the state will lend him the purchase-money. It has been suggested that twenty years' rental would be an equitable price, but there is reason to believe that Mr. Wyndham's bill will measure to the landlords even more favorable terms.

Not all of the difference, however, between the market price and the compensation now to be awarded will fall upon the tenant. In addition to the \$500,000,000 which will be advanced by way of purchase-money to the peasantry, the British government is to give the landlords a bonus of \$60,000,000, which is to be distributed among the vendors in the proportion of five to fifteen per cent. of the price paid by the purchasers. The smaller the estate sold, the larger the percentage added by way of bonus. Why should more than the market price be offered to landlords? We answer, because the first and second revision of rents by the land courts have resulted in an average reduction of forty-two per cent., and have already brought the landlords within the verge of ruin. A price equivalent to seventeen or even twenty years' purchase of the latest judicial rents would leave a landlord next to nothing after the encumbrances on his estate had been cleared away. The purpose of the bonus is to give the landlord something for himself, and thus to induce him to look favorably on the transaction.

That he does look favorably upon it is certain. Conclusive assurances on this point have been furnished by the Duke of Abercorn in the House of Lords and by Colonel Sanderson in the House of Commons. Such objections to the bill as have been mooted come, not from the landlords, however, but from the spokesmen of the Irish tenants, and also from those who profess to represent the interests of the taxpayers at large.

The objection may be made to this and to every other land-purchase bill, namely, that the effect of such measures may be only to get rid of one set of landlords in order to substitute another. It is perfectly true that, unless such a substitution could be effected, any land-purchase bill would be a mockery. As a matter of fact, effective safeguards against substitution or subletting have been taken in every preceding measure of the kind sanctioned by the British Parliament, and they are provided in the present bill.

Entertaining on Thirty-five Hundred a Year

The higher journalist and trying to guess the answer to the conundrum, "Why does my head feel so much like a squeezed orange?" when that friend who likes to put up jobs on him passed the guard of the office boy, and came in with another question: "Do you believe that a man can entertain on an income of thirty-five hundred dollars a year?"

The higher journalist lifted a lack-lustre eye to the friend's face, and said, with a faded smile, "He can be entertaining, if he tries to entertain for any such sum on the ordinary New York scale, but whether he can entertain, in the accepted sense, that is something which requires reflection. Why do you ask?"

"Because they are discussing it in the newspapers."

"It was time they got round to something of that sort," the higher journalist mused, "with spring opening so promptly and the silly season hard upon us." Then he shook his head, and felt less than before the need of answering the earlier conundrum. "Of course," he said, "it depends upon where the man is living on his thirty-five hundred, and who the man is, and still more who the man's wife is. In the vast majority of American towns, thirty-five hundred a year is affluence. Even in New York it is affluence, but if you try to do what calls itself society on that money, it is grinding poverty. It is debt, it is dishonor, it is ruin." Animated by his convictions, the higher journalist went on: "There are a great many people in this town who feel that they cannot entertain on thirty-five thousand a year, and a great many more who do not want to be entertained on that sum. The last sort of people think it buys too much of them, though it buys so little of those whom its possessors would prefer to purchase. But if the thirty-five-hundred-dollar man has the right kind of wife, she can go far in entertaining with what is left of the money after paying for their living."

"Do you mean in the direction of the Barneides?"

"No, not at all of the Barneides, not even in the matter of food and drink; and in the matter of wit, of friendly ease, of poetry and art, of intellectual and social grace, she can get the best that the market affords, at an astonishingly low price, and have something left over for a matinee or a Sixth Avenue hat quite as pretty as a Fifth Avenue hat."

"Are you thinking," the friend asked, "of something in the nature of Wordsworth's hospitality? 'Tea and bread-and-butter you may have, but if you want meat you must pay for your board.'"

"No, that would be little better than Barneides."

"Then, case, case!" the friend demanded. "I ask nothing better than to come to them," the higher journalist said, and full of the joy of his faith, he tossed his head defiantly, in wonder that his own well-known forgotten conundrum should ever have had the effrontery to propose itself. "We will imagine that the languid wife lives in a little flat where she would not keep more than one maid if she could, and where her invention at the gas-range often supplements the conviction of her cook. She must herself be a person of some wit, of some friendly ease, some poetry or art, some intellectual and social grace, or she cannot know the best people: I mean the artists, young and old, the authors, old and young, and those who love them in the other polite professions. But suppose, then, she wishes to give a little supper, chiefly of the little chicken which

used to cheer the most famous of the French soles, yet not unaccompanied by a bowl of claret cup, and as many cups of coffee as her guests like. With a salad of those varied and exemplary sorts in which the neighborly virtues abound, and a bit of cheese, or some slices of tongue or ham from the delicatessen-shop she has a feast for five or six dollars, which will allure any man worth knowing among the literary and artistic brethren, and any woman who likes to meet him, in that proportion of two to one which seems the ideal of the sex. The inspired hostess has entertained ten or a dozen charming people so well that they would gladly go away, and if she does this, say, twice a winter, she has fully done her part, and fully enjoyed doing it. The affair need not be at all soiled, or the least shabby. It can be gracefully or at least humorously refused. I know, for I have seen it done, and I have always been glad to see it done.

"Then," the higher journalist triumphed sloop upon the lofty mount which had so unexpectedly offered itself, "take a case rather more elaborate; for I have been supposing something so domestic in its terms to be almost bourgeois, everything but the quality of the guests, who, to my thinking, are the *fin fleur* of our republican aristocracy. Take the case of a dashing adventurous matron who decides to give a dinner to ten or twelve people outside of her own house. I know a restaurant, where I have often dined with, as Thackeray says, cheerfulness and refreshment, for fifty cents upon as good French cooking as some of the costliest with touches of genius in certain of the dishes, and with a half-bottle of the excellent California wine, white or red, which we can no longer ignore, included. At that place, and in certain others, which I also know from observation and experience, the hostess, by speaking for it with the amiable proprietor, can have a room to herself for her company, and for an outlay of five or six dollars, with one to the richly satisfied waiter, can have a use that all the money of the philanthropists cannot buy. I am always imagining, of course, that she has asked the best people to her dinner: the painting and sculpturing, the writing and acting and journalistic people, and their friends, who can always be got for the asking if the hostess is one of their friends.

"But the trouble probably is with people who want to entertain on thirty-five hundred a year that they do not want to have the best people at their feasts: they want the second, the third, the fourth best, and this sort costs money. You must feel them something obviously expensive and in conventional circumstances, with a false setting of wealth and luxury. That is the sort of thing, either the sterling or the plated article, so only it is ugly and stupid, which they offer you themselves, and they will not come, more than once, at least, if you offer them anything else. They feel that they are not in society if you do, and they will know that you are not.

"I have often thought," the higher journalist continued, with that fine air of reflection which people like to put on when they have really just thought of a thing, "that a man, say a master mechanic, with a thousand a year, who was distinctly out of it as concerned society, could live with his family better in New York than anywhere else in the world. But even a poor wretch with only thirty-five hundred a year can live well on his income, and do a fair amount of the best society. If his wife is a woman of imagination, he can live quite handsomely, if he will live in the simple country or village ideal to which he is probably native, and, without attempting to entertain even the best people, will content himself with having in young people like himself and his

wife to the family dinner, or to the Sunday-evening tea. But the worst of it is that he cannot content himself with either kind of hospitality. He must do something he does not want to do for people who do not want him to do it, and that, as I said, costs. With grudging and unwilling hosts, it is very expensive living in New York, and perhaps in Boston or Chicago. Yet that is the ambition, I'm afraid, of most people who have thirty-five hundred a year, and who find the effort to make the ends of it meet over a waste and foolish hospitality so difficult."

While all this was saying, the friend of the higher journalist was fidgeting impatiently in his chair. "I suppose you think," he now cut in, "that you are having it all your own way. But how many young couples in this metropolis, do you imagine, are going to act upon your suggestions?"

"Very few," the higher journalist admitted. "Say, none."

"I should like to have some young matron, of your right sort, come back to you with her practical experience in the line of hospitality which you say you have experienced at her husband's and let you into the secret of her anxieties, her long and studied preparations, her palpitations of fear and hope, her diplomatic difficulties with the cook at the home supper, or her heartbeats for the right going off of her restaurant dinner, with those people in the next room smoking and shouting, and the flushed persons fencing past the open doorway, and giving away the indulgent temperance of the place, just when she is exulting about to some guest that it is so nice and so really select."

"Well," the higher journalist allowed, "there would be much to say on her side; and then, at the end of the ends, there is always the question whether any sort of game is worth the candle. But I thought you were supposing that it was, and that you wanted to know how people could entertain on thirty-five hundred a year."

"Not at all," the friend retorted, "if I had thirty-five hundred a year, I should not wish to entertain on it. I would save it and leave it to my children."

"Most people of that income have no children. They cannot afford them. But in the way I have noted they can afford to entertain, when they have no children."

"Well, then, they had better have the children, and not give the dinners," the higher journalist declared.

From Priest to Physician

THE AGE has their intellectual misadventures because men have them; and what the men of yesterday loved and did becomes reactionary to the men of to-day. You shall study Greek if you are to be a Bachelor of Arts, and the collages of thirty years ago; you can study Greek if you desire, and you may begin it after you enter, say some colleges of to-day; you can enter on your course, may be the university requirement of to-morrow.

These illustrate, crudely perhaps, the shifting of the centre of interest from generation to generation among educated men. We note carelessly that the collages founded by theologians and maintained for strengthening the dogmas of the clergy no longer serve their early purpose, and that the gift of brains is not now, at least, so much as it was, an inducement to the pulpit. There are other spheres in which trained intellects are required, and other fields of activity in which the rewards of power are richer as its employment is more stimulating. The phenomenon has been noted before. Thirty

years ago men began to wonder why only valentines, and not always the best men, as they used to, went into the ministry. The answer was at hand, in the romantic career quickly from the world of endeavor. There were other temptations and opportunities for the richly endowed. The answer was correct, although the one who answered may not have realized the historical and ethical background.

Intellectual and educated men feel the impulses of their day, respond to the demands of their fellows, and gratify the common public sentiment. They are priests, or school-ers, or statesmen, or whatever their time, its needs, and its discoveries suggest. Of educated men, for many ages the priests made up the majority. In the glimmering of the Renaissance, the scholars travelled through continental Europe from Bologna, Parma, and Pavia, going finally to England, in the path of priests. Learning was confined to the priesthood from its revival in the eleventh century until years after the first settlements were established in America. The priesthood jealously guarded the pagan as well as the sacred books in their monasteries, until the fervor of teaching seized upon men, who cannot forever keep to themselves the secrets of their own power and of their own joy in power, and in the parishes of St. Mary's and St. Frideswide the University of Oxford began to grow. Then Europe glowed for a time in the full splendor of the art of the Renaissance, the learning and inspiration of the priests awakening the aesthetic soul of the votaries of religion to give us the gorgeous sculpture of Angelo, the frescoes and Madonnas of Raphael, the golden service of Cellini, the portals of Goujon, the reverential music that still haunts on Sundays and festivals from the great choirs of Rome. At last the severity of the logic which the protest against excessive and demoralizing devotion to senseless beauty, transformed priests into prophets, after their life had flourished as the statesmen, the poets, the diplomats, the voluptuaries, of the pleasant world of which Francis I. and Henry VIII. were the typical monarchs.

So the world had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the sad-ripped and stern-minded Puritans who furnished chiefly for the scholarship of Cambridge, England, breathed into the clergy who taught and preached at John Harvard's Cambridge in America. The need of the time was for lofty thinking and holy living, and those preachers were Governors of Massachusetts Bay, of Plymouth, of Hartford, and of Connecticut. The educated men of the day, like educated men always, put their hands to the work of the day and met where power was—that is, into the pulpit. For many years after church and government were one, the clergyman led the community, was its most influential member, enjoyed both the largest following of friends and the most numerous band of enemies. He was the force in the community who, with the women of his flock, curbed its immoralities, recovered its walls and strays, soothed the sorrows of the afflicted, eased the hard conditions of the poor, and was the guide, philosopher, and friend of its secular teachers. But, although he was so great a force for good, and governed the social and ethical life of the community, he lost power as he lost hold on government and on politics, and the lawyer, or, in this country, the lawyer-statesman, succeeded him. Society spiritualized, and fell into divisions. The minister remained, and, to some extent, he still remains, the arbiter of morals in individual and domestic life, but the work that was tempting to men of power continuing to be political, but calling for constructive constitutional work, there came the great

company of lawyers, true descendants of Glauville, Coke, and Mansfield, who made governments by legislation and interpretation.

The men who are now in the middle period of life, and who are doing the hard work of the world, recall the day when the leading men of the college classes ceased to choose the ministry and went to the bar, for the lawyer, not so many years ago, was the one inevitably called upon to take the lead in politics. Except for four soldiers and Mr. Roosevelt all our Presidents have been lawyers. Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, one studied law, and is somewhat related to the profession. He is the first sportsman and ranchman whom we have elected, and he may be the step between those Presidents who had studied the art of law-making and the capitalist whose education has been obtained in the market-place, just as in the evolution of human society the hunter and shepherd are followed by the tiller and trader. At all events, up to very recently the opportunity of power to the educated was offered to the lawyer—first as politician and statesman, then as organizer and defender of the forms which the money-making efforts of the world have taken.

In the mean time, science loomed large in the imaginations of men, and the colleges were forced to consider as important certain subjects—like chemistry, biology, physics—which they had neglected through the years before the revolutionists and their literary interpreters came into their deserved and beneficent prominence. The study of the laws of God as they are manifested in nature stimulated wide inquiry, and the strongest men, led as men always are to seek for power and influence through the efforts which they love for themselves, sought for practical benefits to humanity by means of their favorite sciences. No medicine flourished. So the field of industry was unconsciously advanced. Intrepid men dealt hardly with man and his body. They dived into it and discovered its inmost secrets. A century ago the work of the modern surgeon would have been denounced by the theologians, who then ruled mankind, as audacious intrusions into the exclusive jurisdiction of God. Two centuries ago, or, at the furthest, three, the man of science who would take out the viscera of a man, cut out their disease, and put them back, would have been fortunate to escape the stake or the block. But the audacious invader of the secrets of the body, the beneficent healer who, with his phial or his knife, lessens the miseries of humanity, diminishes or destroys pain, prolongs life and smooths its pathway to the grave—this is now the man who appeals most strongly to his fellow-beings. For him and his training the captains of industry are pouring out their millions, building him colleges and laboratories, endowing professorships, while the world at large holds him as the man of power and influence at a time when wealth is accumulating and when men are not decaying. More and more, very likely, we shall see the strong men of the college classes choosing medicine, although the time has not yet come for domination over the lawyer who is now engaged in settling the direction and the form in which the captains of industry shall carry on their development of the world's wealth. The time seems to be coming, however, when the lad-like prolongation of human life, and the destruction of the enemies of human health,—a work which almost suggests the creative power,—will be the task that will call for and will receive the services of the best training of our colleges and universities—that is, when the appeal of medicine and surgery will be addressed inevitably to the best in every college class, just as once the call came from the ministry, and then from the bench and bar and senate house.

Correspondence

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

LAKESIDE, April 18, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The question which your correspondent "Perplexed" poses in reference to my letter concerning Mrs. Ward's latest heroine is a difficult one, and I am not sure that I am competent to answer it. Is Julie Le Breton really man and selfish? I admit she does, in a manner, seem to be. But I am sure she could never interest and fascinate one so if she were truly and fundamentally selfish. The fact is, the circumstances of her life force her to be self-assertive. From the beginning, she is obliged to pit herself against the world, or else go under and be crushed by it. Yet she showed a laudable disposition to respect and retire behind the peculiarly aggressive ego of the impossible Lady Henry; she proved willing to forego very great material advantages, to sacrifice her dearest ambitions, in order to further the interests of the man she loved and become his wife. (Disciples of La Rochefoucauld, of course, will say this is only another form of selfishness; but I will not trouble to argue this.) Further, Julie agreed, when she came to leave Desfield, to give up the satisfaction of becoming a duchess, on which she had so strongly—and legitimately—set her heart; and she bestowed much unselfish attention and kindness on the frail, little stricken cousin to whom she had unwillingly done a potential great injury. Lastly, one feels that should the occasion arise, Julie would show a high and noble selflessness. Her strong power of love, her sensitiveness, and her fine faculties would inevitably impel her to deeds of self-sacrifice and altruism.

I am, sir,
A. R.

THE ANTHRACITE-STRIKE AWARD.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the many newspaper articles I have read on the subject of the report of the Anthracite-Cool Commission, your editorial of March 4 was the only one which gave due emphasis to the surprising divergence between the facts as ascertained and the awards made.

But no comment seems to have been made anywhere upon the fact that while expressly acknowledging its lack of jurisdiction on the question of union recognition, and while admitting the outrageous acts of the union and its followers, the report provides that labor shall be represented on the Conciliation Committee by one man for each of the three Mine-workers' Union districts, to be selected by any organization having a majority of all the mine-workers in that district.

To all intents and purposes this limits participation in adjustment of disputed questions to members of the union, and this constitutes the most effective recognition the most radical advocate of trades-unionism could ask for.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the men got more than they ever really expected, though not quite all they asked for, and the effect of the (illegitimate) findings is shown by the new demands under which dozens of strikes have just been instituted all over the anthracite region. The destruction of England's trade supremacy by the constantly increasing demands of the trades-unions shows what we may expect in the United States in the near future.

I am, sir,
H.

Hope for Ireland

By Sydney Brooks

London, April 21, 1908.

One trembles as one writes the words: "Hope for Ireland." "A new era in Ireland." It has the sound of ironic mockery. Hope? Has there ever been a time when Ireland was not hoping? A new era? How many new eras have we known! No Englishman, no Irishman, no American even, can address himself to the subject without a pang of mutterable weariness, without a ghastly prevision of disappointment. And of all its branches, that which reaches the gravest, the most instinctive, hopelessness is the land question. Another Irish Land Act!

The statute-book is crowded with them. Since 1870 there have been twenty-seven of them; Mr. Wyndham's makes the twenty-eighth. And each was to be final, each was to herald in the new era, each, in the Temperance phrase, was to be "the fair beginning of a time." I know of no more melancholy reading in the whole literature of politics than the glowing speeches in which statesmen after a statute has introduced these bills, certain that he at last was on the right track, that his was the true solution, that henceforward "where there has been despondency there shall be hope; where there has been mistrust there shall be confidence; where there has been alienation and hate there shall, however gradually, be woven the ties of a strong attachment between man and man." It was in those words that Mr. Gladstone foretold the golden age that was to follow the passing of his land bill of 1870, and the echo of them may be caught in the pronouncements of all his twenty-eight successors. Twenty-eight statutes, over three hundred pages of laws, judges and commissioners by the score, lawyers like locusts, year after year the same process of ripping up, of peeling, of tinkering, of amending, of retreating—and, as a result of it all, Mr. Wyndham confessing it that it has all been to no purpose, that his predecessors were all wrong, that he alone holds the secret and sees the way clear to a lasting solution—another "lasting solution." Turn where you will, even to the enactments of Congress during the reconstruction period, and you will find it hard to match the blazing incompetency of such a record. Strophus was a very Pierpont Morgan of practicality, and the Demasides were virgins importing the hours and engaged in a hopeful and useful occupation, by the side of British statesmen legislating for Irish land.

It seems, therefore, like the mere extravagance of optimism to join in the jubilant and almost universal prophecies of contentment, prosperity, prosperity even, that Mr. Wyndham's bill has produced. Nevertheless, I am inclined to join in them. It is a week to-day since the bill was unfurled before Parliament, and though there is a fair amount of adverse criticism in matters of detail, its general principle finds an immense acceptance, and with every day that passes confidence grows stronger that at least the end is in sight. But it is not for this reason that one ranges oneself with the optimists.

To be received at the outset with a round of applause, that dwindles away in a few weeks, and ends finally in a round of hisses, is the normal fate of Irish land bills. The exultation, the high hopes, the soaring expectations of the present moment, mean, therefore, little or nothing. In another month or so they may have given away to despondency and fierce opposition. But there is one grand, and, in my mind, convincing, reason for thinking that nothing of the kind

will happen, that this bill of Mr. Wyndham's will do more than a makeshift, and that it really has within it the promise of permanence. That reason is that its provisions are in line with the inevitable evolution of things, and carry out, in no piecemeal fashion, the broad conclusions to which all Irish history has for centuries been pointing.

This sounds, I am aware, somewhat too vague and circular to be susceptible of explanation. But it can, I think, be made clear. The English, when they conquered Ireland, found the land held on a system of tribal ownership. This they supplanted in favor of their own system of individual plantations and large estates. The Tudor, the Cromwellian, and the Williamite confiscations are all great historic landmarks.

The land was taken from the people, and parcelled out among court favorites, successful generals, political placemen, and so on. These henceforward were the Irish landlords. Half of them perhaps never set eyes on their estates. Their interest began and ended with the collection and enjoyment of the rent. They did nothing to improve their property. Whatever improvements were made were made by the tenant. They were, in fact, rent-chargers, and nothing else. England had succeeded her hand-till-tenure system upon Ireland, but without the conditions that in England accompany and mitigate it.

The Irish tenant was little better than a serf. Morally speaking, everything upon the soil belonged to him. He had built the house in which his family lived. The drainage and fencing, the farm buildings and the roads, were his work. Yet of all this property, to which in most cases he had not contributed a single penny, the landlord was up to 1870 the legal owner. It was a merciless law mercifully worked, terrible in all its consequences, and for sheer injustice and wrong-doing perhaps unparalleled in human history.

It was Gladstone who overthrew it, or, at least, overthrew the principle on which it rested. The Land Act of 1870 was in many ways an inadequate and unfortunate measure, but it had the overwhelming virtue of killing one and for all the doctrine of the landlord's absolute and unlimited right. It gave security to the tenant, recognized his claim to a sort of partnership in the land he tilled, and allowed him compensation for improvements. That was an enormous step in advance.

Eleven years later, in 1881, a further step was taken. An experiment was tried which will make economists gasp and stare to the crack of doom. "The price of commodities cannot be fixed by the state." That is one of the earliest axioms that a student of political economy is taught to grasp. It has never yet been disregarded with impunity. The Emancipator, the Roman emperor, and the French revolutionists, all in turn attempted to defy it, and it beat them all. The British government flew in the face of it in 1881. It started in to fix the price of the commodity which is most universally in demand and most frequently dealt in in the whole of Ireland—the price of land.

It sought forward the state to determine the rental that a landlord might demand of his tenant. It legalized the tenant's property. It differentiated between the property of the tenant and the property of the landlord. It appointed a tribunal to discriminate between the two—to see that the latter was rented and the former exempt from rent. It gave, in short, legal recognition to the principle of dual ownership in the land, which was Gladstone's second land act, the act of 1881.

I am not going to dispute its benefits. It reduced the rental to a figure that was probably more or less equitable. At any rate, it was a figure that made the landlords wince. But as against this the act of 1881 filled the courts with suitors, destroyed the validity of contracts, gave the absolute mastery neither to the landlord nor to the tenant, and so fatally discouraged real development of the soil, and erected into a system of government a radically false and vicious economic principle. Possibly the abnormal conditions of Ireland had made some such experiment inevitable. It is scarcely likely, though, that other countries will be in any hurry to repeat it. Matters obviously could not rest as they were. It was said at the time that Mr. Gladstone had put the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant into the same bed, and that one would infallibly kick the other out. Nor did it need much political wisdom to foresee which of the two would find the floor. From the moment the landlord was deprived by the state of the right to fix his rent, his neck was broken. His final disappearance could but be a mere matter of time. The state, having gone so far, was bound either to retreat altogether or to go further. In politics you can never retreat; you have to press onward, and before very long the British government found itself inexorably driven forward.

It would be tedious, even if I had the space, to detail the different steps in the advance. The state grew more and more accustomed to acting as an intermediary between landlord and tenant. It voted \$85,000,000 to help the tenant to purchase his estates, and by this means has created some 30,000 occupying owners. It made compulsory the sale of bankrupt properties. In the congested districts it bought up and redistributed all the estates it could lay hands on.

It started in to further the development of agriculture along the most practical lines by laying down light railways and by encouraging co-operation. And finally it placed the local government of the country unreservedly in the hands of the people—which, in Ireland, means out of the hands of the landlords. There was no far-seeing purpose, no deliberate plan, in the choice of sporadic enactments that authorized these policies. Nevertheless, they all pointed in one direction. Since 1870 not a single Irish land act has been passed that did not do something to exalt the tenant and pull down the landlord. Year by year the landlord's position has been altered for the worse and the tenant's for the better. To such a movement only one culmination was possible.

Everything was inevitably combining to make an end of landlordism in Ireland. In no other way could the frightful wrongs of centuries be remedied. In no other way could there be wiped out the Irish mind that rankling sense of injury that the years have shown themselves powerless to efface.

And now it has come. The British government for once has looked the facts in the face and met them comprehensively. Ireland henceforward is to belong in deed and title to the Irish, reverting after all these heart-rendering centuries to the men who have tilled it, loved it, and never for one moment forgotten that it was rightfully theirs. It may in the future be found necessary to make what is optional in Mr. Wyndham's bill compulsory; but for all practical purposes its introduction marks the final disappearance of the land question from the long list of Irish problems and Irish grievances. In fifteen years, if his calculations are correct, the great measure of expropriation will have been consummated. And that means nothing less than a new Ireland and a loyal one.

The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

"I PROMISED—did I not?" said the Scholar, at the next meeting of the club, "to read *Under the Rose* and give you my opinion. Well, the book amazed me by its fine quiltings. I had looked for another sweet and sage romance, written to order, with wire-drawn puppets on a pastebord stage. Instead I found the joy of predilection and an intellectual imagination that fascinated me. To be sure, the story itself is an extravaganza of romance, but the atmosphere in which it is wrought out is so fine, so exquisitely ethereal, so fraught with magic and phantasy, that we forget it is all so really, and succumb to the author's spell. The charm of *Under the Rose* lies not only in its atmosphere, but in its lively wit, its delicious foiling, its fine feeling and perfect taste—and taste is about the rarest quality to be met with in such serio-comic romances. The style of the narrative, too, is exquisitely felicitous. It is a book that I could imagine Thomas Love Peacock, of *Maid Marian* memory, revelling in with sheer delight, could he revisit this astounding sphere.

"Ah yes," broke in the Sentimentalist, rapidly, "and, like *Maid Marian*, I have thought that *Under the Rose* would furnish a delightful theme for a comic opera."

"Preserve us! it is as bad as that!" ejaculated the Cantankerous Critic.

"You are right in this respect," the Scholar replied, ignoring the irreverent interruption, "that to dramatize *Under the Rose* as a play would probably be as fatal to the atmosphere which gives it artistic being as the process was in *The Forest Lorens*. The illusion of comic opera and the musical accompaniment would assist very materially in preserving the airy, fanciful extravaganza, as Planché and Bishop's musical rendering of *Maid Marian* in Peacock's day did for that fantastic romance."

"And now, if you are through with *Under the Rose*," said the Matron, elevating her brow with severity, "I have to take the Sentimentalist and the Merchant to task for complaining at our last meeting that in *Before the Dawn* Mr. Altobro forgot or failed to disclose Lucia's hiding-places the slight search was made for her at the cottage. Permit me to read you a passage from the chapter 'The Fall of Birchmond,' when Prescott is concerned about Lucia's safety. 'Do you not remember,' says Mrs. Prescott to her son, 'when we wished to arrest her, and Lieutenant Talbot searched the cottage for her? She was at that very moment here, in this house, hidden in your own room, though she did not know that it was yours.' What do you say to that?"

"Why, that is certainly queer," replied the Sentimentalist, with a puzzled look. "I remember reading that quite well, but somehow I failed to connect it with—Oh, I know what must have happened—I was so eagerly watching for the moment when Lucia should tell it herself to Prescott, that I must have overlooked—"

"Call it a mental aberration," suggested the Hummelist, gallantly.

"Well," said the Merchant, a little shamefaced, but honest, "I suppose I must just have skipped that in my eagerness to get to the end of the story."

The Sentimentalist flushed and looked a trifle confused. The Matron smiled with satisfied complacency. The Young Clergyman came to the rescue and moved that they begin the evening's work. The books were as follows:

The House on the Hudson, by Frances Powell (Scribner).

Phoebe, by Arthur Colton (Holt).

A Comedy of Conscience, by S. Weir Mitchell (Century Co.).

The Gold Wolf, by Max Pemberton (Dodd, Mead).

The Private Papers of Henry Esmond, by George Gissing (Dutton).

Joka Greyfield, by C. Hanford Henderson (Houghton, Mifflin).

Wre Macgregor, by J. J. Bell (Harper).

The Merchant was leaning forward, evidently eager to speak. He had grown garrulous since the Canterbury Club Tales began—he who was wont to be the silent member of the Fortnightly Jaunts.

"The House on the Hudson"

"If you want to recommend a book to your friends," said he, "that will make them sit up nights or miss their station, just tell them from me to try *The House on the Hudson*. At first I thought I wasn't going to like it. It looked as if the heroine, Athena Deroban, was going to be another Anna Selby, and that I was in for a study of character and that sort of thing, like *The Circle*. Athena loses both parents and goes to the House on the Hudson, away up some lonely part of the river, to be the companion of an eccentric old lady and also housekeeper. There is an air of mystery about the house and its inmates, especially about Phillip Erranti, the foreign-looking, dark, handsome son of the lady of the manor. He falls desperately, passionately in love with Athena, who repulses him because she loves Dick Thorpe, a young lawyer and neighbor. Her coldness maddens Phillip, but his passionate outbursts cause him to be removed, and he is invariably gentle and tender with her after his fits of violent temper and passion. He succeeds in gaining Athena's friendship and confidence, all but her love. Athena becomes engaged to Dick Thorpe, who goes on a perilous mission to Russia, and never reaches her, after a time, of his death. The plot thickens and becomes more intricate and absorbing. Athena is helpless and practically a prisoner in the House on the Hudson. Strange things happen and throw a wondrous air about the plans. There is a ring with the face of Nessus stamped on an emerald which once belonged to Athena's mother, which plays a superstitious part in the story, giving it a sort of detective element. I don't want to tell any more of the story, as it would spoil the exciting suspense for any of you who have not read it."

"I thought too," remarked the Sentimentalist, "that Athena was going to be as enigmatical a study of womanhood as was Anna Selby in *The Circle*. The early chapters certainly promised that, but the author was more bent on a thrilling tale than on following the vagaries of character. Unlike Anna, Athena is dense and stupid, a strange mixture of innocence and ignorance; indeed, such a nature had to be imagined to fit the exigencies of the plot. For it is most evident that to this author the plot is the thing, and not the characters. The key-note of Athena's character, so far as it exists, is given on page 360, when she quotes what her father used to say to her. 'You're a strange child, Athena,' he had often said. 'Your instinct's as marvelous as the nose of a good hound. You're not clever, you know, my dear, so never try for the reason of doing anything, but wait till your instinct gives the word "go"!' Then up and do your best.' But even with this insight into her nature, she seems strangely inconsistent, cold, uterine, shadowy, Medusa-

like. Phillip Erranti, the strong, passionate, consummate gambler in life and love, is far more real and convincing. And Madame Erranti is a touching, poignant figure that might have lived and died as she did."

The Cantankerous Critic growled, "Melodrama—Drury Lane melodrama, pure and simple, that's all it is. There is no character; all are mere puppets, unreal, fantastic, theatrical. Even Madame Erranti borrows from Miss Havisham in Dickens's novel, *Great Expectations*. If you want to see what genius can do with an eccentric figure of that kind, living in the distorted memories of the past, read that great book and correct your standards of fiction. I grant that in the opening chapters the author seems to have had some grasp of creative power, for the unfolding of Athena's childhood and girlhood is done with a deft hand and promised a story of no ordinary psychological interest. But the reality of the girl vanished, and she has no more personality than that little in the pages that follow. It reminded me of a popular melodrama I saw a few years ago in Drury Lane, and, curiously enough, the final catastrophe that overtook villainy occurred in the same expeditious manner. In *Miranda of the Biscay*, Mr. Mason's novel, not the stage version, the decks were cleared for the happiness of the suffering innocents and victims of wicked machinery by a similar device."

"For my part," quoth the Hummelist, "I lost all respect for the heroine when I learned of her preference for Celia Thaxter's poems."

"The Gold Wolf"

"Another exciting story of novel situations and stirring adventures that I thoroughly enjoyed," resumed the Merchant, "was Max Pemberton's *The Gold Wolf*. The picture of Dudley 'Hutton,' a man of enormous wealth, absorbed in the exciting game of financial speculation, on the verge of nervous breakdown, yet fearing to let go and trust the control and management of his gigantic schemes to others, is vividly described so as to bring home the frightful responsibility and arduous attending one of the latest and most modern types of the commercial world. But here again the story is the main thing. I have always read Max Pemberton's novels for the amazing ingenuity and inventiveness of his ideas, always up-to-date and sometimes ahead of time, with a queer feeling that some of the things he prognosticates may yet come to pass. *The Iron Pirate*, *The Five Wives*, and *The Giant's Gate* were examples of what I mean. In the present instance, he imagines the case of a man who has just been told by a famous specialist that he must retire from business for a time or face the alternative of a madhouse in six months' time. That night he goes home and has an unpleasant interview with his beautiful but unloving wife. The effect of the quarrel is to intensify his mental disorder, so that for a time he is under a cloud of nervous paralysis. Later his wife is found dead in her bedroom. The chain of circumstances spells him as suspicious points to him as the murderer. He is loved and honored by enemies in the dark, and he topples on the brink of ruin. It is a long and exciting contest, and the climax in which Hutton comes off victorious is skillfully contrived and held as a surprise. You can't deny that this book touches modern life very closely and with an intimate knowledge of the situations involved."

"It is certainly most interesting," said the Matron, "but I think you have omitted

the most original idea in the book. Dudley Hutton's salvation is really brought about by his love for a girl whom he meets some time after his wife's strange death. Now this girl, Daphne Bell, is, physically, almost the image of his wife—not very probable, but still possible. The straining probability, however, is justified by the fact which Mr. Pemberton makes of this singular idea in developing the ends of his story and furnishing a rather unique situation in fiction.

"I must say a word," quoth the Hamletist, "for Daphne's father, the college Don, and Patrick Fossall, Hutton's intimate friend, two very entertaining old fellows, freshly touched and lighted up with a quiet air of extravagance. By the way, there's an illustration opposite page 180, depicting Daphne tying the old Don's bow-knot I'd like to have the original of. But the artist slipped up in the picture opposite page 278, where Fossall is drawn without a hair on his face, yet we read a few pages previous to this that at this very moment he had 'a heavy gray moustache!'"

"What I like in Mr. Pemberton's work," said the Scholar, quietly, "is the spirit of freshness and youth that never seems to tire or suffer atrophy from the 'reluctant fluency of professionalism.' I am still hoping beyond give as the best that is in him. He has not done it yet: I am convinced of that, as I am that he can do it from evidence he himself has shown in scattered pages of his ingenious stories."

"Tloha"

"Tloha," said the Sentimentalist, "is the title given to a collection of short tales, numbering eleven, by Mr. Arthur Colton. The title is borrowed from the first story in the book, and is by far the strongest, perhaps for that reason it occupies its place. They appeared in different periodicals and magazines between 1897 and 1901. We are glad to know this, for Mr. Colton's novel *The Debatable Land*, published in the American Novels Series a year and a half ago, was a work of firmer strength and finer maturity. Taken as 'practice work,' these stories are remarkable for the qualities they indicate in the author's equipment as a literary artist. In the choice of themes he is unconventional and almost fantastic, but this is a promising characteristic of mental aptitude in youth if it be but the outcome of a sincere regard for truth, and incident to the revolt of an original and fresh mind against the hackneyed and commonplace. The feeling for nature, the insight into rural characters, the knowledge of country life, the power to concentrate creative energy upon odd types, and to make character form the story rather than circumstance, are strikingly evidenced in these chips from the artist's workbench. The stories are well worth reading if only for their love of quiet life, and because they are out of the beaten track."

"The story I liked best," observed the Matron, "was 'The Green Grasshopper.' Little Bobby's grief over his dead grasshopper, trodden underfoot, is so boyishly touching, yet one smiles at him even while one shares his short-lived grief. The conflict between duty and sympathy in the rigid Miss Baezel over the small incident that seemed so big with future catastrophe in her view of the child that was father to the man is also amusingly sketched. The picture left in the mind is full of quiet beauty when, after she has helped Bobby to make a grave for the unfortunate insect, they went up the hill in the twilight and he said: 'It is too soon yet.'" remarked the Scholar, "to predict a future for the writer of these tales, and the two later novels I have read. Youth is promising so many

fine things nowadays that never come to fruition in art and literature. But he bids one hope, and I am content to wait and see what he will yet do. He has individuality, humor, insight, picturesqueness of language, and a certain forcefulness. What he seems to lack is strong conviction—a strength of conviction about life that will sweep him from the mere standpoint of the spectator and throw him into the thick of the fight."

"A Comedy of Conscience"

"Dr. Weir Mitchell's little story," said the Cantankerous Critic, "is a pleasant incident thrown off, one can imagine, as a recreation in the midst of more serious work. It is the sort of thing one reads in an hour and most frequently meets with in the pages of a magazine. The title tells the story. Serena Vernon—the very name is a felicitous aid to characterization—is in a quandary about a ring which a thief has unwittingly left in her lap when he stole her purse. She resorts to her friends for enlightenment of conscience in the disposition of the ring, but her own obstinate conviction reter her counsel of no avail. Incidentally there is a thread of love in the comedy which helps on the denouement. The strong clericalism of the Reverend Angelo King is happily satirized. The ending is a bit saccharine and smacks of the fairy-tale, but then it is only a light piece of comedy, with no other end save to amuse for an hour and then be forgotten."

"This is as good as right," remarked the Sentimentalist, a little aggressively. "It was so beautiful to have Serena wedded at last in John after all the years of her unending decree not to marry."

"Oh, as to that, he was welcome to her," hinted the Cantankerous Critic. "I referred to the quixotic handling of the thief. It was like what the author of *Editha's Beryl* would have done."

"John Perryfield" and "The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft"

"Here are two more books," continued the Critic, "masquerading under the guise of fiction. So far as their literary pose is concerned, they are fictitious, but they are in no sense of the word novels. *John Perryfield* bears on the title-page, I see, the subtitle 'The Anatomy of Cheerfulness,' and the advertisement of the book calls it a romance. The publisher states that 'its title hardly does justice to its contents,' and this is true. The idyllic love-affair which appears at long intervals scarcely counts. That the scene is laid mainly in Switzerland does count, for the natural philosophy and temperament of these reveries and excursions into old fields of thought and feeling take on the cheerful aspects of the landscape and the happy qualities of the atmosphere. It is a book to read as you would the Breakfast Table talks, not for any story, but for the pleasure of listening to a garrulous but genial friend who does all the talking, but never hores you. The *Private Papers of Henry Rycroft* might have had as a subtitle 'The Anatomy of Contentment.' It is even less of a romance than *John Perryfield*. It is what we need to call a human document, for it is unashingly wrought on an autobiographic plan, and the personality of the author larks in every line of the fictitious Rycroft. More sober and somber than the other book, it is a better piece of literature, and probes life deeper, as sorrow always bars the living soul and sounds the plummet of being more surely than happiness."

"Call these books what you will," observed the Scholar, "they are books of life, touching the inner sanctuaries of feeling, and speaking for us as we would oftentimes fail to speak for ourselves. They are books that

have the prime quality of inspiration as Coleridge defined it—they 'find' us. There are many fine and true things in these books that will endear them to the lover of the intellectual life. There is an incident related in *John Perryfield* which is a proposal of the luminous conviction of Emerson's eulogist. At Windsor the author says that the hard-working woman who kept his pension had read Howells and Henry James and other American writers, but she quite won his heart by saying: 'Of all the high spirits in our books, mein Herr, it is a cuntsymy of yours that I love the best. His name was Emerson.'"

"While we are quoting," the Scholar went on after a pause, "there is a passage in *The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft* which I'd like to read as characteristic of the literary asceticism and habitual gravity and high seriousness of the writer of these Papers. 'Many a time,' he says, 'when life went hard with me, I have betoken myself to the Stoics, and not all in vain. Marcus Aurelius has often been one of my bedside books; I have read him in the night watches, when I could not sleep for misery, and when assuredly I could have read nothing else. He did not remove my burden; he proofs of the vanity of earthly troubles availed me nothing; but there was a soothing harmony in his thought which partly lulled my mind, and the mere wish that I could find strength to emulate that high example (though I knew that I never should) was in itself a safeguard against the baser impulses of wretchedness. I read him still, but with no tarted emotion, thinking rather of the man than of the philosophy, and holding his image dear in my heart of hearts.' Could anything be more characteristic of the remoteness of the scholar from the swift superficial currents of literary fashion than this appreciation of Marcus Aurelius? I have always found a test of the intellectual life in a fondness for the *Meditations*. In fact, I have never known it to fail."

"Wee Macgregor"

The mood of the numbers had grown serious, and the timely announcement of the Humorist that he had discovered a new humorist brought instant relief.

"Here's a little book," he cried in elation, "that everybody will be reading in a short time—at least they ought to be, by all the rules of the game, and it's up to the public to play fair. Wee Macgregor makes me think of the early days of another young lunk who gave us a lot of fun—Sentimental Tommy. I remember harric one day, absent-mindedly puffing at his pipe, and evidently ruminating over the exploits of his impish erector, giving glib expression to the exclamation: 'He was a real yer de devil, was Tommy?' Now that I just now think of Wee Macgregor, by what tender, new and gentle affection reside in the humble home where Macgregor's fond parents slyly pet him and openly discipline him! Instead of wasting time talking about them, however, I would rather read you a chapter."

They assented to this pleasant diversion, and the third meeting of the club closed with a reading of a chapter in *Wee Macgregor*, in which he described Macgregor's attempt to put in practice the process of chicken incubation. His mother explained that the eggs had to be kept 'nice an' cozy, but 'no over-warm; just like yersef' when ye're in yer bed. D'ye see? Macgregor thinks he does, and under the pretence of being ill he keeps his bed, nourishing his secret. The apogee of the experiment is so boyishly natural as it is extremely funny. The club agreed that the Humorist was indeed to be congratulated on his latest discovery, and there was a run on the village book-shop the next day.

Books and Bookmen

One of Mr. Anthony Hope's early novels bore the title *Half a Hero*. Mr. K. W. Loring, we observe, calls his new book *No Hero*. The title of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's latest story, *The Adventures of Harry Rowel*, immediately calls to mind Meredith's *The Admirable of Harry Richmond*. To *The House on the Marsh*, *The House Under the Moon*, *The House with the Green Shutters*, and other "Houses" in fiction that may be recalled, still another has been added in *The House on the Hudson*, by Frances Powell. By the way, we noticed that a member of the Canterbury Club recently remarked, in speaking of *Calcutt of Strathairn*, that he took it for a first book, as he had not encountered the name of Mr. Carter Goodloe before. We are wondering what connection there is between the author of this wily novel and Abbe Carter Goodloe, the author of *College Girls* published a few years ago by the same firm of publishers.

Paucel made merry the other day with the obvious and ridiculous titles that may follow the fashion set by *The Little White Bird*, and noted that already a story had appeared, called *The Little Red Pick*. There is a chance now to make *Gene and the Blue Flower*, inasmuch as one of the spring novels goes under the title of *The Blue Flower*. The vagaries of title-naming are further illustrated in the odd coincidence of *The Better Sort* for Mr. Henry James's new volume; of stories, and *The Better Way* for Charles Wagner's inspiring essays on the conduct of life.

We have been hearing some hard sayings lately about literary criticism in America. Only the other day, on the steps of Philip Hiram Jones, on shaking the dust of our soil off his feet, shot his bolt at our art critics, and our papers unashamedly reported him at length. Now in the April Bookman dramatic criticism comes in for a wholesale lashing. The conclusion of for the present matter is worth quoting, for it can be applied to criticism in general: "We Americans are imaginative in business (where our heart is), but businesslike in our imagination. The aim of American playwrights is to be instantly comprehensible to every member of a miscellaneous crowd, and criticism, which ought to be merely a matter of good-tempered self-revelation, seeks to establish a constitution and by-laws for the art of pleasing. That is why the unedited American is so much more delightful than his cautious brother with the pen, and why the best things that life has to offer are not yet either printed or staged. But taking it all in all, the critics do not come so near the stage as the stage comes to reality. We can recall several passages in American plays, but not one word of dramatic criticism."

Whatever subject Miss Josephine Dookan's fancy may light upon, she may be trusted to strike an individual tack and to take a fresh point of view. Nothing so amusing and novel as her "Memoirs of a Baby," now appearing in HARPER'S BAZAR, could it seem, be well conceived. The first (March) instalment dealt with the Young Mother; in the April issue she "deals with the Baby." Much of the humor arises from Aunt Emma's insistence on training a child in the way he should go by rote and rule according to certain infant classics, which Tom, the Young Father, insists are written by some foul dry-goods clerk, much to Aunt Emma's disgust and indignation. "The Baby, His Care and Training," we are told, dogged the down-sittings and the up-springs of the latest Willough with an inevitable per-

sistence. And this pursuit was the more trying for the reason that it almost to respect for the infant, in question even so much as faintly simulate the characteristics of the inspired subject of the treatise. One day Tom made the most startling application of all the theories of this classic so persistently related by his son. Idly turning the pages of Aunt Emma's *infant-classics*, he hit upon a sentence of inexhaustible amusement to him and Susy, and the Young Mother:

"A child," he announced, triumphantly, "is much happier with one simple object of amusement? There you are! I've discovered something in this book at last. Of course he is. That's what's the matter with him, Aunt Emma, and now what are you going to do about it? It's up to you!"

"What do you mean, Tom?"

They laughed delightedly at her perplexity.

"Can't you see?" Susy urged, mischievously. "Can't you?"

"I'm sure I never gave him much, my dear—only that red ball and the dog picture. He notes that rubber one—you said so yourself."

"But what does he laugh at the most, Aunt Emma! Don't say you haven't no idea!"

Miss Willough frowned thoughtfully. "Why, really, Susy, I've never noticed that any boys amuse him very much. The cat frightened him, if anything. As a matter of fact, he seems to take more interest in people. You know how often he laughs at me?"

"That's it, Aunt Emma, that's it!" Tom stopped the book and roared again. "You're the person that's disgracing my son's nervous system—you're his one single object of amusement!"

"Oh, Tom, how can you be so ridiculous? Of course it doesn't mean—"

"Woman, don't seek to get out of it by these paltry excuses! Give me your attention a moment."

"By this time the little brain is so over-worked that the poor baby is in a highly nervous state. Poor baby, how he ought to—"

"Tom, how can you?"

"It is only when the adult steps in and opens him on that he goes beyond his powers, Aunt Emma! Dear me! dear me!"

"Tom, give me that book!"

"It is the pleasure that amuse but add to the *one's life* that are most enjoyed and appreciated—mark that, Aunt Emma—these that occur every day, or with cheerful regularity, soon pall upon one and cease to be pleasures!"

"Tom Willough, if you really think that I have a bad influence on that child—"

"My dear Aunt Emma, I think you are a delicious old puss!"

"Why, the idea, Aunt Emma! Stop it this moment! He was only teasing you! The baby loves you dearly, and I don't know what we'd do without you! Please stop, Aunt Emma!"

Their distress was so genuine, an close by their affection under their quick laughter, that she kissed them both fervently and thanked Heaven, for them, that some one of constant purpose was given them to balance their united irresponsibility.

In the *Memoirs of a Baby* Miss Dookan promises to surpass herself as a humorist.

THE COMPLETE PRIG.

[According to a recent number of *Harpers' Weekly*, Mrs. W. D. McClintock, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, has declared that such nursery tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard* have a "moral spirit" about them, and are unfit for children's reading. She has snipped out a really moral literary course for the mother to superintend during her child's infancy. The tales featured are here faithfully reproduced.]

I'm pained when I reflect upon the stuff that people print.

And call without a blush a children's story;

Your *Jack the Giant Killer* has a nasty moral squint,

And *Bluebeard* is as wicked up to its gurg;

The tale of *Mr. Braun* and his *Mrs. Money-Mug*;

Which childhood in its innocence still

I beg that you will substitute for all such

sorry stuff

The moral and instructive course which

follows:—

Until your child is seven let her feed her infant mind

On simple, pretty tales about the lair, and

Provided they are free from squints (sup-

posing you can find

That such a fairy-story anywhere is),

Till nine her soul may meditate as deeply as

it can

(Till benefit it very much to do so)

The pious lubrications of that most religious

man,

The blameless and improving *Mr. Croaker*.

Her early tees with classic tales she may

peruse benignly

Of *Perkins, Jason, Hector, and Ulysses*

(Of course you'll skip all episodes in fair

Calypso's tale)

And Brian (when of course you'll skip the

knave);

The educative stimulus contained in such a

tale

Can hardly be too highly estimated—

Of course you'll take the greatest care and

never, never fail

To see that it is duly expurgated.

Romantic tales might next afford some

wholesome mental food—

Knights-errant in the cause of virtue

fighting—

But bear in mind the knights must all be

very, very good,

Their deeds, however brave, not too ex-

triling.

Then let her read *Miss Charlotte Young*,

whose highly moral pen

Instinct with virtue, never met its fellow,

And possibly a novel by *Miss Carey* now and

then.

But never, never one that's bound in yellow.



"You're his one simple object of amusement!"

From *Memoirs of a Baby*, by Josephine Dookan in HARPER'S BAZAR for May

Men of Letters in Parliament

Mr. W. E. H. LEUCK, the well-known historian, has, by accepting the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, vacated his seat in the House of Commons, of which body he has been a member for eight years. Like many another distinguished man of letters, he proved a disappointment to his friends in Parliament. He was not a silent member, however, and, when he spoke, he was listened to with deference. What he lacked was the electrifying gift. It is interesting to recall the varied experience of literary men in English public life. We need not say that Francis Bacon played almost as great a part in law and politics as he played in literature and science. Edward Hyde, better known as the Earl of Clarendon, the author of the famous history of the English civil war, was an effective and influential speaker in the House of Commons, and was for a year or two conspicuous on the patriotic side, though, subsequently, like Wentworth and Lord Falkland, he went over to the King's party. Of all English men of letters, he rose to the highest legal and political eminence, becoming under Charles II. Lord High Chancellor and Chief Minister, to say nothing of the fact that he was the grandfather of two reigning queens of England. Henry St. John was as effective with the voice as with the pen, and it was due, of course, to his capacity of leadership in the House of Commons that he was made successively Secretary for War and Foreign Secretary. Called to the House of Lords as Viscount Bolingbroke, he negotiated the Peace of Utrecht, and was prime minister for the week preceding the death of Queen Anne. Burke, whose writings constitute a storehouse of political philosophy, was so uninteresting in his mode of delivery that he is said to have emptied the benches of the House of Commons when he rose to speak. His inability to exert immediate influence as an orator partly accounts for his failure to attain high political office. He twice held the post, however, of Paymaster of the Forces, and, but for the death of his only son, would have been raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield. Gibbon, the greatest of English, if not of all historians, sat for eight sessions in the House of Commons, but never, apparently, opened his mouth. As he himself has recorded, he supported the Ministry of Lord North throughout our Revolutionary war, with "many a sincere and silent vote," in return for which he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. George Grote, the best-known English historian of Greece, though some scholars prefer Thirlwall's, sat for the City of London in three successive Parliaments, and was the legislative head of the party of Philosophical Radicals whereof Jeremy Bentham was the oracle. Grote was an able and incisive speaker, and exercised considerable influence in the House of Commons. Even more successful was the parliamentary career of Macaulay, who was a member of the House of Commons from 1839 to 1847, and, again, from 1852 to 1858. He was made Secretary for War as early as 1840, and five years later became Paymaster-General of the Forces. As an orator he was weighty and impressive. By one of his speeches, delivered when he was in opposition, he converted the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and the majority of the House, to his views of copyright. About three years before his death, he was raised to the peerage as a baron, in recognition rather of the legal and political services rendered by him in India and in Parliament than of his literary distinction. John Stuart Mill was M.P. for Westminster from 1865 to 1868. As an orator, he was somewhat disappointing, and, at first, was unfavorably received, but he ultimately succeeded in gaining the ear of the House, and, as the Speaker remarked on

one occasion, his mere presence in Parliament elevated the tone of debate. The reform of land tenure in Ireland, woman suffrage, the reduction of the national debt, the reform of London's local government, and the abrogation of the Declaration of Paris, were among the topics on which he spoke with marked effect. His subscription to the election expenses of Mr. Bradlaugh and his severe reprobation of the conduct of Governor Kyrle of Jamaica were commonly regarded as the causes of his defeat at the general election of 1868, after which he retired from public life. It is sometimes forgotten that Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, playwright, essayist and poet, was also a politician. In 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, he entered the House of Commons as a reformer, and remained a member of that body for ten years. In 1832, he was again returned, this time as a Conservative, and rose to be Colonial Secretary in the Derby government of 1838-40. In 1838, Lord Melbourne had made him a baronet for his services to the Whig party as a pamphleteer, and, in recognition of his zealness to the Conservatives, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866. His son, Owen

Meredith, was never an M.P., but, after succeeding his father as second Lord Lytton, he became minister at Lisbon and Viceroy of India. Lord Beaconsfield made him an earl, and Lord Salisbury, in 1877, sent him as an ambassador to Paris. We may mention, finally, that Benjamin Disraeli was known only as a novelist when he entered Parliament in 1837, and, although, thereafter, he remained continually in the House of Commons until in 1876 he transferred himself as Earl of Beaconsfield to the Upper House, he continued to write novels. *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, *Tenebris*, and *Lothair*, were all produced while he was in active political life. After his defeat at the general election of 1869, he employed his leisure in writing *Endymion*. Although a debater rather than an orator, he achieved a success in Parliament which must be deemed astonishing when all his disabilities are borne in mind. Not only did he become the leader of the Tories, but, as he himself said, he "educated" his party, and gave it a long lease of power. On the whole, it must be acknowledged that professional men of letters have played a great part in England's political history.

FOR next week HARPER'S WEEKLY will have, among other timely and interesting features, a complete short story by Hamlin Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"; an illustrated article telling exactly what the Irish land question is about and what it means; the Russo-Turkish situation, with a full-page drawing by our special artist; how the business of the country is conducted while the President is away; a double-page drawing, in color, of the opening of the coaching season, etc., etc.

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Finance

This Northern Securities decision was received in Wall Street on the eve of a three-day holiday. Prices fell off sharply, as was to be expected, but it is safe to say that nine out of ten persons interested in the security markets found comfort in the fact that the bad news came, first, at a time when the market had just gone through several weeks of general and substantial liquidation which had, at least technically, left it in far better condition to resist shocks; and, secondly, that the suspension of business during the three days gave the community ample time for reflection. The decision of the court in the merger case was obviously most important, but there were many favorable factors in the general situation which might at least tend to minimize the effect of the Northern Securities matter.

It was shown, however, that the "refraction" during the holidays did not help matters in the slightest. When the Stock Exchange resumed business, Wall Street was not in an overbearish frame of mind, and later in the day violent liquidation set in which carried the market to the verge of downright demoralization. With a little more it would have attained the dignity of a full-fledged panic. While the selling movement started with characteristics "driven" against certain stocks by professional operators of the stronger class, an price decided much genuine liquidation made its appearance.

The identity of the sellers on Monday was not clear. The truth would have been not only interesting but important. That a great deal of the liquidation was by small outside holders was clear, but there was more than one pool which also sold, and the half-hearted buying which was in evidence during the greater part of the day proved for one thing that the "strong interests" of the Street, if they were not actually selling, were not buying heavily. Indeed, the only encouraging feature of the buying was that much of it appeared to be for account of conservative investors and clear-headed outside speculators who believed in bargains.

St. Paul at 158 was much cheaper than St. Paul at 108. At all events, the Street was alarmed over the outpour of stock. To attribute the demoralization to a widespread or well-founded belief that the Northern Securities decision means financial chaos is absurd. The only reason for the senseless sacrificing of the good stocks with the bad was that the speculative community was frightened out of its wits. Stockholders never based an argument so carefully as when it finds strong corroboration on the ticker-tape; and the tape at the time spoke in tones of disaster. The subsequent partial recovery was inevitable.

The decision cannot be said to have been unexpected by those most directly concerned, notwithstanding the optimistic opinions of the company's lawyers for months past. The court seems to hold that the possession of the control of two competing roads by a single interest must necessarily restrain trade, and is therefore contrary to law, and that the ownership of the majority of the stocks of such companies means the possession of the control of the two. That being the case, by no device can those points be evaded, the language of the Sherman Act being so general as to cover almost every conceivable plan. It is unwise, therefore, for the community to seek to believe that some legal subterfuge will be successfully resorted to, should the Supreme Court affirm the decision of the United States Court of Appeals.

On the other hand, despite statements to the contrary by eminent bankers, it is not at

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.56
Bonds	176,027.74
Banking House	545,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,126.00
	\$23,193,886.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
\$4,496,310.20

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all evident from the decision that a railroad may not hold a minority interest in the stock of a competing road, nor that the securities-holding-company plan is illegal *per se*, or in the case of roads which connect at certain points, but compete at some. Some projected "demis" must of course be abandoned now, but others will remain unaffected by the decision. And it cannot be said that the decision has affected or can affect the earning capacity of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern roads. Their stocks are not wiped out of existence.

While there is much in the Northern Securities case to make financial interests uncomfortable, and not a little to make the public eventually regard it, as Mr. Nettell has said, a possible "bleeding in disguise," there appears to be no reason why the public should fail to consider other elements in the situation, many of which are extremely favorable. The government report shows by far the best crop conditions in our history. Should the present promise bear fruit, we should have a record-breaking winter wheat

Financial

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harvest. Moreover, crop conditions abroad are not favorable. The foreign-trade statistics for March show the heaviest exports for that month on record. There has been a steadily increasing investment in our securities by foreign capital, the lower prices for good bonds being attractive and at the same time there has been a cessation in the creation of new securities. There are no new financial syndicates, and promoters recognize the futility of endeavoring to float new issues in the present congested condition of the new-securities market. The strain on the market should diminish correspondingly. Last, but not least, are the railroad earnings.

Compilations by the Wall Street Journal show the largest ratio of gain in March since 1900. The troubles arising from congestion of traffic, which meant uncommercial handling of freight, and made railroad presidents sigh for less business, are disappearing, and this should show in larger net earnings. The country is highly prosperous, and stockholders have a very big drop.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY

THE
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GAMBLING
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EXPERIMENTS
WITH
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII

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Photograph by Lumbard

RUDOLPH KEPPLER

President of the New York Stock Exchange. The new Stock Exchange Building was formally opened on April 22

war, you will wish you had been a little gambler like myself, instead of a big one, so heavily committed to the wrong side that you could not move quickly," for Mr. Keene had told him that he was "carrying" a line of 75,000 shares of various stocks. Mr. Keene thought a moment, then said: "I'm greatly obliged. Maybe you are right." It made the editorial gambler fear that he had made a mistake, but his confidence reasserted itself, and he left the room coolly. In the mean time Keene thought calmly. The fact that he was long of stocks and had been a bull for weeks did not influence him in the least. As a rule, men, like women, never believe what they do not like to believe. Not so the gambler, who

believes in fair and facts, and never "bucks" against either. Keene had imagination, and a consummate knowledge of the psychology of stock-gamblers. It is this last which has made him a great market - manipulator. He saw the situation as the newspaper man had seen it. Then he did not hesitate. He sold out his 75,000 shares, and telephoned to his informant: "I have sold my long stocks. Thank you." The market took it well. Then Keene sold 50,000 shares short, and telephoned to the editor's office: "I've sold 50,000 shares short. Thank you." In a moment he had reversed his position. The next day, in London, prices broke violently. The world was full of war talk. The jingo press was jubilant, the serious papers sober. In the New York market there was a terrific decline in stocks good, bad, and worse. The American gambling spirit had made a million for Mr. Keene, and a tidy little sum for the newspaper man. Was it wrong to accept such a reward for possessing the courage of his convictions, which came, in turn, from the possession of quick decision, knowledge of human nature, and international politics and imagination?

Mr. S. V. White was a deacon of Plymouth Church—and a stock-gambler. He was a profound theologian, a lawyer who has pleaded before the Supreme Court, an amateur astronomer of considerable proficiency, a Latin scholar, a friend and one of the counsel of Henry Ward Beecher during the famous trial, a scholar, and an American. The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western was a great property. "Deacon" White studied it. He knew the company's surplus was real, and not a fiction of bookkeeping. He was sure he was right; then he went ahead and bought and bought and bought. The price rose. The "floating" supply, as he had calculated, was small. The stock was held by investors who were in its dividends as in a future life, and swore by "Sam Sloan" as by their honor. The Deacon's buying did not, strictly speaking, "corner" the stock. But the less discriminating gamblers who had sold it short suddenly found difficulty in "bartering" the stock for immediate delivery. The

cash price soared, and the shorts said things. S. V. White, being a scholar, exhorted them to philosophy in Latin. He gave them a Greek distich on the virtue of wisdom, and translated into Hebrew old Daniel Drexel's famous couplet: "He who sells what isn't his, must buy it back or go to prison!"

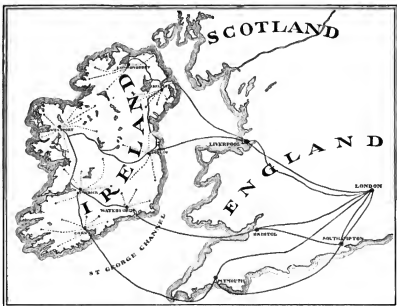
In order not to go to prison and into bankruptcy synchronously, they offered fabulous prices for the use of the stock. Investors would not sell their holdings, but they might lend it. Strong-bears were ransacked for the precious certificates. A trust company in Philadelphia had, for instance, 3000 shares. A speculator in New York, who was short 5000 shares, knew it.

He telegraphed for the certificates, to be sent over in a special train. The trust company knew him, and, besides, they received good security. They despatched the special train, with the 5000 shares in a trusty messenger's wallet. The engineer was ordered to make a record-breaking run. At the ferry, on the Jersey City side, a specially chartered tug swallowed him. On the New York side stood a cab with a feet horse and a fearless driver, who for an offer of \$10 had become a potential murderer of pedestrians. The train started. It broke a dozen records for runs between certain points. The unfortunate "short" had until 2.15 p.m. that day to make good his contract. But at a little river or canal in Jersey the draw-bridge was open. The train could not go. It had twelve previous minutes. The certificates reached Wall Street at 2.18 p.m. The gambler "settled" with the Deacon. Later, other gamblers settled with the Deacon also. Mr. White had made his turn. It gave him a half-million or so.

The hair C. Sternbach was one of the most respected business men in New York. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of leading bankers and the affection of the trade. His word was good for millions, literally. His advice was carefully heeded by great capitalists. His reputation was of the very highest in the land. One day he began to buy haircloth. Before long he owned practically all the haircloth in the world. He had "cornered" the available supply. He began to advertise, not haircloth, but fashions of feminine dress which required the use of haircloth for those mysterious "padding" effects. The fashion became the rage. It was a luscious haircloth; the dry-goods stores had to have it. They had it. Mr. Sternbach sold it to them, at a profit of nearly 1000 per cent. It was a brilliant stroke. Can it be denied that the success was deserved? But what of the spirit that moved a man to good in the creation of the hair-cloth error? It was admirable, legitimate. No fault can be found with it. Because it was not stocks, was it not gambling? There are degrees and classes of gambling. It is either folly or pluck. And the American people are not fools.



An exciting Moment on 'Change — the "Shorts" trying to Cover



Map showing how the food-products of Ireland will be gathered at the principal ports, and sent to increase the food-supply of London

What the Irish Land Question Really Means

IN the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, called attention to a rather remarkable scheme for the promotion of industrial prosperity in Ireland—a scheme put forward by two remarkable men, Mr. W. J. Pirrie, of the great ship-building firm of Harland & Wolff, and Lord Iveagh, of the House of Commons. The essence of the scheme is to provide a fund for the establishment of better means of communication between the centres of production in Ireland and the ports, and, later, between the Irish ports and the chief ports of England, such as Liverpool and Bristol, to which Irish produce is carried. It is proposed to employ motor-cars to collect the grain and other agricultural produce from the farmers direct, and then to convey the said products to the harbours on light electric freight-cars. In this way a web of communication will be spread all over the country, the result of which will be twofold: cheaper products at the water, and therefore in the English markets; and better prices for the Irish farmers, who will presently be also the Irish land-excess. This is the scheme, and it at once suggests certain considerations of somewhat far-reaching tendency. To begin with, it should be borne in mind that, supposing Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase bill to become law, this law will transfer the land of Ireland from the landlords to the tenants, but will by no means sweep away the former land-owning class. The county families will remain in possession, as before, and will doubtless keep their country houses and deaneau lands, parks, and woods, and so forth, intact. In the undoubted rebotic gain of the country. But these county families will be something more than merely the inhabitants of rural houses; they will be capitalists, in virtue of the large sums to be paid to them through the intervention of the British government; and they will be capitalists for whom it is very necessary to find investments, and investments which shall pay dividends sufficiently high to take the place of the land rents, which they formerly collected or at least tried to collect. They will be under the necessity of investing their capital so as to secure a living for themselves and for their children; and the first important reflection caused by the scheme of Mr. Pirrie and Lord Iveagh is, that these two far-sighted and practical men have pointed to a field in which a very large amount of this newly created, or to be created, Irish capital may be invested, and well invested, with the prospect of ample returns, while, on the other hand, its investment in local Irish enterprises will be of the greatest benefit to the country itself. Here, therefore, is a new source from which these two enterprising gentlemen can draw all the capital their scheme demands; let us now consider the uses to which this capital might be put, the openings which Ireland offers for such enterprises. We are accustomed to think of Ireland as very much smaller than England; smaller, perhaps, in proportion to the relative populations of the two countries, England having thirty mil-

lion inhabitants, to less than four and a half million inhabitants in Ireland.

But we must always remember that the condition of Ireland, owing to political causes, is altogether abnormal and unnatural; and that, but for these causes, Ireland would probably have a population at least three times as great as at present. Some fifty years ago the population of Ireland was double what it is to-day, while the population of England was then about half what it is now. At present England has about seven times as many inhabitants as Ireland; but there is no such difference in the size of the two countries. Ireland has, indeed, almost exactly two-thirds the cultivable area of England—that is, twenty million acres, as against England's thirty-two millions. This at once suggests a most important consideration. We have all recently read of the deputation to Premier Balfour, to inquire into the sources of food supply which England could command in time of war. Mr. Balfour did not seriously consider the question; but had he done so, he might have perceived that England had close at hand, within four hours from her nearest port, a source of food-supply in Ireland which is capable of immense development. There are, in fact, twenty million acres of cultivable land, only a small part of which is at present cultivated at all, and that by no means as highly cultivated as it might be. To come down to figures, only 22 per cent. of the cultivable land in Ireland is actually cultivated; 52 per cent. is pasture; and 22 per cent. is entirely uncultivated, the remainder being woods or wastes. There are, therefore, no less than fifteen million acres of uncultivated, but cultivable, land in Ireland, which might form an admirable source of supply for England; just as, looking at the matter from the other side, the dense population of England forms an admirable market for the surplus agricultural produce of Ireland. At the present moment, the exports from Ireland to England are a mere negligible quantity, England purchasing from India, Egypt, Argentina, Russia, and the United States wheat which would perfectly well be grown in Ireland, no part of which is more than twelve or fifteen hours from the nearest English port, while most of the central plain is within nine or ten hours of England, Dublin being three and a half hours from Holyhead. To realize these possibilities, there is needed, first, an endurable financial situation for the cultivator, now secured by the Land Purchase bill, as the result of generations of agitation; there is needed also a certain amount of free capital, such as the land-purchase scheme will put into the hands of the Irish county families; there is needed such financial light and leading as are suggested by the plan of Mr. Pirrie and Lord Iveagh. It would seem, therefore, that without in the least intending or foreseeing it, England, by giving Ireland a measure of justice in the new land legislation, will create for her—a *re-sure* supply of food which may become a very present help in time of trouble.

Experiments with Lightning

By Professor John Trowbridge

THE storm uses a system of wireless telegraphy which is essentially the same that human ingenuity has at last devised: the mechanics of wireless telegraphy are a plain infringement upon nature's methods.

Some years ago, one summer evening, ensconced in a room in Harvard Hall, I was watching the indications of the needle of an electrometer. An electrometer is an instrument which can measure the electric condition of the air. In its simplest form it consists of two gold leaves hung on a wire just as a napkin is hung on a clothes-line. When the leaves are electrified they diverge by reason of the repulsion of the electric charges on the leaves. I had connected the electrometer to a metallic plate outside the window which received a little stream of water from a run of water. The metallic plate thus took the electrical condition of the air. Every now and then I observed that the needle of the electrometer made a sudden jerk. At first I was inclined to attribute the movements to accidental irregularities. They soon, however, became more pronounced, and some instants after the jerks I heard the low rattlings of distant thunder. I then discovered that the thunder storm had been telegraphing its coming long before the clouds had appeared above the horizon.

When I drew nearer minute sparks could be perceived under a microscope between two pieces of wire connected with a circuit on the roof of the building. When a battery was connected to the wire in such a way as to enlarge the minute-spark gap in the battery circuit a Morse sounder or ticker responded to every stroke of lightning.

The sending apparatus in all systems of wireless telegraphy is an electric spark, a minute discharge of lightning. We are just beginning to discover what a complicated phenomenon an electric spark is; the manifestation of light is far more mysterious than that of a candle. It is rich in waves of light which are almost lacking in the light of a candle; waves of extremely short length which the eye can never perceive, and which are discovered only by means of photography. These short waves, under certain conditions, can produce larceny on the human skin; and under other conditions can cause skin troubles. They can cause an electric current to leap over an air gap, which forms without the aid of the short waves an insuperable obstacle. The electric spark also sends out very long waves which we call electric waves; these are the waves which are used in wireless telegraphy.

When the light of an electric spark is examined by a rapidly revolving mirror it is drawn out into a succession of bands. What to the eye seems but one flash is really a number of flashes. Fig. 1 is a photograph taken of electric sparks flashed on a photograph plate by a mirror. The light is travelling through space at the rate of a mile a second; and since the bands succeed each other in about one-quarter of a millionth of a second there is sufficient space on the photographic plate to catch them all. Two rates of vibration are represented as the photograph—one shorter than the other. It is these minute oscillations, due to electric waves, which are instrumental in sending the wireless message. The mode of passage of these sparks through the air, if known, would probably reveal the mystery involved in what we call the electric current; and go far in answering the question: "What is Electricity?" It is certain that an explosion occurs at the moment of the flash of lightning. There may be more than one explosion. I have

reasons for believing that there is one at every fork of the discharge. The accompanying photograph, Fig. 2, shows the perforations in a sheet of paper which was so arranged as to receive the explosions at the forks of the discharge.

The noise of an electrical explosion is greatly enhanced by causing an electrical spark to jump between wads of cotton heavily soaked with water. The spark in this case is four or five times as long as in dry air. The wads may represent clouds laden with moisture. Such a discharge from a reservoir charged by a storage battery of twenty thousand cells such as I have experimented with is so painful that the ears have to be stuffed with cotton, and, furthermore, a heavy cloth must be strapped about the face.

There are some of what may be called striking manifestations of the mysterious sending spark. When the spark is examined with a spectroscopic the most complicated phenomena are exhibited. The metal remains between which the spark jumps contribute bright lines which are characteristic of the metals. Silver gives one set of lines, tin another; each bright line is supposed to indicate a molecular motion of extreme rapidity; moreover, the heated air also gives bright lines due to its constituents: oxygen, nitrogen, and possibly many other gases yet undiscovered or isolated. When a discharge occurs near the limits of our atmosphere, perhaps five hundred miles, there is no longer a line of discharge; then we have the Aurora Borealis, and the manifestation of the X-rays. Thus the electric spark is present in its manifestations.

When a lightning flash or an electric spark occurs in air ripples spread out in the ether of space, as if a torpedo had been exploded under water. These ripples travel, ever expanding in all directions, and constitute what we termed electric waves. They cause an up and down motion in the ether or, more strictly, a periodic motion. This motion is taken up by the distant receiver which as a light flash or a heat ray and falls when the waves of a disturbance in water pass under them. There are several instruments for detecting this periodic motion. I have referred to one of them as the euheter; a collection of metallic particles which are made conducting for a current of electricity when the ether waves embrace the vessel which contains them. The euheter, however, is too sensitive for practical wireless telegraphy, and Marconi is now using a magnetic receiver which consists of a bundle of iron wires, wrapped wire suitably connected with a telephone. The electric waves striking the coiled wire disturb the magnetic condition of the iron, shaking up the little molecules from their position of rest, and causing a tick in the telephone. The electric waves travel with the velocity of light; thus the passenger on a steamship in midocean would find to receive his wireless message in less than a hundredth of a second from the time of sending the first letter.

Since the electric waves spread out in all directions how can we prevent messages being intercepted by any one? This is a practical difficulty at present which has not been overcome. A certain measure of success has, however, been obtained. The methods in general interference and indiscriminate reception of wireless messages are analogous to the methods employed in sound to produce resonance. A tuning fork at a distance, for instance, can be made to respond to one that is vibrating if it is tuned to the same note. One electrical system can be tuned to another under certain limitations.



Photograph of Electric Sparks
The light, flashed by a mirror, is travelling through space at the rate of a mile a second.



A Miniature Flash of Lightning
taken through Perforations on a piece of Paper

Notice that the flash is not contained, but it made up of a series of discharges at each fork of the electrical discharge. This was partly caused by the melting of the paper. Successive discharges would reach our ears at different times.



Lightning under the Spectroscope
The broad metallic bands show the spectrum of the air ionized by a strong flash. This spectrum shows a number of lines which the flash is more than ten million times

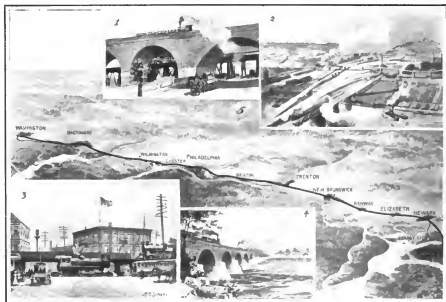


Rock-carvings made by American Aborigines thousands of years ago, probably at the close of the glacial period

The First Artists Discovered

EXPLORERS returning recently from the coast of the North Pacific Ocean have brought evidences of the earliest attempts at art. The prehistoric artists, examples of whose work are here reproduced, engraved on the surface of rocks the images of birds, fishes, and mammals. These images are more than crude expressions of animal life. They were the indispensable legends to posterity of the beliefs of these early tribes in their spirit protectors. The traditions gathered among the Athapascans now living tell how their ancient ancestors en-

gaged in combats with gigantic birds, beasts, and fishes, how they subdued them, and compelled their spirits to become protectors of the tribe or family. Gradually from these combats,—mythical, no doubt,—families acquired crests. It then became the duty of succeeding generations of artists to give form to these crests and deeds of their ancestors. Thus came into existence, for example, the totem pole, showing the spirit protectors of the tribe—animals with human faces and so on. The rock-carvings may have been done at the close of the glacial epoch.



SPENDING A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS TO SAVE HALF AN HOUR

The new plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad to improve accommodations and to save time between New York and Washington consist largely in removing curves and grades, and in building new bridges and viaducts. In the distance (1) represents one of the new viaducts; it replaces a dangerous grade-crossing at New Brunswick; (2) the new bridge marks an New Philadelphia where no numerous grades each year have an amount of traffic; (3) Broad Street crossing at Newark, New Jersey, showing the present grade and the new one in construction; (4) the new stone bridge over the Delaware River at Trenton. This type of viaduct, new and steel bridge construction all along the line; (5) the way curves in the railway route between Washington and New York are done away with. The heavy black line represents the new alignment



"LEAN ON ME, GRANDPA"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has been dramatized by Mrs. Burnett, is now affecting New York audiences, young and old, as strongly as it did in the original production fifteen years ago.
See page 117



A Macedonian Shepherd



At every Station on the Frontier Turkish Guards take charge of the Trains



An Albanian Chief



Turkish Troops on the March against Albanians who organized to drive out Christian Police



Only the Turks and Albanians are allowed to go around in Macedonia



Turkish Troops at Mitroviča ready to start against the Albanians and Mountain Rebels

THE SITUATION IN MACEDONIA

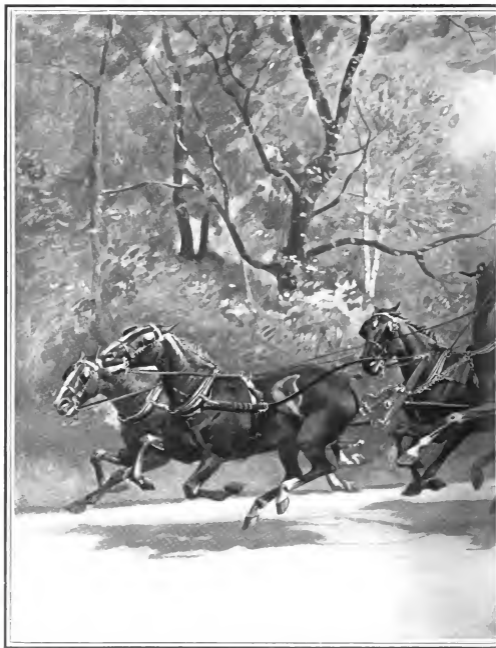
see page 720



Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Augustus Ivanovskii

THE SITUATION IN MACEDONIA

The latest news reports show that the Balkan troubles are still far from being settled. The natives are opposed to the rule of the Turks, and the Turks themselves rebel against the interference of the Powers, because, among other grievances, they consider their religious freedom in peril. In the drawing is shown the spirit of fanaticism against which reports has to make way. It is a Mohammedan festival, in which the disciples of Mohammed march in crowds through the streets and wound themselves with swords in honor of their prophet.



A Hold-up in



Drawn by Mrs. F. Klepper

Central Park

Conducting Uncle Sam's Business

WHEN the President goes to his Long Island home during the summer, government business is done through a branch White House at Oyster Bay, which is connected by special telephone and telegraph wires with the Presidential offices at Washington. On his Western trips the task is vastly more complex. The responsibility for keeping the President constantly in touch with the White House during his absence from the capital rests largely with Colonel R. F. Montgomery, a United States Signal Corps officer who has been called the "President's intelligence officer," and who is in charge of the Telegraph and Cipher Bureau of the White House—the only telephone and telegraph station under the government which is never closed from one end of the year to the other. As soon as the itinerary of a Presidential tour is completed, Colonel Montgomery takes it in hand, and elaborates it in his own way. On the regular printed schedule only those towns and cities are indicated at which the train will make stops, but on Colonel Montgomery's programme there is a notation of the exact time at which the Presidential special should pass every telegraph office on the line.

Thus every train dispatcher's shanty is utilized to connect the President with his official workshop, and in order to be ever ready for the unexpected a telegraph operator from the White House travels on the train prepared to "tap" a telegraph wire at any point in case of an emergency.

Particularly all of the Presidential business which is transacted by telegraph—and there is a surprising amount of it in the course of a prolonged tour,—is transmitted in cipher. The long-distance telephone is also utilized whenever practicable—that is, whenever the special train makes a stop of sufficient length to justify a long-distance connection being made with the telephone installation on the President's private car. When President McKinley made his transcontinental tour most of the members of his official family accompanied him, and cabinet meetings were held on the train, but during the present Roosevelt tour it has been necessary to resort to what are known as



President Theodore Roosevelt

From an unpublished painting of the President by Edwin Emery, which is now placed on the dining room at the White House

While the President is Away

"long-distance cabinet meetings"—that is, the Chief Executive has conferred by wire with various members of his cabinet who have gone to the White House at prearranged times for the purpose.

The exchange of mail is another important function in the transaction of Presidential business under nonmilitary conditions. The volume of White House mail, approximating under ordinary conditions about one thousand letters a day, is cut down somewhat when the President is absent, but, nevertheless, several hundred communications must be given attention at the Executive offices in Washington every day. The new assistant secretary to the President, Mr. Rudolph Foster, is in charge at the White House, and he and his assistants handle all the routine mail, forwarding to the Presidential party only such letters as require the personal attention of the Chief Magistrate or his secretary.

In the dispatch of the parcels of mail,—three bundles of letters are sent forward every twenty-four hours,—the officials at the White House are guided by the same nonmilitary schedule which is employed by Colonel Montgomery, but the mails are more uncertain than the telegraph, and, consequently, of communications that it will arrive in the proper city at just the proper time, and yet this is imperative, for were important communications to arrive at any given point after the departure of the Presidential train the inconvenience might be serious.

William Lock, Jr., Secretary to the President and Assistant Secretary R. F. Barnes are in charge of the travelling Executive offices, and have with them several of the White House stenographers. Their duties are not confined to answering the correspondence forwarded from Washington, for it may readily be imagined that wherever an emergency or official business originates all there will inevitably be quite or less new business originating all the time. When on tour the President has no stated time for conferring with his secretary, although he usually takes the hour or two before midnight for the transaction of urgent business.



Rudolph Foster



William Lock, Jr.



Rufus F. Barnes

The three Secretaries to the President

An Astronomical Trust

PROFESSOR E. C. PICKERING, Director of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, proposes, in a report which has just issued, a plan looking to the consolidation of the world's leading astronomical interests of the world for the purpose of furthering scientific research in that field. The five richest observatories—the Naval Observatory at Washington, and those at Paris, Harvard, Greenwich, and Pulkowa—have an aggregate yearly income amounting to \$900,000, which represents, at five per cent, the interest on \$18,000,000. Professor Pickering believes that an addition to this sum, which would serve as a common fund, of \$1,000,000, if properly applied to the purpose of co-ordinating world-wide astronomical interests, would immensely enhance the value and usefulness of the observatories now active in individual investigation.

AVOID TOOTHACHE.—MRS. WINDLON'S TOOTHACHE REMEDY should always be used for children teething. It soothes the inflamed surface of the gums, stops all pain, and is the best remedy for children.—[Advt.]

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Use BROWN'S Empurated Sassafras DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 35 cents a jar.—[Advt.]

RENDERED HAPPY VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
For the meeting of the Master Pleaders' Association at New York City, May 19th to 23rd, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell and return tickets to New York City, from Los Angeles, May 21st and May 11th to 17th inclusive, good in return for fair tickets of equivalent rates. These tickets need not be validated for return passage, for which the usual fee of \$1.00 each will be charged.—[Advt.]

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LONE WOLF'S OLD GUARD

BY
HAMLIN GARLAND



NOW it happened that Lone Wolf's camp was on the line between the land of the Cheyennes and the home of his own people, the Kiowas, but he did not know that. He had lived there long, and the white man's name were as unimportant to him as they had been to the Cheyennes. When he moved there he considered it to be his—a gift from the Creator—with no prior rights to be overtopped.

But the Consolidated Pacific Company, having secured the right to enclose a vast pasture, cared nothing for any red man's claim, provided they stood in with the government. A surveying party was sent out to run lines for fences.

Lone Wolf heard of these incursions while they were at work about him, and learned in some measure why that they were to come down the Elk and cut through his camp. To his friend John, the interpreter, he sent these words:

"The white man does not try to build a fence across my land, I will fight if he does. Washington is not behind this thing. He would not build a fence through my line without talking with me. I have sent to the agent of the Kiowas, he knows nothing about it—it is all a plan of the cattle men to steal my lands. Tell them that we have struck over this news—we have decided. This fence will not be built."

When Johnny Smokehook brought this stern message to the camp of the surveyors some of them promptly threw up their hands, Jim Billows, scout and interpreter, was among these, and his opinion had weight, for he wore his hair long and posed as an Indian fighter of large experience.

"Yes," he began to exclaim. "We got to get out of 'ere as soon as darkness covers us. We're sixty miles from the fort, and only fifteen all told, and not half around. Old Lone Wolf holds over us, and we might as well quit and get help."

This avowed carried the camp, and the party precipitately retraced its destination to confer with the manager of the company.

Pierce, the chief man, had reasons for not calling on the military authorities. His lease was as yet merely a semi-private arrangement between the Secretary of the Interior and himself, and he feared the consequences of a fight with Lone Wolf—possibly, friction, might cause the withdrawal of his lease, therefore he called in John Seger, and said:

"Jack, can you put that line through?"

"I could, but I don't want to. Lone Wolf is a good friend of mine, and I don't want to be mixed up in a mean job. I want you. Oh, come now—you mustn't show the white flag. I need you. I want you to pick out five or six men of grit and go along and see that this line is run. I can't be fooling around here all summer. Here's my lease, signed by the Secretary, as you see. It's all straight, and this old fool of an Indian must move."

Jack reluctantly consented, and set to work to hire a half-dozen men whose courage he had personal knowledge of. Among these was a man by the name of Tom Speed, a hardman of great hardihood and experience. To him he said:

"Yes, I don't like to go into this thing, but I'm hard up, and Pierce has given me the contract to build the fence if we run the line, and it looks like we got to do it. Now I wish you'd saddle up and help me stave off trouble. How does it strike you?"

"It's a mean business, Jack, but I reckon we might better do it than be some transferred to an and starved to death. I've hauled fat, and if the pay is good, I just about feel obliged to take it."

So it happened that two avowed friends of the red man led this second expedition against Lone Wolf's camp. Pierce sent his brother as boss, and with him went the son of one of the principal owners, a Boston man, by the name of Ross. Speed always called him "the Dude," though he dressed quite simply, as dress goes in Redoubt. He wore a light suit of gray wool, "box-quartered shoes," and a "gump" hat. He was armed with a pistol, which wouldn't kill a turtle-dove at fifteen feet. Henry Pierce, on the contrary, was a reckless and determined man.

Moving swiftly across the Divide, they took up the line on Elk Creek, and started directly toward Lone Wolf's camp. As they were nearing the head in the river where Lone Wolf was camped, a couple of young warriors came riding leisurely up from the south. They were very cordial in their greeting, and after shaking hands all around pleasantly inquired,

"What are you doing here?"

"Running a line to mark out the land which the cattle-men have leased of the Government."

"We will go along and see where you are going," they replied.

A couple of hours later, while they were still with the camp, two others came riding quietly in from the east. They said, "We are looking for horses," and after shaking hands and asking Seger

what the white men were doing, rode forward to join their companions, who seemed deeply interested in the surveyors and their instruments. Turning to Pierce, Jack said,

"You see that these four men were armed, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes, but they are all right. Didn't you see how they shook hands all round? They're just out hunting up ponies."

"Yes, I saw that; but I noticed they had plenty of ammunition and that their guns were bright. Indians don't hunt horses in squads, Mr. Pierce."

Pierce smiled, giving Seger a sideways glance. "Are you getting nervous? If you are, you can drop to the rear."

Now Seger had lived for the larger part of his life among the red people, and knew their ways. He answered, quietly,

"There are only four of them now; you'll see more of them soon," and he pointed away to the north, where the heads of three mounted men were rising into sight over a ridge. These also proved to be young Kiowas, thoroughly armed, who asked the same question of the manager, and in conclusion pleasantly said,

"We'll just go along and see how you do it."

As they rode forward Seger uttered a more pointed warning.

"Mr. Pierce, I reckon you'd better make some better disposition of your men. They are all strung out here, with their guns on their backs, in no kind of shape to make a defense."

Pierce was a little impressed by the scout's earnestness, and took trouble to point out the discrepancy between a bunch of seven cowardly Indians and his own band of twenty brave and experienced men.

"That's all right," replied Seger; "but these seven men are only spies, sent out to see what we are going to do. We'll have to buckle up with Lone Wolf's whole band very soon."

A few minutes later the seven young men rode quietly by and took a stand on a ridge a little in front of the surveyors. As he observed the men, Seger perceived a very great change in their demeanor. They no longer smiled; they seemed grim, resolute, and much sadder. From a careless, laughing group of young men they had become soldiers—determined, disciplined, and dignified. Their leader, riding first, held up his hand, and said,

"Stop; you must wait here till Lone Wolf orders."

Meanwhile, on the little city of tents, a brave drama was being enacted. Lone Wolf, a powerful man of middle age, was sitting in council with his people. The long expected had happened—the cattle-men had begun to mark off the red man's land as their own, and the time had come either to submit or to repel the invaders. To submit was hard, to fight hopeless. Their world was still narrow, but they had a burning conception of the power and the ruthless greed of the white man.

"We can kill those who come," said Lone Wolf. "They are few, but behind them are the soldiers and men who plough."

At last old White Buffalo rose—he had been a great leader in his day, and was still much respected, though he had laid aside his chieftainship. He was bent and gray and wrinkled, but his voice was still strong and his eyes keen.

"My friends, listen to me! During seventy years of my life I lived without touching the hand of a white man. I have always opposed warfare, except when it was necessary; but now the time has come to fight. Let me tell you what to do. I see here some thirty old men, who, like me, are wearing the grave. This thing we will do—we old men—we will go out to war against these cattle-men. We will go forth and die in defense of our lands. Big Wolf, come—and you, my brother, Standing Bear."

As he called the roll of the gray old defenders, the old women broke into heart-piercing wailing, intermingled with exultant cries as some brave wife or sister caught the force of the heroic response, which leaped from the lips of their fathers and husbands. A feeling of awe fell over the young men as they watched the fire flash over them in the dim eyes of their grandfathers, and when all had spoken Lone Wolf rose and stepped forth, and said,

"Very well; then I will lead you."

"Whoever leads us goes to certain death," said White Buffalo. "It is the custom of the white man to kill the leader. You will fall at the first fire. I will lead."

Lone Wolf's face grew stern. "Am I not your war chief? Whose place is it to lead? If I die, I fall in combat for my land, and you, my children, will preserve my name in song. We do not know how this will end, but it is better to end in battle than to have our lands run in half by some white man's feet."

The battle and preparation began at once. When all was ready, the thirty gray and withered old men, beginning a low humming song, swept through the camp and started on their desperate charge.

(Continued on page 718.)

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Casino

See page 708

Mrs. FRANCIS HOBSON BRUNNEN's popular comedy "Little Lord Fauntleroy" delights troops of children daily in a series of matinees at the Casino. The part of the impulsive little lord, taken some fifteen years ago by Miss Klair Leslie and Mr. Tommy Rossell, is now played by Miss Vivian Martin, alternating with Master Harry C. Wright. Although she has had four years' experience on the professional stage, little Miss Martin is not yet in her teens, and Master Wright is equally youthful.

The audience is really the entertaining feature at these performances. One is surrounded by children of all ages, from youngsters of three, who comment in rapturous accents upon the performance, to play-going veterans of sixteen, who struggle manfully to suppress any visible signs of emotion during the affecting passages with which the play abounds. There are more girls than boys in the audience—perhaps the masculine mind is haunted by a suspicion that the amiable and bearded Fauntleroy is just the least bit priggish in his devotions and his philanthropies. But their sisters have no such hesitations: they laugh and weep with unconstrained delight over the tribulations of *Boozer* and the humors of *Bridget* and *Mr. Hobbs*. As for the necessary parents and guardians, they scarcely count—"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is not for them; and if they feel inclined to protest against what may seem to them a certain artificiality and excess of sweetness in this drama of childhood, they are to remember that they are present only as parents and escorts, and not at all as critics. And yet there are passages in the play of such genuine human sympathy that even the grown-ups are affected. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is one of the few plays of the season that have the power to move to laughter and tears; and it is through this quality of tender and sincere feeling that it is to-day as real in its appeal as it was fifteen years ago.

It may be of interest in *Fauntleroy's* juvenile admirers to know that the apple which *Mr. Hobbs* gives *Cedric* in the first act is by no means "a property" apple, but very real and substantial fruit, and that the small lord makes away with it as soon as he reaches his dressing-room.

The Composer and the Horse-thief

EDWARD MACDOWELL, the eminent American composer, had an experience recently with one of the numerous press-clipping lunatics which has convinced him of the futility of fame. Mr. MacDowell was importuned as persistently for a subscription to the agency, that he finally succumbed to the temptation to read what was said of himself and his work in the public prints. Upon his acceptance, the agency immediately began sending him clippings, not only about himself and his work, but about every one else whose name happened to be MacDowell. He received press comments in plenty on the exploits and achievements of actors, pugilists, and men of affairs of his own name, but comparatively few concerning himself. He endured it patiently, however, until the agency sent him a clipping from some Western journal noting the capture and lynching of one George MacDowell, a notorious horse-thief. This was too much for the composer of the "Sea Pieces," and he wrote the agency that, as he was now effectually despatched, he could scarcely be expected to continue his subscription.

Mascagni's next Opera

THAT most ill-starred of opera writers, Pietro Mascagni, is undaunted by his many failures, and is writing a new lyric drama, based upon the thirteenth century wars in southern Italy. The book is being prepared by Sigismondo Elford of Milwaukee, a friend of the composer. It has been suggested that Mascagni would find a congenial subject for an opera in his recent American experiences.



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(Continued from page 716.)

Lone Wolf leading them. "Some of them who go will return, but if the white men fight, I will not return," he said, as they began to climb the hill on whose top the white man could be seen awaiting their coming.

Half-way up the hill they met some of the young warriors, - (as being all the white men in the council," said Lone Wolf.

As the band left the village and began to ascend the hill, Speed turned and said: "Well, Jock, what do you think of it? Here comes a war party—painted and armed."

"I think it's about an even chance whether we ever cross the Wichita again or not. Now, you are a married man with children, and I wouldn't blame you if you pulled out right this minute."

"I feel meaner about this than anything I ever did," replied Speed, "but I am going to stay with the expedition."

As Lone Wolf and his heroic old guard drew near, Seger thrilled with the significance of this strange and solemn company of old men in full war-paint, armed with all kinds of old-fashioned guns, and bows and arrows. As he looked into their wrinkled faces, the scout perceived that these grandfathers had come resolved to die. He divined what had taken place in camp. Their exalted heroism was written in the smoldering droop of their lips. "We can die, but we will not retreat!" In such wise our grandfathers fought.

Lone Wolf led his Spartan host steadily on till near enough to be heard without effort. He then halted, took off his war-bonnet, and flung it on the summit of his saddle, and, lifting both palms to the sky, he spoke, and his voice had a solemn hoarseness in it: "The Great Father is looking down on us. He sees us. He knows I speak the truth. He gave us this land. We are the first to inhabit it. No one else has any claim to it. It is ours, and I will go under the sod before any cattle-men shall divide it and take it away from us. I have said it."

When this was interpreted to him, Pierce with a look of inquiry turned to Speed. "Tell the old fool this line is going to be run, and no old swine-creeps like these can stop us."

Seger, lifting his hand, signed: "Lone Wolf, you know me. I am your friend. I do not come to do you harm. I came to tell you you are wrong. All the land on my left hand the Great Father says is Cheyenne land. All on my right is Kiowa land. The Cheyennes have sold the right to their land to the white men, and we are here to work out the line. We take only Cheyenne land."

"I do not believe it," replied the chief. "My agent knows nothing of it. Washington has not written anything to me about it. This is the work of robbers. Cattle-men will do anything for money. They are swines. They shall not go on."

"What does he say?" asked Pierce.

"He says we must not go on."

"You tell him that he can't run any such bluff on me with his old swine-creep warriors. This line goes through."

Lone Wolf, tense and eager, asked, "What says the white chief?"

"He says we must run the line," Lone Wolf turned to his guard. "You may as well get ready," he said, quietly.

The old men drew closer together with a mutter of low words, and each pair of dim eyes selected their man. The clicking of their guns was ominous, and Pierce turned white.

Speed drew his revolver-bolster round to the front. "They're going to fight," he said. "Every man get ready!"

But Seger, eager to avoid the appalling contest, cried out to Pierce:

"Don't do that! It's unwise to go on. These old men have come out to fight till death." To Lone Wolf he signed: "Don't shoot, my friend!—let us consider this matter. Put up your guns."

Into the hot mist of Pierce's wrath came a realization that these old men were in mighty earnest. He hesitated.

Lone Wolf saw his hesitation, and said: "If you are here by right, why do you not get the soldier chief to come and tell me? If the Great Father has ordered this—then I am like a man with his hands tied. The soldiers do not lie. Bring them!"

Seger grasped eagerly at this declaration. "There is your chance, Pierce. The chief says he will submit if the soldiers come to make the survey. Let us tell him that you will bring an officer from the fort to prove that the government is behind you."

Pierce, now fully aware of the desperate bravery of the old men, was looking for a loophole of escape. "All right, fix it up with him," he said.

Seger turned to Lone Wolf. "The chief of the surveyors says: 'Let us be friends. I will not run the line.'"

"Ho, ho!" cried the old warriors, and their faces, grim and wrinkled, broke up into smiles. They laughed, they shook heads, while tears of joy filled their eyes. They were like men delivered from sentence of death. The desperate courage of their approach was now revealed even to Pierce. They were joyous as children over their sudden release from slaughter.

Lone Wolf, approaching Seger, dismounted, and laid his arm over his friend's shoulder. "My friend," he said, with grace tenderness, "I wondered why you were with these men, and my heart was heavy; but now I see that you were here to turn aside the guns of the cattle-men. My heart is light with friendship for you, these men you have proved my good counsellor." And tears dimmed the fierceness of his eyes.

A week later, a slim, smooth-cheeked second lieutenant, by virtue of his cap and the crossed arms which decorated his collar, ran the line, and Lone Wolf made no resistance. "I have no fight with the soldiers of the Great Father," he said; "they do not come to gain my land. I now see that Washington has decreed that this fence shall be built." Nevertheless, his heart was very heavy, and in his camp his heroic old guard sat waiting, waiting!



"The Great Father is looking down on us. He sees us. He knows I speak the truth!"

Is the Sun Inhabited?

A LIVELY controversy has arisen among astronomers which revives the old question concerning the habitability of the sun. An Indiana astronomer, Alexander Young, has announced that solar observations which he has been carrying on for many years have convinced him not only that the sun is perfectly capable of sustaining life, but that it is actually inhabited. Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, has retorted, with more vicinity than patience, that "Alexander Young is a crank—it has been proved that the sun is too hot a body to allow of any life there. Vegetation on the sun is beyond the range of possibility," a declaration which has been seconded by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who affirms that the earth is the single body in the universe which can sustain life, and the only body upon which life exists to-day. The final authoritative settlement of the matter will be awaited with interest.

Theatricals in the Philippines

THAT famous Weber & Fields concert "Pussie Cat" has reached the Philippines, and was recently produced by a company of Filipinos at the National Theatre, Manila, with immense success. "Paul Jones," "The Gaiety Girl," "Pinafore," "La Mascotte," "Dorothy," and "The Belle of New York" have also been performed. According to the dramatic critic of the Manila Sunday Sun, the productions were highly satisfactory. The Sun, however, objects to "Paul Jones." The plot, it complains, "is impossible and ridiculous," although "the way was paved for some clever musical specialties and hits which took the house by storm." If the Sun is to be believed, Manila is not far behind us in the matter of comfortable play-houses: "The scenic arrangements at the National are excellent, better than ever before. Especial care is taken to secure the comfort of patrons, and the public has noticed and commented on this fact."

A New Use for Wireless

A novel and suggestive development in the field of wireless telegraphy will be the equipment of one of the New York Central's fast trains, the "Twentieth Century Limited," with the apparatus of the De Forest system. It is planned to establish wireless stations at intervals of 100 miles along the line of the road. The train will carry no mast, as the successful working of the system will not necessitate any considerable altitude. It is likely that the general use of some such system as this would tend materially to diminish the danger attending ordinary railroad travel; for should it be necessary to communicate with the engineer after the train had got beyond the reach of a telegraph operator, a message could still be sent to him by wireless.

Mark Twain's Namesake

A St. Louis harbor-boat which has been christened the *Mark Twain*, out of compliment to the famous humorist, is the cause of considerable amusement on the occasions when it is referred to in the St. Louis newspapers. Such items of news as the following are suggestive of startling possibilities: "Mark Twain is dead of repairs." "Mark Twain's boilers explode." "Mark Twain is heading on collision." It is not difficult to imagine the occasion for even worse shocks to Mr. Clemens' dignity in the future career of the *Mark Twain*.

Patti still at it

MARJIE ADELINA PATTI has never been noted for the variety of her concert repertoire; but when one reads that among her numbers at a recent concert in which she sang was that not unfamiliar lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," it is hard to realize that one is living in the twentieth century. And next November, when the most famous of divas will pay us her fifth (or is it her sixth?—one does count) farewell visit, we shall realize still more forcibly that the past dies hard.

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

PEOPLE YOU KNOW
(Imprint of R. H. RUSSELL.)

George Ade's latest book, "People You Know," was published recently, and is a happy addition to Mr. Ade's piquant and original stories. No one occupies quite the happy field of this author, and the reputation which he first gained through "Fables in Slang" has constantly increased. "People You Know" is full of horse-sense and the peculiar humorous observation that has made Mr. Ade famous. The book is characteristically illustrated with drawings by McCutcheon.

PEARL ISLAND

This is the tale of the strange adventures of two shipwrecked lads on a little-known island in the Southern Pacific. The book is full of the exciting and the unusual; there are accounts of attacks by pirates, explorations by land and sea, excursions into a wild, volcanic country, the discovery of fabulous treasures of pearl, and a description of the strange life led by the castaways. The book is also educational. It is correct in its geography, in its descriptions of the queer fauna and flora of the South Seas, and of the many expedients and experiments to which the boys were driven in order to escape back to civilization.

THE KAISER'S SPEECHES

There was published lately a volume of much interest to thinking Americans; it presents the character and views of the present German Emperor. These are the Speeches of Kaiser Wilhelm that bear on topics of importance to citizens of the United States. The book was translated and edited, with copious biographical notes, by Wolf von Schierbrand. There is an excellent likeness of the Emperor, done in photogravure, for a frontispiece.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

This book will be found of great help to women. It conveys just the information necessary to enable a woman to record the expense, etc., of her household.

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Harper's Magazine

For MAY

Photographing the Nebulae

G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy at the Yerkes Observatory

Tells of remarkable new methods of photographing the stars, and shows the important discoveries made. His article is illustrated from many stellar photographs of the greatest interest and never before reproduced.

Sociology

A striking study of the American working woman, written by a woman of culture and refinement, who, in order to study this class, worked among them.

Literature

Hamilton W. Mable contributes a brilliant essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1803, and Joseph Kestrit writes on Shakespeare's "King John"; his text is accompanied by Mr. Abbey's pictures.

Nature

Sadakichi Hartmann contributes a charming nature study, "Along the Salt Meadows." His article is artistically illustrated from photographs reproduced in tint.

Short Stories

The eight short stories in the May number are a most striking collection. Among them are stories by Margaret Deland, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Anne O'Hagan, James Branch Cabell, Arthur Colton, and Octave Thanet.

Travel

Waldemar Bogoras, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes of a strange Northern people, where the old are put to death at their own wish, and where a man is allowed to kill himself when tired of life.

Arthur Symons gives a vivid, poetic picture of life in Constantinople.

Science

Carl Snyder, in an interesting psychological article, tells how the brain thinks, showing the entire material processes of mental operations.

Mr. Abbey's Pictures

There are three exquisite drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in the May Magazine. They illustrate scenes in Shakespeare's "King John," and are reproduced in tint.

Illustrations in Color

The pictures in color in the May number, in addition to Mr. Abbey's drawings, include three full-pages by E. M. Johr, in full color, a number of dainty drawings accompanying Mr. Symons' paper on Constantinople, and some strikingly artistic photographs.

Wee Macgregor

By J. J. BELL

A NEW writer has suddenly appeared in Scotland who is more than rivaling Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie in popularity, while differing widely from either one of them in his portrayal of Scottish character. Mr. Bell has admirably told the humorous and realistic story of a little Glasgow boy, "Wee Macgregor," of his father, who dilly-dallys and spoils him, and of his mother, who adores and disciplines him—three unforgettable people who live actually before us in the author's expository and sincere work.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending May 2, 1903

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COMMENT

Factors are accumulating that Governor Odell is superseding Senator Platt as chief engineer of the Republican machine in the State of New York. There are those who see in this substitution of State party leaders a bad augury for Mr. Roosevelt's prospects of securing the New York delegation to the next Republican national convention. We ourselves should draw an opposite conclusion from the facts. If the President has any political opponents within the Republican ranks in his native State, they are probably to be found among the great financiers and consolidators, who regard his attack upon the trusts, the seriousness of which has been shown in the Northern Securitists case, as detrimental to the national interests and to the existing prosperity. Such men have long relied upon Senator Platt to carry out the political policy which they deemed beneficial to the country, and they could doubtless secure his services in the future. He will have no services to render, however, if it be true that he has lost his control of the party machine. Governor Odell, on the other hand, has done many things to provoke distrust and apprehension on the part of the men invested with the management of great corporate and financial interests. To them, as Governor of New York, he is no more *persona grata* than was Mr. Roosevelt himself. It is probable that under no circumstances could Governor Odell gain their confidence, and it follows that his only alternative is to enter into a close political alliance with the President. We think, therefore, that, notwithstanding Mr. Platt's success in procuring Federal appointments, his supersession by Governor Odell in the position of State leader would be viewed by Mr. Roosevelt with satisfaction. At the same time, pains will be taken to conciliate Mr. Platt at Albany, as well as at Washington, in order to avoid an open rupture of the party, and there is no doubt that the senior Senator from New York would refrain, unless exasperated, from participating in an anti-Roosevelt campaign, if he deemed it foredoomed to failure. At the present moment Mr. Roosevelt is so popular with the rank and file of the New York Republicans that it is questionable whether Senator Platt and Governor Odell together could deprive him of the delegation from the Empire commonwealth to the national convention.

The attempt of ex-Governor Hill to put himself forward as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency indicates that he has lost the political sagacity with which he used to be credited. It is barely possible that he might secure a small majority in the State convention convoked for the purpose of choosing delegates, and that his old

friend Judge Parker would do what he could to secure for him the delegation. On the other hand, a large minority would be found in vehement opposition to Mr. Hill, a minority which would include the friends of Mr. Cleveland and of Mr. Shepard, as well as those of Mr. Bryan. Nor is there much doubt that if the State convention were held next week or next month, it could and would be stumped for Judge Parker. It is even conceivable that Mr. Cleveland might get the delegation, and, strange as it may seem to those who recall the events of 1884 and 1888, he might receive the support of Tammany Hall. The State convention of New York would be largely influenced by the question whether a proposed candidate could obtain two-thirds of the national convention. That such a vote is out of the question for Mr. Hill seems to be settled, in view of the fact that Mr. Bryan's opposition to him is outspoken and vehement, and that Mr. Bryan's friends, since their triumphs in Cleveland and Chicago, are probably justified in believing that they will control more than a third of the next Democratic national convention.

Mr. Bryan has been frank in denouncing Mr. Cleveland, but he has never impeached the latter's honesty, and doubtless would prefer him to Mr. Hill. That the late candidate's dislike of Gold Democrats is not insuperable seems evident from his recent acceptance of an invitation to dine with Mr. Ingalls, the defeated Democratic candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati. As we have heretofore pointed out, he has begun in his *Commoner* to designate conspicuous Democrats who, as nominees for the Presidency, would be acceptable to his wing of the party. The first portrait in his gallery is that of Senator Stone of Missouri. It will be interesting to note whether Senator Cockrell of the same State is looked upon with equal favor. There is no doubt that Mr. Cockrell voted for the Democratic nominee in 1896 and in 1900, but nobody has credited him with enthusiastic support of the silver plank in the Democratic platform. So long as the *Commoner* confines itself to representatives of the former slave States, no great importance will be attached to its selections, for the Southern Democrats are quite too shrewd to desire the nominee of their party to be chosen from their section. Neither would there be much significance in the statement that Mr. Tom Johnson or Mr. W. R. Hearst would be acceptable to the Bryanites. Of course they would, but neither of them could by any possibility obtain two-thirds of the votes in a national convention. If, on the other hand, such a man as Judge Parker, Mr. Olney, or Mr. Ingalls should ultimately figure in the *Commoner's* list, we should recognize that Mr. Bryan meant business.

One of the most amazing of recent incidents in this country is the proof of the extent to which socialistic doctrines have become diffused in Massachusetts, and of the willingness to advocate them without the slightest heed to constitutional barriers. We refer to the almost unanimous report made to the Massachusetts Legislature by the Committee on Federal Relations in favor of a resolution requesting Congress to place the anthracite mining industry under governmental control, or, if such control be unattainable, to take possession of the mines in behalf of the American people. This, so far as it goes, is a Republican endorsement of the preposterous coal plank inserted by ex-Governor Hill in the platform adopted last autumn by the Democratic State convention of New York. As we pointed out at the time, the plank is preposterous, because it assumes that the Federal government can invade the State of Pennsylvania and confiscate a large section of its territory and of its mineral resources by virtue of an imaginary right of eminent domain. That a right of eminent domain is not

implied in the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution is evident from the fact that the framers of that document went on in the very next section to declare that Congress could not even acquire land for the seat of the Federal Government without a voluntary cession on the part of the State or States concerned, and that it could not purchase land for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dry docks, and other needful government buildings except by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which said land should be. Nothing could be more conclusive than the proof furnished by these express limitations that no general right of eminent domain is vested by the Constitution in the Federal Government. From the extraordinary report made to the Massachusetts Legislature with regard to the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, we are compelled to infer either that the authors of the report are not familiar with the Constitution, or else that they are prepared to disregard it. They hold, perhaps, that Mr. Roosevelt disregarded it when he interposed between the mine-owners and the union mine-workers in the coal region, and that Congress sanctioned his act by providing for the cost of the non-constitutional commission. We expressed at the time an apprehension that a blow had thereby been dealt by Congress at the popular respect for our Federal organic law, but we did not expect to see our apprehension justified so quickly by a revolutionary proposal emanating from Republicans in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. To such a deplorable state of things are we drifting because Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, in his anxiety to avoid alienating the labor vote, lacked the courage to make a timely and vigorous attempt to maintain law and order in the anthracite districts, and, if such an effort proved unavailing, to exercise his constitutional right to call upon the Federal Executive to place an armed force at his disposal.

Those who imagine that the frauds imputed to the Post-office Department will escape rigorous investigation are reckoning without Theodore Roosevelt. There has never been a man in the White House who, confronted with corruption on the part of his subordinates, would be more certain to sue and spare not. The President's character is well known to the members of his cabinet, and for that reason, if for no other, we are indisposed to credit the insinuation that Postmaster-General Payne is inclined to minimize the malfeasance with which officials under his control are charged. Not since the Whiskey Frauds and the Star Route cases has public suspicion of Federal office-holders been so thoroughly aroused, nor is there any doubt that the accusations, if well founded, indicate that the Post-office Department is honeycombed with dishonesty. The Superintendent of the Division of Salaries and Allowances and the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department have been allowed to resign under fire, but we do not believe that, if the charges against them are sustained, the President will permit them to go scot-free. The exposure of the department's rotteness began when assertions were made by employees in the New York Post-office that the Division of Salaries and Allowances was controlled by a syndicate which was systematically blackmailing clerks and carriers who desired promotion or an increase of salaries.

The Assistant Attorney-General's office is accused of having thrown open the facilities of the United States mails to lottery and "get-rich-quick" companies, by divulging to them the kind of circulars which would be officially sanctioned. The Central Labor Union of Washington has presented to the department a long series of charges. Among the improper acts alleged are the acceptance of condemned and defective mailbags and of defective box-locks; the purchase of stamping-machines at a cost of \$75 apiece, although the same could be done with machines costing from \$1.50 to \$2; a four years' contract with a Binghamton clock company, in concluding which the normal conditions of publicity, advertisement, and bid-opening were violated; the giving of advance tips concerning the appointment of postal carriers to wagon-building firms, the representatives of which would thereupon visit the prospective appointee and inform him that unless their make of wagon should be used by him he would not receive his commission. We are sorry to hear that Postmaster-General Payne, when informed of the leak just mentioned, asserted that it could only have occurred among the employees of the Civil Service Commission. He is singularly ill-informed

regarding the details of his own office if he is not aware that the examinations for postal carriers are conducted, not by the Civil Service Commission, but by a board of five persons, every one of whom is an employee of the Post-office Department. Those who imagine that the scandal in the Post-office can be hushed up are likely to find themselves woefully un deceived when the President returns from his Western tour.

At the hour when we write, the disagreement between the operators and the United Mine-Workers in the anthracite coal region with regard to the interpretation of the Strike Commission's award has become acute. It will be remembered that the commission decided that for anthracite miners the working-day shall be nine hours. The miners contend that this decision is not applicable to Saturday, and have refused to work more than eight hours on that day. Thereupon three of the principal mining companies, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Lehigh Valley, and the Susquehanna, gave notice that unless the miners worked nine hours on Saturday, April 18, the mines would be closed on Monday, April 20. The miners persisted in their refusal, and, accordingly, about 80,000 of them were locked out on the date fixed. The lock-out will, of course, prevent the delivery of coal from the Schuylkill district until the dispute has been settled. Meanwhile, in the Wyoming district there is another controversy concerning the definition of the nine-hour working-day prescribed by the Strike Commission. The operators hold that the drivers must be in the mine and have the mules harnessed so the miners can begin work at seven o'clock a.m. The drivers on their part maintain that the work-hours should begin with the harnessing of the animals, and not a half-hour before the miners start to work. Here, again, there may be a lockout unless an agreement shall be reached. We presume, however, that Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine-Workers, who arrived at Wilkes-Barre on April 20, will succeed in arranging a *modus vivendi* pending a decision of a Conciliation Board, such as was contemplated by the Strike Commission's award. It was foreseen that the terms of the award might be variously interpreted. In such an event a Conciliation Board was to be created, half the members of which should be chosen by the mine-owners, and half by the mine-workers. If the members of the board should fail to agree, there was to be an appeal to the United States Circuit Court, a judge of which would appoint an umpire. According to the Strike Commission's award, there must be a separate Conciliation Board for each colliery, but we take for granted that, in a case like the present, where a lockout has occurred on precisely the same grounds in a large number of collieries, the decision of a single Conciliation Board would be accepted as binding by all the mine-owners and mine-workers concerned. It is a remarkable fact that the Reading Coal Company can afford a lockout, notwithstanding the severe losses which it suffered during the strike. We are assured that this company will exhibit a larger surplus for the fiscal year ending June 30 than for the preceding twelvemonth.

It is too early to forecast the effect of the decision in the Northern Securities case on the agitation for a revision of the tariff. One of the most telling arguments for revision put forward, not only by Democrats, but also by a good many Republicans in Iowa and other Northwestern States, has been the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of regulating trusts and thwarting approaches to monopolies, so long as the duties on the products of foreign competitors should remain practically prohibitive. The tariff, and Mr. Havemeyer, is the mother of trusts, and the inference has been that, only by dealing a blow at the parent could the offspring be effectually reached. Now comes Mr. Roosevelt, however, and points out that, since the decision rendered in the Northern Securities case, a harmful trust can be destroyed without touching the tariff, which is largely, if not wholly, credited with our existing prosperity. But, as has already been pointed out, the decision in the case just mentioned merely asserts that the consolidation of two particular common carriers which naturally were competitors is contrary to law. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals did not say that the consolidation of two or more industrial corporations engaged in the manufacture of similar commodities would also be a violation of law, on the ground that such corporations were naturally competitors. It may be that from the reasoning employed such a conclusion may be just-

by drawn, and that hereafter it will be distinctly affirmed by the highest Federal tribunal. Would it be, however, beneficial or hurtful to the country if all its iron and steel factories, for example, were debarred from co-operation, and condemned to cut-throat competition? Would it be possible, under such circumstances, to avert a stupendous industrial crisis, which, for an indefinite period, might consign multitudes of workmen to idleness and destitution? Would not a revision of the tariff that would permit an inflow of foreign commodities, as soon as the prices of the necessities of life should exceed a given maximum, prove a safer remedy for the possible abuses of combinations? What possible harm could a moderate revision of the tariff, confined to products which tend to be monopolized by trusts, inflict upon any section of the American community? It would merely set down excessive profits; it would compel nobody to manufacture at a loss. On the other hand, if the decision in the Northern Securities case shall be sustained by the United States Supreme Court, and then sweepingly applied to all the railroads and manufacturing corporations that have been consolidated since 1890, such a proceeding will obviously mean ruin to hundreds of thousands of small investors who have put their savings in the stock of the combinations.

We learn with satisfaction that the number of enlisted men in the navy has already been increased under the recent legislation to about 39,000, and may shortly be expected to reach the statutory aggregate of 51,000. The fact bears witness to the augmented popularity of the navy, which is due, of course, to the prestige acquired in the war with Spain. There is no doubt that the custom of bestowing the names of States upon battle-ships has also had the effect of facilitating recruitment. It has brought home to inland sections of our country a sense of ownership in such vessels, and a feeling of pride in their achievements. Even more significant than the ease with which recruitment for the navy is now effected is the nationality of the recruits. There was a time, not very long ago, when the majority of the enlisted men in our navy was composed of foreigners. During the first two months of the current year, on the other hand, more than five-sixths of the recruits were native Americans. It was always certain that an adequate supply of recruits of this kind would be forthcoming if the naval service became popular. Those who have felt any misgivings on this score have kept their eyes fixed too exclusively on the diminution of our ocean-carrying trade during the last forty-three years. They forget the huge and constantly expanding proportions of our merchant fleet on the Great Lakes. It is not so much enlisted men that our newest navy stands in need of as thoroughly educated officers. This deficiency also will be made good in the course of a few years, when the provisions for the appointment of additional cadets at Annapolis shall have been carried into effect.

What is the matter with our battle-ships? If our battle-ships cannot be used for target practice in time of peace, what reliance can be placed upon them in time of war? The experience of the North Atlantic Squadron is certainly disheartening. Here was a squadron comprised of seven battle-ships which was held up to foreign powers and to the American people as a proof of our new navy's efficiency; of its ability to defend our sea-coast cities and to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. After supervising a certain amount of target practice rendered necessary by recent proofs that our gunnery is decidedly inferior to that exhibited in the battle of Manila Bay, the admiral commanding the fleet—it was rather a fleet than a squadron—was under orders to proceed to the Azores. Whether the contemplated voyage will be made we know not, but, if it is, the admiral will take but three battle-ships with him, the other four having been disabled. The *Indiana* and the *Massachusetts* have both been detached, the former because she was found unfit for duty, and the latter because she was discovered to need a complete overhauling. The *Iowa* has been crippled by the bursting of a gun, while not only has a turret of the *Maine* been shaken, if not shattered, but many of her boiler tubes have burst. It follows that, if we were now at war, we should be unable to depend for protection on the North Atlantic Squadron, which has been suddenly cut down to less than one-half its ostensible strength.

Nor is this all. If we note the nature of the casualties by which the *Iowa* and the *Maine* have been rendered unfit for service, we shall see reason to fear that, in time of need, other war-ships might prove equally untrustworthy. The 19-inch gun which burst on board the *Iowa* and caused a serious loss of life had been fired only 137 times, or less than half as many times as, it has been computed, the gun could be fired with safety. It has been alleged that the bursting of the piece was due to no structural defect, but to the use of smokeless powder, which reduces by more than one-half the so-called life of a gun. The explanation increases our misgivings, for, if smokeless powder has the effect imputed to it, other guns on other battle-ships must have reached or closely approached the danger-point in their firing record. In the case of the *Maine*, it is evident either that the specifications furnished by the naval designers were faulty, or else that the work done by the contractors in pursuance of such specifications was defective. It looks as if the specialists for the Navy Department could not escape impalement on one or the other horn of that dilemma. The American people who provide the money are deeply interested in learning whether other battle-ships planned by the same designers and built by the same contractors will, when tested, evince similar defects. In view, moreover, of the fact that the *Maine's* boilers burst, would it not be well to reconsider the decision to put the same type of boilers in eight new battle-ships, five of which are already under way, while the other three have been authorized by Congress.

Every now and then some one discovers a new element of strategy calculated to disturb the well-founded theories of warfare, and requiring a revision of the programme of battle. The submarine boat threatened to offer violations to the comfortably established notions of the students of the art, but there have been uncertainties of operation which the most sanguine advocates of the system have never been able to dispel. Now, however, comes the dry dock, a structure hitherto regarded as a fixed tool of naval construction and repair, rather than a weapon, which belligerent office it seems destined to fill in its floating type. We have one of such docks in successful and profitable use at the naval station near New Orleans, and a contract has now been awarded for a larger dock of the same species to be located at the naval station at Cavite, in the Philippines, for which place it is to be towed from the builder's yards near Baltimore. The floating-dock, on account of its mobility, easily becomes an ally of the fighting fleet, the ships of which need not now be taken long distances, perhaps under tow, to the permanent dockyards. The floating-dock may be with, or in the vicinity of, the forces afloat, and furnish a movable basis of repair and recuperation—the prime considerations for maintaining the efficiency of the vessels of war. The fleet which can be kept up to its standard of efficiency must, necessarily, be the stronger for this convenient and constantly accessible adjunct. Under the plans of strategy which do not overlook all the elements of sea-power, there must now be a reckoning of the floating-dock, which may also transport its own machinery and accommodate its crew of skilled workmen. The structure becomes, therefore, quite essential as a factor of offence and defence as much as rapid-fire guns, coal capacity, steaming radius and armor protection. It is as much to be considered in the light of a weapon as the submarine boat or a big rifle of increased power. The latter add to the power of a blow, while the floating-dock may maintain the fleet's efficiency on the fighting line, or on the blockade or in the cruising operations—and that it is itself a contribution to the striking energy of the national arm, whether raised offensively or defensively.

That our State Department could have no intention of evincing churlishness in its reception of the friendly advances made by the German Emperor has been, of course, taken for granted by well-informed and right-feeling Americans. If it was suggested that the despatch of the statue of Frederick the Great should be postponed for a season, this was because the place designed for the statue is not yet ready. So, too, if the semi-official intimation that Kaiser Wilhelm II. would be pleased to have our North Atlantic fleet put in at Kiel during the German naval manoeuvres was informally and regretfully declined, this was because an extensive scheme of work had been planned for the North Atlantic fleet, and the suggested visit, if undertaken, would have prevented the execution of

the plan. The large North Atlantic fleet, however, is one thing, and the small Mediterranean squadron another. It is this last-named squadron which is to take part in naval demonstrations at Marseilles, which have been arranged for the purpose of welcoming President Loubet on his return from Algeria. There is no reason why this squadron should not subsequently go to Kiel, and Secretary Moody has very properly ordered it to do so. We are sorry that the vessels under Rear-Admiral Cottin's command include no big battleship, but the three cruisers, the *Chicago*, *Albatross*, and *Raleigh*, and the gunboat *Machias*, are good ships of their kind, and will very well answer their purpose, which is to pay a compliment to the German sovereign, which, in view of his many civilities, it would be ungracious to withhold. The German newspapers which have confounded the North Atlantic fleet with the Mediterranean squadron will now recognize that there was not a trace of discourtesy in the former's declination of the invitation to visit Kiel. The truth is that there is no reason why Germany and the United States should not be the best of friends, if the Berlin government would be at the pains to convince us that it has no purpose, either now or at any future time, of disputing the Monroe Doctrine,—that is to say, of gaining a foothold in the New World, either through the acquisition of territory on the American mainland or in the West Indies, or through the confiscation of an American republic's customs revenues for an indefinite period. If the German Emperor has noted the recent signs of the times, he must have observed that the revival of sympathy between the American and the French peoples coincides with the refusal of France to take part in the demonstration against Venezuela. That may seem a little thing, yet it atones for the unfriendly attitude maintained by the Paris newspapers toward the United States throughout our war with Spain.

Those two potentates of western Europe, King Edward of England and President Loubet of France, the son of Victoria and the son of the French peasant woman, have written a picturesque page in history by their meeting in Paris. At no time in recent years have the relations between France and England been so full of promise; and at no time has it been so important for the world's welfare that France and England should be on good terms. The alliance between England and Germany brought an outcry on both sides of the Atlantic, and nothing could more effectively bar the way to a renewal of that alliance than a cordial understanding between England and France. The King of England was accused of promoting the German alliance for family reasons, to oblige his nephew; it is much more certain that he is undoing the moral effect of the German alliance by his visit to President Loubet and France. With the alienation of England, the indifference of Italy, which is steadily drawing closer to France, and the practical alliance between Austria and Russia, it may be said that Germany is now without allies among the Christian powers, being reduced to the friendship of Abdul-Hamid, who is not overscrupulous, and is always open to business offers. This isolation, which is moral even more than political, is the inevitable result of Germany's return to Bismarck's methods of intrigue, the policy of intellectual cunning, materialism, and opportunism. Nothing would so delight the world at large, nothing would make so much for international peace, as a return, on Germany's part, to the truer ideals of the nation, the profound enthusiasm for the best things, which made the names of Goethe, Kant, and Wagner ornaments of the human race.

The worst side of the Prussian spirit of arrogance was brought out in the Hussner-Hartmann case, which is now being tried by court martial. The story is this: Two boys, Hussner and Hartmann, were at school together, and were, probably, very good friends. Hussner studied for the navy, passed the necessary examinations, and became that lordliest thing on earth, to paraphrase Kipling, a German officer. Hartmann, under the national system of universal military service, was drafted into the army. They met casually, both being, of course, in uniform; and Hartmann, delighted to see his old school friend, apparently forgot for the moment what discipline required of him, and made a motion to shake hands with Hussner; then, remembering himself, turned a gesture into an imperfect salute. The high dignity of Lieutenant Hussner, By the Grace of God Prussian Officer, was mortally

outraged, and drawing his sword, and remarking, "When I draw my sword, blood must flow!" he ran his old school friend through the body. His school friend promptly died, and Lieutenant Hussner, going home, as promptly wrote to the mother of the deceased, saying that he had killed her son for the honor of the Prussian service. Apparently there are several different ideals of honor in the world, and Lieutenant Hussner represents one of them. It will be interesting to see whether his imperial master and great exemplar will acquit him, should the court martial take an extreme course and sentence him to a few months' imprisonment.

Russia and Austria have addressed a new note to Turkey, reminding Abdul-Hamid that the promises of reform made by his acceptance of their former note must be kept, and declaring that the progress made in carrying out the reform programme up to the present is not satisfactory. A special demand is made that the Sultan shall at once send to Albania a force sufficient to quell the revolt there; a course which is for him in the last degree difficult, seeing that he would thus run the risk of offending his body-guard of Albanians, on whose fidelity he depends for his safety from assassination. It will be remembered that it was an Albanian soldier in the Turkish army who shot the Russian consul of Mitrovitsa, the late Mr. Steherbina, in the back, and the Sultan is, doubtless, haunted by apprehensions of a like fate for himself should he incur the animosity of the Albanian clansmen; and the feeling of goose-flesh running up and down his spine must more than counterbalance the pleasure he derives from the friendship of the Kaiser. The fate of the assassin of Mr. Steherbina has not yet been decided on, and Russia's attitude will be considerably influenced by the course taken in this matter by the Sultan. Very much now depends on the loyalty and honesty of Austria as Russia's ally; and we must fervently hope that Kaiser Franz Joseph, with the immense experience and political insight which he has gathered through a long and greatly afflicted life, may see in which direction his true interest lies. A solution of the Slav question in the Balkans would make much easier the solution of the Slav question within his own borders, which is now such a constant source of weakness. If he could establish cordial relations between himself and the Austrian Slavs,—not only the Czechs, but also the Moravians, Poles, Croatsians, and Slavonians,—he could build up an effective counterpoise to the Hungarian kingdom, and lighten the despotic weight with which the Magyars now bear upon the aspirations of Austria proper.

The recent national convention held in Dublin has practically assured the passage of Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase bill. The three great figures of the convention were, of course, Mr. Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. Michael Davitt. Mr. O'Brien made the strongest speech of the day in favor of the bill, and as he is in many ways the most popular man among the Nationalists in the country at large, his adherence assured the acceptance of Mr. Wyndham's measure—an acceptance which was never, of course, in any serious doubt. For a nation which, we have so often been told, is made up of vague dreamers and impracticable enthusiasts, these Irishmen seem, nevertheless, to have a certain grasp on the conduct of affairs; and as Mr. Wyndham himself testifies to the scrupulous fidelity with which debts already incurred under previous measures of land purchase are paid by the peasantry, it seems that we must add financial effectiveness to the other qualities of the Irish race. An extremely interesting side issue at the convention was the advocacy, by Michael Davitt, of land nationalization, as opposed to peasant proprietorship. Michael Davitt, as is, of course, well known, is strongly committed to certain theories, practically socialistic, of an advanced school of Continental economists, and his documentary convictions often led to disputes with Mr. Parnell in the old days before 1890. Once, when the two were speaking of the future of Ireland, Michael Davitt asked Parnell what he would do if, after home rule were gained, Davitt were to start an agitation in favor of land nationalization and socialistic theories generally. "I should lock you up in Kilmainsham!" said the practical Parnell,—the man of facts, of things as they are. It should be remembered, in justice to a great man, that the present victory of the Irish party is wholly a victory for the principles and tactics of Parnell, in a campaign carried out according to his methods, by his ablest and most loyal lieutenant.

ant. Farnell used to say, "When we can make the Irish land-owners as eager to get rid of their land as we are to get rid of them, the Irish land question will be solved!"

It is evident to every one that this national convention at Dublin was really an Irish Parliament; in fact, the first genuine Irish Parliament since the historic gathering assembled by Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, before the invasion of the Normans. For we should remember that the Dublin Parliaments of the eighteenth century were not representative bodies, being made up wholly of Protestants elected by Protestants, and therefore representing only one-fifth of the nation. It was an exclusively Protestant Parliament of this kind which passed the Act of Union with England just over a century ago, and readers in Missouri will be interested to know that the precise sums which were paid to its leading members are well known and, considering the value of what they had to sell, comparatively moderate. It is worth while recording that not only has this now and thoroughly representative Irish Parliament decided the fate of the land system for Ireland; it has also decided, and this is part of fate's irony, in what manner, and by whom, England shall be governed. It must give the great Liberal Unionists, like the Duke of Devonshire and Joseph Chamberlain, a delicious sensation every morning to remember that they hold office by the grace of Farnell's lieutenants, pending good behavior. It must also be singularly pleasant for Lord Rosebery to remember that his retreat from Gladstone's programme has probably cost him the Premiership, which the rising Liberal tide would have presently brought his way, had the Irish members abstained from supporting Mr. Balfour. Altogether, the Dublin convention has succeeded in writing a remarkable page of constitutional history.

There is no ground for accusing the Cubans of ingratitude because some delay has been encountered at Havana in the negotiation of a political treaty between the insular republic and the United States. We should have no right to blame the Cubans if they postponed the conclusion of the treaty now under consideration until our House of Representatives shall have annulled the previous commercial treaty granting partial reciprocity. What Minister Squires is now engaged upon is the framing of an agreement for the cession to the United States of two coal-mining stations, one on the northern and the other on the southern coast of Cuba, and for the incorporation in treaty form of the provisions required by the so-called Platt Amendment, and already sanctioned by the Cuban Constitutional Convention. In return for these concessions, about the ultimate granting of which we have no doubt, it is understood that we shall consent to Cuba's retention of the Isle of Pines, although the eventual disposition of that island was left undetermined by the treaty with Spain.

Americans have reason to be proud of the equitable position taken by their State Department in consenting to accept from the Chinese government a share of the instalment of the Boxer indemnity now due on the basis of seventy-four and two-tenths cents per tael, although the tael is now quoted at fifty-two and a half cents. It should be borne in mind that at the time the total indemnity was fixed at 450 million Halkwan taels the tael had a gold value of seventy-four and two-tenths cents, and a corresponding value in the currency of each creditor power. Had the gold value of the tael then stood at its present figure, the total amount of the indemnity would have fallen not far short of six hundred million taels, an aggregate which would have been recognized as entirely beyond the power of China to pay. While the agreement with China was still the subject of negotiation, Lord Lansdowne distinctly recognized that even a total demand of 450 million taels would constitute a heavy strain upon China's resources, and that the British Foreign Office would, for its part, be disposed to reduce the amount. That the aggregate might be greatly increased through a further depreciation in the price of silver seems never to have been contemplated by any of the allied powers. Under the circumstances, it would seem reasonable that the two following questions should be referred to the court of arbitration at The Hague, to wit, first, Did the parties to the treaty intend that China should be called upon to pay a sum larger than that which was the gold equivalent of 450 million taels at the date when the treaty was signed?

Secondly, if they did so intend, should they not now acquiesce in such fiscal changes at the treaty ports as would increase China's ability to pay? It should be remembered that, aside from the lump sum now payable at the port of entry in lieu of the *likin*, or inland transit dues, the import duties proper are only five per cent, *ad valorem*, payable in silver. To us it seems just that China, if she is to be forced to pay the present gold value of the depreciated tael, should be suffered to increase her customs duties to ten per cent, *ad valorem*, if payable in silver, or to collect them in gold, if they are to remain at five per cent. With the tael selling at fifty-two cents in gold, the result would be practically the same to the importer of foreign goods whether he paid five per cent. in gold or ten per cent. in silver. No doubt the shipper of foreign goods to China would dislike to see the duties doubled, but the creditor powers have no moral right to exact an enormously increased indemnity, and, at the same time, to deprive their debtor of the means of paying it. It will be hard enough to collect 450 million taels without provoking a revolution, and to swell that aggregate by adding almost 150 million more might just turn the scale against the upholders of tranquility and order.

We thought it was generally admitted that American workmen are superior to British workmen in the sense that they not only get higher pay, but earn it. This is not by any means the conclusion reached by the twenty-three representatives of British skilled labor who accompanied Mr. Alfred Moseley in his recent visit to this country. Mr. Moseley himself concedes that the American workman is better educated, and is far better paid, housed, fed, and clothed. So far his workmen-companions seem to concur with him, for they are agreed that American employers are more generous than are British employers in their treatment of the employed. They do not acknowledge, however, that the American workman deserves any better treatment. A contrary conclusion would be drawn from some of their assertions. The British workman has been accused of protecting a job as long as possible in pursuance of the *co' easy*, or "go easy," policy. According to James Cox, the delegate for the British iron and steel workers, an American artisan is much more open to censure on this score, so far as government work is concerned. Of the new Post-office building in Chicago, he says that any third-rate municipal corporation in Great Britain would have accomplished the work in four years instead of eight. The delegate of the British bricklayers accuses our workmen of scamping their work, and says that he would be sorry to see American methods of building adopted in England.

The delegate of the Plasterers' Union found the plastering bad, even in the rooms of the White House, where the delegates were received by President Roosevelt. W. C. Stedman, representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, went home with the conviction that the British workman cannot be beaten in the world for solid and well-finished work. The twenty-three delegates also report that the workmen who have built up American industries are largely of British birth and training. Most of the inventions in American workshops, they say, come from men that hail from the old country. It is the British employers, we are told, that are responsible for the backwardness of manufactures in Great Britain. They cling to old methods and old machinery, whereas in the United States the newest method and the latest machinery are favored. It is, at the first glance, difficult to reconcile these opinions with the mass of testimony on the other side. The explanation of the divergence probably is that the twenty-three visiting delegates are themselves exceptionally intelligent men, and personally would be glad to see improved machinery introduced in British factories. The majority of the members, however, in almost every local union in Great Britain, oppose the introduction of new machinery on the ground that only exceptionally clever men can learn to use it quickly. In other words, no well-informed man disputes the general correctness of the picture drawn by Charles Reade in *Put Yourself in His Place*.

There is no part of the United States which is not deeply interested in learning whether Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania will sign or veto the press-muzzling bill passed by the Harrisburg Legislature. As we formerly pointed out, the restrictive measure is applicable to all newspapers except

weeklies, the latter being excepted for the reason that most of the Republican organs are hebdomadals. As we go to press it seems incredible that the Governor will fail to heed the vehement protest made at Harrisburg on April 21 by the largest body of journalists ever assembled in the State. It is confidently expected that, as a jurist, he will regard the gag bill as a violation of the Pennsylvania Constitution. The seventh section of the organic law of the State provides that the printing-press shall be free to every person who may undertake to examine the proceedings of the Legislature, or any branch of government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The State Constitution goes on to say that there shall be no conviction in any prosecution for the publication of papers relating to the official conduct of officers or men in public capacities, or to any other matter proper for public investigation or information, where the fact that such publication was not maliciously or negligently made shall be established to the satisfaction of a jury.

It is the vice of the bill, driven through the Harrisburg Legislature for the purpose of shielding the office-holders from the search-light of publicity, that it casts on the defendant the burden of proof that a publication was not negligently made. It thus encourages the bringing of civil actions for damages in which no malice may be charged or shown, but in which unintentional error in the statement of facts may have occurred. The bill also allows a jury to find compensatory damages for alleged mental suffering, as well as for alleged injuries to business or reputation; it also authorizes punitive damages, if the matter complained of has received special prominence from the use of pictures, cartoons, head-lines or displayed type calculated to attract attention. Nobody knows better than Governor Pennypacker, who left the bench in order to assume executive office, that the existing libel laws of Pennsylvania afford adequate protection to honest men. Experience has shown, however, that they do not safeguard Senator Quay from the reprobation of his fellow citizens. It remains to be seen whether a Governor who hitherto has been looked upon as a high-minded man will obey the mandate of a political friend, or will listen to the earnest remonstrance of the press, not only of Pennsylvania, but of the United States.

The appeal sent forth by fifty eminent liberal clergymen to the clergy of the country to seize the opportunity of making Emerson's approaching birthday centenary a time when his particular spiritual message to his countrymen shall be set forth, will meet with varying response according as the clergy are conservative or liberal, or are of the prophetic or the priestly order. That in many of the most prominent pulpits of all of the Protestant sects May 24 will be utilized for consideration of the life and thought of one whom the preachers in those pulpits deem a modern prophet of idealism and mysticism goes without saying. Our nation's list of great thinkers and spiritual teachers is not so long that we can afford to refrain from analysis of their message as the centennials of their birth come around. If it be true, as some of the most searching of present-day thinkers contend, that the religion of the future is to be a blending of rationalism and of mysticism, and a further extension of individualism in matters of belief *pari passu* with vast extension of sociality in matters of Christian deed, then obviously there must be an increased turning to Emerson, who more than any other great American religious teacher stood for individualism, which is the taproot of mysticism, and for individualism as over against institutionalism in matters religious.

An interesting contribution to the study of the effects of money on families can be made by any person of statistical inclinations who will take the trouble to trace out for a few generations the history of a score or two of our very rich families, and learn what effect the acquisition of a big fortune by any individual American has had on the divorce record of that individual and his descendants. It is early yet to get results that would prove much, because most of the great American fortunes are pretty new; but already tendencies seem to be showing themselves which it would be worth while to trace back. There are believed to be about 4000 millionaires in the United States; enough to give a statistician an ample field to work in. A fortune sufficient to make life easy and comfortable is probably a promoter of domestic

happiness, but still it seems likely that rich people or their descendants get more divorces than poorer people do. In the first place, heirs and heiresses are more exposed to the wiles of the designing than the scions of poverty, and for that reason are somewhat more likely to make unwise marriages. Again, the rich, as a rule, have more leisure than the poor, are not so steadily and effectively disciplined by work, are less safeguarded by a wholesome routine, and cast about more widely and continuously for pleasures. Satan, as heretofore, finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and some of the mischief results in divorce. Moreover, the rich are somewhat more used to self-indulgence and having their own way than the poor, and less inclined, if they find themselves in uncomfortable matrimonial cases, to grin and bear it. They can meet the expense of divorce, which is often considerable, can go as far as is necessary, and stay there as long as is necessary, to gain divorce on convenient terms; and they can afford to break up families without fear of want. Many a wife sticks to a bad husband because she and her children need his support; many a husband puts up with an unsatisfactory wife because he cannot afford to try a new one. Divorce, like the appendicitis operation, is a luxury, and comes high.

The *Springfield Republican* suggests that President Roosevelt may succeed Dr. Eliot as president of Harvard University. It is an interesting suggestion, because it concerns two interesting men and an interesting job. Any suggestion, composed of such strong materials, would be bound to attract attention. Put it the other way: suggest that Dr. Eliot is a suitable man to succeed Colonel Roosevelt as President of the United States, and you have another proposition that may be discussed with entertainment and possible profit. But neither of these things is likely to happen. Dr. Eliot has extraordinary administrative ability, and is qualified in many particulars to make a remarkable President of the United States, but his specialty has been education, not politics, and he could not get delegates enough to carry a convention. It is almost a pity, for he is of the sort of timber that a great Democratic candidate might be fashioned from. He is still young—sixty-nine years young—but so boisterously young as Dr. Roosevelt, but young enough in mind and body for great labors. Gladstone was young at seventy, so was Pope Leo, so will be Dr. Eliot. Colonel Roosevelt has exerted a vast influence over his generation, and the rising generation especially, but his specialty has been, not education, but politics. That is one reason why he is not likely to be president of Harvard, for Harvard will want an educator. Another reason is that when, some time or other, Dr. Eliot's successor is selected, the selecting will be done by seven gentlemen, all residents of Boston or its near neighborhood, who may be confidently expected to keep the succession in the large and capable Boston family where, indeed, it seems rightly to belong. Race suicide will have made far more progress in Massachusetts than now seems anywhere probable before Harvard sends to fetch a president from Oyster Bay.

The election of Dr. John Huston Finley to the presidency of the College of the City of New York is a case of the right man finding the right place. Dr. Finley was born in 1863 in Illinois, worked as a boy on a farm and in a printing-office, graduated at Knox College, Illinois, in 1887, and studied later at Johns Hopkins University. He was then for a time secretary of the State Charities Aid Association in New York, but was called in 1892 to be president of Knox College. Seven years later he resigned that office and came back to New York, where he busied himself with literary and editorial work, until June, 1900, when he became Professor of Politics in Princeton University. His training, as will be seen, has been unusually varied, and he brings to his new duties an equipment both scholarly and practical. The College of the City of New York is part of the educational system of this city, and is maintained out of the public funds. It started in 1847 as the Free Academy, becoming a college by action of the Legislature in 1860. Its present location is at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, but a new building is in prospect for it at 134th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where it will have ample space and a chance to grow into a college of a higher grade than it has yet attained. Even now it has more than 1000 students, and the possibilities of its development are decidedly inspiring.

Mr. Cleveland's Speech

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the speech delivered at New York city, on April 14, by ex-President Grover Cleveland, in aid of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, a school which aims to teach colored men to earn a living by skilled labor. His willingness to come forward on this occasion is but one of many and conclusive proofs of the anxious solicitude and genuine sympathy with which Mr. Cleveland regards the colored race. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and if the ex-President advises colored men to forego, for the present, at all events, political aspirations that cannot be gratified, except at the expense of their fundamental interests, his kindly counsel is based upon clear and indisputable grounds. Indeed, so far as the report of his recommendations is concerned, he took the same position which Mr. Booker T. Washington has consistently occupied. Practically identical are the premises from which is drawn the deduction as to the negro's actual readiness for social and political equality, although Mr. Washington could scarcely be expected to state them so plainly. Mr. Cleveland's confession of faith was unflinching, though hardly more so than that which was made not long ago at the New York Union League Club by the Republican Secretary of War. I believe, said the ex-President, that neither the decree that made the slaves free, nor the enactment which suddenly invested them with the rights of citizenship, any more purged them of their racial and slavery-bred imperfections and deficiencies than it changed the color of their skin. Is this a truism? That it has come to be looked upon as such by a vast majority of whites in the North as well as in the Southern States bears witness to a tremendous revision in public sentiment. It was no truism to the French Revolutionists, who emancipated at a stroke the slaves in Haiti, for they were firm believers in an optimistic illusion, the outcome of which has been one of the most appalling tragedies in the history of the human race. It certainly was not a truism in the decade following the civil war, for the whole of the Reconstruction legislation was based upon the contrary assumption, namely, that political equality would prove a panacea whereby all the social and slavery-bred deficiencies of the colored people would be speedily eradicated. The remedy has now been tried for upwards of a generation, yet Secretary Root concurs with Mr. Cleveland in acknowledging that it has failed; not only in those States where negro suffrage has of late been restricted, but also in other States where the privilege of the suffrage, though unrestricted, has not made the negro competent to enjoy it. The experience of some thirty-five years has shown that the colored people, considered as a whole, and without regard to certain shining exceptions, are not qualified to possess the franchise. Our Reconstruction legislators began at the wrong end, because, instead of concentrating philanthropy and statesmanship upon the means of making the negro self-supporting and self-respecting, they crowned him at the start, before he had proved his worthiness, with the gift of political equality, which ought to have been reserved for industry, thrift, intelligence, and virtue. The result is what should have been expected, though it seems not to have been foreseen by the authors of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of our Federal Constitution. What has happened is, as stated by Mr. Cleveland, that among the nearly nine millions of negroes who have been interested by constitutional amendments with our citizenship, there is

still a grievous amount of ignorance, a sad amount of viciousness, and an enormous amount of laziness and shiftlessness. It is, then, a stupendous problem with which the whole nation is confronted, a problem which neither enlightened self-interest nor the higher motive of human sympathy will permit white people in any section of the Union to ignore. As Mr. Cleveland points out, however, it is our white brethren of the South to whom the gravity of the problem is driven home most forcibly; it is they, not we, who, primarily and mainly, are concerned to bene the white man's freedom. As Mr. Cleveland said, the lifting of the tremendous weight must be principally done by those who stand next to it. Just in proportion as we appreciate the magnitude of the task which we have imposed upon the Southern whites, the task of elevating in the sphere of humanity eight millions of negroes, shall we be quick to obey Mr. Cleveland's injunction, and to recognize their claim to our strict consideration and sympathetic fellowship.

From the view-point of the welfare and progress of the negroes themselves, their ill-attested well-wishers at the North should do everything in their power to ally, instead of aggravating, the causes of political and social friction between the colored people and their white neighbors at the South. Nothing in Mr. Cleveland's speech was more opportune or more useful than what he said on this point. If we at the North truly believe in the possibility of the negro's intellectual and moral improvement, if we honestly desire to further his advancement, we cannot for a moment overlook the vital necessity of gaining cordial co-operation in the work on the part of the white people at the South, upon whom the solution of the negro problem mainly depends. The facts show that such co-operation is attainable, it is, in truth, only at the South that the negro since the civil war has had an industrial opportunity, or can look forward to an industrial future. At the North he is barred by race prejudices from almost every field of skilled labor, and is relegated for the most part to menial occupations, or to the rudest kind of manual toil. At the South every channel of skilled industry has always been, and is now, open to him. There alone is given to the negro a man's chance in the commercial world. Here at the North we let negroes vote, but we shut them out of our factories, shutting our eyes to the truth that the fundamental need of the mass of mankind is an opportunity to earn a living by doing productive work. The negro, like all other human beings, will prosper and rise in the scale of life, not by exercising a suffrage, for which they are, as yet, unqualified by education and character, but by learning to put brain and skill into the common occupations of life. It is only at the South that the negroes have an opportunity of becoming operatives, artisans, and miners, and of thus lifting themselves above the dead level of manual labor in the cotton field or the rice field.

Again, not only are the economical conditions of the South favorable to the admission of negroes to those high-grade industries from which they are excluded at the North, but the Southern whites look with a kindly eye on the efforts of colored men to raise themselves through skilled labor in the social scale. About this fact also there is no doubt. Mr. Booker T. Washington has testified that in the Southern States the negroes who fit themselves for useful occupations are sure of cheerful recognition and immediate employment on the part of their white neighbors. The Atlanta Exposition of 1895 was acclaimed by him as an impressive proof, not only that colored men were capable of marked industrial efficiency, but

that the state of things at the South was singularly favorable to the development of such efficiency.

As for the prejudice against the negro which is imputed to the Southern whites, Mr. Cleveland forbore to say, though he might have said, that there is quite as much of it at the North as at the South. We tolerate the negro's political equality at the North because, owing to the small percentage of the colored element in our electorate, we have hitherto had no cause to fear it. We have never known what it was to be deluged, as the South was deluged, by the perilous flood of indiscriminate, unattested, and blighting negro suffrage. But, while political equality has been conceded with indifference in the Northern States, because the colored vote has thus far been assumed to be a negligible factor, we need not say that social equality is quite as unattainable by the negro at the North as at the South.

The Uprising of Public Sentiment

There are those who call adverse criticism of public men and public conduct pessimism. It is easy not to be a pessimist. The sole equipment of many a writer on politics is indifference or dishonest amiability. The commonplace eulogy is an easy art. It demands no knowledge of affairs, no power of discrimination, nothing but a facile pen and a desire to stand well with those whose minds ought to be instructed, but who are denied by the professional optimist any stimulus beyond the tickling of their ears. These despisers of the political critic call themselves optimists, but they are, in reality, the most dismal of pessimists, while those whom they call pessimists are, in truth, idealists and optimists. The self-assured optimist is he who holds, at least in American politics, that "whatever is is good," and that the "rare has reached its highest point of development, has produced a class of politicians, for example, who are incapable of improvement; the confirmed pessimist, on the other hand, insists that there are higher moral heights to reach, and especially that our present class of politicians, are not possessed of that lofty character which ought to be demanded of those who are honored by the American people; that political habits are bad; and that the character of the people is higher than that of their servants and representatives.

The truth of the teachings of the pessimists is acknowledged by most students of politics, even by some who pass their days in singing perfunctory laudations of public men. These do not say what they know to be true; that to our difference between them and the critics. Another and a very wide difference is that the laudatory set apparently have no faith in the virtue of the people which leads them to desire better things, or in the power of the people to compel them. On the contrary, those who are constantly hammering at the political vices of the day are enunciated by perseverers in their faith in the essential virtue of the people. This brings us to the evidences of today that the people are clearly, unmistakably, and with what, to the politicians, must seem ominous insinuations, showing signs of deep depression. They are sifting with the critics, and are disregarding the amiable and satisfied platitudinarianism as earnest men always disregard, in their intense moments, the prattle of the sleek citizen who distills trouble.

Primarily, the wrath of the people is directed against the Senate. From Maine to California there is no published utterance

in its defence. Even the customary eulogies are not heard. The people have at last learned that the United States Senate is unworthy of its traditions, untrue to the principles on which it was founded, and that its present course is hostile to the best interests of the republic. Mr. Depew, in a speech made in the Senate last winter, called that body's attention to what was said of it, and warned Senators that they were on trial. The Senate, by an abuse of its constitutional powers, has usurped the functions of the President. Senators, by their control of patronage, have made themselves party bosses, and in that character they are the sources of nominations. Thus they have the power of political life and death over the members of the House of Representatives. The Reed rules of procedure put the representatives of the people under the heel of the Speaker and his two associates on the Committee on Rules; the Representatives must vote on such bills, in such form, as the hierarchy prescribes; the Senators, if they are interested in a measure, as they are in every measure which affects their own or their party's material interests, dictate the vote of their Representatives or see to it that they are not re-nominated. They sit at the gates of power, and have, for years, been transforming the government from a republic provided over by a Chief Magistrate, independent of the legislative branch of the government, into an oligarchy. They refuse to permit the President to administer the laws as he desires, and insist on forcing him to take their men for his subordinates under pain of a cutting down of his appropriations, or of a refusal to heed his advice touching the government's policy. Their control over the House of Representatives gives them the control of the purse-strings which was denied to them by the Constitution, and, not being charged by the fundamental law with responsibility for the initiation of money bills, they are actually responsible for most of the extravagance of which our government can now be justly charged. In their dealings with party politicians, they are captains of predatory bands which prey upon the public revenues and render small service in return.

All that the Senate does of wrong is offensive to the conscience of the American people. Senators have not only been safe from attack, but have actually grown in corruption and in the corrupt use of their power, because the people have been unconscious of the true state of affairs. The people get their information about their own government and their servants slowly and with difficulty. The distance of the government from them, their natural and loyal pride in it, and the concealment of the wrongdoing of public men which is connived at by the amiable plotters with truth who have wrongfully assumed the name of optimists, all help to keep the people ignorant of the growth of evil conditions. But when the light once dawns upon the popular mind, the end of the evil is certain. The mocking spirit in which the politicians met the first effort for the reform of the civil service is now transformed into impotent rage, because the people are committed to the merit system, and the politicians dare not offend them overmuch. The American people are essentially virtuous, and they will always insist upon civic righteousness when they actually see their servants departing from it.

The signs of uprising at present are many and encouraging. Not only in the Senate under popular condemnation, which must be heeded if popular condemnation is to be satisfied before it goes, perhaps, too far, but a consciousness of political evils is revealing itself everywhere, and the rising of the peo-

ple seems to have begun. The revolt in New York is of deeper origin than it appears to be on the surface. Behind the rebel Senators are rebel voters who do not like the character of the conduct of the Republican party now that they understand it. The outbreak of popular indignation in Rhode Island which followed swift upon the revelations of bribery is one of the finest illustrations of the character of the American democracy. Vote-buying is a widespread evil. Rhode Island is not the only State, its people are not the only community, whose government is tainted by this basest and most infamous of all the forms of political corruption. Nor are all the bribed foreigners who come to us without political traditions or political training. There are bad and purchasable native Americans, as there are bad and purchasable Italians, Slavs, Roumanians, and Russian Jews. It is true that not many voters of the average American community can be bought, but there are many towns and cities, and some States, in which a corrupt few hold the balance of power. Bought by one corrupt boss or another, these vocal voters give the victory to the boss. What has happened in Rhode Island, and what is likely further to happen, will be sure to follow in other States, and in other communities, when the people become conscious that their liberties and their properties are at the mercy of the wholesale and retail dealers in votes. In Pennsylvania, the corrupt machine was forced, last year, to name as its candidate for Governor a man of good repute. It is true that the idol has fallen from his pedestal, but it nevertheless remains the fact that he was nominated to satisfy the public demand for virtue. In Philadelphia, the corrupt machine nominated one of its kind for Mayor, but since his election, especially in his inaugural, he has given evidence that he recognizes the value of "pondering to the better element." In the city of New York the uprising is against legislation hostile to the city's interests, especially the so-called grab bills against which Mayor Low is protesting. Not many years ago a like popular outbreak, aided by Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor, was successful in defeating the Ranapo steal.

The lesson of it all is that the American people are sound, that they love virtue and hate corruption, and that all that is needed to compel virtue and to defeat vice is to enlighten the people as to the real state of their own affairs. And this is the self-assumed task of those true optimists who believe in their country and its people, but who are called pessimists by the amiable, or hypocritical, charlatans who pose as optimists, and whose amiability, or hypocrisy, conceals the multitude of sins which keeps the morality of the politician class below the level of the morality of the people.

How the President has Used his Opportunities

By his first message to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and by the attitude which he consistently maintained toward that body during its first session, Mr. Roosevelt showed that he was determined to minimize the immediate effect of the tragic event which had raised him to the office of Chief Magistrate, and to promote loyalty and earnestly the execution of his predecessor's plans, so far as those were known to have been formulated. Thanks largely to the course which he pursued, most of those plans were carried out; it was due to Congress alone that the late President's wishes with regard to reciprocity in general, and to Cuban reciprocity

in particular, were disregarded. After the close of the first session, however, it was as clear to the community at large as it was to Mr. Roosevelt himself that the duties imposed upon him as legislator had been discharged to the best of his ability, and that, henceforth, he must frame a policy of his own by which he would stand or fall. He did not flinch from the obligation, but, in the speeches delivered by him during the summer of 1902, he made it evident that, in his opinion, the vague entry against trusts had some foundation in fact, and that he was resolved to request from Congress considerable powers of investigation, discrimination, and control. When the result of the general election for members of the House of Representatives which took place last November was announced, we suggested that it might have been better for the President's personal fortunes had the Democrats been successful in acquiring an ascendancy in one branch of the Federal Legislature. We pointed out that, in that event, a failure on his part to fulfill the assurances given in his speeches would be imputed to his political opponents, and he would still stand before the people as one who had done his utmost to make good his promises. This we said, because the refusal of conspicuous Republicans in the Senate to consider his wishes, and their proved ability to thwart them in the matter of Cuban reciprocity, seemed to bode ill for the success of his proposed campaign against the trusts. It turned out, however, that, before the assembling of the Federal Legislators for its second session, the President's extra-constitutional but triumphant interposition between employers and employed in the coal strike had given him for the moment such an ascendancy over the minds of workmen that the Democrats in Congress vied with the Republicans in bidding for the labor vote, and concurred in sanctioning a dangerous precedent by voting almost unanimously an appropriation for the expense of the "Barnes" case, and a commission which Mr. Roosevelt had appointed.

These events clothed the President with so much moral authority that defiance on the part of the so-called "Boner" Senators was no longer exhibited, and even the opposition of Democratic legislators was discouraged. The outcome of this extraordinary change in Mr. Roosevelt's position was that, although great corporations had previously been reputed able to prevent legislation deemed by them adverse to their interests, he managed to secure every one of the instrumentalities required by him as provisionally needed for the regulation of the trusts. A bill was passed enabling the Attorney-General to expedite suits brought under the Sherman anti-trust law; and a provision was inserted in the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Act whereby the sum of \$500,000 was placed at the immediate disposal of the Attorney-General for the better enforcement of anti-trust legislation. A further provision to the same end was incorporated in the General Deficiency bill, whereby the Attorney-General was supplied with two assistants and with additional clerks. It is, however, the Elkins Anti-Robate Act and the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce Act that constitute the important trophies gained by the President in the initial stage of his endeavor to extinguish monopolies and to distinguish between trust good and bad. The former measure provides new and severer penalties for the rebates by which interstate common carriers are believed to have assisted the attempts of certain industrial corporations to drive competitors out of business. By the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce Act, the search-light of publicity may, at the President's

Correspondence

NAMES OF INDIANS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The press of the country seem to have entirely misapprehended the purpose of the recent order of Commissioner Jones requiring the use of new forms in naming the Indian allottees. As a member of the Sequoia League I have advocated this change for the reason that the rolls are at present a chaos of individual registration, with no regard to family grouping. Each individual is at present designated on the rolls by a name, not of his own choosing—for the most part these names are poor translations of the meaning (or supposed meaning) of the syllables making up his actual Indian name. For example, a Cheyenne name meaning "Many Mazepes," is translated by some ignorant Texan "Heap o' Birds." Other names are jocular or vulgar nicknames. Others still are foolish and cumbersome.

All these absurdities the commissioner hopes to correct. The first rule of the circular distinctly and emphatically says that the Indian's actual name is to be retained wherever possible, and made the family name. A man known as "Humphack Wolf" by the whites, but whose real name is Hohobee, will go on the new rolls by the name he cares to wear, and his children will be named after him.

The Sequoia League, jealous of the rights and privileges of the red men, has been invited to co-operate with the commissioner in this work, and it is determined to retain wherever possible the beautiful and picturesque nomenclature of the various tribes now conforming to the ways of the white man. The seed of this change will be apparent to any one who knows that the red people are now becoming property-owners, and, in the case of the Okinawa tribes, the possession of valuable plots of land. The question of inheritance is already vital in the case of the southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

The suggestion of the league, taken up by the President and by the commissioner, is merely and simply to group the various citizen Indians into families, using the name of the father as the family name. Thus, Hohobee would become the head of a family, his wife be known as Mocha Hohobee, his children be known as Ohoma Hohobee and Nichola Hohobee, or, if their names are too long to be used as given names, the parents will be asked to give them other names easy to speak. Thus the whole family will be treated exactly as we would treat a family of Poles in the city of Chicago. As they become citizens and owners of property, they will naturally conform to our customs.

Furthermore, large numbers of them have already expressed pleasure at the thought that they are to be given a chance at last to shake off the white man's contemptuous nicknames, which they have regarded merely as tickets or numbers.

It will be seen that the press of the country have unwittingly been fighting on the side of the commissioner in this matter. The absurdities which the critics have condemned are precisely those which are to be wiped off the rolls.

It is the design of those assisting in this matter to enrich our English speech with as many of the melodious and beautiful sounds of the Sioux, Algonquian, and other native languages as possible. The Algonquian, especially, has much of the music and the picturesque quality of the Japanese. The commissioner's assistants can be trusted to preserve in every possible way the native and characteristic nomenclature of the red race.

I am, sir,

HAROLD GARLAND.

option, he turned upon the private affairs of any industrial corporation engaged in inter-State commerce, for the purpose of enabling him to determine whether, in his judgment, its transactions are blameless or objectionable, and to learn what further disciplinary or coercive measures may be required. According to the interpretation usually put upon the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases, there is practically no limit to the power of coercing a recalcitrant corporation engaged in inter-State commerce business which Congress may, if it see fit, place in the hands of the Chief Magistrate. That is to say, it can authorize the President virtually to annihilate a corporation, by forbidding it to transport any of its products, not only to foreign countries, but from one State to another. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the magnitude of the unprecedented powers already vested in the Federal Executive by the two measures just named. We add that, unless a violent reaction in public opinion shall take place before next December, there is scarcely any limit to the further power of interference with the private affairs of State corporations doing an inter-State business which the Fifty-eighth Congress will be disposed to grant, provided Mr. Roosevelt shall demand them. With the Presidential election of 1904 approaching, neither Republicans nor Democrats will venture to withhold any extension of Executive authority which shall be pronounced by the President essential to the regulation of the trust business.

What shall be said of the President's foreign policy? To his exemplary resolution to give such an instalment of reciprocity to Cuba as will at least help to revive the island's former prosperity we have already referred. As to the agreement to allow the Alaska boundary to be defined by the majority of a commission on which British Canada and the United States will be equally represented, this can scarcely be described as a concession to Canada. All intelligent Americans who have carefully examined the question feel so sure of the correctness of our construction of the Anglo-Russian delimitation treaty of 1825 that the chance of any of the American commissioners sanctioning a different interpretation may be dismissed as infinitesimal. On the other hand, it may be looked upon, we fear, as tolerably certain that the Canadian commissioners will construe the treaty in a way favorable to the claim of the Dominion. Of what possible use, then, will the commission be, beyond affording the American and Canadian members an opportunity of spending some pleasant weeks or months in London at the expense of the respective countries? We answer that the commission would never have been agreed upon but for the understanding that at least one member should be a native of Great Britain. Our hope is to revivify that member. We pass to the Venezuelan affair, in which Mr. Roosevelt unquestionably erred sagaciously and foresight by declining to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the allied European powers and a Latin American republic. It remains to be seen, however, whether the American people, when they awaken to the significance of the transaction, will applaud the President for remaining an impassive spectator of the blockade of Venezuelan seaports, of the bombardment of La Guayra and Fort San Carlos, of the destruction of the village adjoining the last named fortress, and of the sinking of Venezuelan war-vessels, all of which acts of violence were committed, not only in order to exact the redress of grievances, but for the purpose of compelling Venezuela to make arrangements for the payment of ordinary debts, due or alleged to be due, from her government or citizens

to the subjects of the hostile European powers.

Returning to domestic legislation, we do not see how it can be disputed that Mr. Roosevelt has made so effective a use of his opportunities that he is incomparably stronger in his own party and in the community at large than he was eight months ago. At this hour his domination for the Presidency next year seems a certainty, and, for the moment, it looks as if his election would follow.

The Army General Staff

THE officers to constitute the new General Staff Corps have been announced by the War Department. If the method of selection may be accepted as an indication of the methods of business to govern the new corps, the army and the country have reason for sincere congratulation. In order that the selection of the new corps might be based upon merit and removed entirely from the field of influence usually supposed to prevail in and about the War Department, the Secretary of War referred a copy of the new statute to the War College Board, with the request that they recommend the method to be pursued in putting the law for the establishment of the General Staff Corps into execution. The War College Board recommended that the details for the General Staff Corps be based entirely upon aptitude and merit. A board of officers of high rank was convened and directed to proceed with the selection and recommendation of a sufficient number of officers of proper rank to complete the initial organization of the new corps. The board was sworn to perform this duty impartially and without favor or affection. The army is to be congratulated upon the result. All the officers recommended for detail to the new corps are some of the best men of recognized ability. While there may be some disappointments and heart burnings upon the part of individuals who were desirous of employment in the General Staff, nevertheless the majority of the eligible class of officers will abide by the decision of the board with dignity and good-will.

In the past it has been recognized that political influence was generally necessary to secure appointment in the permanent staff corps. It would be far more satisfactory to the great body of officers to have preference based upon records of service rather than political influence, and the records once submitted to the arbitration of such a tribunal, its findings should be acquiesced in without question.

The statute contemplates that the General Staff Corps shall be composed of officers detailed for periods of four years. In order that details to the initial organization should not expire at the same time, the tour of duty of the officers who compose the first detail will expire in two, three, and four years. As all officers who serve in the General Staff Corps are required upon completion of the tour of duty therein, to go back to the branch of the army in which they hold permanent commission, it will be readily understood that meritorious officers of the army at large will always have opportunities for preferment in the new corps. This wise provision insures a body of officers in touch with the fighting portion of the army, and will prevent that bureaucracy which has been responsible in the past for so many blunders.

Pending the formation of the General Staff Corps the Secretary of War has been utilizing the services of the War College Board in determining questions relating to the new militia law and to other important matters of general concern to the army.

Why Not Abolish It?

By Mark Twain

We have many good laws. They embody the wisdom and the common sense of the ages. There is one very striking feature about these laws. Let me point it out. Among them—

1. There is not a law which says that if you consent to the robbery of your family, the robber's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

2. There is not a law which says that if you consent to the burning of your father's house, the incendiary's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

3. There is not a law which says that if you consent to let a man starve your mother to death, that man's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

4. There is not a law which says that if you consent to let an assassin cut your throat, the assassin's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

It is strange, but these statements are true. The law does not grant you the tremendous privilege of propagating, levying, and encouraging crimes by your copies, and of minimizing the responsibility of its perpetrators by the interposition of your royal consent. The law sticks stubbornly to the position that robbers, incendiaries, and murderers are criminals, no matter who are the victims; and it would not concede that they were criminals in a lesser degree in cases where you or your kin were the victims, and you gave your personal consent.

But there is one crime which is more disastrous than all of these put together; more bitter, more cruel, more infamous, more shameful, more insupportable, more far-reaching, more diffusive in its crushing effects, than all of these combined—and over the perpetrator of this one crime the law holds the protecting shield of its mercy and its compassion.

A murder kills the body, but sets it free and ends its cares; it brings grief to the surviving kindred, but it is a grief which time can soften, and even heal. But this other crime, this crime of crimes, kills the mental and spiritual life of its victim, but leaves its body to drag on and on, the symbol and sufferer of a living death, deposed of kindred, forsaken of friends; and upon family and friends descends a blight of humiliation which time cannot remove nor forgetfulness ease of its pain.

The law is stern with the assassin, but gentle with the seducer; stern with the murderer of the body, but gentle with the murderer of all that can make life worth the living—honor, self-respect, the esteem of friends, the adoring worship of the sacred home circle, father, mother, and the endearments of the earlier and innocent years. You may drag down into the mud and into enduring misery and shame the trusting and ignorant young flower of this household, and crush the heart of every creature that loves it and lives in the light of its presence; you may murder the spirit and consign to a living death and interable wretchedness all these—and if in certain cases you can prove consent the law will not deal unkindly with you.

"Consent" necessarily argues previous persuasion. It indicates who the instigator of the trespass was—that is to say, the offender-in-chief. Instead of magnifying his crime, this actually diminishes it, in the eyes of the law. The law establishes an "age of consent"—a limit during which a child of sixteen or seventeen is not privileged to help commit a tremendous and desolating crime against herself and her family; but she is privileged to do it if she is twenty; and in that case the person that

persuades her to it is regarded by the law as being substantially guiltless, and it puts upon him no punishment which can be called by that name except sarcastically.

There is no age at which the good name of a member of a family ceases to be a part of the property of that family—an asset, and worth more than all its bonds and moneys. There is no age at which a member of the family may consent, and under authority of the law, help a criminal to destroy the family's money and bonds. Then why should there be an age at which a member, by consent, and under conviction of the law, may help a criminal to destroy that far more valuable asset, the family's honor?

There being no age at which the law places the honor of a family in the hands of any member of it to throw away at his whim—including his own life—I see no sound reason why the law should not be consistent—consistently wise—and abolish the age limit in the case of the other and greater crimes.

If a man and wife are drowned at sea, and there is no proof as to which died first, the law—in some European countries and in two of our States—decides that it was the wife. She is the weaker vessel. It is usually by so in the matter of seduction. She is young, inexperienced, foolish, trustful, persuadable, affectionate; she would harm no one herself, and cannot see why any one should wish to harm her; while as a rule the man is older and stronger than she is, and in every case without exception is so seconded. The law protects him now; it seems to me that it ought to protect her, instead.

I think it ought to abolish "consent" entirely. I think it should say there is no age at which consent shall in the least degree modify the seducer's crime or mitigate his punishment. "Consent" means previous persuasion—and there the crime begins. It is the first step, and responsible for the whole, far without it there would be no second. I would punish the beginner, the real criminal, and punish him well; society and civilization can be depressed upon to punish with a ten thousand times exaggerated and unjust severity his thoughtless victim. If I were a lawmaker I should want to make this law quite plain.

I should want it to say nothing about "consent"—I should take the persuasion for granted, and that persuasion is what I would punish, along with the resulting infamy. I should say simply that commerce with a seducer, of whatever age or condition, should be punished by two years of solitary confinement or five years of hard labor, and let the man take his choice. He has murdered the honor and the happiness of a whole offending family, and condemned it to life-long shame and grief, and while he ought to be fayed alive, and the law ought of rights to provide that penalty, I know that no jury would vote it; I could not do it myself, unless mine were the family. And so I would make the penalty as above. A jury would vote that, if the judge would be thoughtful enough to appoint upon it none but fathers of families—families with young girls in them, the treasures of their lives, the light of their homes, the joy of their hearts.

I find the following in this morning's *Herald*. Will you print it?

Rosie Quinn, who was convicted of murder in the third degree on April 19, having her baby in the lake in Central Park, will be sentenced by Judge Scott to day in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court. Only one sentence, that of life imprisonment, was in prospect, but although he consented, Moses A. Sachs, will ask for a new trial, it is not probable it will be granted.

The girl dreads her appearance in the court-room. She spoke of this yesterday with even more horror than that which the idea of a life sentence has aroused in her mind.

She has written to the father of the dead child, but has received no response. "I don't know what he can be thinking of," is her only comment.

Not even his name has been told to the persons who have approached Rosie Quinn in connection with her trial. She is loyal in their names.

For her sisters, who have not been near her since her arrest in November, she displays a surprising thoughtfulness.

"Don't put my sisters' names in the paper," she begged. "I don't want their names used. I didn't even want it known that I had sisters, but it got out somehow." Since her conviction, one of her sisters has called at the prison to caution her against telling their names.

The girl is a most pliable creature. She seems craved by the happenings of the last few weeks, and is utterly unable to comprehend the enormity of her crime, or the hopelessness of the doom which is hanging over her. She is like a child, docile, quiet, unobtrusive. She will only say:—

"It was a dear love-affair for me."

Immediately after her sentence persons who have become interested in the girl's sad fate will appeal to Governor O'Connell in her behalf.

I think many of us will like to sign that petition.

A Triad of Admirable Books

The Constant Reader came in the other day with three new books under her arm, and the Higher Journalist leaped to welcome her with the distinction due her sex and her quality. She set down with that air of large leisure which the constant reader imagines the higher journalist to have at his command equilly with herself. "Here are some books," she said, putting them on the table before him, "which I should like to have your opinion of. At first, I thought I would write and ask, and then—"

"Oh, I am so glad you came," the higher journalist took the word, but, when he had it, he did not say that had as it was to receive letters. He only said, "It is so much easier to talk such things over," and "Oh!" he continued, looking at the books, "Captain Winslow's *Story*, Putnam Place, A Daughter of Theopis; what do you think of them?"

"That is what I want you to tell me," the constant reader replied. "You see that I get confused reading all the new fiction as it comes out—"

"Good heavens!" the higher journalist interrupted, "do you mean to say that you read all the novels published?"

"Of course I do. How else is a constant reader to keep up?"

"But, dear lady, as the men say in Mr. James's stories, that is keeping down! I don't wonder your mind is so confused—as I suppose you were going to say—that you don't know a good thing when you see it. But if your intellect had not been obstructed by your intellectual experience, if you were an unprejudiced lover of the true and the beautiful, if you were a simple child of sincerity, and not a constant reader, what would you think of these three books?"

"Well, I should think in the first place that they were an awful relief from nearly everything else that I've been reading lately. I should say that they were every one out of the common, and that there was a new touch in each of them. I should say that A Daughter of Theopis seemed so honest about actors and acting that it made you feel as

If the stage had never been truly written about before. I should say that the people who lived in *Parsons Place* were just dots, and that I wished I lived there too. I should say that the company in *Captain Winslow's Store* was so good, that if I were a rusticator at Killcock Cove in the summer, I should like to be the Captain's old barrow's mate, and stay there all winter, so as to hear the talk."

"Not so bad," the higher journalist approved, "for a constant reader, with a mind stuffed with all sorts of trash like yours."

"But who are those books by, anyway?" the constant reader called him back to business.

"Why, the authors' names are given."

"I know that, but who are the authors?"

"How terribly personal you constant readers are!" the higher journalist sighed.

"If the books are good, why must you loathe about the writers? But if you must, why, I happen to know that Mr. George S. Wasson is a painter, no longer in the bloom of his first youth, who has wintered and summered it at Killery in Maine for the fast fifteen or twenty years, and has fished up his wonderful material all along there, as far down as Castine; and if you think *A Daughter of Thopis* is a true image of theocratic life, you may depend upon it that *Captain Winslow's Store* is a veridical representation of the Yankee fishing and coasting life, as it still holds its own in one of the most richly interesting regions of that somewhat overrated New England. It is more like the Miss Jewett country than the Miss Wilkins country, but, after all, it is George S. Wasson's country, by right of discovery. You have it there in his book, with its smearing superstitions, its adventures, its strange oaths, its delightful perfume, its bold, rugged characters, and their astounding ignorance and credulity; its keen local critics of city folks, its unprincipled politicians, its shrewd traders, its reckless, reckless seafarers, and its queer lovers, treating a robust barrow from their stony hills, and skin out of livelihood with poultry and eggs, and dwelling as far from the world except for the all-pervading trolley, as if they lived in the beginning of the nineteenth instead of the twentieth century."

"The constant reader blinked thoughtfully before asking, "Do you think he ought to make them talk in that rough dialect?"

"Why not, if they do talk in it?"

"But there has been so much said against dialect."

"Yes, there are a good many cultured noses who think their own way is the true and sole standard of speech. Without the dialect the mental and moral atmosphere of Killcock Cove could not have been given; it is preposterous to think of anything else. But if you want compensation for it, there is the pure, straight, simple English of the narrator, which carries out all the facts and treats it deals with, and gives you a *resumé* of the theme, delightful in its perfect drawing and its exquisite color. You can't open the book"—the higher journalist opened it—"without inhaling the sea and shore smells of the Cove; the taste of the brine gets on your lips; and the whole quaint look of the little, homing, decayed, unknown harbor village rises in your vision, a picture of alluring leisure and repose—the leisure of summer afternoon longer than any other measure of time in the world, except the summer forenoon, and the winter nights. It's a proof of the author's art that from the first line he piques your curiosity and warms your heart, and wins your love for his subject. There are some old-fashioned touches of his that I think charming, because they suggest a poet who

has lived as far from the literary world as from the business world. I think I must date upon him when he is least up to date in manner. His nature is all up to date, though, no matter about his fashion; and that is the main thing."

"The constant reader heaved a long, contented sigh. "Yes, that is what I felt about it too. But I was afraid the characters were commonplace people. You know there has been so much said against them."

"By commonplace people? Ah, why don't you confine your constant reading to fiction alone, and let the criticism go? Why should you doubly darken your understanding?"

"That is true," the constant reader assented. "But, really, about *A Daughter of Thopis*, now: do you think it is right to take away all the glamour of the theater?"

"No one can do that, and the author has not done it. Where'd you interested in the book?"

"I simply couldn't put it down; I couldn't miss a word; and I kept wondering what it was held me so fast. Don't you think the style is dreadfully plain? I don't mean here or laid, but plain. At times it seemed to me it was simple to the point of simplicity, and beyond the point of simplicity."

"The higher journalist concurred. "That's not so bad. But did you ever examine the style of Tolstoy, the greatest novelist who ever lived? Well, there is none. There is absolute plainness, no matter what he is dealing with, and you know what he writes he scales and depths he sounds. One might say *Tourgenieff* has no style, or *Zola*, or *Maugham*, or the *Geocourts*, at least so far as any reaches us in English, but their power gets to us without it. I am not really comparing them except in this point alone with Mr. John D. Barry, though, I am far from thinking meanly of him, even in the best company."

"But who is Mr. John D. Barry?"

"Anybody?"

"Yes?"

"He is the author of some other books which I do not value nearly so much as *A Daughter of Thopis*; and he wrote a story—a long-short story—in one of the magazines lately which was one of the very best long-short stories I ever read."

"A *Leading Woman*? Yes, you are right; it was wonderful."

"You read the magazine, too, then?"

"Of course I do! But why does he write so much of the stage?"

"Because, I believe, he had some training for it, and probably loves it as much as he seems to hate it. At any rate, he loves to write of it, to ascertain it, to declare it, as it rarely has been ascertained and declared before. Doesn't he do all those different histrionic types with astonishing vividness?"

"That plain style of his—which one may call hard or bold, for all I care; it's so much better than anything florid—renders them all alive; it gives them to you characters, persons, acquaintances; you associate and suffer and enjoy with them. I know the book of old, for I read it when it came out a serial, and now that it has got into a book I should not be greatly surprised if it were the high place which belongs to it. I thought good luck doesn't always attend good books. The author is a man of unquestionable talent, and he cannot rest from following it with other novels of the same honesty, the same quality."

"Well, he will have me for a reader of whatever he writes. Why, I never knew a more naturally right-minded and wrong-minded girl than that Evelyn Johnson heroine of his, who is too good for her art, and not great enough; and if all actors were like those in his book, even when they were bad,

even when they were women, I should just love them. But do you think that a novel ought to be written with such perfect common sense? It almost scared me. I suppose I didn't expect it."

"You don't often get it, whether you expect it or not. Perhaps it may yet be the fashion, though."

"But now about *Parsons Place*? Who is Miss Green Lathrop Collins?"

"Anyway! Well, hereafter if anybody asks you that you can say she wrote *Parsons Place*. That will be answer enough for anybody who is anybody. It is seldom that a book instantly approves itself a classic, as *Parsons Place* does in the fine, delicate, and difficult sort which a few of our women writers—Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Miss Edith Wyatt—have the secret of creating. You may say that the art of it began with Jane Austen, but its English ancestry is to be traced in *Cranford* and *Our Village*; and then, being rather late for the *Mingolfer*, it came over in one of the first *Cumruds*. In entraining itself to our air, it reined indefinitely upon its ancestry, and now there is nowhere else under the sun any beauty and truth to compare with its own. Where is *Parsons Place*? (I feel as if you were in *Parsons Place*, and I drop helplessly into the pseudo-dramatic style.) What does it matter? It is anywhere in any large or small quiet New England town, where people still live lives of unsect peace, and know one another with the old, kind intimacy of the Puritan past. What is more important is the close, loving, tearfully smiling perfection with which it is studied. That is not surpassed even by the accuracy of Mr. Wasson's observation, and it would be a good exercise for people to read *Captain Winslow's Store* and *Parsons Place* together, if they would have the right sense of New England in its two most widely parted extremes. Both are absolutely true, and Mr. Wasson's work is not less so than Miss Collins's, because his material is rude. In Miss Collins's study we have the mass and stuff seen in its bare physical circumstances, spiritualized in conscious, kindly pride, and snowy delicacy, a winter landscape struck with passionate color here and there from rising or setting suns. The people are mostly women, as Mr. Wasson's people are mostly men; but there are young maids as well as old maids, young wives as well as old wives, and though the comedies and the tragedies are all so subjective, a fancy pulse of drama plays through every scene, which those in the audience born won't perhaps feel more than others. In fact, if I were to give a guess, I should have courage to conjecture that Miss Collins was not to the manner born, for I do not believe she could have seen the inside of New England so unerringly if she had not first seen it from the outside."

"The constant reader thought she had reached the higher journalism, it being said, "What do you do with Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins in such a conjecture?"

"Oh, well, there are always exceptions. And, besides, there is truth in what I suggest, and I stick to it. But no matter!" he breved it out. "There is her work, whoever so whatever she is: an instant classic, as I said, and enduringly vital as only the classics are."

"The attribution of classicism to *Parsons Place* seemed to bring the constant reader back to a point already passed. "And you don't think a writer ought to have style?"

"Not if he can help it."

"I don't understand."

"The style he can help having, the style he tries for is not himself, and—"

"I see what you mean," and the constant reader sighed a little, as some people do who are more convinced than convinced.

The French Religious Persecutions in Literature

WHEN the first legislative action to suppress the French Congregations was taken by Premier Combes, and the inflexible steps were taken to dispossess the uninvited orders in Brittany, we made the reflection that, in the passionate Conservatism of the Breton peoples, their historic devotion to the Catholic Church and the religious orders, and their picturesque national life, with its old Celtic language, its quaint costumes, its un-French atmosphere, there was rich literary material of the finest quality; and we recorded the hope that, among the many clever writers in France, some one would be found with the imagination and power to do justice to this Old World region, and the stirring scenes which have grown from the people's resistance to the government. Renan, greatest of all Bretons in our days, could have done the theme justice, both in its religious tradition, and in its picturesque aspects and Celtic spirit. Pierre Loti has shown, in his "Flamers of Ilesland," that he can paint with admirable richness of color, with profound insight into their gloomy and imaginative hearts, the life of the Breton fisherfolk. Edmond Schœret and others of the Celtic school in France have shown their power and depth in kindred fields. But of all the writers whom one would have thought of, as the evangelist of this new crusade, about the last is the author who has actually traced the theme into contemporary literature, "Gyp," the Baroness de Junville, who has written so many novels of French aristocratic life in dialogue form. Who would have thought of "Gyp," the frivolous, brilliant, gifted recorder of fashionable amours and foibles, coming forward as the prophetess of a religious crusade, as championess of the persecuted orders, as recorder of the profound emotions which the government persecutions have stirred up in Breton-Brittany? Our wonder at "Gyp" taking up this theme is in part justified by the treatment she has given it in her new book, *Les Capons*, the Capons, that is, a group of contemporary French types "who have grown fat, who are good for nothing, and who will eventually be eaten." She has lost sight of the deeply romantic and psychological possibilities of her subject, perhaps because she has, like Kipling, gone into partisan politics, and has a number of points to make, chief of which is her much-to-be-regretted Anti-Semites and Anti-Dreyfus propaganda, which has already embodied itself in *Les Gessa Chic*, with its wit and its grossness, and also its injustice. In *The Capons* this brilliant writer introduces us to a Jewish family, who have grown rapidly rich, have become acquired a title, and have bought an old country seat in Brittany, hoping to enter the life of the great country families, who still cherish the ancient Breton traditions, and preserve the old Celtic language. "Gyp" has drawn two types of these old Breton nobles, or, rather, two opposing camps, one of whom must also be remembered among the Capons "who are fat, good for nothing, and will presently be eaten." The chief of this camp is a marquis, and French Senator, who seeks local votes by encouraging and organizing resistance to the measures of Premier Combes, and thus make capital with the government authorities, and win plaudits in the press, as presemaker and champion of the law. Opposed to this worthy Capon is another family of the old Breton reactionaries, who, from the grandmothers down to the children, take the lead in resisting M. Combes's grandeur, leading the Breton peasantry,

and standing up manfully for the old Quixotic tradition of Armorics. Nothing could be more sympathetic than this second family of Breton nobles; like all "Gyp's" well-bred people, they are really well-bred, and altogether admirable in their Old-World ways. But of the popular religious enthusiasm which is the real literary substance of the question, "Gyp" gives us nothing that has any considerable value.

The Study of Greek

THE Oxford Congregation recently voted to retain Greek as a required subject for the pass examination. The incident brings to the surface the long-continued struggle against a great language and a great literature, which has been going on for a generation, and which, on this side of the water, has about resulted in the victory of the contemners. It is characteristic of Oxford to cling to the ancient usage, and it is fortunate that, on this occasion, it is adhering to a righteous cause, or at least to a cause which must not suffer total defeat, even though the Greek be driven out of the list of required studies in our universities and colleges. Staunchly loyal as Oxford seems to be by this vote to maintain Greek as a required study, the majority in its favor was small, and the chances are that some day, perhaps not far distant, Greek must take its place among the voluntary studies, or, as we say in this country, among the electives. In our own institutions, the last stronghold of the language is Yale. At Harvard everything is open, and the small New England colleges have for some years been admitting students without Greek, and, consequently, giving the A.B. degree to those who have never studied the language. Yale itself is expected soon to abandon the requirement, and when that time comes, the day of the effort to compel scholarship will have passed, and universities and colleges will be broad highways in which those who may travel who have no desire for more than the most distant acquaintance with scholars, and without any acquaintance at all with the essential things of scholarship.

The experiment of dropping Greek from the requirements is not wholly satisfactory. Mr. Herbert Paul, writing most charmingly and convincingly in the *Nineteenth Century* for February last, ventured to say that he does not believe that the "study of Greek would suffer if it were made voluntary. . . . It is no doubt true," he continues, "that Greek has been well and effectively taught to unwilling pupils. But it may also be true that the amount of Greek acquired by a passman at Oxford, or a passman at Cambridge, is not worth the time bestowed upon the student. On the other hand, the removal of compulsion would not leave Greek to stand upon its own merits and the disinterested enthusiasm of heaven-born students. It would still lead to posts of honor and emolument even in this world." The faculties of many small colleges are beginning to doubt the wisdom of yielding to the war against Greek which was incited in the United States, some thirty years or more ago, by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Freshman of Latin, for example, find that the men who enter college without Greek are heavily handicapped, and that they do not become such good Latin scholars as do the Greek students. So it is in every one of the so-called culture courses. The students who do not go to college with Greek are not likely to become finished translators of the Roman languages, and acquire a good English style with much difficulty. Even the science-teachers miss in the non-Greeks, as they are called, the mental fire which is attained by the discipline of the study of

Greek. President Hadley's dictum, that he knew of no language which would take the place of Greek, is accepted as true by a large number of teachers who are not Greek professors. Still, there are very few who believe that the requirement could be retained, because the drift away has carried in its current some of the elementary schools. The result is that throughout the country boys are prepared for college without any Greek whatever. This most effectively blocks the way to a return, although, as we have said, the abandonment of required Greek is now regarded as a mistake not only by professors of Greek, but by professors of Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, of Romance civilization, of English, and by some professors of science. We may add that some of the men who voted, in faculty and trustee meeting, for turning their backs on Greek, now regret that vote, and would like to see the return of the old Freshman and Sophomore curriculum—at least of the old *trivium novissimum*, Greek, Latin, and mathematics. However, the day for taking a step forward to the old vantage-ground of the education system seems gone—and it is truly gone at least for the generation.

It may be that Mr. Herbert Paul's belief will be realized, and that voluntary Greek will some day occupy even a higher place in the affections and enthusiasms of students than it ever occupied under the compulsory system. Mr. Paul says of the language, differentiating it from Latin, which he calls practical: "Let Latin, then, by all means be compulsory for other reasons than that. After the age of academic honors and emoluments, Greek, like good sense, is its own reward." He would consider Greek as an accomplishment, "not an elementary subject," and says that "the nobility of all languages is degraded by administration in homoeopathic doses to recalcitrant schoolboys." Let us assume that Mr. Paul is correct. The time has come, then, for a frank recognition of the plain fact that Greek holds among languages, and for the proper and respectful treatment of the study without which, at some point at least in his educational career, no one can become a great literary scholar. In passing, we must differ from the *rector* of Exeter, quoted by Mr. Paul, who said, in defending his vote against compulsory Greek, that the knowledge of it acquired by candidates for pass degrees "is absolutely worthless." It may be that, in a large measure, this is true, but it does not follow that forgotten Greek has done the student no good. Still, we will take the dictum that voluntary Greek will some time range on loftier heights than those to which required Greek ever attained. This may well be, because of the primacy and power of the language. But if it is to be successful in the study of the enthusiasts, the college must have a Greek faculty of such a character, of such attainments, of such inspiring force, that youth will be tempted to take Greek as an elective. There is much sound and noble teaching in Greek in our day, as there is in other subjects,—much sounder and nobler than teaching used to be in the college of the last generation, and some of the colleges are rising to such heights of voluntary Greek as St. Paul makes in its behalf. The first step in the new order is to be the teaching of elementary Greek in college, and, to some minds, this alone is to dignify the language as holding it above all the other sometime requirements. In order to carry on the work as it must be done, in both elementary and advanced Greek, the faculties must be strengthened, and the language and the literature must be taught not only thoroughly, but enthusiastically, and with its beauties, its nobility, and with the inspiration of Greek life always in view.

The Future in Ireland

By Sydney Brooks

London, April 18, 1906.

ONE thing at least is certain about Mr. Wyndham's Land bill. It cannot leave Ireland as it found it. I ventured in my last letter to say that if its proposals are adopted, or even substantially adopted, as they stand, the result must ultimately be not only a new Ireland, but a loyal Ireland. No one, with the pen to write him, will be rash enough to predict that the measure is a final settlement of the land question. What Mr. Wyndham has made permissive, the future may, and in all probability will, have to make compulsory. For all that it is an immense, a comprehensive, a most hopeful step towards ridding Ireland of landlordism, and creating a present proprietary. Is that to be the end of it? Will the spirit behind the land bill be found to have exhausted itself the moment the third reading is over? Or will it go on to yet greater triumphs, and make of this fine beginning the stepping-stone to complete reformation?

That is the question which Englishmen are asking themselves to-day, and even more remarkable than the question itself is the spirit of hopefulness and cordiality in which it is asked. Of hopefulness and cordiality. Two years ago anything seemed likelier than that one could use these words to describing England's attitude towards Ireland. Two years ago England was swept by an almost savage wave of disgust with Ireland, with Irish claims, with the Irish representatives. The feeling was excusable. The Irish press and the Irish politicians threw even the extremes of German pro-Britain into the shade. In Parliament they abused openly over British reverses and cheered the capture of British generals. In Ireland they did all they could to stop recruiting. They voted the freedom of Dublin to Mr. Kruger. They adopted and imposed upon all the "fool and filthy lies" manufactured on the Continent about the conduct and methods of the British army. They returned to Parliament at the first chance the leader of the Irish brigade. In word and deed they showed themselves as cordial enemies to the British crown as Cromwell himself. Moreover, they set themselves to perfect in Ireland a new and improved edition of the Land League. Boycotting and intimidation became again a policy; the Crimes Act had to be enforced; it looked as though once more Ireland were to be plunged into a veiled civil war. They had paralyzed and wholly degraded the House of Commons with obstruction that led at times to something like a riot. "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity"—and they made the most of it.

And this was two years ago or less. There is no need to describe the general attitude of Englishmen. It was that of American towards the Boston Anti-Imperialists, varied to the sick of bitterness and fury. To-day every bit of it has vanished, not only from the English, but from the Irish side. Almost for the first time the English are really trying to find out what it is the Irish want that they may give it them. The Irish, for their part, are peacefully marking time and waiting to see what they will get. The United Irish League, so far from roaring, is hardly hissing. Landlords and tenants who used to meet one another chiefly in the law courts are now positively brotherly. The Nationalist municipality of Boyle in Roscommon has actually written an address of welcome to the Lord-Lieutenant who has purchased a country estate in the neighborhood. The Queenstown Urban District Council, also a Nationalist body, has come out with a flowery greeting to the

King on the occasion of his approaching visit to Ireland. A few weeks ago when there was a preliminary debate in the House on the general question of land purchase, Mr. John Redmond collected opinions on its reception from all parts of England. He had editorials from all the leading papers of the country sent to him and read them through. The result, so he told me, astonished him. On all sides he found nothing but expressions of kindness and sympathy. In fact, the relationship between the two people at this moment is so harmonious, so full of good will, as to be almost unnew. They are at last within measurable distance of understanding one another.

On neither side of that Channel which Mr. Balfour used to describe as "not the least of the Irish difficulties," has the popular mind quite accommodated itself to the change. There is a good deal of bewilderment, and, in consequence, a good deal of speculation. People are even talking, though home rule were a possibility, of the near future. Long ago it was prophesied that home rule would eventually be passed by a Tory government in a yawning, half-empty House; and there are not a few to-day who really believe the prophecy is about to be realized, or at least that the present government is meditating something of the kind. It has even been explicitly stated that there would be a dissolution of the coming autumn and an appeal to the country on the question of a vast extension of local autonomy in Ireland. This has been denied, but there can hardly be a doubt that if the Land Purchase bill works smoothly, it will be supplemented by such a development of local self-government as will practically insure home rule in fact, if not in name. "I believe," said Mr. John Redmond to me a month ago, "that if the Land bill proves a satisfactory one to the Irish people, we shall have home rule within five years. It will come, you will find, by universal assent, just as the Local Government bill of 1898 came. The whole of Ireland and both English parties will be at one in demanding it." Things are moving very swiftly just now, and it is quite possible that Mr. Redmond's forecast may prove correct. Indeed, it is no more than a fair matter of inference from official statements. One of the provisions of Mr. Wyndham's bill is that one-eighth of the tenant's annuity is to be perpetual and paid to the state. The suggestion was made in the opening debate that this payment should be realized by Irish local bodies. Mr. Wyndham in reply said that he thoroughly favored the idea, and would have included it in his bill but for the fear that "to bring anything in the nature of a local-government bill into this bill" would be to overweight it and "risk the loss of it." The opinion gains that the local-government bill is only deferred, that the one-eighth perpetual re-charge will before long be collected and expended by representative Irish bodies, and that provincial councils, leading gradually to a central legislature at Dublin, are a part of the programme of the present government.

If this prove to be so, as I am inclined to think it will, and, indeed, must, then the grant of home rule by the Tory party will rank among the wonders of politics. It will be just as amazing as though a Republican Congress twenty years from now were to declare for free silver. Or could morphia on the phenomenon forever; but what is the use? Every one who is not an Englishman has long recognized home rule as some satisfactory equivalent, as inevitable. Every one outside Germany sees that Prussian Poland will not forever remain as it is. Every one but a Russian knows that the autocracy is predestined to modification. It is piquant, it is interesting, it is the very

irony of party politics to find the English Tories chosen by fate as the agents of the great measure of Irish pacification. But it means no more than that they at length discern the irresistible drift of things, and the necessity of surrendering to it. Home rule is the dominant fact, not its framers; the measure, not the men. Indeed, the only comment worth making on the situation that is shaping itself is this: England, while she would resist and vote down any home rule scheme put forward by the Liberals as the price of their political alliance with the Irish Nationalists, would willingly acquiesce in precisely the same scheme if proposed by a Tory government that was independent, as the present one is, of the Irish vote. As a policy she will accept and subscribe to it for broad reasons of statesmanship; as the condition of a political "deal," she will not bear of it. That is one of the many reasons why it is the Tories and not the Liberals who will eventually settle the Irish question. The Irish themselves are beginning to realize this. As Mr. Redmond said to me, "We're for the party that controls the House of Lords."

And side by side with the Land Purchase bill, with this approximation, that may soon become a rush, towards home rule, with the general wellness of feeling that now obtains in and out of Ireland, there is to be prosecuted a really reliable scheme of material development. It is at last becoming recognized that one-half the ills of Ireland are economic and susceptible to be "practical" remedies. Englishmen are much better at dealing with a situation of this kind than with one that requires the power of dramatic sympathy with, and insight into, the aspirations, sentiments, ideals, and the other intangible qualities and emotions of the Irish race. They have no more talent for understanding people than the Romans had; but they do understand things. And now that it has dawned on them that there is work of an entirely "practical" character to be done in Ireland, that the country, whatever it may be politically, is by no means hopeless agriculturally or industrially, we may expect some distinctly useful results to follow this ray of light. Mr. Balfour's light railways were the first undertakings that definitely aimed at the economics of the Irish question. Mr. Horace Plunkett followed this up with his agricultural co-operative unions—the best hit of work. I say unbracketingly, that has yet been accomplished by England for Ireland. Now we are promised a vast transit scheme to work in harmony with Mr. Plunkett and the agricultural board. Central depots are to be established in different parts of Ireland for the cheap and rapid collection of agricultural produce by means of motor-cars. It is partly a state enterprise, and partly a private one, absolutely non-political, and organized in such a way that one may hope from it at least as much benefit, and that is a good deal, as has accrued to the Italian peasant and farmer from similar schemes. All this is excellent. The old Ireland is passing away before our eyes, and a new Ireland, Anglicized, at any rate, to the point of a moderate "haste," is being born in its place. It is a keener Ireland, a more intellectual Ireland, as Ireland touched with something of the modern spirit, and free, one hopes and believes, from the intolerable political nightmare of the past. With such an Ireland all things are possible. Even the, of course, no final victories and no final triumphs in politics any more than in international commerce; but England realizes that this moment offers the best of all chances for a solution of the Irish problem, and she is braving herself up to seize it as it should be seized.

Books and Bookmen

A reference to Thomas Love Peacock's *Maid Marian* by the *Scholar* and the *Sentimentalist* in "The Catechism Club Tales" of last week's issue, and, an article in the current number of the *Vineyard* by Mr. Herbert Paul, on "The Novels of Peacock," induces a sad train of thought on the evanescence of literary fame. There was a time when *Nightmare Abbey*, *Maid Marian*, *Crotchet Castle*, and *Geoff Hamlyn* were as popular as *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Professor Saintsbury's recollection recalls that even in his childhood days *Maid Marian* was to be found in many libraries. How many of the innumerable throng that have witnessed the operatic performance of "Robin Hood," or its second rainbow, "*Maid Marian*," have read Thomas Love Peacock's fascinating serio-comic romance of Sherwood Forest! Yet of all the writers, from the unknown belted monarch to Tennyson, who have been inspired by this delightful story of Robin Hood and his merry men, and which by an odd coincidence was furnishing a subject for *Ironshoe* at the very same time, none has ever interpreted it with more zest and freshness than Peacock in *Maid Marian*. Few of those who have enjoyed the delights of De Koven and Smith's fantastic opera are even aware, we deem say, that in Peacock's own time *Maid Marian* was turned into a comic opera by Planché and Bishop which was as extraordinarily popular. Many of the songs, indeed, which gave charm to the performance were taken from the delightful matches of verse and lyrics contained in the book. These "catchy" verses from Peacock, for example, are said to have been the great hit of the opera:

The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest
bramble,
Doth make a just
Of silken vest

That will through greenwood scramble:
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest
bramble.

The courtly pad doth amble,
When his gay lord would ramble;
But both may catch

An awkward scratch
If they ride among the bramble;
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest
bramble.

"We choose our abbot by his nose," says
Brother Michael, otherwise Friar Tuck,
whenever he falls into rhyme:

The rose on the nose doth all virtues disclose:
For the outward grace shows
That the inward overflows.

When it glows in the rose of a red, red
nose.

But the purest gem of verse in *Maid Marian* is the perfect lyric at the end of the second chapter:

For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.
But this you must know, that as long as
they grow,

Whatever change may be,
You never can touch either oak or beech
To be sought but a greenwood tree.

It is difficult to give any idea of the brightest and most fanciful extravaganzas ever inspired by forest trees and rippling streams and poetic sentiment and popular legend. As an artist Thomas Hardy is incomparably superior to Thomas Love Peacock, but not even *The Woodlanders* or *The Greenwood Tree* can surpass the passionate love of words and trees, the sportive fancy of forest myth and glee, the gayety and vivacity of an out-door peasant philosophy and romance, that depict themselves airily in *Maid Marian*. To read *Maid Marian*, as Mr. Paul says with pardonable ecstacy, is like spending a long day in the country with the company of the imagin-

tion, the best company in the world. It is an idyl of spring, and to this excellent critic we owe thanks for a return to these pages, drifting dew and shedding fresh greenness, which had grown dusty on a neglected shelf.

Quarriors in America will be pleased to read the poem which Mr. Austin Dobson wrote, and Mr. Henry Newbolt read for him on the occasion of the recent dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club in London. The poem appeared in the *Tattler*, in Mr. Shorter's interesting page, "Jottings of a Journalist."

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

"Under which King, Benjamin?
Speak ye to us
I Henry IV., Art V., Scene 2.

"Under which king?" you ask, my friend,
"The Hermit of the Suffolk shore—
The Tent-maker of Naisidiphr?—
Omer, Fitzgerald—which?" Perpend.

The great Councils, when pressed of yore,
To judge two monarchs, answered thus:
"One, in his way, is unchristian;
And yet—I like the other more."

This is my case betwixt your twin,
But if you further question why
I sit in this leave company,
I will—with your good leave—explain.

Life is a tedious thing at best;
We all too-heavily burdened bear,
And groaning 'neath our load of care,
Run to and fro in search of rest.

We find it where this board is set;
Kind looks across the tapers gleam;
The Past, the Future, gone a dream,
And—for the moment—we forget.

Omer, Fitzgerald—these are all
But phantoms. We sniff the air;
The green spot in the desert bare;
The Opiate of the Interval!



Estas Apart to laborer's work. "How, my boy, where can I find your
Dey?" "In the pig-sty, sir. You'll know him by 'is brown coat!"
— Punch, April 2



Landlord (trusting new tenant). "Well, my son, is your father in?"
Gad. "No; 's down among the pigs; but 's it really his 'em—'s got
'a bar on?"
— The Tattler, April 2.

Truce

From the new "Messages and Papers of the President."
YELLOWSTONE PARK, April, 1908.

Friends, comrades, and companions
Of the mountains, crags, and canyons,
Bear, Elk, and Cat, non-verbs
Even in the Dakota,
Commune with me a trifle,—
I'm here without a rifle
To see you, face to face,
In your own familiar places.

We met here on a level;
Even the Indian devil—
The wolverine, the creature
Most toothful of all nature—
Is safe from being hunted;
I couldn't, if I wanted.
With knife and gun attack you—
They say the Game laws back you.

The time may come, my brantles,
When my official duties
May be relaxed, to root you
From these old haunts and shoot you;
I must say I am willing
To do a little killing
In spite of rhyme or reason,
When bear meat is in season.

Now that my kodak's loaded,
You'll not be incommoded,
I trust, if I come nearer,
And fire the camera!
So thus I'll advertise you,—
In short, immortalize you
In serial publications
Read by entire nations!

JOHN PAUL BOVOC.

Finance

THERE can be no doubt that the speculative situation has greatly improved during the past week. It is not so much that basic conditions on which rest the prosperity and business welfare of the nation have grown better, but that the favorable features and the promise of the situation which already existed are now better realized. This is due to the change in "sentiment." It is an intangible but a potent thing, this "sentiment." It makes and breaks confidence, and because at bottom all business enterprises are governed largely by the frame of mind of the human beings conducting them, there is no factor which plays a more important part in speculation than sentiment. The stock market went through a process of liquidation. It was, in a sense, not unlike the spring pruning of an orchard. Branches, living and strong, shoots and "suckers" which to the uninitiated meant nothing, but which retarded the trees' vigorous growth, were ruthlessly cut off. The orchard will be the better for it. The stock market was strengthened by the liquidation. It always kills, what Wall Street cold-bloodedly calls a "healthy reaction." But, after all, it is a question of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Apart from the liquidation and the resultant improvement in the technical position, there is also the season to consider. A rise in values is reasonable. Spring means the reawakening of nature from the winter lethargy. The blood in men, like the sap in trees, circulates more freely. This tells on general business, and general business tells on the money-market and on stock values. In the course of the decline in prices, precipitated by various causes and circumstances described in this column at the time, a lower level of values was reached than there was any sound reason for. For this "sentiment" was to blame. It is difficult for a mental depression to be exactly commensurate with the circumstances causing it. Sentiment always goes to extremes of optimism as of pessimism. But when

reason reasserts itself there is a logical reaction. Stocks had gone too low. As soon as the speculative community recovered from its fright prices rose. At this writing the recovery is still in progress.

Money has worked easier. To-day interest rates are not more than one-half of one per cent. above what they were last year at this time, when speculators had not been frightened half out of their wits by the hue and cry about a permanently higher interest level on investments in this country. It is true that the present easier tendency of the cash rate is declared to be a transient matter by observers who are looking forward with some concern to increased demands for money later in the year. But possible though the neutral monetary stringency may be in the autumn, the fact remains that it is still months away. This is not saying that great speculative activity is desirable or inevitable, but that for the moment there is no good ground for undue anxiety. Meanwhile, the over-manufacture of securities, an already pointed out, has ceased, and gradually the "indigestion" of securities should pass away.

The recovery in values now under way received impetus from the granting of the Northern Securities Company's application in pay a dividend to its stockholders pending an appeal of the case in the United States Supreme Court. The Street was more comforted by the news than seemed justified. It

was good news, of course, but it was not intrinsically important enough to cause an advance in all stocks amounting to many scores of millions of dollars. The vital question of whether the company has a legal right to exist has not yet been passed upon by the court of last resort. In point of fact, it was merely that a sharp "rally" in prices was "due," to use the Street's phrase. But aside from this, it is noteworthy that popular misconception as to the administration's real attitude toward trusts and combinations is disappearing, and the country is not now breathlessly expecting Mr. Roosevelt to demolish every industrial corporation and railway system in the United States. That the Sherman anti-trust law is in many respects injurious alike to the operation of important enterprises of great public utility, and consequently to the public's welfare, is probably true enough; but that it will be repealed or even modified soon is altogether improbable. It will take a long campaign of education to teach the people exactly what is wanted in the way of legislation affecting inter-State commerce. In the mean time the public is taking an ever-growing interest in the analysis of what really constitutes a restraint of trade, and is learning to judge to what extent competition is well-desired and desirable.

On the whole, the outlook is bright enough, given the promise of the crops and the improvement in monetary conditions.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out Wednesday, May 6) will have, among other features, Rear-Admiral H. C. Taylor, U.S.N., on "Battle-ships Cheaper than War"; The first of a short series of articles on the Ideals of American Womanhood—Caroline Duer on the Literary Woman; A complete short story by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, "His Opportunity"; "The Man Who Watches the Danger Signals," a graphic story of the modern appliances for preventing accidents in railway travel; 16 pages of Editorial Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life.

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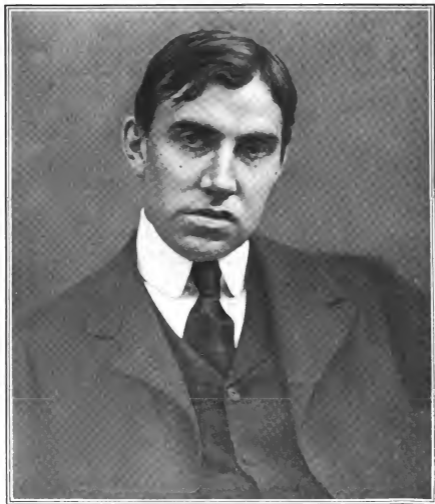
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXXII.—JOHN HUSTON FINLEY, A.E.T. 39

See page 176 · Editorial Section



Battle-Ships Cheaper than War

By Rear-Admiral H. C. Taylor, U. S. N.

THAT battle-ships are cheaper than war; that we must have the force necessary to hold and defend what we possess; that an individual or nation must be prepared to guard his belongings, as well as his life and honor, from the attacks of other persons or nations; these are simple axioms. Our advanced civilization, with its numerous and effective safeguards against thieves and highwaymen, as well as against all forms of public disorder, has indeed clouded these axioms, and confused the reasoning powers of those who protest against war preparation. The security in which we live lulls their minds to drowsiness, and encourages them in the fallacy that this condition of things is a natural one, rather than entirely artificial, as is in truth the case.

This view as great harm so far as State or municipal affairs are concerned. The protestors consent instinctively to the police, and, indeed, demand that they shall be well armed, and regard the taxes they pay as many times repaid by the protection thus afforded.

It is in international matters that the danger of the fallacy appears. The false logic, which argues that order and security within the country are natural results of our modern civilization and intellectual advancement, goes further and proposes to employ these made but inadequate forces as the only protection of the nation and its property from the attacks of other nations.

Significance of a Fleet in all International Matters

It is, therefore, only in these few persons that arguments need be addressed. To them it should be intimated that the civilization which secures them in the city and State, and provides them with a police and law to guarantee their safety, has not, up to the present time, provided these or similar safeguards for any nation as against other nations. Vague and shadowy beginnings have been made. International customs have been collected in books, and given without justification the name of law. A tribunal has been established, which arbitrates in the interest of peace, but no sound has yet been placed in its hand with which to enforce its decisions. Wars do not cease. The stronger still overpower the weaker throughout the world.

Such being the case, we may logically present one of two propositions. First, to accept defeat, and resulting conquest of our people and territory whenever another more warlike nation desires our riches; or, second, to arm ourselves in good season and resist the attack. With these alternatives should be considered the fact that we are sure to be attacked if we do not prepare, because a nation is likely to attack only those whom it thinks it can overcome.

Lord Charles Beresford's Epigram

We arrive then at the point emphasized by Lord Charles Beresford that "battle-ships are cheaper than war," and that if battle-ships are not provided and thoroughly drilled, we will certainly have war, and war costs more than a fleet of battle-ships.

The present situation of our country brings out forcibly the need of a fleet as distinguished from a land army. The latter will always be needed, of course, but our recent acquisition of important island territory at great distances from our own continent makes a sea force indispensable, and Admiral Beresford has probably taken these changed conditions into account as strengthening his recommendation to provide a worthy naval force.

History shows numerous instances of the value of a fleet to a nation which is dependent for its safety upon territory separated from the home government by the sea.

The Verdict of History

The Athenians by keeping their fleet well drilled and ready maintained for three-five centuries in the Levant, and control of the great trade routes. The naval victories of their Admiral Themistocles over the unprepared fleets of Sparta seriously checked the development of that famous state.

So long as Carthage kept its fleet the equal or superior of the

Roman fleet, it could strike with confidence for the commercial control of the Mediterranean; but Rome was not ignorant of this, and did not hesitate at vast outlays of money in order to make its fleet superior, and its final victory over the fleet of Carthage at Ecnomus, the greatest sea fight recorded by history, was quickly followed by the disappearance of Carthage as a rival in peace or war.

By the possession of an effective fleet England gained and held the trade and riches of India; by the lack of one Spain lost the Empire of the West. France, shaking in its attention to its sea force, loses Canada. England, failing later to provide a sufficient fleet to secure Cornwallis at Yorktown, sees American pass from her control.

The rule is almost invariable. When a country has distant possessions or a large foreign trade, even without territory, it must have armed protection. It possesses something that other nations want, or, indeed, need, for their vital development. They will seize it, as will desperate men seize gold or jewels if displayed in their sight without being guarded. As no conditions now existing, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they are no better, if no worse, than former periods in the world's history which preceded great wars. The teachings of experience give us no guarantee of peace, but, on the contrary, warn us to be thoroughly armed, in order that intruders may not endeavor, and thereby drive us to the extravagance of a long and bloody conflict.

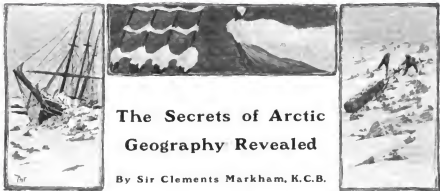
The Natural Pugnacity of Human Beings

Battle-ships will not always prevent war; nothing will do this, for an element of pugnacity appears to be implanted in us by Providence, which does not permit nations to be satisfied without an occasional appeal to arms. We need not discuss the right or wrong of this. History shows plainly the existence of such an element, and further shows that if too long a period elapses without the war sentiment being gratified, nations tend to become selfish, and a lower view of life is engendered, and an undue love of material ease and a tendency to the lower views. Mr. Haskin claims that history shows us that not only the arts flourish during long periods of war, but that the great virtues also flourish then, and that peace too long continued results in degradation of the national spirit. Heroic conflicts for noble causes develop heroic virtues in the men who carry them on. It cannot be denied that they develop, at the same time, ferocity and brutal passions that react disastrously on the finer qualities of a civilized humanity; but if war can engender heroism, valor, and the courage that enables a man to meet death without flinching, it cannot be wholly profuse.

We need not on this account seek for war. It will come without urging. The keen desire for commercial supremacy constitutes a certain cause of war, which is always with us, and we may rest assured that the nation which sees this supremacy passing from it, will, after trying other remedies, surely fight, and in no doing will prefer as an opponent the nation that is the best prepared and the richest.

Armies and Navies a Necessity in all Governments

In conclusion, why should arguments be necessary to show the advisability of maintaining an adequate military force on land and sea? The government of a great nation is made up of certain essential elements without any one of which it must fail in the race. Armies and navies are among those elements, and their importance in the machinery of government can be determined, and the amount of money to be spent upon them. Details will differ in different countries. Those in the interior of continents will naturally need larger armies, while insular and peninsular nations should spend more money on their navies than on their armies. For all, however, some armed force is indispensable, and though its work at times must be sad and even repulsive, yet there is something in war which uplifts the spirit of man and tends to diminish that fear of death which degrades life and mars its enjoyment.



The Secrets of Arctic Geography Revealed

By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B.

THREE expeditions sent out to explore the unknown regions, at least in the earlier periods, were productive of great benefit to many communities. The voyages of Baronts and Hubson, of Edge and Eschery led directly to the Spitzbergen fisheries, which brought millions to the participants of those enterprises, and added to the comfort and prosperity of Holland and the eastern ports of England for centuries. The discovery of Hudson's Bay led to the formation of that famous and prosperous company which bears its name. The expedition of Ross, in 1818, led the way for the whalers into Baffin's Bay; and the third voyage of Parry pointed out to them the wealth to be found up Prince Regent's Inlet. No that those expeditions were the originating causes of the prosperity of ports in Yorkshire and Scotland, and of the increased comfort of large communities. The Arctic fisheries in the Spitzbergen and Baronts seas still enrich the people of Norway, while the fossil ivory of Arctic Siberia brings wealth to the traders of Russia.

These were the most lucrative consequences of polar enterprise, and they show how false is the notion that Arctic exploration has been of no practical value. But if it has increased the material well-being of numerous communities, its results have been equally valuable in the advancement of knowledge. The study of polar geology has brought new facts to light which disclose much that is of the greatest interest respecting the early history of our planet; while the phenomena connected with the tundras of Siberia, the inland ice of Greenland, the formation of tundra and fisheries, the history of Arctic marine desolation, are of great value as subjects of study both in themselves and in their bearings on general physics. Equally important, from the same point of view, have been the observations relating to polar climatology, oceanography, and terrestrial magnetism; for they are all closely connected with questions bearing on the whole subject of atmospheric and oceanic circulation and of magnetic forces throughout the globe. Arctic biology is another department of the greatest interest, and Sir Joseph Hooker has shown what special value attaches to collections of Arctic plants as throwing light on the distributions of the flora of different areas. The highest study of all, the history of man, has received close attention in the Arctic regions at the hands of numerous observers.

The Value of Recent Polar Expeditions

The general economy of the Arctic regions, and its main physical features, have now been disclosed to us by joining together the discoveries of a long series of explorers. But the disclosure only dates from the return of Sir George Nares's expedition in 1876. Previously the puzzle was all in confused pieces. Upwards of three hundred miles of the coasts of the polar ocean were explored, the enormously thick ice which presses upon those coasts and the furlongs were carefully examined and described, the existence of the palæozoic sea was established, and its general character ascertained, and most valuable collections in all branches of science were made. In these respects the expedition of 1875-76 was exhaustive, and nothing remained to be done up North Sound but the completion of the discovery of the north coast of Greenland.

This momentous expedition, thanks to the labours of its zealous and energetic officers, marks a turning-point in Arctic knowledge. Before 1876 it was a puzzle of confused pieces, a labyrinth without a clue. Since 1876 we have been able to put the pieces together and discern the whole plan.

After resolving the information respecting the palæozoic sea along the three hundred miles of coast discovered by the expedition of 1875-76, we began to see that there was continuity in the analogous phenomena in other parts of the western side of the Arctic regions. A study of these, direction of prevailing winds, and movements of the ice, indicated that, beyond this farthest point west which was reached by the present fleet, Admiral Aldrich's fleet at the expedition of 1875-76, there was land to the southwest, between this farthest point and the north point of Prince Patrick Island discovered by McClinton. The same data, led to the conclusion that the coast of Greenland went north for a short distance beyond the farthest point reached by the present Admiral Sir

Lewis Buntson, then of the expedition of 1875-76, and then southeast, forming a vast island. A study of tides by Professor Houghton confirmed this view.

When these and other geographical facts discovered by the expedition of 1875-76 were made known, it was found that they harmonized with other isolated pieces of knowledge which previously stood, as it were, alone, and had not been intelligible without them. Thus the value of discoveries is scarcely ever confined to the work itself, but they throw light upon the true bearings of former work and help towards the elucidation of larger questions. As regards the palæozoic sea discovered by the Arctic expedition of 1875-76, this is eminently the case. Collinson and McClure had described similar ancient ice which composed the park bounding the line of open water along which they were able to pass to the westward from Bering's Strait. The same ancient ice had been reported to us along the whole western side of Banks Island. The surfaces of the floes were described as resembling rolling hills, some of them a hundred feet from base to summit. Melcham and McClinton had described similar ice along the western and northern shores of Prince Patrick Island.

Standing by themselves, as isolated geographical facts, the heavy ice seen by Collinson, McClure, McClinton and Melcham failed to reveal the whole truth. But the discoveries at the Arctic expedition of 1875-76 threw light upon and explained all these interesting phenomena. They led to the conclusion that the ice of the palæozoic sea pressed upon the whole of the outer shore of the western side of the Arctic regions. One unknown gap remained between the northern end of Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest. This is what Captain Sverdrup has now achieved.

First Conception of the East to West Drift

It was in 1878 that I first conceived the idea of the whole story of the Arctic regions, for the discovery of the Franz Josef Archipelago was nearly contemporaneous with the return of the British Arctic expedition of 1875-76. My views were published in 1877. I held that there was a continuous drift, caused by the flow of water from Siberian rivers, the prevailing winds, and the currents from the Atlantic, from the eastern to the western side of the Arctic regions; that this continuous ice-laden drift, which could only partially escape down the east coast of Greenland, caused the tremendous pressure of ice all along the American side; and that there was no land, but a deep sea, north of the Franz Josef Archipelago. Consequently I believed that important discoveries would reward the future explorer who boldly advanced along this drift, because he would then be in the east of the palæozoic sea.

Nansen conceived the same idea, and successfully carried it out. His conception was wholly independent, for he had never read my notes before he started. But he has quoted from them three, to show the remarkable coincidence, in the preface to the Norwegian edition of his work.

Plan of the Nansen Expedition

The plan of Nansen was entirely original. Several facts confirmed his theory that the great polar ocean might be discovered and explored by following the drift from east to west; and his great success was due to his skill and training. The *Fram* was one of the strongest vessels ever built, and now solidly set in ice-pressure. In her Nansen's plan was crowned with success. He discovered the extent of the shallow Siberian sea and the position of the rapid descent to the abyss of the polar ocean. He ascertained the rate and character of the drift from the Asiatic to the American side of the Arctic regions, the depths of the great polar ocean, and the positions of the layers of deep-sea temperatures. There is absolute proof that the polar ocean extends far to the north of the actual track of the *Fram*, because the harvest of ice coming down between Spitzbergen and the east coast of Greenland must necessarily have its origin to the north of that track. Nansen's great work, embodying the scientific results of his expedition, is still in course of publication.

Nansen thus drew aside the veil which concealed the secrets of

the Arctic regions, revealing to us the great polar ocean ever drifting its ice harvests across from the Asiatic to the American side, where they only have one outlet on the east coast of Greenland. Everywhere else they are forced on the shores or into shallow seas, without any channels of escape.

There is no object in reaching the Pole by travelling over the ice. The only use in traversing the ocean around it would be to obtain deeper soundings, but this could only be done on board a ship. With a capable commander and a proper system there is no great difficulty in reaching the Pole from the nearest land so far as distance is concerned. It is not to be compared with the work of Melville and Mehan, whose journeys, if they had been from the nearest land northwards, would have taken them to the Pole and back with several hundreds of miles to spare, and without dogs. There would be risk from the movements of the ice in the summer preventing a return on the same track, and probably danger, as to merely crossing the lanes of water, our dogs were lean as well, and this difficulty could easily be obtained. But such an enterprise would involve a great waste of money and power, and would be quite useless.

On the completion of Nansen's measurable enterprise, two important pieces of work remained to finish the whole story of Arctic geography. One was the discovery of the north side of Greenland, the other was the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's fastness. When these two achievements have been done, we can connect the whole line of the polar ice with a strand from near Bering's Strait to the current on the east coast of Greenland. The honor of this completing the Arctic geographical work was reserved for Peary and Sverdrup.

Peary deserves the highest credit for his important achievements, because he has succeeded with such very slender resources. His journey across the inland ice of Greenland, at heights of 8000 feet above the sea, enabled him to fix the northern limits of the inland ice and to reach a point where he had a view of the eastern coast at a point which he named "Independence Bay." It remained to connect this point with the discoveries of Sir Lewis Bennet and Lieutenant Lockwood on the north coast of Greenland, working from the Smith Sound side. Lieutenant Peary undertook this enterprise in the spring of 1900, proceeding onwards from Cape Britania, Bennet's furthest point, with two companions, on May 4. Four days afterwards Lockwood's furthest point was reached, and on May 13 Peary came to the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago, which he reports to be in latitude 83° 30' N. No land was visible to the northward. Proceeding onwards in a southeasterly direction, he was detained for ten days by a dense fog in about 82° N. He reported the same polar ice as and the same snowbergs along this coast as were described by the officers of the Arctic expedition of 1853-56. Mink eun were seen during the journey and ten were killed. Peary's work completed, for all practical purposes, the discovery of the north side of Greenland.

There only remained the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's fastness, a great and final achievement which was reserved for Sverdrup and his gallant companions. The *Froa*, somewhat altered, was fitted out and amply supplied with stores and provisions, leaving Newway in the spring of 1899. Sverdrup himself was an experienced sailor and ice traveller, who was Nansen's companion both during his journey across the inland ice of Greenland and during his memorable drift over the polar ocean. He had with him Lieutenant Gunnar Isachsen, of the Norwegian cavalry, an excellent observer and draftsman, and a splendid traveller; Commander Bannum, of the Norwegian navy; Mr. Behre, a geologist; two Danish naturalists; Simons, a Swedish biologist; and eight men, one of them,

named Hendriksen, having previously served in the *Froa* with Nansen.

Captain Sverdrup's original intention had been to discover the north side of Greenland, and he passed the winter of 1899-1900 at Cape Sabine, up Smith Sound. In the spring his parties not only explored the deep channels of Hayes Sound, but crossed Ellesmere Island to its west coast. In the season of 1899 the channel leading northwards was so obstructed by ice that Sverdrup wisely laid up for Jones Sound, and the *Froa*, after proceeding up that channel, wintered on its northern coast in 1899-1900. The winter quarters being a fjord on the southern shore of Ellesmere Island. This land is now ascertained to be one long island extending from Jones Sound for 200 miles to the shores of the polar ocean, with the channels leading from Smith Sound on the east side, and the western side then unknown. The *Froa*'s second winter quarters were in 76° 29' N. and 84° 24' W.

Captain Sverdrup's arrangements for sledge travelling were excellent, and all his people worked loyally and harmoniously together, one of the chief reasons for success in an Arctic expedition. Great hardships were endured in laying out depot trails in the autumn and the early spring. In the spring of 1900 two long journeys, occupying seventy-six and ninety days respectively, were made to the north and west, besides minor journeys to explore fjords.

The *Froa* strained out of winter quarters on August 9, 1901, and proceeded westward until she was be-set off the north coast of the Grinnell peninsula. It was at the western end of this land that Sir Edward Belcher and Sherard Osborn wintered in Northumberland Sound in 1832-33. In May, 1853, Belcher travelled along this north coast, discovered an island off it, which he named North Kent, calling the channel between North Kent and Grinnell Peninsula, Carliogin Strait; and sighted land far to the north, which he named North Cornwall.

The *Froa* was be-set until the middle of September, 1901, when an easterly gale broke up the ice and enabled her to pass down Carliogin Strait. Winter quarters were found on a deep fjord on the south side of Ellesmere Island. It was discovered that North Kent was separated from the main land on either side by two straits. A wide strait to the south and Belcher Channel on the north. The narrow passages for the water from the polar sea into Jones Sound causing a very strong easterly current, so that there is open water in Belcher Channel very early in the year.

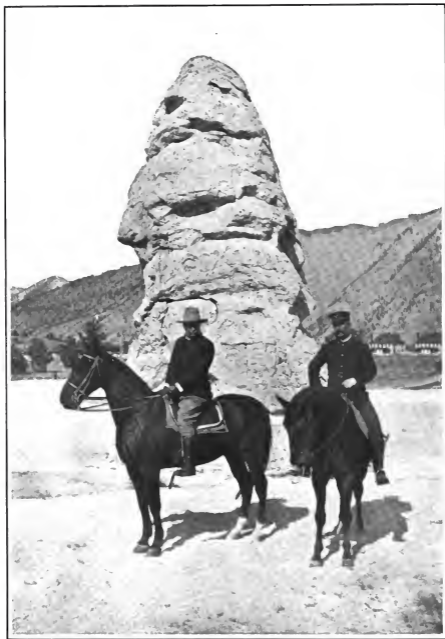
In the spring two long journeys were again undertaken under Sverdrup and Isachsen, to the north and west, including very important discoveries. Many eun as well as kares and ptarmigan were fortunately abundant, and the people were well supplied with fresh food. Walrus were also obtained in sufficient quantity for the dogs.

Isachsen explored the coast of North Devon, and also went to collect fossils up a deep fjord where a considerable bed of coal had been discovered. Bennet went down Wellington Channel to Brachy Island, discovering that Grinnell Land was not an island as Belcher had reported, but a peninsula connected by low land with North Devon. Other parties were employed in various directions, and some of them had more than one hair-breadth escape from destruction.

At last, on August 6, 1902, the *Froa* was extricated from her winter quarters and returned to Norway. The last piece of Arctic discovery which remained has been completed, and the geography of the Arctic regions now can be studied and understood, after gallant and persevering efforts to obtain the information, which have occupied three centuries. Sverdrup has placed the last stone on the last pinnacle of the edifice of our Arctic knowledge.



Map showing Results of Arctic Exploration to Date



THE PRESIDENT IN THE NATIONAL PARK

This photograph, taken by our special photographer with the Presidential party, shows the President and Colonel Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, in their riding costumes, ready for the day's ride. The background of the picture shows one of the natural pillars of rock near Hahnemann's Spring.

About Polo and Polo-Ponies

WITH the opening of the Lakewood polo tournament April 28, the season of 1923 is well launched on what, from all indications, should be the most prosperous one since the game was introduced into this country.

True lovers of the game will heartily join in rejoicing with Mr. H. L. Herbert, the secretary of the Polo Association, at the steady and healthy advancement and growth of the game in this country. This year several more clubs will play as members of the association, not to speak of various smaller clubs not yet risen to the importance of association membership. Both there and on a number of the private fields that have been and are being built at the country seats of some of the wealthy men of the country future good players are being developed. Then, too, an added stimulus has been given by the possibility of a visit during this season of a first-class English team.

Probably there is no better proof of the large extent to which the game is now played than the ready sale for the many rare breeds of ponies brought on every spring to St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York from various parts of the country, such as Colorado, Texas, and California. For several years Tippen, Herwig, Gansner & Savage, and many others have been bringing in lots of ponies more or less trained to the game, but the demand for such animals is so great that other numerous ones have gone into the business of securing the West or Southwest for good cow-ponies, which they give more or less schooling, and ship East to sell as polo-ponies. In some cases, too, one man, or two or three together, send out a representative to get together a carload — thus securing cheaper transportation rates than on smaller shipments—hoping to obtain a few first-class ponies out of the bunch, and dispose of those that do not tally kindly to the game as hack ponies. A few years ago it was possible to pick up a fair pony for about \$150, but it is now difficult to get an equally good one for less than \$250 or \$300. A really good one, however, which is handy, has been well schooled, and shows a bit of breeding will bring from \$300 upwards; and if, in addition to being thoroughly well versed in the game, the pony shows good conformation, is up to weight, and is fast enough to take part in any of the big matches, it will bring \$1000 or more. No important has the matter of speed become that now the best ponies are practically, often really, miniature thoroughbreds. This undoubtedly accounts, in a measure, for the high prices paid for some of the California ponies, since in that part of the country

there are a number of big thoroughbred ranches, from which the undersized ponies are cast off as practically worthless for racing. In this connection it is interesting to note that undoubtedly the highest average price yet paid in this country for a lot was given a few days ago for ten California ponies gathered together and played for a year or two by Mr. Walter Hobart, of the Burlington Club, just out of San Francisco. These ponies, which were about to be shipped to England, have just been delivered at Lakewood to their present owner or owners for the sum of \$20,000, or \$2000 a pony.

A first-class cow-pony is, of course, the most

important part of every owner's outfit, especially when it comes to the big round-ups, and while on all the large ranches each one of the boys has more than one pony, they usually each have a particular one which, rather than part with, they would almost rather give up their job. Even an offer — large for the locality — does not always do the trick. These ponies usually make good polo-ponies with very little schooling, but are usually fairly old and not so well-bred. Therefore where a number of ponies are sent on regularly every year, it is more customary to buy a number especially for the purpose, or to gather together in advance a good likely lot of fairly young ponies. In this case, of course, a thorough and systematic training is necessary. First the ponies are well broken and handled, then they are accustomed by degrees to the outlet and ball, so that they will not become mallet or ball shy. Next they are taken on the field quietly by themselves to knock a ball around, and are worked along by degrees, until, after some weeks of instruction, they are allowed to play in small practice games with other ponies.

The trip on the cars is not altogether without risk, for not only do the ponies sometimes get pretty well battered about, but the nervous ones won't eat much of what food they get, and altogether it takes them some little time to recover from the journey. Last spring, out of a lot of about fifteen from Texas, one died from being thrown in the car, and another lost an eye. Even when the journey on the cars is safely at an end, all danger does not seem to be over, however, for this spring while a lot were being unloaded at East Williston, Long Island, one of the ponies got away. No one reached the owners of his whereabouts for two or three days, and it was only after a very thorough search and a long chase that, with considerable difficulty, the pony was caught in the open country four or five miles from the island, having roamed about for a week.

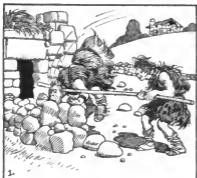


The Trip on the Cars is not altogether without Risk

"UP AGIN' IT"

~ THE FINAL SETTLEMENT (?) OF THE IRISH QUESTION ~

DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



Draws B.C. "Ye'll build a wall around poor Ireland, eh? Take that, Bram Moran, for I'm agin' it!"



[Some years later.] "Soko! Voo the landlud, eh? Ad' you take possession, eh? Well, I'm agin' it!"



"Ye want risht? I'll never pay it! I'm agin' it!"



"What's that? Ye'll rock me? Alright, no bucks. But I'm agin' it!"



Landlud takes that! "Well, stop be and take possession, then; and though it will be a blessed good thing for me—I'm agin' it!"



"Oh dear! oh dear! No more landluds. No more rocks. No more trouble of any kind. Sure, that'll be agin' me!"



The Pneumatic Switchboard of Today, showing how the Safety of Thousands of Trains is controlled by one Man

The Men who Watch the Danger-Signals

ONE misty morning about twelve years ago "Ink" Bumer, who has been an engineer on important New York Central and New Haven trains for a quarter of a century, discovered a railroad trestle—the Pribun Bay trestle—on fire. The fast mail was then due. Bumer grabbed a grimy towel that was lying in the cab of his engine, and rushed back to try to flag the mail. In a moment it was rounding the turn just before coming to the trestle. Bumer yelled, at the same time waving above his head the dirty towel. The engineer saw him, and brought his train to a standstill within a few yards of the burning trestle.

Bumer had another thrilling experience at Harrison, New York. On one of the rails of the track ahead of him, immediately after turning a curve, he saw a large rock. No locomotive could have struck it without being derailed. The engineer did not think he could possibly bring his train to a stop before reaching it, but he at once applied his levers. The counterweight of his engine just touched the rock as the train came to a stop. There were more than a hundred passengers on that train, whose lives were saved by Bumer's prompt action.

"Bill" Skone, who pilots a fast train between New York and Buffalo, discovered a landslide just in time to avert a most serious accident one day, and at another time perching ahead on the track saw a broken rail in time to stop his train before disaster.

A washout on the New Haven road was discovered just in the nick of time some years ago by "Billy" Walsh, one of the "old guard" of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad.

But one story is the story of all. Every engineer has had experiences where keen eyes and prompt action have saved the day.

Every day of the year in one great city alone—New York, for instance—thousands upon thousands of persons, with never a thought of any possible danger, intrust their lives to these men who watch for danger.

To the marvellous perfection of the signal and switch systems now in practical operation on nearly all of the railroads of any importance in this country is due, in a great measure, the safety of the public in its travels.

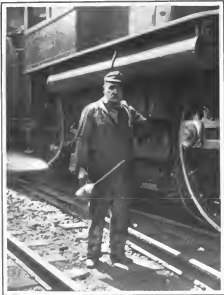
Only a few years ago the correct setting of switches was dependent on the muscle of the man in the switch-tower. All the switches were

"placed" by main force, the operator pulling over heavy steel levers. This physical effort is now entirely done away with. The modern switch-tower is equipped with a wonderful piece of mechanism in which pneumatic pressure does all of the work formerly done by muscular effort. This machine is situated on the top floor of the tower, and runs along the entire length of the tower (which, by the way, is nowadays seldom a tower, but a long, narrow, two-storied house). Several hundred numbered handles project from the upper part of the machine. Behind the handles stand a corps of men awaiting word from the "director," a keen-eyed man seated in a little box-window in the front of the tower, from which he commands a clear view of all the tracks, up and down.

"Forty-two," he quietly says as he observes the coming of an inbound express. On the instant one of the corps of switchmen pulls out a handle. It moves, without any perceptible effort, about three inches. For a moment it stays at that point, then it suddenly moves out a couple of inches more, of its own accord, and a sharp click is heard. The switch a mile up the track is locked and the road is clear for the express and its human freight. Air pressure did all the work formerly done by muscle. If the little handle had not moved out the extra couple of inches and clicked, the switch-tower would have known that all was not right, that the switch was not locked, that something prevented the complete setting of the switch. Then a signal further up the road would have been set at "danger," and stopped the train.

At the upper end of the terminal signal-tower is stationed the train dispatcher. He is seated at a table upon which lie enormous sheets of paper ruled like a time-table. The vertical columns indicate all the trains in transit on the road, while the horizontal columns show the stations at which they stop. The dispatcher is an expert telegrapher, and has several telegraph instruments at his side. As each train arrives at and departs from stations on the route he gets the time from his recorder. It is immediately noted on the sheets before him, and in this way a record is kept of the location of each train on the road.

It would seem, with all the wonderful machinery and devices for signalling, for setting switches, for insuring safety, that accidents on rail roads so carefully safeguarded



The engineer that knows his locomotive and winds its runs will have a clear record

would not, could not, happen. But mechanism cannot accomplish everything in the way of safely carrying trains from one point to another. The engineer's unselfishness and his judgment count for even more than all of the intricate and wonderful machinery designed for providing safety.

"Big Arthur" Allen, who guides trains 11 and 50, the South-western and Empire State express, two of the fastest American railroad trains, declares that he cannot understand how an engineer with good eyesight and good judgment can possibly have an accident,—provided, he adds, "and perhaps this is most important of all, that he obeys the rules of the company."

"Big Arthur" has for thirty-nine years been in the employ of one railroad. For thirty-four years he has been an engineer. In all that time his train has never had an accident of any sort whatever. He is very proud of the fact. There are not very many engineers in the country with such a record.

"Payin' 'brention to the rules," he said the other day. "That's nine-tenths of it. Nearly all the accidents that happen are the result of engineer's disregard of the rules as laid down. When you don't see your signal you're to take that as a danger signal. That's the most important of all rules. Never take chances. You'll get no credit for doing it, and God only knows what taking a chance may bring on you and the lives entrusted to your safekeeping. You'll lose a little time, perhaps, but you can always make up those few minutes when your road is clear before you. And if you don't make it up, take my word, it won't go against you."

"Then a man must have judgment. Machinery, signals, switches—they're all right, but they haven't intelligence. They haven't judgment. There are times when a little judgment is worth a million pieces of machinery. When that occasion comes then use your intellect. That's what it was given to you for. And another thing. Never know your road so well that you don't have to keep a sharp lookout. Keep your eyes wide open every moment that you're on duty."

"That's all, I guess. The engineer that knows his locomotive and minds these few rules will have a clear record—there's no two ways about it."

Asked to tell of some narrow escapes his train had had, the old engineer shook his head, and a rosy flush showed through the grise on his face. He stammered, and said: "Ye'd like to make a horn of me, eh? No, I ain't none o' them, not ever was. There ain't nothing of the hero 'bout mindin' the rules," and he ran off, and jumping aboard his locomotive hid himself in the cab.

Allen's locomotive, No. 2923, one of the big Atlantic type, has recently been equipped with a very remarkable signal device. It is an incandescent electric lamp, showing a white light at one end and a red at the other. It shows inside the locomotive the same signal that it shows outside along the track. This is accomplished by a track circuit, through relays, a small dynamo on the locomotive furnishing the electricity.

For nearly a year experimenting has been going on with this new signal device, and the invention is said to be nearly perfected. Within a few months, it is expected the system will be in general use. That it will be of the greatest aid to engineers is self-evident, for it will enable them to see clearly in the cabs of their own locomotives all signals they are approaching that sometimes may be obscured or partially obscured by smoke or fog.

The number of accidents on American railroads, though still appalling, is yearly decreasing as improved methods of signaling and switching are adopted. But there are some accidents no mechanism can prevent, those resulting from broken rails, washouts on the road, landslides, the spreading of rails, and so on. On all the great railroads men are employed to do nothing but walk over the tracks and look for breaks in the rails, for obstructions, for anything that can possibly cause an accident. But in spite of all precautions and of all the new safety devices, like the automatic signals showing in the engineer's cab, it is, after all, the engineers—the Jake Romers, the "Big Arthur" Allens—to whom we look for safety, and in whose hands we trust our lives.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY





STARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

LUCKY DOG

BY E. S. MARTIN

HE

How can she so on that confounded beast

—Who'd rather have a bone—affection waste,

While I, on whom 'twere so much better placed,

Sit starving here and watch the futile feast.

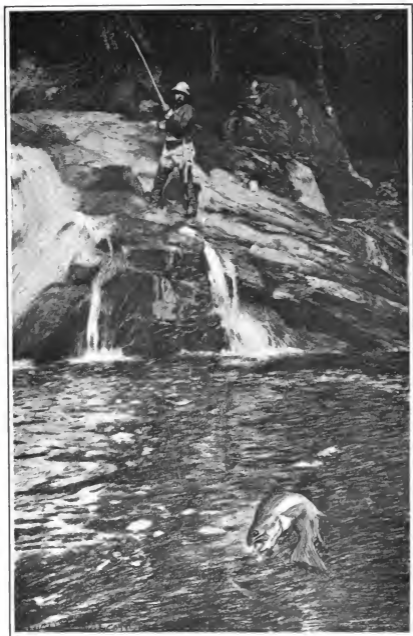
SHE

Poor jealous dear! He needs't be so glum!

A dog's a dog, content with what you spare.

A man's another story, and would share

—Given an inch—existence's whole sum.



Drawn by Lucas W. Hishcock

THE FIRST JUMP OF THE SEASON

Stars Which Change Color

According to Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, no astronomer has been puzzled of late to account for the singular case of one of the two stars in the northern quarter of the sky known as "The Pointers,"—the two which form the outer side of the bowl of the "Great Dipper." The upper of these, whose constellation name is Alpha, has been varying its color in a most surprising manner. It is said, by some accounts, to turn from yellowish white to red every thirty days, or, according to later observations, from the lighter color to a reddish yellow, within a somewhat longer period. It is interesting to speculate upon the effects of such startling variations in the daylight of my world which may be revolving in the neighborhood of that particular sun. Mr. Serviss cites in this connection the still more remarkable case of Sirius, the Dog Star. At the beginning of the Christian era Sirius is said to have been brilliantly red in hue; while now it is an equally vivid blue white, verging upon green, and without the slightest tinge of red. It is thought that this color variation in Sirius may be, as with Alpha in the Great Dipper, periodical, with the difference that the cycle may be a thousand years or more, instead of several weeks.

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VIOLETTES DU CZAR

HIS OPPORTUNITY

by MARGARET - SUTTON - BRISCOE

WHAT was known as the "Judge's Court" was in session, six days in each week, at noon precisely, the session was called by the apparition of a waiter at the door of Judge Willis's office, bearing on a tray a smoking bowl of milk-toast—the Judge's inevitable luncheon.

"I never intend," the Judge would assert over his lavender bowl, "to lose my stomach. I know when to stop, and you will never catch me tottering into the club, pressing the juice from my unfortunate canvas back because I can't digest anything else. No, I know my capacity."

And it would seem that he did, for he was still each day at his office, eating his simple, milk-toast luncheon, spiced by conversation.

No one knew him it was first found out that he liked to hear the legal fiddlings of the building drip in at his luncheon hour, but it gradually came to pass that a small circle of aspirants was always to be found hanging about the toast-bowl for half an hour at noon—comprising the Judge's Court.

"You don't say so?" said the Judge. "Pussy Varden goes! It doesn't seem possible. What vitality he had. You remember that sturdy white head of his, Mr. Courtney?"

Young Courtney—otherwise Joe—assented. No one ever called him Mr. Courtney but Judge Wells, who called most men by their surnames, with an old-fashioned courtesy and formality.

"His hair didn't give him that time," said Joe. "Then he added, as if by an absent-minded afterthought, "Old devil!"

The Judge looked down thoughtfully at the bit of toast on his fork and dipped it again in the hot milk and butter on his plate.

"I wonder how we are to break ourselves of that habit," he said. "I suppose we can't go on calling a dead man names. He was a character."

"I thought a character was just his fate," said Joe, with a chuckle.

The Judge had taken a bit of toast into his lips and could not at the moment speak the required his eyes fastened.

"My necessity was your opportunity, Mr. Courtney?" he said, presently, with his little wisdom, sweetly low.

He looked off into the distance, reminiscently, and broke then into a sudden laugh. "That reminds me," he said, and laughed again.

His listeners settled back in their chairs and waited. A story was coming, as it generally came at this hour, but, as always, in the Judge's own time and way.

"Pussy Varden," noted the Judge, "and his necessity. That was an odd tale. I promised George I would never tell it while Pussy lived. I never have. George seemed to feel there was a kind of tacit bargain between him and Pussy to that effect.

"I doubt if any of you young gentlemen know Pussy before he was so generally called by that name. Of course his sponsors in baptism never gave it to him. His sponsors on the Street called him Pussy because—well, for the same reason, perhaps, that the name, once given, stuck to him. He was always a brilliant-looking, handsome man, but his hair began to turn white when he was quite young. He was younger than I, and I recall perfectly the first time I ever saw him. He had then grey locks here and there in his black hair, and he looked more like a grey horse than anything else. He seemed destined to look like some animal. Later, when all his hair was white, and he acquired that courtly, delightful, silken manner, every one called him Pussy—behind his back.

The Judge paused, and then added, reflectively.

"There was never a smidge of his white hair—not a speck!"

Joe Courtney laughed. "I wish I knew his process!"

The Judge never liked to be interrupted, but Joe was privileged as the youngest and the cleverest of the colorists, and a spontaneous creature, difficult to resist, he went on unprovoked.

"Pussy could have doubled his big fortune any day in the sale of his white-dye secret. Wicked old White Thomas! Mama's the morning I've watched him picking his way down town, bent on his schemes. Handsome, clever, immaculate old bean in the last. You'd never have guessed what workshouse was in him."

"No," said the Judge, indignantly. "he was 'Pussy Varden.' There was a young man in my office some ten or fifteen years ago who felt towards him exactly as you seem to, Mr. Courtney, with perhaps a better reason. He was quite a remarkable man in some ways—was George. He came in here to my private room one day—

—a few days before Christmas it was—jabbed, and, without saying a word in the least the serious effort it might have on his own prospects, told me he had been Pussy Varden, hands down, Pussy was a power to be considered in those days, both on the Street and politically.

"I looked at George in amazement, and was yet more astonished when I found he seemed to have done what he claimed—

—It appeared that he and Pussy had come to be on the same board of directors for some small property that George was interested in through an uncle's estate, lately inherited. Pussy had run

the corporation with his little finger, as it were, for years. He was so able, he had been allowed to do as he chose.

"George had waked to sudden suspicions, and, unknown to any one, had informed himself, and decided that the Steamship Mill, which we were on the verge of absorbing, had been unclarity dealt with. He had unfolded his views at a committee meeting called to consider this purchase, and I think, rather to his own astonishment, made a stump-speech that stimulated the meeting. The committee, in spite of a hot fight by the minority, had voted not to cross the Steamship people at present, and to give them a chance to recant. Pussy, it chanced, was away at the time—out of town. I don't suppose he ever contemplated such a surprising thing as a revolt, and George was not exactly the man one would have picked out for an eruption of that kind. I confess I was greatly surprised myself. I had just him more an enemy that required leniency than a mere brilliant man was needed. I knew he had stuff in him, and that as a reliable, clear-sighted, common-sense man one might depend on him. These things and a pleasant, logical manner that put him in touch with all kinds of men were what I had supposed responsible for the measure of his success. He was young to be already a fairly successful young lawyer and a growing politician.

"If he were going to have it in his mind to fight Pussy Varden, I began to look close at the young man. He was a handsome, frank-eyed young fellow, clean-shaven, and younger looking than he actually was. I don't think I had ever seen him before."

"Was your committee with power?" I asked.

"No, it wasn't a committee with power. He'll fight it at the annual meeting, of course. It comes in a few days. I'm going to beat him there, too. It's a good cause. His plan is to buy in the Steamship people at a ruinous rate to them. They can't refuse us, and they have been deliberately squeezed into this corner by us."

"You don't know anything of the kind," I said. "I'm a stockholder in your company myself, and I don't know it."

"Pussy knows it," said George. "It will be a new Christmas for the Steamship investors if this deal goes through, won't it?"

"I looked up at him again. Boys have an odd way of growing up when you aren't taking any particular notice of them, and some day when you glance up and see a grim-looking man you think you never saw before—it's the way."

"And you think you can meet Pussy Varden on the floor?" I asked. "Did you never hear his speak?"

"Then I saw where it was that his name, when I thought a boy, was going to show his best power. A just, but apparently, losing fight might call out the unreckoned elements in him. It was in his eyes at that moment as he looked at me—the dedicated tenacity of the born reformer of abuses. I knew then he was a man bound to raise his own banner and live his own following. I never saw that earnest, level-headed, yet smouldering, fire in the eyes of an insignificant man."

"Well," I said, "I wish you luck. So far as my rate goes, you have it, but I warn you, Pussy is insubornable. I ain't never seen him thrown down. I don't know of a weakness in his character—unless it be a peculiarly developed sense of humor, and I fancy he is a bit sensitive to ridicule. I have seen Pussy yield a point to a man who made him laugh, and I never saw him yield to any other condition. He knows no fear—no pity."

"I'm no humorist," said George, "and there is nothing funny in this affair—it's dead earnest to the Steamship Mill people. Well, I've got it to do."

"Then he bade me good-by and left. I wasn't any less sure of his defeat because I saw his fighting blood, for I also knew Pussy, but I was sure there was going to be a good fight, and I wouldn't have missed that meeting for a good deal."

"I went to the annual meeting, which came a few days later, on Christmas eve, as it happened, and I went at the expense of some student, for it was the worst day, I think, I was ever out of doors, but I was sure there was going to be a good fight, and I wouldn't have missed that meeting for a good deal."

"The committee on the Steamship Mill matter presented their report, one or two spoke—George was the first speaker—and it went through, like a Christmas loaf-forest of peace and goodwill, in favor of giving the Steamship people another Christmas—nothing to be said, I think, in that meeting. I did not see George so much as glance at Pussy Varden. He was there, and sat on the other side of the room from me, his sleep eyes half shut, apparently, but I saw he was watching George in his keen, cool way, and as I thought, a bit anxious."

"Every now and then a queer, surprised, yet intensely amused, look came over his face. It was as if his own amusement surprised him. I saw plainly that he was relieved when George sat down and the next speaker arose. I expected each moment to see Pussy rise and stop the meeting his way. Nothing of the kind happened. He did not speak at all. When the meeting was over he crossed the room and, as if casually, joined me. We had political affiliations at the time, and more interests in common than later. Well, we talked over some matters, and then I saw that some queer look of amusement creeping again over Pussy's face."

"Judge Willis," he said, "that young man over there,—you

know him, I think—the car who spoke first to-night,—is't he in your office?"

"—Is he?" I answered.

"A very remarkable young fellow," said Pussy, slowly, his eyes still on George.

"He never impressed me so," I replied.

Indeed, I had been thinking that George had made a rather bold, not to say sentimental, speech that night.

"Put it to yourself" had been the keynote. "Suppose yourself in a place where your necessity is the opportunity for some one else. Suppose yourself so cornered that you are obliged to sell for fifty cents what you know is worth ten dollars, or forced to pay ten dollars when you know the market price is fifty cents. How would you feel towards those taking that advantage of you? What would your first instinct tell you to reply to them? I think I know. I think all the manhood in you would surge up in protest. I think you would cry out—"

"But why do I put words into your mouth? You might surrender for one good reason or another, yet each of you knows what your first instinctive reply would be to such a proposition. Put it to yourself! Wouldn't you call it plain highway robbery?"

"That was about his line, something you had all heard repeatedly in Sunday school—or its downtown equivalent."

"No," I replied. "I never thought the young man remarkable. But lately I have wondered—"

"Varden opened his eyes and shot a look at me. He wanted, I saw, to know what I knew, and he was afraid—a little—that I knew something bad and was laughing at him. What he might be afraid of I could not imagine. He was in no sense timid. I had always suspected that his personal dignity was one of his assets, and that he was, as I had told George, a bit sensitive to ridicule, fond as he was of a joke on some one else. But of anything of this kind I was so utterly innocent that I must have had a smothering of my surprise in my face, for he laughed outright, suddenly, as if relieved—a cold, intensely amused chuckle.

"Did you see him before the meeting opened?" he asked.

"Yes, for a few moments."

"And he had nothing to tell you?"

"No."

"Keep your eye on that young man," said Varden. "He knows how to handle a man and to hold his tongue. You watch him. He's not quirk—not always—but when he is—He's getting rather deep in politics, but he's it's going to be wise to get him on our side or"—he laughed again—for us to get on his side! I tell you, Wells, we are going to hear from him."

"He chuckled again, and yet again, until the tears rolled down his face and his eyes shot in enjoyment of his private joke. Then he wiped his eyes and went off; and what it all meant I had an idea for some time, for that same night George went away for the Christmas holidays and was gone for several weeks."

The Judge paused in his story, and sat playing with the spoon in his empty bowl, as if he had forgotten his audience.

"Well?" asked Joe Courtney.

He had an impatient way of hurrying a story that interested him. The Judge would not have tolerated it for a moment from any one else.

"I was thinking, Mr. Courtney," said the Judge, "that I would let George tell you the rest of the story as he told it to me. I believe I can recall almost his words. I sat for him as soon as he came back, and he came here late in my private office and sat down in the chair by my desk."

"Sit you down there, young man," I said, "and tell me all about your Pussy Varden No-nonsense deal. I've been waiting long enough."

"He seemed to have forgotten the affair for the time being, and as I reminded him of it he laughed.

"Oh that!" he said. "I can't tell you about it now. Mr. old schoolmaster, Father Howard, is in town, and I've promised to go out with him." He paused a moment, and then said, with a leechy eye in his voice, "Do you know, I find that if that No-nonsense deal had gone through, Father Howard would have been ruined—badly ruined! He had

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most of his savings in the mill. I didn't know he had any interest in it until half an hour before the meeting.

"It was the oddest thing. I was on my way to the meeting, when I ran across Father Howard's old gardener—a crusty old fellow, named Silas. I hadn't seen him since I was a boy. He told me that Father Howard had money in the mill; he didn't know how much, but he himself was in the greatest distress, for he'd put in every cent of his savings. Wasn't it strange—my meeting him just then? The last person in the world I was thinking of. You remember what a stormy, snowy day Christmas eve was? I was a little late for the meeting, and I knew Pussay would be on time. I was hurrying across the street when a big white horse bore down on me. He almost dashed me before I saw him. He was just the color of the weather. I suppose I was irritable. I'd been working hard over the Seaside Mill affair—to no purpose that I could see—Pussay was working too, and when that old white horse leaped into me it seemed a bit too much. I caught at his bridle, saved myself from a fall, and shouted to the driver why the devil didn't he point his horse such weather. He pulled up and promptly swore back at me, and I recognized his swearing at once—quantity and quality. I hadn't heard anything like it since I was a boy, stealing his fruit. It took me back ten or fifteen years. I crawled up on the shaft and told him who I was, and he drove me up town on the seat beside him and poured out all his troubles. I hadn't known he was in the city. He was working for a contractor, and had his cart piled with ladders he was carting home from a building. In the country he had owned his own team and worked for himself. He'd made a mistake owning in the city and a worse mistake in his investment. The Seaside Mill had paid no interest at all through the year, and Christmas had come and his children had no Christmas tree. He had never failed to give them one before—never. They were crying over it, he said, when he left home, and his heart was broken by it, the way crusty old fellows do go to pieces over a little thing like

that. Altogether, he was the bluest man I ever saw in a holiday season."

"What's that, Mr. Courtney? Yes, that was exactly my own remark."

"George," I said, "will you be kind enough to leave the tragic history of Silas and his children's Christmas tree to another day, and answer the question I asked you? How did you draw Pussay's claws?"

"I can't stop to tell you all that now. I told you Father Howard was waiting. I'll come in again, but I can't finish the story of Silas in a word. I scolded him, and tried to encourage him, and I didn't tell him that, had as his outback was, it might be worse for him by night. I asked him why he didn't get out and make some more money. If he had lost money that was the one way to get it back. All the time I was wondering how to get these foolish little country children a Christmas tree. It did seem pretty hard—their first Christmas in a city. We had been

caught in a block under the Elevated road, and while we waited I had been looking up through the storm at the train standing on the track ahead of us.

"There's good money now, I said, 'right before you. Look up there, man, at all those people on the Elevated. Can't you see for yourself something's wrong? The train's stalled between station and station, and there they are, held up in this storm on Christmas eve! There isn't one of them—if I knew this town—that wouldn't pay, and pay handsomely, to be taken down, and there you sit with ladders as long as Jacob's and say you never had a chance!"

"I interrupted George: "Why, that story was in the papers the next morning! The engine broke in the storm, and two engineering workmen, passing with ladders in a cart, took off the passengers, and charged each one fifty cents a fare down the ladder. That wasn't you, George?"

"That I," said George. "Silas and I did it. He got one hundred and ten fifty cent fares towards his children's Christmas tree! Pretty good half-hour's work, wasn't it? Fifty-five dollars. And then, besides that, there was one man we wouldn't take down under ten dollars for his single fare. When Silas told him what his fare would be—"What?" he shouted. "What?" He was a hot-tempered and amazingly profane person. He leaped down backwards, and the profanity fairly patterned on the pavement. He called it a "highway robbery"—with several minor embellishments. But Silas was his match at that—and more. He crossed in a particular hurry to get swarthen, and he paid his ten dollars and came down. Silas drove home with the whole sum—sixty-five dollars—in his pocket. I declined to divide with him. I thought that would buy several Christmas trees. I took it upon myself to speak a word to our ten dollar fare when he stepped off the ladder. I lifted my hat and I walked up close to him.

"You certainly do you know," I said. "It was highway robbery, and I thank you for that word."

"He was so astonished he couldn't reply, and I left him staring at me and went on my way to the meeting. That's all."

"I sat staring at George and he sat looking at me, with his hands on his knees and with an expression of hatred on his good-looking young face save an absolutely post-conviction gravity.

"Well," he said, "I must go. As I've remarked before, Father Howard is waiting."

"I stepped up from my chair and had my hand on the boy's arm."

"You villain!"

Joe Courtney, who had been leaning forward, listening more and more intently, burst into his sudden, high, crowing laugh.

"Judge," he said, "it is old Pussay."

The judge half arose, leaning low, and repeatedly across his cupped hand, until his laughing audience arose prostrate.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said, "as they trooped by him like boys after recess, hustling Courtney along with them."

"There were one man we wouldn't take down under ten dollars."

The Finest Race-course in the World

THE Westchester Haring Association is building at Queens, Long Island, a racing plant which will undoubtedly be the most complete and luxurious in the world. It is to cost \$1,500,000, and will probably be finished before the opening of the racing season of 1904. Belmont Park, as the course will be called, is to occupy over 600 acres. It will cover the territory lying in the north and south of the Hempstead Turnpike at Queens, on the south side of the line of the Long Island Railroad. Four hundred acres will lie to the north of the turnpike, and 200 to the south of it. On the larger portion to the north of the road will be located the race-courses, an exercising track, a grand stand, field stand, clubhouse, jockey-house, paddock, judges' stand, timers' stand, etc. On the south side it is proposed to build still another training track and additional stables. The plans provide for numerous round and straight tracks—the main one to be one hundred feet wide on the straight and seventy-five on the turns. Races will be run from right to left, after the English custom, instead of from left to right, as on most American courses. There will be a grand stand 700 feet long which will seat 15,000 people. There will be a large betting ring, easy of access from the stand and loan.

Everything has been planned with a view to meeting the requirements of a great metropolitan race-track. The surrounding and dispersing grounds will be elaborately cared for, and for their accommodation there are to be restaurants, cafes, and ladies' dining-rooms and parlors.

The clubhouse—to be connected by a bridge with the grand stand—will be particularly complete in its appointments. It will surpass in quality of construction and magnificence any racing clubhouse in America, or, probably, in the world. The program to it will be thorough sprays of oak-trees between the Hempstead Turnpike and the rear of the grand stand. Trains from Long Island City will reach the park in twenty-five minutes, and visitors will be conducted through a series of gates gradually to the level of the mezzanine floor of the grand stand.

A Curious Studio

IN one of the roundhouses of the Erie Railroad is being carried on to-day an artistic undertaking of national importance. The interior of the roundhouse has been turned into a workshop known as the "St. Louis Exposition Studio," and the work that is in progress there is the sculpting of 450 groups of statues for the Exposition. Mythological and allegorical figures of heroic size are being constructed of lath, plaster, and linings from models sent in by some of the most renowned American sculptors. As soon as the statues are completed they are packed into boxes and sent to the Exposition grounds at St. Louis. Several car-louche have already been shipped from the roundhouse, and more will follow. Mr. Karl Hiltner, the well-known sculptor, is in charge of the work.

Elgar's New Work

EDWARD ELGAR, whose sacred cantata, "The Dream of Gerontius," has fairly passed such a stir in the musical world, is at work upon a new oratorio, which is being tried for performance at the next Birmingham festival. The title of the work is "The Apostles," and the text, with a slight exception, is scriptural. Elgar has not attempted to individualize all of the twelve Apostles, but has selected only Peter, John, and Andrew as his dramatic figures. The subject is severely religious in character, and should inspire Elgar's devout and mystical imagination to an impressive musical expression.

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Is there Air on the Moon?

PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING, of Harvard, who has been carrying on a series of lunar observations, is said to have discovered unmistakable evidence of the presence of heat-frost on the moon's surface. If Professor Pickering is right, that much-mooted question, "Is the moon an atmosphere?" is definitely settled in the affirmative; for the presence of heat-frost implies both moisture and an enveloping atmosphere. The professor's discovery, if valid, demonstrates also the possibility of some order of human existence on the moon, and so plays havoc with accepted astronomical theories. Is it possible that the moon is not, after all, a dead world?

A Unique Newspaper

A DAILY newspaper for which the news is supplied entirely by wireless telegraphy has been established on the island of Fatalina, a volcanic island in the Pacific. Fatalina is fifty-two miles from Los Angeles, and the *Press* of that place issues *The Wireless* as an auxiliary publication for the purpose of reaching *Press* subscribers on incoming steamer before their arrival at the port-land. The *Wireless* announces editorially that it "salutes the dawn, the people of the continents, and our sister islands of the sea as the first-born progeny of the greatest of all the achievements of electrical enterprise—telegraphy without wires in daily letter-press." The paper contains foreign and local news, and an epitomized bulletin of current events—all sent from the mainland by wireless.

A Tube-Line across the English Channel

A PLAN is said to be maturing for the construction of a tube-line across the English Channel, for the transmission of mail and express matter between Dover and Calais. Two iron tubes, a little over a yard in diameter, would be laid along the bottom of the channel or carried on pillars above the surface of the water, and the mail and parcels would be driven through the tubes by a high degree of pneumatic force. A variation of this plan provides for the laying of a miniature cotton-gauge railway track to carry diminutive trains of from ten to fifteen wagons by an ingenious use of compressed air. The trains would serve as the transport of a considerable merchandise traffic. An audacious extension of the scheme looks to the running of small trains to carry twenty persons each. The passengers would have to lie extended upon sofas, so as not to bump their heads against the ceiling of the tubes—a rather ticklish mode of transit for nervous travellers! It is promised, however, that they would cross the channel in twenty minutes, entirely without fear of seasickness.

The World's Wealth

A WRITER in one of the recent magazines gives some interesting facts concerning the distribution of the world's wealth among the different nations. The total wealth of the world is roughly estimated at \$100,000,000,000. Of this sum the larger part is owned by Americans and Europeans; the United States share being in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000,000—about one-fourth of the whole. The wealth of the United Kingdom, combining the shares of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is estimated at \$12,000,000,000—a little less than 200,000,000,000, making Great Britain the richest of European nations. France comes next, with property amounting to \$10,000,000,000 in American money. Germany's position is about \$4,000,000,000, and Russia's \$12,000,000,000. The other ten European nations are listed as follows, in the order of their financial importance: Austria-Hungary, \$1,000,000,000; Italy, \$1,200,000,000; Spain, \$1,121,000,000; Scandinavia, \$6,220,000,000; the Dominican States, \$1,212,000,000; Holland, \$1,224,000,000; Switzerland, \$2,261,000,000; Portugal, \$1,078,000,000; Greece, \$1,062,000,000.

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Russia is the only country in which semi-savage instincts and primitive sentiments prevail at the present time. It is for this reason that art, broadly speaking, is in its infancy in Russia. The first of our world-recognized composers is only recently deceased.

Many peasants are poor living who offered Tchaikovsky hospitality in their isolated villages when he visited them to take notes of their traditional musical expressions for use in his great symphony entitled "1812." As the date signifies, this symphony was to depict Napoleon's attempted conquest of the Czar's domain. The first question, then, in the composer's mind was: How did the vast Russian populace express its musical emotions at that period? The only answer to that question was to be had from themselves, for Tchaikovsky had no predecessor as a collector of Russian folk-song.

Tchaikovsky found that the backbone of Russian national melody lay with the ancient peasant population. These are of two classes,—those who till the soil and those who do manual labor in other capacities. The Russian tillers of the soil are abjectly poor and ignorant. In the long winter Tchaikovsky, while royalty in St. Petersburg and Moscow hunted his absence, was living with peasant families in their stables, where they gathered for the warmth which the cottages then.

The theme to which political prisoners ascribed to their living death in Siberia, Tchaikovsky got at first hand. He heard their despairing chant as they passed through the villages where he stopped, and it became the foundation of his "Slave March" in his "1812" symphony.

After "1812," Liszka, and indeed the whole musical world, said to Tchaikovsky, "No more operas from you, if you please."

Here in a nut shell was the dictate of the whole exclusively musical world, that opera belongs to the nations of the south. Its birthplace is Italy, and the operas of Italian composers are so well known that their famous themes are familiar even in the remote villages of this country. These themes are not based on the sufferings and the oppressions of the peasantry, as in Russia, but are drawn from the familiar alphabet of romance. The passions common to all human-kind speak in their phrases. Here the courtiers at all times learned the measures of rivalry, and the poets found their images suited to sweet strains.

Though stirred by the same impulses, the people of Spain failed to produce composers of sufficient artistic breadth to put her wild and passionate melodies into the larger forms. From the Moors they inherited certain Oriental effects; but all were made an eager sacrifice to the dance and to the serrado. When the Spaniard is sad he does not sing, therefore his national music does not fully reveal his character, and has not a prominent place in musical history.



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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

It is an admirable object which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has in view when he offers the government of the Netherlands \$1,500,000 for the establishment of a court-house and library of international law to be used by the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. How better could money be expended than in assuring majesty and beauty to a temple of peace. We wish we could share the founder's belief that the edifice to be reared by him will fulfill the purpose for which it is designed. Thus far the International Court of Arbitration has had just one case before it, to wit, the question raised by the United States as to whether Mexico ought to pay about a million dollars to Californian claimants. It is also true that an agreement has been reached between Venezuela and the governments representing her creditors to refer to The Hague court the single question whether in the distribution of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello the blockading powers should receive any preference over other creditor powers that refrained from subjecting their debtor to such pressure. It was only with great difficulty that the reference of this single question to The Hague was brought about, and most of the powers concerned insisted that all other questions at issue should be settled by mixed commissions, although, on their face, they are just as well adapted for submission to an international tribunal as was the matter in dispute between the United States and Mexico.

Eminently suited also to the consideration of the Hague court is the question whether the payment of the Boxer indemnity should be made on the assumption that the Hankow tael is worth seventy-four cents in gold, as it was when the indemnity was agreed upon. There is not the slightest reason to suppose, however, that China's creditors will allow this matter to be adjusted in the temple of peace at The Hague. Great Britain undoubtedly had an opportunity of launching the Court of Arbitration on a beneficent career when she was requested to refer to it her controversy with the Transvaal. She can scarcely be blamed, however, for looking askance on a tribunal which could hardly escape infection from a local atmosphere saturated with sympathy for the Boers. Nor is it only the unwillingness at present evinced by the great European powers to countenance the International Court of Arbitration that makes no doubt the wisdom of giving it a fixed habitation at The Hague. If the tribunal is to be permanently installed in a temple of peace, the structure should be erected in a country which is likely to retain its independence for a long time to come. From this point of view Switzerland

would be a more suitable locality than Holland, though even Switzerland lost its independence in the days of the Napoleonic Empire. As for Holland, its absorption into the German Empire is the theme of constant discussion in the Berlin press, and cannot be looked upon as impossible. A temple of peace erected on German soil would be an absurdity.

Whether Senator Gorman desires the Democratic nomination for the Presidency we do not know, but we do know that if he cherishes such an ambition he is much too shrewd a politician to disclose it prematurely. It must be, therefore, without his consent that his name has recently been put forward in several influential quarters. Ex-Senator James L. Pugh, of Alabama, is his latest advocate. Mr. Pugh thinks that in the Democratic national convention the Southern States will follow the lead of New York, and will support Judge Parker if the latter is named by the New York delegation. He does not say that the Southern States would, under similar circumstances, accept ex-Governor Hill. On the contrary, he seems to think that the choice of the convention would lie between Parker and Gorman. The objection oftenest heard, on the part of Democrats, to Senator Gorman is that, as leader of his party in the Senate he so modified the Wilson tariff bill as to convert it into a semi-protectionist measure. Mr. Gorman's course at that time, however, has been defended by ex-Senator Jones on the ground that the Wilson tariff bill in its original form would have resulted in a formidable deficit, which the Senator from Maryland deemed it his duty to avert. Even as it was, the revenue secured under the Wilson tariff act, as amended in the Senate, fell considerably short of expenditures. We have previously pointed out that Mr. Gorman is not disqualified by the fact that Maryland used to be a slave State, inasmuch as she has often been Republican since the civil war, and only the other day was represented by two Republicans in the United States Senate.

Mr. Pugh's opinions ought to have a good deal of weight with Mr. Bryan, inasmuch as in 1896 and 1900 the Alabamian was an ardent supporter of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and of the silver plank in the Democratic platform. Now, on the other hand, he thinks that in 1904 the Democratic platform should contain no reference to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, but should be mainly confined to a demand for a revision of the tariff. He sees that for the Democratic party to make an issue of the trusts has been made impracticable through the successful prosecution of the Northern Securities Company and the Beef Trust by the Roosevelt administration. We have no doubt that Mr. Gorman concurs with Mr. Pugh in thinking that the Democracy must fight on the issue of tariff revision if at all. We feel constrained to repeat, however, what we have formerly said, that, since the outcome of the municipal elections in Cleveland and Chicago, it has seemed probable that Mr. Bryan's friends would control the delegations from Ohio and Illinois, as well as from most of the Northwestern States, or, in other words, will constitute a little more than a third of the national convention. In that event, neither Mr. Gorman nor anybody else can get the nomination for the Presidency without Mr. Bryan's consent.

Senator Hanna may have pleased labor-unionists, but he has not commended himself to employers by his denunciation of an assertion made at New Orleans by Mr. D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Mr. Parry said, what everybody knows, that working-men are practically coerced into joining labor unions.

The truth of the statement will not be disputed by anybody who has read the testimony given before the Coal-Strike Commission. Seldom is there a strike to which a considerable minority of the union concerned is not avowedly or secretly opposed. Mr. Parry's purpose in recalling an incontrovertible fact was to point out that, as things are now, not only non-unionist workers, but a good many members of the labor unions, while they would like to resist the coercion to which they are subjected, are afraid to do so, because they cannot look for any adequate support to their employers. The remedy, he said, for organized coercion was organized resistance, and, to that end, he recommended a federation of employers. As his proposal met with almost unanimous approval on the part of the national association of manufacturers, we presume that steps will presently be taken to carry it out. Mr. Parry's plan is, apparently, that not only should all the employers in a given branch of industry form a union, but that all the employers' unions should be joined in a federation which should be the counterpart of the American Federation of Labor. It will hardly be denied that employers have as much right to combine as have the employed, and it is beginning to be evident that they have quite as strong a motive. If a strike is legal, so is a lockout, and if the community at large can be compelled to bear the suffering caused by a strike, it must also put up with the hardship that a lockout may occasion. Moreover, if the Federal government may lawfully interpose in the interests of the employed, why should it not be called upon to interfere in the interests of employers. If working men cannot be forced to labor against their will, neither can capitalists be constrained to run factories against their wish. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If Mr. Parry's plan is to be carried out at all, it ought to be completed before the next industrial crisis. Then, if the unionist workers refuse to submit to the reduction of wages rendered indispensable by the stagnation of business, they may be confronted by a general lockout, which might perhaps bring them to terms. It is evident that Senator Hanna does not want to see the employers organized until after the next Presidential election. He does not want to see all the employers enlisted on the side of one candidate, and all the unionist workers on the other. What he seems not to recognize is the fact that the non-unionist workers can outvote the unionists five to one. Whether they will demonstrate their numerical superiority the moment they receive encouragement from a federation of employers is the question.

Evidently it will prove impossible to stifle the scandals in the Post-office Department. The notion that the riflers of a government safe could not be punished unless the prosecution could exhibit a list of the papers abstracted was, on the face of it, an absurdity. Nor is it to be presumed that the papers subsequently shown to the department were identical with those improperly taken from the safe. We have never doubted that when the charges of corruption in the Post-office Department were made known to President Roosevelt, dishonest government employees would be rigorously dealt with. Nor should we be surprised if the official directly in charge was personally called upon to explain how it happened that, after Assistant Attorney-General Tyner was forced to resign, the safe in his office was not opened and all government papers removed. We do not know whose duty it was to examine the contents of the safe, but it is clear that somebody was guilty of gross negligence. Public attention should not be confined to the safe scandal, however. The charge that postal facilities were sold to persons engaged in defrauding the public is only one of many accusations which need to be thoroughly sifted. We are sorry to say that when the first exposures were made, the department evinced a disposition to belittle them. It pursued precisely the same course when the postal frauds in Cuba were revealed. Ultimately, however, the embezzlers at Havana were duly punished, and we do not believe that a political "pull" will avail to save delinquents at Washington under the present Administration. It is worth noting, however, that the testimony has not yet been published which was taken by the District commissioners who in December, 1901, were directed by President Roosevelt to investigate the school conditions in Washington. An immense amount of evidence was collected, and its incriminatory character may be inferred from the fact that the District commissioners, whose investigation had been secret, proposed to destroy the records.

Fortunately, General H. V. Boynton, president of the Board of Education, pointed out that such an act was an offense punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or both. However, although some sixty important documents were thereupon filed in the safe of the office of the Board of Education, they have been carefully withheld from the public up to the present hour. We cannot believe that this fact is known to President Roosevelt. He is the last man to countenance a state of things that may give rise to the impression that the government of the District of Columbia is so honeycombed with fraud that purgation is next to impossible.

General Miles' report on the state of things in the Philippines has been published by the War Department simultaneously with a letter by Judge-Advocate-General Davis. Some of the charges made concerning the conduct of affairs in the archipelago rest upon the General's personal observations; others are based on hearsay evidence. As we have repeatedly said, there is no doubt that our soldiers in the Philippines have at times been guilty of extreme severity, and even of cruelty. Unhappily, such incidents are inseparable from war, and especially from war against a treacherous and savage enemy. If the war between our Northern and Southern States was justly described as "hell," what epithet can depict it when waged against men who habitually torture and mutilate American prisoners? The utmost that the wisest and most humane commanders can do is incessantly and firmly to enforce a rigorous compliance with the rules of war upon subaltern officers and soldiers. That such has been the aim of our War Department, and that the aim has been pursued with commendable fidelity and thoroughness, cannot, we think, be denied by candid readers of General Davis' letter. Unquestionably, some officers and soldiers who deserved punishment have escaped, because they have been discharged and are beyond the reach of the military authorities. Judge Davis shows that in all other cases the charges of misconduct have been investigated, or are in the process of investigation, by courts martial or by official inquiry. Courts martial, however, in the Philippines have been very lenient with American officers charged with misconduct towards Filipinos, as is demonstrated by the number of verdicts which have been disapproved by the reviewing authorities. A recent instance was the disapproval by Judge-Advocate-General Davis of the findings in the case of Lieutenant Lee, acquitted of manslaughter in causing the death of Father Augustine. The list of like cases is long. The prospect is better for avoiding future cruelties in the Philippines than for punishing past misdeeds.

General Miles suspects that the distribution of rice in certain provinces was an unlawful transaction, which resulted in profit to the distributors. General Davis explains that the rice was distributed in order to avert impending famine, and in such a way as to relieve suffering without pauperizing the native population. He adds that the profits accruing from any and all sales of rice made by the military government were transferred to the insular treasury, and applied by the civil government to the relief of the distress occasioned by cholera and famine in southern and southeastern Luzon. Touching General Miles' assertion that soldiers are debilitated by the climate of the Philippines, Surgeon-General O'Reilly concludes that the bad effect of the climate is undeniable. The sickness resulting therefrom must be looked upon as a part of the price paid for our occupancy of the islands. Surgeon-General O'Reilly also suggests that General Miles' observations at remote island posts severely justified his conclusion that the discontinuance of the sale of liquor had been beneficial to the army. The effect of the discontinuance of the canteen must be judged largely by reports from posts in the United States and cities in the Philippines where liquor is easily procurable at barrooms near the barracks.

By the injunction which he has secured from a Federal Circuit Court against the Beef Trust, Attorney-General Knox has gained a victory which, in one sense, is even more decisive than that which he achieved in the case of the Northern Securities Company. The defendants have decided not to appeal. In other words, the Beef Trust has been demolished at a blow. This means, of course, that no future combination of capital will be attempted on the lines adopted by the beef-packers.

It is also plain that, pending the appeal to the United States Supreme Court from the decision rendered against the Northern Securities Company, the plan of combination exemplified in that corporation will be discarded. So far, at all events, the present Attorney-General has demonstrated the truth of his assertion that the inter-State commerce act would be found an effective weapon against monopoly if it were wielded with a will. The inference seems unavoidable that previous Attorneys-General did not want to wield it. How can we otherwise explain the fact that the inter-State commerce law, though it has been on the statute-book some thirteen years, has been looked upon as a screener by the actual or prospective organizers of trusts? Nobody dreaded the statutory machinery for repression, because the assumption was current that it was not meant to be used. That assumption has been overthrown, but, even now, the precise extent of the machinery's efficiency remains to be determined by the United States Supreme Court, and it is improbable that the highest tribunal will go beyond the specific question presented in the Northern Securities case. Only by a close analysis of the general reasoning set forth in the opinion may it be possible to forecast the fate of other and different experiments in consolidation. It also remains to be seen to what extent the Roosevelt administration will proceed in its campaign against the trusts. Having proved that it possesses in the inter-State commerce act, as supplemented by recent legislation, an engine of tremendous power for good or evil, will it show itself keenly alive to the grave responsibilities attaching to the ownership of such an engine? Finding itself clothed with a giant's strength, can the Administration be trusted not to use it like a giant? We hope and believe it can, and we may probably take for granted that the anti-trust campaign will be stopped until next autumn, when the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case is looked for. There is no doubt, however, that, should the Circuit Court of Appeals be confirmed, President Roosevelt will be subjected to a great deal of pressure from the trust-busters, and it will not be easy for him to cringe caution and discrimination without provoking imputations of insincerity. As things are now, Mr. Roosevelt has the credit of being the first President to show what the inter-State commerce act can do. It remains to be seen whether he has self-control enough to withstand a popular outcry for its indiscriminate use.

We have discussed elsewhere the relation of the United States to the imbrolio threatened in Manchuria. We would here draw attention to the fact that we had Russia's sympathies during our civil war, when our national existence was at stake, and that, in our turn, we ought to sympathize with Russia's reasonable desire to secure an ice-free outlet to the sea for her vast Asiatic possessions. England has repeatedly baffled her attempt to secure such an outlet, and at this hour stands ready to deny her access to the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus, and to the Persian Gulf, or Indian Ocean. She has at last gained the coveted ice-free outlets at Port Arthur and Delny, but of what use will those harbors be to her unless she can thoroughly control the branch line connecting them with the Trans-Siberian Railway? The maintenance of such control unquestionably involves the practical absorption of Manchuria. We should be the most ungrateful of nations if, even for the sake of retaining commercial privileges in Manchuria acquired by treaty from China, we should join the British and the Japanese in a war which, if successful, would cut off Russia from the sea during winter; in summer, of course, she can use Vladivostok. As for those commercial privileges, we have no doubt that Russia would agree to perpetuate them, and would furnish any guarantees of the agreement that we might require. There is another point of view from which it behooves us, as representatives of the white race, to consider the matter. If the Russians are expelled from Manchuria, it is certain that the Japanese will take their place. Once planted in Manchuria, the Japanese will inevitably become preponderant in northern China, and eventually masters of the Chinese Empire. Thenceforward, the four hundred and fifty millions of the yellow race, consolidated, organized, invigorated, enlightened, and directed by the Japanese, will constitute a source of tremendous peril to the rest of the civilized world. Should Russia, on the other hand, be permitted, through the occupation of Manchuria, to interpose herself between the two sections of the yellow race,

the political fusion of those sections might be averted, and the peril of which we have spoken would be for a long time postponed, if not annihilated. We hold that the interests of mankind are vitally concerned in the erection of barriers to the encroachment of ascendancy by the yellow race. We have read history in vain if we have forgotten that European civilization has been four times threatened with extinction at the hands of Mongol peoples, to wit, by the Huns, by the Avars, by the Magyars, and by the Tartars. We might say five times, if the traces of their Turanian origin had not by the end of the fifteenth century disappeared from the Ottoman Turks almost as completely as they have from the Hungarians. Those earlier invasions would seem insignificant if compared with the danger that would threaten us should the hundreds of millions of Chinese be trained and led by a Japanese Napoleon.

Nothing will go farther to making Mr. Chamberlain's coming visit to this country a success than the recognition he has just made, in the House of Commons, of certain attacks on the character of the Transvaal and Orange Free State Boers. He informed the House that he had been misled, and that the majority of the House had been misled with him, by statements which were made, to believe that the treatment of the Kafir native by the Boer was very bad; and in that belief he and his colleagues had expressed the hope that when the war came to an end they would be able to improve that treatment. He went on to say that the war itself was evidence that this charge against the Boers was exaggerated. This admission he freely made. If it had not been exaggerated, he said, it is impossible to believe that the Boers could, as in hundreds and thousands of cases they did, leave their wives and children and property and stock in the care of the few natives they had previously on their farms. Very few outrages took place, and undoubtedly in many cases the natives gave assistance to the Boers during the war. Mr. Chamberlain went on to say that the Boers were absolved of the charges of brutality, of violent misconduct towards the natives, or of ill-treating them. They regarded and treated the natives as children, were neither hard nor severe masters, nor was there any ill-feeling towards them in the minds of the natives themselves. Mr. Chamberlain sums the matter up by saying that the Boers "seem somehow or other to have understood the native character." It is satisfactory to record that this tardy justification of the Boers is accompanied by deeds. It is not so long since Mr. Chamberlain pompously refused even to entertain the proposition of the Boer generals, that they should be indemnified, according to the provisions of international law, for the destruction of their farms by the British armies. He asserted that beyond \$15,000,000 England could not and would not go. It is gratifying to find that he now considers that the sum of \$75,000,000 will not be too much for England to spend in restoring the devastated farms of the two republics.

While this is satisfactory for the Boers, it begins to look grave for England, in view of the enormous financial obligations which she is already compelled to assume. Mr. Chamberlain realizes better than any one else what this means, as witness his parting speech to the loyalists of Cape Town, when he declared that the burden laid on the mother country was becoming more than it could bear, and asked Cape Colony and, through her, the other great self-governing colonies, "to contribute their full share to the defence of the Empire." He said that the colonies had hitherto failed to shoulder their part of the weight, and although using the most cautious and guarded expressions, he made it quite clear to his hearers that, in his view, on their shouldering that part in future depended the possibility of carrying on the Empire. He called on the colonies to take as their watchword "Community of Sacrifice," and to pay "their full and fair share" of the imperial bill. The imperial bill, it will be remembered, was increased by a billion and a quarter dollars by the South-African policy of Mr. Chamberlain himself, a policy which, he now admits, was in one important particular based on wholly false accusations against the Boers. Another part of the imperial bill is the three hundred million dollars a year which is now the cost of Britain's armaments, as against the hundred and seventy-five millions which sufficed when he and his colleagues came into power. All this is piling on the white man's burden with a vengeance; and this burden, Mr. Chamberlain

says, England cannot continue to bear, unless her colonies pay their part. It remains to see what answer this will draw from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Australian Premier, who seemed by no means enthusiastic about contributing during the days of the colonial conference.

Mr. C. T. Ritchie, who took the place of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as Chancellor of the Exchequer, takes a somewhat more optimistic view of England's financial outlook. He told the House of Commons, in introducing his first budget, that whereas his predecessors had been compelled to impose fresh taxes, it had been his pleasing duty to remit burdens, and in general he thought that there was nothing in the monetary situation to create alarm. Money, he said, had been necessarily scarce and dear, as in addition to the government demand there had been many other calls on the money-market. Any further demands on account of the Transvaal, however, would be wholly for reproductive works, and would have the guarantee of the British government. Here Mr. Ritchie doubtless alluded to the new indemnity of \$75,000,000 which Mr. Chamberlain feels called on to invest in reconstructing the Boer farms. Mr. Ritchie declared that he saw no reason for apprehension in the fall of consols. Both the high-water mark of 115 and the low-water mark of under 90 had been abnormal, and in view of the large amounts the country had borrowed, he thought it might think itself lucky that the fall in consols had been so little as it was. Mr. Ritchie has decided to abolish the unpopular grain tax, which probably cost his party more than one election, and he sees his way to cutting the income tax down four pence on the pound, bringing it now to eleven pence. He has, however, left the taxes on tea, sugar, and coal, and, by doing this, has drawn down on himself the thunderbolts of Sir William Harcourt, who accuses him of lightening the burdens of the comparatively well-to-do, who pay income tax, while doing nothing for the poorer users of tea and sugar and coal. Mr. Ritchie's budget shows a surplus of about \$1,850,000, which is doing fairly well. He tells us that the greatest lesson of the year is that capital and labor should endeavor to come more closely together, so as to strengthen their power of competing with foreign countries.

One of the most important points touched on by Mr. Ritchie was the increase of the British navy. It is true that he justified the present increase by saying that the strides made by other powers rendered it imperative that England should not be left behind; but he added that there were reasons to hope that England could come to some arrangement with certain of these powers, whereby both could agree to limit their armaments in the future. It was evident that he alluded to the growing understanding with France, which King Edward's visit did so much to bring about and strengthen, and, as France is the second naval power in the world, while her friend and ally Russia is the third, it is evident that, once England declares her willingness, the three first naval powers can come to an agreement to diminish their armaments together. They can doubtless also come to an arrangement whereby the naval power of Germany may be neutralized, as the three together could do with perfect ease. In this way a considerable step would be taken towards releasing for useful and reproductive purposes the immense sums annually tied up in building battle-ships. It is true that this train of thought is somewhat unpopular in the United States; but the real reason is, not that we are less pacifically and industrially inclined than England, Russia, and France, but that our fleet is at present wholly out of proportion to our population and commercial interests. Once a due proportion is reached, we also shall be thoroughly willing to consider proposals for the abatement of future expenditure.

We have before us the text of the reports of the Moseley Industrial Commission, composed of representatives of the principal British industries who recently crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of studying the conditions of labor in the United States. The reports, of which there are upwards of twenty, differ in some of the details, but they substantially agree as regards the general conclusions. It is acknowledged, for example, that the American workman earns higher wages, and that, consequently, in the United States, the average married working-man owns the house he lives in, which not only gives him a stake in the country, but saves the payment of rent,

and thus enables him either to increase his savings or to purchase additional comforts. It is also admitted that food is as cheap in the United States as in England, if not cheaper. On the other hand, rent, clothes made to order, and a variety of incidentals, including all luxuries, are considerably dearer. Luxuries, however, do not enter into the every-day consumption of the average working-man of Great Britain, and the fact that he gets them at all in the United States deserves remark. The American workman's house is usually well furnished and fitted with comforts in the way of bathrooms, laundries, and heating systems that are, for the most part, unknown to the British workman. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that a skilled laborer in the Northern States has more of the comforts just mentioned than are procurable in the British universities. The impression got by most of the visitors was that there is less drinking among working-men in the United States than in Great Britain. It is true that the average annual consumption of spirits per head is considerably larger in the former country, but the difference is more than counterbalanced by the excessive consumption of beer or ale in England. One of the questions which the delegates were invited to investigate was whether or not a working-man wears out faster in the United States than he does in England. Some difference of opinion was expressed, but Mr. Moseley, for his part, was convinced that the question should be answered in the negative. He holds that, in consequence of labor-saving machines, and the excellency of the factory organization, an American workman does not need to put forth any greater effort in his work than is the case in Great Britain. As at the same time he is better paid, and, therefore, better housed, fed, and clothed, and also more sober, the deduction that he is more healthy must, in Mr. Moseley's judgment, be accepted. Attention is directed to the fact that in the United States a workman is able to leave his factory at an earlier age, because, owing to relatively temperate habits and a relatively high rate of wages, he is not constrained to work up to the very end of his life, as is the case in England.

Both Mr. Moseley and the visiting delegates were particularly struck by the sympathy which they found existing between master and man in American factories. It seems that to this state of fellow-feeling there is no counterpart in Great Britain. As a rule, the British employer hardly knows his men by sight, seldom leaves his office for the workshop, delegates most of his authority to a foreman, whose powers are arbitrary, and who, if any of the men under him show a gift for invention, immediately becomes jealous and fears he may be supplanted. Hence, as a rule in England, a workman offering a suggestion to the foreman—the proprietor himself is usually inaccessible—is met with a snub and the inquiry, "Are you running this shop or am I?" or else he is told, "If you know the business better than I do, you had better put on your coat and go." Mr. Moseley recognizes that such a state of things must be put an end to, and that forthwith, if England is to hold her own industrially. Initiative on the part of the workers must be encouraged, and it must be paid for liberally when exhibited, if the brains and inventive powers of English workmen are to have full play. Nothing more astonished the visitors than the fact that in American factories suggestions from the workmen are welcomed, the American manufacturer recognizing that it is not the man sitting in the counting-house or private office who is best able to judge where improvements can be made in a machine, but he who attends to the machine from morning till night. Usually a locked box is provided for such suggestions, and precautions are taken against the foreman's learning by whom any particular improvement is recommended. Of course, after a suggestion has been accepted, its author's position is too firmly established to be shaken by a foreman's jealousy. Another "Yankee notion" which Mr. Moseley urges British manufacturers to adopt is the record-book of every workman's character and technical qualifications, which in some American factories is studiously kept. In such factories a workman is not hastily discharged for a single offense, but reference is first made to the record-book by members of the firm, when, in many cases, they discover that in getting rid of the delinquent they would be sending away a man who in the past had rendered excellent service. British manufacturers are also warned that they must not only introduce modern machinery, but be ready to encourage exceptional skill by assuring to their

men a "piece" price that will not be "cut" when the latter's earnings exceed what has hitherto been deemed sufficient. Without an industrial system thus modernized, Mr. Moseley deems it certain that British manufacturers cannot hope to compete with their rivals in countries like the United States.

The assertion has recently been made that nearly two-thirds of the last House of Representatives had, when first elected, reached or passed the age of forty years, whereas almost all the members of the present British House of Commons were under forty when first elected. The fact, if it be one, simply proves that, as members of the House of Commons are unpaid, the seats in that body are mainly occupied by young men belonging to the aristocracy and the upper-middle class who can afford the luxury of a legislative career. There is no reason to believe that in professional or business life Englishmen attain success at an earlier age than do Americans. Rather is the contrary the case. There are no counterparts in England to Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, who must be deemed astonishingly young when we call to mind that they started with nothing, and have acquired hundreds of millions of dollars. It is certain that, as regards society in the technical sense of the word, men and women between sixty and seventy years of age play more conspicuous parts in England than they do on this side of the Atlantic. Look, for example, at the activity of the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Ronalds in London. They have had no recent counterparts here, if we except Mrs. Harriett Lane-Johnson, who accompanied her uncle to the Court of St. James in the early fifties. There seems to be, indeed, no doubt that in Europe and in the United States the limit of what may be termed the age of usefulness in professional and political life has been materially raised in the course of a hundred years. In the list of British prime ministers of the eighteenth century, we should look in vain for parallels to Palmerston and Gladstone, and it would now be very difficult for young Americans to acquire the influence in public life which was attained by Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry Clay at a very early age. As Mr. Dewey has pointed out, the most influential members of the United States Senate on both the Republican and Democratic sides are over seventy. So far as the Senate is concerned, we seem to be reverting to the Roman precedent. It will be remembered that by law a Roman had to be well advanced in middle life before he was eligible for the consulate. There was no such thing as a young military commander. The career of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Napoleon Bonaparte would have been impossible under the Roman Republic. In France, under the *ancien régime*, not only the marshals, but the generals, were old men, except in the case of princes of the blood, or of representatives of the very highest aristocracy. The same thing is true to-day of the Prussian army. The case of von Moltke was typical.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the event—the purchase of the Louisiana Territory—the centenary of which was commemorated on April 30 by the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition. There is no doubt that the acquisition of the mouths of the Mississippi and of the vast region stretching westward from the right bank of that river was indispensable to the peace and cohesion of the Union, as well as to its expansion and prosperity. Inseparably connected with that great waterway were the fundamental interests of the white communities formed or forming in the section west of the Alleghenies, and the law of self-preservation would have justified those communities in repudiating political association with the Atlantic States had these thwarted the attempt to gain free access to the Gulf of Mexico. It is well known that the inhabitants of Kentucky had been strongly tempted to proclaim their political independence, in order that, by treaties of their own framing, they might secure freedom of navigation on the Mississippi. There had been times when to many Kentuckians it had seemed expedient, from the view-point of commercial progress, to enter into close political relations even with a country so reactionary as was Spain, which, since the Peace of Paris (1763), had been the owner of the Louisiana Territory. It was no longer necessary to contemplate such an objectionable course after the retrocession of Louisiana to France by Spain. From that moment it was made evident that, unless our Federal government could and would acquire the Louisiana Territory by purchase, one of two events would

be likely to happen. Either Great Britain, by means of her navy, would seize New Orleans, and set up a claim to the whole of the French possessions in North America, in which event the Kentuckians, and all other Americans west of the Alleghenies, would have had the strongest incentives to become British subjects, or else Napoleon, in order to avert a British conquest of the Territory, would have offered the Kentuckians absolute control of New Orleans and of the Mississippi Valley, on the sole condition that they declare themselves French citizens. The value of New Orleans, considered as the key of the Mississippi, was thoroughly understood in London, and it will be remembered that no sooner were England's hands freed by the collapse of the Napoleonic Empire than a large force of Peninsula veterans was despatched across the Atlantic for the purpose of occupying the coin of vantage. What was unsuccessfully attempted in 1814-15 could easily have been accomplished ten years earlier, unless, as we have said, Kentuckians could have been persuaded to become French citizens. Even then it is doubtful whether the English, once in possession of New Orleans, could have been ousted. Thus we see that international and political dangers of the gravest kind were averted in the nick of time by Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana Territory.

There is still another point of view from which the value of the Louisiana Purchase should be recognized. We do not now have in mind the obvious growth of the Territory in population within the span of a single century—from perhaps fifty thousand civilized inhabitants to upwards of fifteen millions. What we ought especially to recognize, when we commemorate the event which occurred a hundred years ago, is the unifying and decisive part which the Mississippi River played in our civil war. Had, in 1860, the food-products of the States bordering the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, and the Ohio been habitually transported by trunk railway lines to the Atlantic seaboard, those great agricultural commonwealths would not have deemed the preservation of the Union a matter of industrial life or death. As it was, freedom of access to the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi and its tributaries was absolutely indispensable to the farmers north of the Ohio and the Missouri. To them, as to the Kentuckians sixty years before, it was an unendurable thought that the mouth of the great continental waterway should be controlled by a foreign, and conceivably hostile, power. To the agriculturists of the Northwest and the Central West the secession of the Gulf States was a deadly menace. In their case the blow struck home with a directness to which there was no counterpart in the Middle and Northeastern States. The result was, as we well know, that, threatened in their most vital interests, the men of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, fell like an avalanche on the South, and never stopped in their triumphal sweep until they had freed the Mississippi. From that hour the Confederacy was doomed. For the recovery of New Orleans, indeed, we were indebted to the navy under Farragut, but the credit for the rest of the gigantic work required for the redemption of the waterway belongs almost exclusively to Western commanders and to Western soldiers. Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg—such were the shining proofs of the West's inflexible determination to regain freedom of access to the Gulf. Twice, therefore, in our national history has the Mississippi River proved an indispensable bond of unity. When we consider the incalculable importance of the preservation of our Union, not only to American citizens, but to the unfolding world, we must acknowledge that, by virtue of its unifying influence, and aside from all other considerations, the Louisiana Purchase should be ranked among the most memorable achievements in history. Twice has it saved the Union, and it would continue to be found an indissoluble bond were it conceivable that a project of secession should once more be mooted.

The public mind in the United States will be little agitated by the reports of the inhospitable disposition of the German government towards Mormon missionaries. No government that respects and values its own people wants Mormon missionaries to go among them. The Mormon machine is as efficient in turning inferior human material to industrial use as any machine is the world. Dr. Richard T. Ely says of it in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April: "So far as I can judge from

what I have seen, the organization of the Mormons is the most perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever, in any way, come in contact, excepting alone the German army. The Mormons, indeed, speak of their whole social organization as an army, the reserve being those at home, and the fighting force being the missionaries in the field." If Germany were loaded down with surplus population of a low order of intelligence and efficiency, the Mormon missionaries would be just the men she might reasonably miss, for they would take away what she didn't want, and put to use what they took. But apparently she considers that Germans are too good to make Mormons out of, and with that sentiment public feeling in the United States will be strongly in sympathy. In the popular mind the Mormon missionaries rank not as missionaries, but as seducers of the ignorant and credulous. They are an extraordinary body of men, zealous, devoted, and able. The closer they are watched abroad, and the more they are restricted in their proselyting enterprises, the better it will be for this country, which has to harbor them and their proselytes, and which finds in their insidious and spreading organization one of the ugliest problems it has on its hands.

Two Pennsylvania colleges, Swarthmore and Bucknell, have chosen the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* as a text-book to be used as a model of journalism in their classes in literature. It is a pretty compliment to the *Ledger*, which has long been one of the most respectable papers in America, and highly acceptable to a large constituency. As a family newspaper for Pennsylvania, the *Ledger* is admirable, and the Swarthmore and Bucknell young men will find profit in studying it; but of course they will not learn all about newspapers from that journal alone. The *Ledger* has never got very far, for example, in developing the possibilities of type, color, pictures, and the ingenious combination of morality, fireworks, politics, and sensation, in which other journals of the time so conspicuously excel. Some colleges now give slum courses in sociology. To a like end Swarthmore and Bucknell might profitably give slum courses in journalism, and for that, of course, they will need to supplement the *Ledger* with other papers. It should be made clear to the students that newspapers nowadays are made, like coats, to fit the user, and that the quality of a newspaper, taken in connection with the character of its advertisements and the size of its circulation, tells the informed observer a good deal about the character of the population that supports it. No student of newspapers or of humanity can afford to ignore the newspapers by millions, for the millions, by the million, and sometimes by millions.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Carnegie as a philanthropist to say that, considering how much money he has given away, it is wonderful how little he has promoted his own popularity. He seems to give from the head rather than from the heart, and to be always more solicitous that his gifts shall not be wasted than that they shall stir grateful emotions in any human breast. He is not emotional in his disbursements, and his beneficiaries are not much more emotional than he is. His libraries do not make the heart sing, and the widows and the fatherless do not rise up and call him blessed when he sets aside a pile of steel bonds for the promotion of scientific research. The results of his bounties must be satisfactory to him, for he keeps on giving, but one could wish that his investments brought him in even better returns than they do. It is pleasant, therefore, to notice that his gift of \$600,000 to Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute has more than usual of the quality that warms the heart. We are all grateful for that. The interest in that institution and its founder is warm, intimate, and national, and so substantial an addition to its resources makes us all Mr. Carnegie's obliged and appreciative debtors.

The Acorns, a Good Government organization in New York, have planned to open a reform saloon on Broadway between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets. Real drinks are to be sold at this saloon to sober customers, but every man must pay for his own. That is the chief peculiarity of the place; treating will not be allowed there. Another peculiarity is that the barkeepers are all to be total abstainers. That is right; barkeepers ought all, for their own safety, to be total abstain-

ers. They are sure to take in quite as much rum as is good for them through the pores and the lungs. Mr. Fulton Cutting, Mr. City-Chamberlain Gould, and Mr. Herbert Parsons are named as being among the backers of this enterprise, and Bishop Potter and Parson Rainsford are expected to endorse it. The purpose behind the no-treating saloon is not to make money, nor yet to keep liquor in circulation, but to disassociate liquor-selling from private profit, politics, blackmail, and immorality, and to decrease the *per capita* consumption of liquors. Such saloons have been started in England, and are thought to be useful there, and maybe there is a field for them in New York. No one who is not in the habit of drinking in saloons is qualified to say how valuable the no-treating regulation may be. The ability of the average, responsible, well-to-do man to pay for drinks so far exceeds his capacity, or, at any rate, his desire, to consume them, that the question of who pays is of very slight consequence to him. What he is apt to insist upon (to himself) is that his occasional or semi-occasional drink shall not be taken alone. Treating or being treated has very little to do with the number of his potatoes. But experienced saloon drinkers have reported in intervals of coherency that in saloons the practice obtains of setting up rounds of drinks, each partaker contributing a round in turn, until the social glass has overflowed into the convivial cup, the amotions have been unwarrantably stirred, and proper expenditure and moderate indulgence have both been far exceeded. If the no-treating rule corrects inconsiderate excesses of this sort without encouraging the habit of solitary potation, it may evidently be useful. To drink wisely seems to be so fine an art that the inexperienced may well despair of acquiring it, but it will seem easier if the neophyte will remember that all the serious mistakes are made on the side of over-consumption, and that it is the rarest thing for any one to find cause for regret in drinking too little. So long as there is such a conspicuously safe side to err on, no observing person need go seriously amiss.

Allusion was made in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY to the retention of certain old machinery in some of the Lowell cotton-mills whose employees are striking. It is explained by the agent of at least one of these mills that the machinery in his mill was long ago replaced, except some old carding-machines, which the management expected to dispose with altogether.

New York's new junk-selling ordinance, designed to delay the transfer of stolen property, provides that every dealer in second-hand goods shall pay twenty-five dollars for a license; shall purchase no second-hand articles between sunset and 7 A.M., nor in any place except his own shop; shall keep a record of all articles bought, setting forth the day and hour of purchase, price paid, and seller's name; and shall retain all such goods in sight and unsold for thirty days. The ordinance, it will be seen, bears pretty hard on the junk-dealers, but in their case may be warranted. But it is also proposed to enforce it against all dealers in second-hand books, whereas nearly all the booksellers in town are crying out in protest. Such firms as Scribner, Dutton, Brentano, Putnam, Dodd-Mead, and others of like standing, join the smaller dealers in vehement objection to the enforcement of the ordinance against booksellers. They ought to win their point. Of course stolen books are sold to second-hand booksellers, but that evil can hardly be so great as to warrant the embarrassment of so many concerns of high character by rules which, if enforced, will be of doubtful effect in checking the dishonesty they are designed to hinder. The game isn't worth so much candle. The legal maxim, *De minimis lex non curat*, applies.

As the WEEKLY goes to press, report and denial about Russia's demands in Manchuria still follow each other fast, and our editorial on that subject may not deal with the very latest phase of the situation that has come to the reader's knowledge. But the general aspects of the case are stable, and discussion of them is not much affected by the cable's reports. The letter on another page by Mr. Alexis Edrikhine, special editor of the *Norve Fremad*, will be found to be of political interest as the presentation, by an accomplished and highly qualified Russian publicist, of the attitude of his government towards both Manchuria and the United States.

The War Between Platt and Odell

SIXTEEN MONTHS ago, Alabama, who, it is fit to say, is not invariably accurate, predicts that the Republican party is entering upon the stage of internecine strife through which, he says, the Democratic party has already gone. If he had said through which the Democratic party is still going he would have been correct, at least in the latter part of his observation.

The immediate future of the Republican party, as of its rival, is problematical. In the main, it has ceased to be distinguished by advocacy of any great principle, now that the money question, so far as the standard of value is concerned, is settled. It is holding on, or "marking time," or "standing pat," these varying phrases being those of Republican leaders themselves, while its rival, still suffering from the eruption of 1896, is looking about for a principle or a battle-cry to which all its remnants may cling. In this connection, anything which happens within the party councils denoting disintegrating tendencies is of the utmost interest and importance. A bitter strife between rival bosses, by the dislocation which it compels, may show internal weakness, just as the breaking of a limb may reveal the dry rot in the tree whose fair exterior had therefore concealed the sickness of which it had long been dying.

Here, in a nutshell, is the reason why the contest between Senator Platt and Governor Odell is important. It indicates a hollow, or, at least, a decaying, interior. As was natural in existing political conditions, the quarrel was over patronage. For many years the only thought of most Republican leaders has been that of patronage. There has been outlooks over tariff matters, and an effort to secure subsidies for ships; there has been railing for beef sugar against the effort to be just to Cuba; but the party leader of the tariff-reform movement in Congress subsided when the campaign contributions of the brewers were refunded from the public treasury, and, as for the rest, the only principle manifested was to speak after the manner of the traditional bull, the lack of principle. With the exception of the President, no Republican leader has been ambitious to be called the Justinian of his day, nor has any one but Mr. Roosevelt, at any time, manifested any desire that the party should once more stand for a political thought or a political or a moral ideal. The government, in these later days of the organization, afforded an opportunity for plunder, not an opportunity for service.

The historical evolution of the Platt-Odell quarrel is interesting, and ought to be instructive. Mr. Platt has so long been the leader of the party in the State of New York that the character of his leadership is beyond dispute. Men who want office and nominations within his control say that he has served the country and the State; if they think at all they cannot believe what they say; so one else, except the perverse in mind and heart, believes it; no honorable man and lover of his country can believe it. On the whole, the patronage mongers and seekers have been happy under the rule of Mr. Platt; he has been known as an "easy boss." We know, of course, that his yoke has been light only to inferior men, men inferior either mentally or morally. The mere fact of the yoke has itself galled strong men upon whom it has rested. It has not galled Aldridge, or "Lou" Papp, or Raines, or Quigg, or any of that set; but it has rested too heavily on the neck of Black; Roosevelt shook it off; and

now Odell has shown that he can no longer endure it, but that he wants a yoke of his own.

Mr. Black has proved that he is an excellent criminal lawyer, but not a skilful politician, while he was very far from being an admirable Governor. His nearest friend was "Lou" Papp, who is with Black, or Platt, or Odell, or any one else, as his personal emergency demands. Mr. Black made a mistake in trying to establish a machine of his own in opposition to the machine of Platt. He undertook a task that was difficult to any one, and impossible to him. Platt Odell being then his companion in power, toppled Black over his own head, denied him the second nomination, and, at the demand of the rank and file of the people, named Roosevelt for the Governorship. Here was an opportunity for virtuous fighting, and it was vainly improved. From the beginning of Governor Roosevelt's administration to the end of it Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell, now recognized as joint bosses, were forced to fight against a Governor who had the people on his side. They ordered him to pass a State constabulary bill; he refused. They commanded him to reappoint George W. Aldridge and "Lou" Papp; he refused, and proved to the State that he was right, and thus won the approval of all citizens whose consciences work in politics. He turned politics out of the control of the bosses; he transformed the public offices at Albany into places where business, and not politics, was the chief labor of the employees of the State. The "organization" came to the aid of the Rampart enterprise, and the Governor met and overcame "him." Against orders, he insisted on the enactment of a franchise-tax law—an enterprise which had in it more of virtuous motive than of sound sense, but which, if it were once more developed, the bosses. Much of the good that he accomplished was obscured and concealed by certain pietistic clamor about the breakfasts which Mr. Roosevelt ate with Mr. Platt at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Whatever may be said as to the propriety of the conduct of a Governor who seems to be at the beck and call of a boss in the matter of breakfasts, lack of dignity is not invariably lack of morality, and, on the whole, it is better to be obedient to a boss in the matter of meals than in the far more essential matter of the business of the State. Mr. Roosevelt did not try to build up a machine of his own, but he had a support which is more powerful than any machine, and that is the support of the people, of the votes, and especially of the rank and file of his party, against whom, or with whom, his own machines are nothing. So strong was Mr. Roosevelt in the party that, at the national convention at Philadelphia, from twenty to twenty-two of the New York delegates were entirely devoted to him, and would have followed him against Mr. Platt. Here was a situation the like of which had not been known for many years, and it was a situation of such moment that it prevented Mr. Platt from carrying out a threat which he made to put Mr. Roosevelt in nomination for the second place on the ticket. His object was accomplished in another way, Mr. Quay being Mr. Platt's great help in time of need.

So we have Mr. Black, for his own selfish purposes, endeavoring to supplant Mr. Platt's machine with one of his own, and Mr. Roosevelt, without suspecting the machine, throwing it out of gear, by serving the State and winning public approbation. Now we come to Mr. Odell's administration. The present Governor came to his office rich in experience. He had been Mr. Platt's right-hand man, and had done his best to aid the Senator's administration of the

party machine. He had also felt the value of the confidences of the public. In other words, he had not encountered Mr. Roosevelt without profiting by his own defects. No intelligent observer of current politics has any doubt as to the character of Governor Odell as a politician. In the language of the craft, he is a "smooth and cold-blooded proposition." He hesitated before deciding on his own candidacy, because he felt the friendship of the rank and file for Roosevelt and its hostility to Platt and himself and their methods. Mr. Bryan, however, opened too tempting an opportunity, and Odell accepted. He went into the Governorship with the purpose of winning the party to himself. He wanted its patronage and its leadership. In order to gain what he desired, he joined Roosevelt's popular causes with his own schemes of machine-building. He declined to favor the State constabulary bill, which, with Mr. Platt, he had attempted to force on Roosevelt. He announced himself as in favor of the franchise tax bill (with some amendments), although he had opposed it before. He turned his back on "Lou" Papp, whose reappearance he had urged upon his predecessor. He kept a reforming face to the public, and undermined Mr. Platt. Good is to be expected from both courses. The recognition of the worth of public virtue makes for good government, and so will the overthrow of Mr. Platt by one who, whether in cold blood or for conscience's sake, believes that, in the long run, virtue is the card that wins in the great game of politics.

In the course of the contest, the country has been shown the interior workings of a modern political machine. It shows how little virtue there is in such an organization as that of the Republican party in New York; how utterly indifferent are all concerned in it to the interests of the State; how greed takes the place of principle, and how the working politician regards the State as a quarry for himself and his kind. Organizations like this must come to an end in time; a party managed by such organizations must either die or reform. When those who lead the party are at work together merely for plunder, the day when they will quarrel and break up is sure to come; and herein lies the application of the tale of Platt and Odell.

The United States and Manchuria

BEFORE considering what our government ought to do about the new and unexpected demands put forward by Russia with reference to Manchuria, it may be well to recall precisely what those demands are said to be, and to point out why they seem, at first sight, inconsistent with assurances previously given to the treaty powers in general and to the United States in particular. In the first place, Russia insists that no new treaty ports shall be opened, and that no new foreign consulates shall be established in Manchuria.

According to the very latest news, however, from St. Petersburg, Russia denies having prescribed such a condition for evacuation. This requirement would be, on its face, irreconcilable with the commercial treaty now in course of negotiation between the United States and China, which proposes the opening of treaty ports at Mukden and Taku-shan. Another demand is that no foreigners except Russians shall be employed in Manchuria in an administrative capacity, whether military or civil. This requirement, if really made,—which is denied,—would be plainly incompatible with a treaty as-

azing to citizens of the United States rights equal to those of the citizens or subjects of any other foreign power. A third demand is that the customs revenues at Newchwang shall be paid into the Russo-Chinese Bank, as is the case at present, and not into the Chinese Customs Bank; our government is desirous of the revenues entitled to share in the Boxer indemnity, it is, manifestly, interested in seeing the proceeds of the customs duties at Newchwang, as at other treaty ports, paid into a bank controlled by the debtor, to wit, China. As for a fourth demand, that Russia shall control the sanitary regulations at Newchwang, this seems as unreasonable as it would have been for us to insist upon continuing the supervision of the sanitary regulations of Heians after our evacuation of that city. The demand, finally, that Russia shall have the right to erect its own telegraph wires wherever the Chinese telegraphs extend in Manchuria, along the same points, may seem, at the first glance, insignificant. Every practical electrician knows, however, that, if this concession were made, the Manchurian telegraph system would be of very little value to China or to any foreign power except Russia. According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, however, no such demand has been made.

Now there is no doubt that, when Russia leased the ports of Port Arthur, Talienwan, and the adjacent territory in the Liaotung peninsula, she gave assurance to the United States that the "open door" would be maintained in the leased district. Again, on December 18, 1899, Count Mouroff, replying to Mr. Hay, said that, as to Manchurian territory other than the leased district, the fixing of duties would belong to China itself, and the St. Petersburg government had no intention of claiming privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners. Similar statements have been subsequently made by the Russian Foreign Office, and on April 26, after the publication of the new demands made upon China, Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, told Mr. Hay that the assurance which Russia had given on different occasions with reference to the security of American trade interests in Manchuria remained in full force. Previously to this interview, however—i. e., on April 25—Mr. Hay had instructed Mr. McCormick, the United States ambassador at St. Petersburg, to ask an explanation of some of the Russian demands; and Mr. Conger, the United States minister at Peking, was also directed by our Secretary of State to urge strongly upon the Chinese authorities our objections to some of the conditions attached by Russia to the evacuation of Manchuria.

It should be particularly noted, however, that these representations at Peking and St. Petersburg were made by our State Department independently, and not in conjunction with the Foreign Offices of London and Tokio. Had we combined with Great Britain and Japan to enter a joint protest against the Russian demands, we should virtually have committed ourselves to cooperation with those powers in further arrangements, the present state subsisted. Any joint demonstration of the kind would have been a mistake on the part of our State Department, because it would not have been sanctioned by the other second thought of the American people. For two reasons: In the first place, it has been our unwavering policy for upwards of a century to avoid entangling alliances with foreign powers. In the second place, we do not wish to war with Russia, even if our trade with Manchuria could only be preserved at such a cost. As a matter of fact, the American trade can be retained without the sacrifice of a man or a dollar.

In his interview with Mr. Hay on April 26

Count Cassini said that, while his government was naturally unwilling that Mukden, which lies far in the interior of Manchuria, should be made a treaty port, it was willing to make such a commercial treaty with the United States as would practically permit the entry of American goods at that place. This is a remarkable concession, when we bear in mind that American commodities run only through Mukden from the seacoast by being transported over the Russian railway.

As for the maintenance of China's territorial integrity, which we have consistently advocated, we cannot deny that certain concessions, not easily reconcilable with absolute territorial integrity, may reasonably be exacted by Russia with regard to Manchuria, because that country lies between Siberia and the Russian coasts on the Yellow Sea, and because the Trans-Manchurian Railway needs incessantly to be protected against interruption and depredation at the hands of brigands. There is no doubt that if British or American capitalists had built a railway between Cuxton and some point on the Lang-tse-king, Russia would probably see the necessity of permitting the line to be guarded by soldiers of the nationality to which the capitalists belonged. If this be an infringement, then China's territorial integrity will have to be infringed to this extent, unless all the plans for opening the interior of the Middle Kingdom with railways, constructed by foreign capital are to be renounced.

There is another point of view from which Russia's position in Manchuria ought to be considered. She alone since the outbreak of the Boxer troubles has maintained peace and order in that wide region. But for her the whole of Manchuria would long ago have lapsed into anarchy, and we need not say that, in such a state of things, the consumption of American commodities would have been few and far between. That there is at present a large demand for our products in Manchuria is due to Russia, and we have no doubt that if law and order cease to be enforced by Russian officials, the demand will be rapidly increased. All our merchants need in security against extortionate customs duties in ports under Russian control, and that is precisely the safeguard which Count Cassini has offered to furnish by a commercial treaty between the two countries.

It ought to be distinctly understood that our interests in Manchuria are by no means identical with those of Japan, and would not justify us in entering an anti-Russian alliance, even if such an act would be consonant with our traditional policy. The Japanese, if they could, would annihilate the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and drive the Russians out of Port Arthur and Dally. We have no desire to see anything of the sort accomplished. All we wish is to keep our trade privileges in Manchuria, and to avert an outright dismemberment of that country, which might be made a precedent for the wholesale partition of China. While, at the same time, we recognize that Russia may fairly claim special privileges in a country which she has redeemed from anarchy, and which she has opened with a railway built under exceptional difficulties and at great expense. We doubt, also, whether Great Britain will join Japan in fighting Russia about Manchuria, and it must be remembered that the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance do not bind England to aid Japan, unless the latter find herself embroiled with more than one European power. Under the circumstances, it is questionable whether Russia would request the assistance of France, because she probably deems herself strong enough to deal single-handed with Japan.

"There is Smuggling and Smuggling"

Taken with Postmaster-General Payne, while Secretary Moody is of the opinion that officers of the navy and other officers are being persecuted because they are brought to book for taking into port certain comforts and necessaries contrary to the revenue laws of the country.

Swings the moon in another quarter? Merry, it must. Not a year ago the Secretary of the Treasury had his say touching the revenue laws and the violation of them by private citizens who took the liberty of doing precisely what was done by the officers involved in the Porto-Rican episode. When Mr. Shaw spoke for the Administration the true spirit of the sixteenth century breathed upon the law, and we know that the Secretary from Iowa, sometimes irreverently spoken of in Washington as the "President's gold brick," was the embodiment of the spirit of protection. And now the voice of the Administration, speaking through the mouth of two high officials, one of whom can by any possibility be called a gold brick, utters distinctly revolutionary sentiments, sentiments twisted from the straight course into lateral channels after the fashion suggestive of revolutions.

Mr. Payne and Mr. Moody are guilty, in their thoughts and in their suggestions, of that pernicious crime of evasion so big in the imaginations of those who are not successful in making statutes that will restrain and confine men within ancestral bounds. The evil spirit of righteous liberty is working its way into the medieval protection bark when the agassars are discovered with their tongues in their cheeks, and with a one-eyed wick solemnly asserting that "there is smuggling and smuggling," meaning thereby that some smuggling is to be overlooked, while other smuggling is to be punished. Let the party which has upheld the principle of protection as meaning prohibition, think for a moment, and they will see that, in a large way, protection has grown to be what it is, not because it was ever an economic truth, but because it was a good political cry. Because it was an evasive dodge, a "vote getter," a policy which therefore does not commend the true heartfelt allegiance of the high priests of the cult, who advocate it solely for what it is worth to themselves and to their party. Their necessities require that they shall persuade as many of the voters as they can to believe that protection are due the prosperity of the country, the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, the splendor of its sun, the soft beauty of its moon, the brilliancy of its winter skies, the variety of its fauna on land and in its rivers, and the character and efficiency of its people. The high priests of our present system of protection are the modern descendants of the agassars of the Roman Empire. Mr. Shaw is an ancient agassar, a survivor of a time of narrower mind and of pioneer faith, but Mr. Payne and Mr. Moody are modern, and know how much of their party's economic system is real and how much is fooling.

The fundamental principle of protection, of that kind of protection, the perfection of which required the mind of a Dingley, is that it is sacred. It is an article of faith. To doubt this sanctity is to be heretical; to question the principle is to be blasphemous. Theodore Roosevelt was once a heretic and a blasphemer; he is now on the sacred bench. Mr. Shaw, who still conducts protection experience meetings, ran have no doubt of the essential paganism of Payne and Moody. The fact that such people are in the high places of the temple is a mournful and dangerous fact to an earnest believer like Mr.

Shaw, and must disturb a neophyte. It is passing strange, indeed, that admission has not already come out of the West, and it may be argued from this that the neophyte is not yet fixed in his principles.

The sanctity of the principle of protection of the Dingley school, the shorter term for which is prohibition, makes all smuggling wicked. This is the dogma of the school of Shaw. Beginning with the theory that protection was for the benefit of American manufacturers and their trade, it has developed into quite another and different principle, though, in truth, we cannot say that the development is unnatural,—perhaps it was to have been expected. It was established in order that infant industries might be guarded from competition from abroad. It was then an incident of the revenue raising power. Soon the dogma was enlarged to admit the farmers, and then those who saw clearly into the device of now became convinced that the system had been attacked, in the very house of its friends, by intelligence, the most redoubtable foe that could rise up against it. First, the farmers were told that protection was building up the home market for them. When this pretence ceased to deceive, the farmers were frankly protected against the competition which they do not and cannot suffer. Until comparatively recent years, protection was, as we have said, an incident of revenue collection; suddenly revenues collecting was declared to be an incident of protection. At last we come to the present stage, where protection is transformed into prohibition, and the law is frankly made for the pecuniary profit of certain carefully selected interests who respond proportionately. Comprehending the point which the system has reached in its evolution, we can understand why it is thought necessary to maintain it by wakening a superstitious and worshipful feeling concerning it. The sanctity of the tariff law and of the custom-house must be preserved, or the people would come to have as little faith in the one and respect for the other as we felt by the most intelligent of the priesthood.

Mr. Shaw either misunderstands the necessities of the altar which he guards, or is one of the deluded. It makes no matter which; he is bound to fence the domain and to defend and preserve the superstition. Therefore, when a year or more ago, some ladies complained to him that his inspectors were rude to them, he told them that perjurers like them have no just complaint if they are treated rudely. The tariff was once for the protection of American producers and tradesmen against those who would sell foreign goods in our market; in its development it has prohibited the importation, with its duty of articles for personal use and adornment. Mr. Shaw insisted on the strict enforcement of the law, the harshness of which was fast undermining the patriotism of some of our fairest citizens. The customs officers had made them swear, sometimes to the truth and sometimes to a falsehood, and then, on the general theory that all Americans who go to Europe lie about their purchases abroad, examined their trunks in order to catch them,—and, if the truth is to be fully said, they often caught the fairest. In making their examination, the customs officers often showed slight respect to the belongings of travellers, toasting the most delicate fancies about a dirty wharf not only with indifference, but occasionally in sneering mockery. Mr. Shaw, to do him justice, did attempt to modify the harshness of this performance by recommending that a lady's wardrobe be not exposed, in all its intricacies, to the gaze of government officers and wharf rats, but he was stern in enforcing the law, and, from his point of view, he was right, for if the system is to

be maintained as a sacred institution, any breach of it, however slight, is as worthy of punishment as any other breach, however great.

But now comes the insidious assault of a heresy. The priests, Payne and Moody, have denied one of the articles. They hold to the doctrine of venial sins; they say that the letter of the law may be ignored so long as its spirit is maintained; that they who smuggle for us are not to be treated as the criminals who smuggle for trading purposes. Shaw says, on the contrary, that the faith is the faith, and that an oath is an oath. "Not so," says Payne and Moody. "Smuggling is to be forgiven to officers of the United States if the smuggling be for their comfort or consolation." The Porto Rico cases are "on all fours," as the lawyers say, with the cases, which, presented by the ladies, invited the stern censure of Mr. Shaw, except that in the later cases the culprits are officers, so that the latest decisions of the Administration amount to this, that if the smuggler be an officer he may smuggle, but if he, or she, be a private citizen, he, or she, may not smuggle. To the pagan revenue reformer, or free-trader, this entrance of the disintegrating spirit of revolt must needs be refreshing and a means of joy unspeakable; but to him whose duty is sternly to preserve the sacred superstition, it must appear as the beginning of Socialism, Anarchism, Jansenism,—the prelude of a time when economic Wyclifs, Luthers, and Calvins shall rise up to smite and kill with the sharp weapon of reform.

An American Criticism of the Monroe Doctrine

IN its last number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, faithful to its motto, *Tous Tyranniques sont nullo discrimine Agros*, which, however disputable on the score of grammar is ethnically admirable—permits an American merchant to denounce the Monroe Doctrine as a bar to civilization, and to act forth at length his reasons for holding that it ought to be repealed by the United States. His reasons are the following: First, the Latin-Americans are mongrels; secondly, they are incapable of attaining to a high civilization; thirdly, the Latin-American republics would, if they became dependencies of an enlightened European power, like Germany, for instance, be more civilized than they are now; fourthly, American business men would, under the supposed conditions, find trade with the Latin-American countries more economical and lucrative than it is today. The principal ground for our promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine is scarcely touched by the American merchant, although he does assert that we cannot be politically interested in maintaining the independence of any Latin-American republics except those which are in close proximity to the isthmus of Panama, and, therefore, to the contemplated interoceanic water-way.

Let us glance at these objections in their order. We would not for a moment dispute that the Latin-Americans are mongrels, but we add that, if they are students of history, they must be proud of the fact. The Romans, who conquered the Mediterranean world, were mongrels. So are the English, Celt, Saxon, Angle, Jute, Norwegian, Dane, Norman, Fleming, and Frenchmen have all contributed to fashion the British stock. So are the inhabitants of the United States: from an ethnical point of view, there is no more heterogeneous people than our own. But, our American merchant may say, the case are not parallel, for into the Latin-American dominions have entered non-

Aryan elements, which render the acquirement of a high civilization impossible. This brings us to the question of fact which constitutes the second objection. In it, as, as a matter of experience, that Latin-American peoples cannot attain a high grade of civilization? So far as this point is concerned, the writer in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW gives his own view away by admitting that nothing which he has said in depreciation of the progressive capabilities of Latin-American commonwealths is applicable to Mexico, Argentina, and Chile. Nowhere in Latin America, however, is there so large an infusion of the aboriginal and non-Aryan element as there is in Mexico. President Juarez was a pure Aztec. If Mexico, Argentina, and Chile can surmount the arduous conditions under which they entered on the path of progress, there can be no ethical reason why other Latin-American commonwealths should not outgrow revolution and anarchy, and pursue an exemplary course of order and upward development. Proofs of the capacity of political and social improvement have been already furnished by Brazil, by Uruguay, and by Costa Rica, and no well-informed man would refuse to predicate such possibilities of Peru, of Bolivia, of Venezuela, of Salvador, and of Guatemala. In view of their past, even such backward States as Colombia, Ecuador, Nicaragua and Honduras must be credited with a future.

What reason have we, in the third place, for assuming that Latin-American republics would be better off than they are now if they became dependencies of a European power? Are the existing colonies of France or Germany prosperous and contented? The question answers itself. The well-being of the English-speaking and self-governing colonies of Great Britain is indisputable, but how in it with the British subjects who do not speak the English language, and who do not enjoy self-government? Is India prosperous and contented? Was French Canada contented so long as it was a Crown colony, and until by rebellion it extorted an instalment of autonomy? Is French Canada even now, with its ecclesiastical system that dates back to the seventeenth century, comparable, in respect of civilization, with Argentina? Ask the question answers itself.

We pass to the fourth assumption made by the writer in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that, if the Latin-American republics became dependencies of European powers, United States business men would find trade with them easier and more profitable than it is now. Was it easier for us to trade with the Spanish-American countries when they were governed by Spain, or with Brazil when it constituted a part of Portugal? In it for us as to trade today with the colonies of France or Germany which maintain a rigorously protectionist policy in their dependencies? Can we even take for granted that, if all the Latin-American republics became British colonies, we should have freedom of access to their markets? Do we know that they would not follow the example of the Canadian Dominion, and in their tariffs give imports from the ruling State a preference of 25 to 32 per cent. We know that the South-African colonies agreed but the other day to adopt the precedent set by Canada, and to give imports from Great Britain a preference of 25 per cent. At present there is no discrimination against us in the tariffs of Latin-American republics. It is nobody's fault but our own that we do not under actual conditions get a preponderant share of the foreign trade of those commonwealths. If we want such a share, it is our business to make our commodities attractive, and to sell them not less cheaply, or more cheaply, than the products of foreign competitors are sold. It is unpropor-

ous, to say the least, to express a wish to deprive a country of its political independence because, with a fair field and no favor, we are unable to cope with European rivals in its markets.

All these considerations, however, are really beside the question. The "American Business Man" who discusses the subject in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW overlooks the fundamental fact that it was primarily in the interest of the United States themselves, and only secondarily in that of Latin-American republics, that the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed. Throughout the eighteenth century the Caribbean was one of the cockpits of Europe, and quarrels engendered by Old-World jealousies between France and England were fought out upon the soil of North America. When, at last, an opportunity of exemption from implication in European disputes was furnished by the revolt of Spanish-American colonies against Spain, we seized it in obedience to the law of self-preservation. Had we not seized it, Latin America would, soon or late, have been divided among European powers, and every war in the Old World would have been extended to the Western hemisphere. It would then have been practically impossible for us to avoid European entanglements.

It is obvious that our national interest in safeguarding Latin America from incorporation with the European system is incomparably greater now than we are resolved to build and operate the Panama Canal. The "American Business Man" who denounces the Monroe Doctrine in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, seems himself to admit that our control of the interoceanic waterway might be menaced if Central America, or Colombia, and, we presume, he would add Venezuela and Ecuador, fell into the hands of a European power. Does he think that our security would be perfect if Germany, for instance, had naval stations in the north of Peru and the Dutch Guiana, or even in the north of Chile or of Brazil? Is it not clear that, if we suffer European powers to get any foothold at all in South America, it will be difficult to set limits to their ambition and to their acquisitions? For as there is, in truth, only one path of safety, and that was traced for us by Monroe, when he said that, with the Latin-American governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interference for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. That manifest, as we have said, although in its spirit and effects fraternal and beneficent, was originally prompted by the instinct of self-preservation. The instinct is still active and imperative.

Russia in Manchuria

New York, April 27, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I willingly respond to your request to record my opinion on the Manchurian question, so warmly debated just now by the American press. Allow me to begin by drawing a parallel between the political views of the United States and of Russia.

Shortly after securing their independence, the United States, which constituted only a twentieth part of the American continent, and which had literally nothing in common with the Latin republics, whether in race, language, religion, character, or customs, nevertheless felt themselves entitled to announce the Monroe Doctrine, which made the whole American continent inviolable,

thereby clearly indicating a determination to make this whole territory exclusively their own at such future time.

Russia, taking a similar standpoint, might, with incomparably greater justice, assume a like doctrine in her own favor, not only with reference to the whole of Slavonic western Europe and Constantinople, the hereditary claim to which came to our Tsar Ivan III. with his wife Sophia Palaeologa, but also as an Asiatic power, ruling half of Asia, we might, with even greater right, announce an Asian doctrine, without assuming such vast undertakings, we advance slowly, but with firm steps, along the rough path marked out for us by divine destiny, and every step of our advance, marked by the blood of our sons, becomes an inalienable part of our empire. Therefore any retreat for us is as impossible as the recession of the lava which has flowed down a volcano, or the retrogression of the sun.

We look Manchuria by force of arms, in a war called forth not by Russia, but by the missionaries and traders of Western lands. Manchuria was taken by the efforts of an army of two hundred thousand men, of whom twenty thousand fell in battle. Manchuria has cost us hundreds of millions, draws from our national treasury. In a short time, instead of slavery, insurrection, and universal chaos, we have there evolved such order and well-being as have drawn forth unqualified praise from the English press, so perpetually hostile to us, including even the Finns. In view of all this, Manchuria belongs to us by the best of all rights, the right of justice; and all claims on Manchuria we cannot consider as other than attacks on our rights and our property. And if these claims, coming from England and Japan, each of whom is serving the interests of the other, are entirely intelligible, they are, on the other hand, quite unintelligible when coming from the United States.

Let Americans put aside prejudice, and look back over the history of the past. They will remember that during the century of their young republic's existence they have always had the sincerest sympathy of the Russian people, and been the favored object of Russian policy. A century ago we were the first to greet with sincere joy the birth of a new child among the nations, and to recognize its lawful birth. Then, during the dark and dangerous period of the civil war, when the ambitious and self-seeking nations of western Europe had prepared their war-ships, thus sharpening the knife to cut the United States in two, Russia sent Admiral Lisovsky's squadron, putting it absolutely at the disposal of the United States. It was not only the powerful squadron which was important, but the fact that behind western Europe the armed millions of the Russian reserves were drawn up; for at the first shot fired by our squadron Russia would inevitably have declared war against England and France, which were menacing the United States.

Finally, only the other day, when a new European coalition stretched forth its claws towards Venezuela, and, under the pretext of collecting a debt, spread its shiffling wares around Washington, the wise action of our ambassador, Count Cassini, dean of the diplomatic corps, thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the quiet, far-sighted, and traditionally friendly policy of Russia, was one of the causes which dissolved the storm-cloud hanging so threateningly over America. All those who are acquainted with the course of these negotiations, whether diplomats or writers, know well that, at the psychological moment of the greatest tension and perplexity, Count Cassini, with his great tranquillity and expe-

rience, was one of the first pilots who directed the Venezuelan episode to the quiet haven which had been indicated at a timely moment by our peace-loving Emperor—The Illego.

But, while giving such sincere proofs of friendship, and helping the United States to solve its historical problems, Russia cannot stretch her friendship to the evident damage of her own interests and her national honor.

We clearly understand the wide abyss which separates the real national interests of the United States on the American continent from the aggressive and intrusive pretensions and tendencies of the half-English "American Asiatic Association" which seeks to lay hold of Manchuria.

In return for all we have done for the United States we do not seek the gratitude of the capitalists, whose influence on the Department of State is so indelible; first, because international obligations are not like of exchange, and, second, because we seek no obligation in the present case. But your press menaces us with protests. Very good; protests are easily written, and Secretary Hay has much experience in writing them. But I take the liberty of saying that the result of his first experience in this direction was the profound astonishment of the Russian public, and, later, a comparative indifference to the outcome of the Venezuelan imbroglio. As for the probable results of a new attempt of Secretary Hay to serve England at the expense of Russia, we can only answer by the following hypothesis:

The Spanish war abraded the United States into the wide field of international politics. At the first step along this rough road the United States made very large admissions, with regard, first, to the Constitution of Cuba secondly, the commercial treaty with Cuba, and, lastly, to the Philippines. Precedents were abundantly created of high interest, not merely to students of diplomatic science. But let us pass over them, as comparatively unimportant, and look more closely at the immediate future. The favorable issue of the Venezuelan imbroglio is a great victory for the United States. By forming a chain of forts at Key West, Bahia Honda, Guantanamo, Culebra, and Porto Rico, and by ratifying the Panama Canal treaty, you have at one step advanced your southern boundary two thousand miles to the south; and if not *de jure*, at any rate *de facto*, you have included the West Indies and Central America in your sphere of activity, and have even made contact with South America. This is an immense achievement. But it is not difficult to see at the same time that the United States has entered irrevocably on the inclined plane along which, according to the laws of accelerated motion, they cannot fail to come into conflict with the powers which have vital interests in that region. This is, doubtless, what President Roosevelt meant when, speaking the other day at Chicago, he declared that the Monroe Doctrine called for more ships.

In conclusion, let me draw a parallel. In the sixties, two European powers, only too willing to cut your young republic in halves, were checked by the squadron and power of Russia. When a like situation presently arises, as a result of your new forward policy on the American continent and in the West Indies, it may be of vital consequence to the United States to know that, behind the European powers which oppose you Russia stands as a cordial and not ineffectual friend.

Thus giving you my personal view of the Manchurian question,

I am, SIR,

ALEXIS EBREKHINE.

Political editor of the *Nesce Vremes*.

Modern Rush and Some of its Remedies

THEY looker—if there be any such—a modern life might easily fall under the illusion that mental energy is drawn from an inexhaustible source. The increasing complexity of living, the increasing demands, social, intellectual, and moral, made upon the average citizen, the very glare and noise of large cities, all these must either blunt the senses into apathy and dullness, or keep them at constant, irritated strain. No wonder Carpenter writes upon "Civilization and its Cure," and that Wagner's *Le Vie Simple* should be so widely read and translated into various tongues. "This is mere existence," he says. "No time to breathe, not an hour for self-recollection, for exchanging a quiet word. . . . No, this is no life." The drain upon mental energy, the complexity and haste of an industrial and commercial age, the insatiate and insensate craving for material accumulation, the fever of ambition and rivalry, of overreaching and outstriking which have attacked even our women, all these exact their penalties. The proverb is proving itself, when put to the test, "The more a man has, the more he wants."

Too little is said of the social readjustments necessary for living at such speeds. We are careful of our delicate, mechanical instruments; we use them guardedly; we are watchful of repairs; and yet the most delicate instruments of all, the mind and spirit, are treated with almost criminal neglect. The demands made upon them are endless, and rest and care—wherever heard of—resting the spirit, or of caring for the mind unless by overworking it!

Wagner's picture of the wedding, in the *Complicated Life*, with its interminable file of visitors, its loads of presents, its retinues, decorators, furnishers, its preparatory days, spent with tailors, dress-makers, jewelers, and cabinet-makers, in antiquity shops, and the apartments of painters and house-builders, its endless ceremonies of calls, introductions, balls and dinners, the frenetic sending and receiving of notes, congratulations, compliments, acceptations, refusals, excuses, this is apparently a realistic picture for all lands. Alas! that every house has not its single room which is the sanctuary of quiet, where the octogenarian sits and dispenses wisdom.

"She was just short of eighty, and having suffered and worked much, she now saw things with that calm surety which is life-giving. There in her armchair she sat, absorbing the silence of the long, meditative hours."

"Rest a little," she used to say to the poor, harassed lovers. "Rest a little and think together; belong to each other; that's the principal thing. All the rest is nothing; it isn't worth notice."

During the past Lent the daily papers have several times rolled our attention to the society women who "make retreats." But it is not only the Catholic who flee from the rush of life and spend a week or two in quiet and repose.

Every city begins to have its havens of peace. Far up on the outskirts of New York, set back in a huge garden surrounded by a high wall, stands a convent for retreats, overlooking the Hudson River. Entrance is gained by ringing a bell at the entry wall, and once inside no futile words are spoken. The place is managed by a community of French nuns, who give retreats throughout the year. There are seasons for retreats for domestic servants, for shopgirls, for ladies, for young girls preparing for the first communion, times when seventy-five to a hundred people more in

silence and orderliness almost imperceptibly through the still expense of the great grounds. The rest of the year the house is open to all who want its peace and stillness. No questions are asked, no religious exercises are demanded, although the offices and services in the chapel are continuous. Bit by bit, the habit of peace and meditation permeates the visitor, the world wears slower through space, and the long days are full of grateful recollection.

Further up the Hudson, and under the jurisdiction of Bishop Potter, there is the new building of the fathers of an order whose work is the same; that of carrying on missions and retreats for the spirit-weary. Of another and a sadder order is the new psycho-pathological laboratory, now attached to the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Here are brought and treated the helpless victims of mental strain. The State of New York now takes care of 20,000 insane patients, of which 15,000 are drawn from the commercial and educational classes. Only within the last decade, however, has it been considered necessary, in this country, to have a laboratory for the study of abnormal mental life leading to such deplorable results. In France, Janet has long been experimenting with and successfully treating the initial stages of insanity, and in Germany, Hoyer, Freud, Ranschberg, and Hajos carry on the same work. In these laboratories experts work upon the victims of alcoholic amnesia, psychic epilepsy, depressive delusional states, and functional motor disturbances. Here the hopeless army of stragglers who might go to swell the numbers in the State insane asylums receive assistance, are instructed in the rudiments of mental hygiene, and are turned out as capable citizens, capable once more fully with the difficult conditions of an overworked life. Strongly enough, New York furnishes the only laboratory for research into nervous disease of the whole United States.

Nor are these the only remedies. None who follows carefully the trend of modern literature can fail to take account of the popularity of books, such as Martineau's *Wisdom and Destiny* and *The Treasure of the Ramble*; Wagner's *Le Vie Simple*, recently translated and published in America, and Labor's *Gloire de Néant*. Here the limited field of vision is broken up, and the wide perspective of the thinker brings his own quietude.

"Hush! hush!" the prophets are saying. "It isn't worth waiting. It will be disappointing even after you get it! If you drink the draught, you will thirst again. Let it pass. Go and come in peace. Keep the eye fixed on the far-off event. Judge the moment by eternity; life, by death. A little quiet, a little peace, a little holding of the hands to sleep."

The Bagdad-Basra Railroad

REVEREND attention has been called to the Bagdad railroad by the announcement made in London on April 12 that an agreement had been entered into whereby Great Britain, France, and Germany would participate equally in the control of the projected line, the revenues of which were to be guaranteed by the Turkish customs. A day or two later, in an interview, the director of the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, the representative of the German financial interests in Turkey, minimized the political significance of the new plan of joint construction, declaring that the reports of an Anglo-German alliance in connection with the Bagdad railroad were absurd; that negotiations were being conducted entirely between private

financial interests; that arrangements were on foot which would give British capitalists a large share in the construction of the line, and that the main railway now to be run from Konia to Karanum, Erzang, Mosul, Bagdad, and Basra, with branches to Aleppo, Urfa, and the Gulf of Alexandretta. Contracts were now being let for the construction of a stretch of 200 kilometers, or 125 miles; while the whole concession relied for 1200 kilometers, or 750 miles, to be completed in eight years.

The original convention obtained from the Porte by the German syndicate was subject to a number of very embarrassing financial complications, which compelled the syndicate to enter into fresh negotiations with the Porte, and only within the last few weeks has the supplementary agreement for the construction of the Bagdad railroad been formulated and signed. It is as a consequence of this new convention that the present activities have sprung into existence. In its present form this new convention makes the Porte responsible to the concession-holders for the payment yearly of 11,000 francs, or \$200 for each kilometer of the line constructed and put into operation, and for the yearly payment of an additional 4500 francs, or \$900, for each kilometer of the line put into operation, to cover the expenses of operating the line. As the line is 1200 kilometers in length, this calls for an annual payment by the Porte to the syndicate of \$2,540,000 for construction, and, in addition, an annual payment of \$1,080,000 for operating, making a total annual payment of \$3,620,000.

These large annual payments are guaranteed by a new Turkish loan, which consists of an issue of four-per-cent bonds, amounting to \$5,000,000, or about \$25,000,000, the interest on which will be about \$1,000,000. The guarantee of the interest is obtained by the allocation by the Porte to the syndicate of the entire revenues of the districts of Konia, Aleppo, and Urfa. To cover the expense of the second section of the railroad, the Porte has conveyed to the syndicate the recourse of the fisheries along the Turkish coasts of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora. In view of the profits of the line exceed \$2000 a kilometer, it is stipulated that the surplus shall be divided between the Turkish government and the syndicate in the ratio of three to two. If the profits are under \$900 a kilometer, the Turkish government undertakes to make good the deficit.

That the announcement in the papers, as to a final understanding between the money powers of Germany, France, and England were somewhat premature is evidenced by Premier Balfour's statement of April 21, in the House of Commons, that "no arrangement for the co-operation of British financiers in the construction of the Bagdad railroad had yet been completed." We may also look for a heated international discussion of the validity of the new convention, in view of the fact that it assigns to the railroad syndicate revenues already pledged to the earlier creditors of the Unconsolidated Ottoman Debt and the various issues of Turkish bonds made in recent years.

If the German financiers can carry out their programme, the chief immediate result of the construction of the line will probably be to afford a new outlet, if not for German colonization, at least for German capital. There are already schemes for turning Anatolia and the valley of Babylon into a great cotton-growing country, and we are told that abundant deposits of naphtha are also to be found in the region to be traversed by the railroad. Both these anticipated products will come into competition with our exports to Germany, if the new German tariff leaves us any exports there.

The English Seaside

By Sydney Brooks

Folkstone, April 22, 1923.

BATH chairs, visages, sunbaths, and soldiers appear to be the chief products of this part of England. Perhaps it would be as well to explain that by this part of England is meant the extreme southeastern coast. Folkstone lies eight miles or so southwest of Dover, and competes with the older port for a share of the Continental traffic. It is the point of departure for Boulogne, the second quickest route between London and Paris, takes the best train to Folkstone, and reach Paris with an hour to spare before dinner. The sea journey, even in the old side-paddle boats, only takes an hour and a half, which is half an hour longer than the Dover-Calais trip. Also, so the local guide-book tells me, Folkstone is the fourth most important port in England, its imports averaging some \$90,000,000 a year. But just now I am concerned with it as a watering place, not as a stepping-stone to the Continent or a depot for merchandise, but as a place to take a holiday in. As such it is really very adequate.

There are two Folkstones, the old and the new. The old lies huddled and tumbled round and above the harbor, a mass of red-tiled houses, misdeared with age, and narrow twisting streets that zigzag up the face of the cliff, and are helped over the steepest places by stairways. It is worth while getting on good terms with the owner of one of these houses, for a good deal of life hidden behind their innocent frontages—queer suburban passages, secret cellars, panels, and trap-doors of an inviting suspiciousness, and so on. Evidently New York gamblers are not the only ones who have known how to make their home a castle. It would have one, conceives, somewhat hard with a coast-guardman who was rash enough to track a cargo of smuggled goods through this network of domestic ambushes. Those spacious times, of course, have passed now, and the attraction of old Folkstone to-day is just that of looking round a place simply because it is old, of turning corners, and finding oneself almost stepping down a chimney or on a level with a parrot window, or speculating on the elastic charms of living always on a gradient of one foot in three. New Folkstone, the Folkstone of hotels, boarding-houses, and visitors, is everything that old Folkstone is not. It is perched right on the top of the cliff, two hundred feet or so above the sea, and is beautifully, unobtrusively laid out in broad avenues, parks, gardens, and public promenades. The "mild exodus of English air" has here a touch of bracing breeziness in it, and the mixture is good—good enough, at any rate, to make Folkstone a health resort all the year round. Always in England when you find an abundance of bath chairs and girls' schools, you may take it that the local climate needs no further guarantee; and here in Folkstone both abound. You have only to whistle from your door-step, and a bath chair will come plunging round the corner; and as for the girls' schools, it is impossible to go out on the chief promenade without seeing two or three of them, walking in pairs and all dressed alike, with a couple of severely scholastic mistresses bringing up the rear. Nothing so crowded the extreme Englishness of their appearance. For the rest, Folkstone seems to be made up of some thirty thousand residents and about as many visitors—mostly convalescents.

Where a place like this differs, let us say, from Atlantic City is, first of all, in its air of finish and permanence. It is no more like a escarapanty than the Bank of England. There is nothing of the makeshift, of

the extemporized, about it. All the details have been thoroughly, carefully worked out; everything is neat, solid, and fully rounded. Compare, for instance, the Folkstone Leas with the Board Walk at Atlantic City. The Leas is the name given to the main promenade. It runs for nearly two miles along the top of the cliff, is from forty to fifty yards wide at its narrowest, and is all of grass—bordered and intersected here and there with gravel and asphalted walks, but presenting to the eye a long sloping stretch of the springy, the incomparable English turf. On one side the cliff falls down a steep two hundred feet to the beach; on the other, lies the town with its sweeping front of white, gray, or terra-cotta stone and brick houses, danked and spaced out with lawns and enclosed gardens and smooth leafy avenues. Everything, you see at once, has been intelligently taken heed of, thought out, and executed. Even the cliffs are pressed into admirable service. They are overgrown with trees and shrubs; the combined work of nature and the municipality—so that from the Leas one looks down, as it were, on a shady woodland. A hundred pathways have been cut into them until they form a maze of groves, avenues, terraces, and bowery retreats. However high the wind on the Leas and from whatever quarter, it is always possible, by taking one of the paths down the cliff, to find a sheltered seat that will be warm on the coldest and cool on the hottest day. A municipality that does such things and does them well, fences in all the pathways with "rustic" railings, keeps everything trim without making it look artificial, and is prodigal of seats and benches at just the right spots—is one that can have my vote any time.

On the Leas a devotee of Atlantic City might complain of bareness. The only accessories, except an infinity of public benches along the gravel walks at the very edge of the cliff, are a couple of hand-stands. Folkstone is within a mile or two of the great military encampment of Shorncliffe, and the regimental bands play twice a day on the Leas. The music they provide is of the kind one would expect to come across at the "popular resorts" of a country that really takes Sousa seriously. Still, they offer a pleasant enough excuse for lounging in the cane chairs that this pervasive municipally supplies for a few pence, and their performance, morning and afternoon, always winds up with a distinctively British ceremony. No sooner are the first bars of "God save the King" sounded than the whole company rises, the men take off their hats, and so well stand, devoutly patriotic, till the verse is played through. It is done so quietly and soberly, and is, above all, so extremely mild a way of being an Englishman that the ceremony never grates on foreigners, who find themselves, indeed, very easily moved by its pretty significance and the reverence that may be supposed to lie behind it. And, after all, it exposes one to nothing worse than the risk of a cold in the head.

Beyond this the Leas have no adjuncts. There are no "shows" along the sidewalks, none of those unspeakable stunts that fit in so naturally with the rest of the Board Walk at Atlantic City, no invitations to "come and see the celebrated \$10,000 picture, 'Fatima,' that Washington proved and society raved about"—in fact, nothing of that kind. The Leas are just a promenade lawn where you stroll up and down to digest one meal and to prepare for the next, and to see and be seen. As a promenade it is everything it should be, except for the people on it and the dresses they wear. Those dresses! French women come over from Boulogne, look at them, and like the first best hack. It must be owned that the

"crowd" at an English watering place, even so fashionable as Folkstone, is not, at any rate round Easter-time, an exhilarating sight. I put it on record, for whatever it may be worth, that three pairs of American eyes, diligently employed, have discovered out of all these thousand promenadees just one really good-looking woman and one other who was passably dressed. And the trouble is not that English women "never worry about dress at the seaside," but that their worrying seems so ineffectual. The effort is undeniably there, and it is precisely that that makes it all so pathetic. Here, at least, Atlantic City runs a long ahead of Folkstone, and, indeed, of most English "resorts." On the other hand, Folkstone immensely scores by the number of things it is able to put decently out of sight. The switchbacks, merry-go-rounds, peep-in-the-slit machines, and so on, are all comfortably stowed away near the entrance to the pier, at the foot of the cliff, and agreeably beyond the range of the Leas. It scores again by being entirely free from any suggestion of disinvestment and disarray, of being pitched down three overhaits. Everything is of brick or stone, the roads are perfection for a radius of at least fifty miles, the whole place has a substantially British air of quietude and everlastingness. The beach and the hotels and the promenade do not absorb life as they do at Atlantic City. There is plenty to do away from them and plenty to see, more walks and drives to take, more chances of healthy exercise, of good golfing, of a run with the hounds. Unlike Atlantic City and almost all American seaside places, Folkstone, in short, has circumference.

The first thing an Englishman demands of a holiday resort is that it shall be a good place to get away from. Folkstone in this respect fills the bill admirably. It makes a capital base of operations, and its hinterland is well worth operating over. Almost anything in this part of England is thought modern if it cannot show at least five hundred years to its credit; and the supply of neighboring antiquities is so generous that one hardly takes any account of a merely Elizabethan or a merely Tudor affair. It must be Celtic, Saxon, Norman, or Norman at least to move one. At least this is what I judge from the guide-books. Personally, I have only stumbled upon two or three such veterans. One was a church at Hyde, three or four miles away, in the crypt of which, for the sake of threepence, you may see about a thousand skulls ranged along shelves like apples in a store-room, and a pile of bones some eight feet high and twenty-five feet long—all Celtic or Saxon. The other genuine veteran was Canterbury Cathedral. Canterbury has the peculiarities of all English cathedral towns. In itself it is so charming that only Mr. Henry James should be allowed to write about it. The main street of the town, long, narrow, crooked, and flanked with gloriously old red, tiled and small little houses, in everything it should be a fine and gentle preparation for the full splendor of the cathedral. The cathedral itself, too, is abundantly satisfying. It has, of course, been largely "restored," and by Englishmen who have a genius for mutilating their ancestors' work. Some of their "improvements" shriek at one like the Moolen shields in San Sofia. They have renovated and redecored the Chapter House, after instance, after letting it decay for five hundred years, until it now looks like a collection of paper-hung sofas. With all this the cathedral and its precincts remain one of the most delightful of English treasures—even when you are "shown over" them, with a party of gaping middle-class Britons, by a verger whose proper position would be that of doorkeeper in a dime museum.



General View of the new College Buildings

The New President and Buildings of the College of the City of New York

An old institution, a young president, and an entirely new outfit of grounds and buildings in the unusual combination which confronts the College of the City of New York. In September, 1904, the college is to be transferred to the new Gothic buildings

out feeling that a revolution is impending in more ways than one.

In March the soil was turned which marked the new physical era in the history of the college. On the ridge overlooking the Hudson at 128th Street and Amsterdam Avenue will arise a group of buildings which will properly house the city's college, and which will be the nucleus of what is apparently to be the largest college in the world. Every New-Yorker is familiar with the quaint structure of ecclesiastical architecture at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue. Perhaps its appearance has been against the face of the college which it housed. There are now some 2300 students attending with 118 professors and instructors, and although classes are held from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, and though many buildings are rented in the neighborhood, the fact remains that the facilities of the institution are taxed beyond all possibility of accommodation.

Hence the move up-town—to the region along the eastern ridge of the Palisades where so much of the city's artistic, educational, and architectural development has been accomplished within the last ten years.

The money, the architect, the students, and the occasion are present; and the choice of Professor John Huston Finley, of Princeton, for the presidency completes a combination which promises success beyond ordinary expectations. Born on an Illinois prairie thirty-nine years ago, Professor Finley was president of Knox College at twenty-nine, later filling other positions of trust and honor. A man of quiet speech, simple manners, and modest demeanor, he has won his way by innate force to a position of commanding importance. At thirty-nine years of age there is an opportunity before him such as few men have possessed, and which all who know him believe he is destined to improve beyond any normal expectation.

As the real head of the public educational system of a city of four millions of inhabitants, Dr. Finley is to be given the rare opportunity of welding various and somewhat incongruous parts into a complete and harmonious whole which will be of the highest importance to every person in the city.

A word as to the new buildings. As the accompanying illustrations indicate, the Tudor style of Gothic architecture prevails, and the group will be one of the most satisfactory in the country. There are vacant lots adjoining, so that indefinite extension is possible.

The buildings will call for an expenditure of \$2,000,000. The figures are easy to

write, but a glance at the list of the world's educational institutions will show that few have so substantial a foundation as this. As there are to be no dormitories, this sum represents only the amount to be expended on the construction of buildings for the housing of classes and lecturers. But it is neither money nor buildings, no matter how abundant, which give the real value to an educational institution. Garfield's oft-quoted definition of a university suggests the essential requisite—"a log cabin with Dr. Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench." Although much has been accomplished through the untiring endeavors of General Alex. S. Webb and his predecessors, the college has been embarrassed by trying conditions. But now a better era has begun, and the man best fitted to take advantage of it has been found.



Main Building and Tower, from the West

on the heights above the Hudson, at 128th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Preparations are being made for the accommodation of seven young men, with the expectation that in a few years more their number will be increased to 5000. It seems hard to argue from the present Twenty-third Street structure to such a complete equipment as is proposed by the accompanying illustrations (from the architect's designs), with-



The Central Tower, Main Building

Books and Bookmen

THREE or four paragraphs in a recent article on "Fiction and Prose," in the *Aesop*, which strikes a sympathetic chord and tell some plain truth about the best-known of writing novels. "There are times," says this writer, "when the multitude of novels upon our shelves strikes us with a kind of hopeless amazement. With the best intention in the world it is impossible to deal with them all; impossible even to mention more than the titles of many of them. This, in itself, does not necessarily imply that the production of novels is too great; but when we approach the question of selection, the implication that it is too great becomes hard and unblinking fact. The number of novels which can stand the test of a reasonable critical standard is not insignificantly small: even if we accepted the modern ad, as we think, the untenable theory that the main end of fiction should be to amuse, it would remain astonishingly small, for true amusement is not often to be found in these rows of many-colored volumes. But the main end of fiction should not be to amuse any more than it should be consciously to instruct. Fiction, indeed, is an instrument of too wide a range to be brought within the narrow circle of a definition: it has all the world for its pasture, all the infinite follies and vices and weaknesses of man for theme. Yet definite theme, point of view, individuality of presentation, are precisely the things which we find lacking in so much recent fiction. A critic whose faculty has been cultivated by much practice can run, say, through a score of novels, and find that he can divide them into three or four sections with unmitigated labels. The crop of this season's novel is raised from the seed of last season's; certain certain popular, and innumerable pens restate those formulas with no more variation than simple re-shuffling implies. We open book after book to find ourselves confronted with the very ghosts of familiarity.

"The conclusion to which we are forced is plain—many of our novelists go to books for inspiration and ideas instead of going to life. It is much easier to go to books, but that is not the way to produce work which may here and there stir a reader to actual emotion, here and there touch some hidden or subconscious spring of the soul. It is, no doubt, given to few writers to unveil even the smallest mysteries of the terrible and beautiful spirit of man, but it is the business of every writer to strive after the highest that is in him. He may not have much to say, but he should at least endeavor to say it well, and he should not attempt to say it at all unless from some impulsion of knowledge or temperament. This is a hard saying, but it represents the only way of art. Take up half a dozen of these novels at random, and you will find misrepresentation blatant; misrepresentation of every class of society, misrepresentation of the most ordinary affairs of existence. It may not be conscious misrepresentation, but there it is: the servant girl stands in as impossible a light and as ruinous a perspective as the countless men and women who trail their lives across the pages. There comes upon us at times a positive yearning for anything vital, anything truly and personally observed, were it only a side-line tramp or a garb-oddier gutter.

"It is well to recall now and then what Ruskin wrote of books in *Kinsey's Treasures*. A book is written, he said, because the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one else yet said it, so far as he knows, no one else

can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or piece of things, manifest to him,—this, the germ of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on a rock, if he could; say, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, and loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That, it may be said, is a counsel of perfection, but it has the right spirit. If it is all concerted with the spirit of the age we should have fewer and better novels; which would not mean that the novel-reading public would go empty, but that it would have more to think about. The average novel, to put the matter briefly, is concerned neither with real ideas nor with real life; it is a comment—jumpy, or sentimental, or frivolous—upon what never existed. It is a kind of ineffective phantasm, blurred, imbecile, remote. And the tendency is to level all to this average. Our greatest, as we said the other day, are silent. The call is for leaders; of followers in every kind we have rank-and-file enough."

We Macgregor was first published by a local firm of publishers in Glasgow at the author's expense, and had reached a sale of nearly one hundred thousand copies before it was heard of in London. Mr. Grant Richards, an enterprising young London publisher, recently undertook the English publication of the book, and the fresh invasion of London by a Scottish writer is rehearsed in this fashion by Mr. J. D. Symon in the *Sketch*:

O' Wallace and Sir John the Graham
And Robert Bruce o' deathless name
Lat Scotlin's berds the devils proclaim
Wi' native vigour;
But lat them now account it shame
To spare stamens for the fame
O' Wee Macgregor.

His great name father, bold Rob Roy,
In Glaises wrought an wroo play
And did his utmost to destroy
The Bailie's figure;
Still, his exploits were but a toy
To those o' that rouspousous boy
The Wee Macgregor.

This rascal o' a later age,
A hairn tricks, na' whiles a sage,
Wha's wriles our liking now engage
And now our rigour,
Scornfully trends his humble stage,
Sublime whes storms maternal rage
Roun' Wee Macgregor.

His countrymen he made his own,
And now the nickus, holler groan,
Misreves wi' war-pipe's stirring drone
To conquest bigger;
Across the Border he he's down,
To thirl the Southern to the throne
O' Wee Macgregor.

What though the Goshals claim his birth?
This contribution to the mirth
O' nations but enriches earth
In joy too meagre;
O' stiff heroic feat na' dearth,
While Scotland nurtures lads o' worth
Like Wee Macgregor.

It will be good news to the readers of the *Adventures* and the *Memoirs* of Sherlock Holmes to learn that after flirting with the great detective in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Conan Doyle has at last concluded to get down to work seriously, and recount the further adventures of Sherlock Holmes. We understand that the new series have been named by the *Strand Magazine*. In this field Conan Doyle has no rival.

In *Macfarlane*, Mr. Justin Humly McCarty's new novel, the hero who tells the tale

informs the reader that "Crownshield is my name, with Raphael prefixed, a name my mother fell upon in consulting her Bible for a hallname for me." We think it is more likely that she found it in *Paradise Lost*, for it does not appear that the archangel figured in either the Old or New Testament. But if Mr. McCarty nods he does so in good company. In this matter of an angel, for instance, take Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night." The Cottar is reading from the Book of Revelation,

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced
By Heaven's command.

As a matter of fact the doom of Babylon was pronounced before ever the angel in the sun appeared, and, anyway, the latter's functions were quite otherwise than described, as a glance at Revelation xiv. 17 will suffice to show. It was Sir Walter Scott who spoke of Oliver's "Balm gliding from his brow, washing himself friends at Providence," but not in the apostolic sense, with the manna of omniscience. The words alluded to were spoken by One who was higher than any apostle. But this is a pardonable slip compared to that made by Charlotte Brontë in *Jane Eyre* where she makes her heroine describe the pained front of a cabinet bearing, "in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles," among whom she observes was "the bearded physician St. Luke." Yet she was a clergyman's daughter, and conversant with the Bible, as her frequent allusions attest. Readers of Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life* may recall the author's assigning the Hymn of Love in 1 Corinthians xiii. to St. John. Frode in his *Cesar* relates how Mithridates, overmastered by the Roman troops, fell "like Saul by the sword of a slave." The historian if we may appear, knew his Caesar better than his Bible. This curious trick of memory plays false even with Stevenson, who certainly knew the Scriptures well, in a verse from his "Songs of Travel":

I ran as, at the cannon's roar,
The troops the ramparts man—
As in the holy house of yore
The willing King ran.

We know that Paul did not write any "First Epistle to the Ephesians" in Greek or any other tongue, yet if you refer to your *Bombay* and *Don*—chapter Xl, if we mistake not—you will find Dr. Elmhurst delivering this rebuke: "Gentlemen, rise for grace! . . . John Jones will repeat to me tomorrow morning before breakfast, without book and from the Greek Testament, the First Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians."

In spite of recent failures early in the season on both sides of the Atlantic to make a successful production of *Lorna Doone* on the stage, we hear that another attempt is to be made before the end of the season at a London theatre. Mr. Henry Collins, who for some years has taken a leading part in such comic operas as "San Toy" and "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre in London, is to "revive," as the word goes, the part of John Ridd. This particular dramatization is said to lend its promoters great hope of its success; and once the fact has been established on the London boards, we are likely to see it in New York later on. One wonders how Blackmore would have regarded these efforts to transplant his beloved Devonshire into the land of lime-light and lustre. It is not generally known that Blackmore was inclined to slight *Lorna Doone*, and to consider *Memorabilia* his best work. For our own part, we prefer the less well-known *Cristoforo*.

Correspondence

POLITICS AND THE NEGRO.

CINCINNATI, March 14, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your excellent editorial, "The President's Doctrine and the Facts of History," is the most concise and forceful presentation of this subject that I have seen. You say:

The history of the negro in politics has changed the attitude of the South toward him, and Republican leaders, North and South, are responsible for that history. Without inquiring into the motives of those who gave the suffrage to the negro, it is true that the gift has been made the instrument of his corruption from the very first.

It would go a long way toward permitting improvement of the mass of negroes in the South, and toward pacifying politics throughout the country, for the average voter in the North to come to a realization of the following "facts of history": increasing participation by negroes in politics in the South, either State or Federal.

1. It has never done the mass of negroes any good.

2. It has corrupted politics in the South, including the national minority party, by making "the solid South" not only possible, but imperative.

3. It has often defeated the will of the majority of the voters of the dominant political party by giving the balance of power in national conventions to the political boss who controls the Southern delegation of professional spoilsmen at a price.

4. It has often corrupted both State and Federal politics in the North, by placing at the disposal of the boss the Presidency and the enormous patronage.

5. It has completely eliminated from the councils of the party that has shaped most Federal legislation for the last forty years, the virtue, intelligence, and experience of the South, a part of the country that always before supplied a large percentage of the most efficient statesmen of the nation, and this, too, at a time when questions of gravest moment peculiar to the South were under consideration.

How can the good people of the North who really wish to benefit the mass of negroes South, accomplish most? By making it unpopular for the politicians to even mention the Southern negro.

It is a "fact of history" that the mass of negroes in the South to-day are in better condition than a like mass anywhere else in the world. All the good that has come to the mass of negroes in this country has come not through the politician or the philanthropist, but as merely incidental to the white man's business policy. The Northern ship-owner captured a savage in Africa. He was used as a slave in the North, or sold to the Southerner, whichever paid better. In either case he was taught industry, how to care for his health, religion, morality, and other elements of civilization just in that proportion that was supposed to make him more valuable from a business standpoint.

After the war, as Bocher T. Washington has often said, the negro thought freedom meant freedom from work. Thousands of plantations lay untilled. The white leaders from the North openly encouraged the negroes to believe that they might be not only the equals of white men, but that they might dominate the white men of the South.

"De bottom rail is on top" was a favorite expression among the negroes. Yes, the "mud-sill" was on top, and its slime besmirched the entire structure. Northern politicians and philanthropists impaired the business ability of the negro by causing him to leave occupations in which he was

a success, largely swelling the roll of idlers and criminals. They restricted his business opportunities by frightening capital away from the South. Whatever the politician might say, or the philanthropist might believe, the hard-headed Northern business man would not invest his money where "de bottom rail is on top," except on extraordinary terms.

No improvement came until "de bottom rail" went back to the bottom. When the improvement did come, it came through the Southern business man aided by Northern capital. Cotton is planted about April 1, and is harvested during the fall and winter. Almost without exception the negroes had to buy supplies on credit, to be paid for when the crop was harvested. The merchant had to borrow the money to buy these supplies, chiefly in the North. Anything that tended to make capital for this purpose expensive, passed along the line until it finally rested on the negro. The crops were raised largely under the advice and supervision of the merchants who were selling the supplies on credit, and who had an intimate knowledge of local conditions. There is room for improvement, but great improvement has been made within the last twenty years. The outlying plantations have been put back into cultivation, and much new land has been "opened up." The negroes have gone back to work.

There is now no such thing in the South as a negro unable to get a job at fair wages. There are plenty of jobs and to spare. Plain

business competition for his services and his patronage will give the negro in the South better and better opportunities for his own development. There are two dangers that he should fear most. He will succeed in spite of all the rest. 1. Political agitation that has the effect of curtailing his business opportunities, and causes to line up against him the white men with whom he comes into daily contact, from whom he learned most that he knows, and to whom he is accustomed to look for protection, guidance, and support. E. HINSLIFF.

I am, sir,

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

1205 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
March 29, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—On page 516 of HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 28 is a notice of my recent book, *Way Robbers Drawn from the United States Army*. The comment is inaccurate, and does me an injustice. For instance: "He has been a soldier." And again: "On the strength of experience gleaned in the Spanish war." I was not in the Spanish war, and nothing appears in the book from which to draw such a conclusion. Neither is there anything to indicate that I have been a soldier, as the article states.

I am, sir,

ELLWOOD BERGEE.

THE anniversary of Emerson's birth will be celebrated on May 25. One of the interesting features in next week's HARPER'S WEEKLY (out May 13) will be an article, by W. D. Howells, on his "Personal Impressions of Emerson." The article, with a new portrait, is written in Mr. Howells's delightful reminiscent vein, and will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most interesting contributions yet published to the story of Emerson as a man and writer.

The date of the WEEKLY containing Mr. Howells's article will be May 16—on the newsstands three days earlier.

Finance

THE lack of a definite tendency in the securities market, however irksome it may prove to the professional speculators, is easily explainable. On all sides you hear of the utter absence of "outside interest" in speculation, and at the same time of the inactivity of the strong men of the Street. This condition of affairs is held to have various meanings, which differ according to the individual temperament of each observer. The inveterate trader finds in it absolute discouragement to operations for the rise, since without the co-operation of either the public or the "strong interests" an extensive upward movement is utterly out of the question. It is the kind of a market which the professional trader will use one day because it is dull and non-rising, and buy on the next because it is dull and non-falling. Perhaps as good a description of this market as any is that it is a perfectly "natural" market. It is difficult to find bare ammunition when bear conditions are as prosperous as they are to-day, and when the future as well seems to hold in store nothing but good. At the same time, the spathy of the speculative community seems to be so settled and the indisposition of the bull leaders to inaugurate a campaign for the rise so evident, that the available bull ammunition is inadequate. The market, thus left to itself, falls into the hands of the professional element—that is, of men whose horizon is bounded by the four walls of the marble "Board Room," and whose operations are accordingly governed by the insignificant fluctuations from minute to minute. It means the deadly monotony of a "traders' market."

On the whole, however, it is safe to say that if sentiment is anything at all it is bullish. There is cheerfulness without the fever of a bull market; there is optimism without the detectable visions of sudden wealth to be made by buying stocks to-day to sell at a profit next week. To that extent the situation in the speculative markets has improved from the quasi-demoralization which prevailed immediately after the announcement of the Northern Securities Company decision. There is no question now that the majority of stocks and bonds are not inflated. The favorable features of the situation are considered by sellers as well as buyers. The public is not speculating, but is doing better; it is buying here and there, where it desires to invest and finds fairly cheap securities. This process of digestion is from its very nature slow. But it is safe, and it averts the harm that would come from unwise speculation. There is, therefore, very much less talk to-day of the huge volume of unsold securities. "Naturally, because money has become easier, we hear less about the 'investment level.' But it should not be forgotten that the present ease in money is to a significant extent due to the very inactivity of speculation.

There is no abatement in the encouraging reports of good times in the various industries, as in the agricultural outlook, notwithstanding some unfavorable weather in certain sections. But the country at large has grown so accustomed to good times that we now take our prosperity as a matter of course. It is nothing new for mills to be busy, for railroads to move more freight than ever before, for labor to be receiving the highest wages paid in the world. To announce such things and expect people to be thrilled thereby is to utter rank platitudes through the newspapers, and expect applause from a blasé audience. In other words, "good" news nowadays "falls flat." In the stock market as everywhere else. To arouse speculative enthusiasm to a high pitch something more sensational is needed.

Financial

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION (CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30A, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.56
Bonds	770,029.74
Banking House	545,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	\$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits \$4,496,310.20

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See page 512

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



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MAY 16
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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The centenary of Emerson's birth is to be celebrated on May 25. The reader is referred to an article by W. D. Howells on the following page



THE DEDICATION OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION AT ST. LOUIS

The ceremonies on April 20, celebrating the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, were noteworthy for the presence of the President and the only living ex-President of the United States, as well as for the unusual military display. The photograph, taken by our special photographic reporter, Mr. N. Kautzsch, shows the troops immediately after passing the re-entrance to the Exposition as they marched by the Building of World Industries.

Why America is in Manchuria to Stay

IN 1896 a New York engineer, M. Seligey Friede, completed the first journey ever made over what is now the route of the completed Chinese Eastern railway from Nourchew to Moukden and beyond. He met the Russian engineers on their way southward surveying the railway through Manchuria, and secured from them contracts for the greater part of the material used in the construction of Russia's railways in the Far East. From that moment began America's commercial and political interest in Russian Asia.

To-day Manchuria may be described as the northern province of China, lately Americanized, at a vast expense to Russia, by the laying of Yakuik rails, connecting the Trans-Siberian system and St. Petersburg with every part of the territory over which she is squabbling with Japan and England; thus bringing, as it seems to all good Russians, the proper moment for the transfer of some 400,000 square miles of territory and 20,000,000 of subjects from Celestial rule to that of the Tsar. This, in brief, is the masterly position in which Russia has placed herself by the adoption of American methods and constructive material in the building of her railways and cities in the Far East. Since the commercial invasion of the first American, some seven years ago, Russia has quietly formulated, and practically carried to completion, her plans for the conversion of Manchuria.

It is at the eleventh hour that Japan and England protest. France applauds while advancing northward from Tsingtau, Germany needs acquiescence as she tightens her grip on Shantung, and America, fearful of being shut out from Far Eastern markets, which grow more necessary to her commerce every year, now seriously contemplates carrying out the recommendations urged in one of Mr. McKinley's last messages. To appoint a commission for the purpose of visiting the Far East in behalf of our commerce with that part of the world. Despite our neglect, however, we have captured from Great Britain, India, and Japan the cotton-goods market of Manchuria for our Southern factories; and, in fact, so far as America is concerned, Manchuria has become, thanks to the millions Russia has so lucratively poured into the country, a perfect trade bonanza. Our manufactured articles, machinery, lumber, and construction tools, while nominally shipped to Japan and Shanghai, quickly find their way northward to Manchuria. Russia spends \$20,000,000 a year

in the construction of a single commercial port at Dalny, where the Trans-Asia railway is to have its terminus. She seems impatient to her greed for every kind of material and mechanical device that will aid her most quickly to build and equip the towns and cities she calls into being, at the touch of her golden wand, along the line of her American railway in Asia. Our commerce is established in Russian Asia to stay, chiefly because Russia, independent at last of European aid in the Far East, relies upon America. She may evade our request to make Moukden an open port, for this struggling town of some 20,000 inhabitants is hundreds of miles from the ocean, and is reached only by the Russian railway; but in rebuilding this, the Manchurian capital, American material will play its part. Open ports in Russian Asia are more important to European commerce than to America; we are not likely to get other than those Russia is willing to throw open, and, looking the inevitable squarely in the face, we should content ourselves with the reflection that Russia has built her railways to develop, not to stifle, commerce, and that we, as the nearest manufacturing neighbor of this great non-manufacturing nation, will be the chief beneficiary.

The Tsar is actual president of the Trans-Siberian railway, and at his command the Russo-Chinese Bank was organized to finance the Manchurian railway and prepare the country for Russian colonization. How well this work has been accomplished is demonstrated by the fact that the Russo-Chinese Bank now seeks to gather all of North China under its financial control. If the wand of progress is now to touch and enrich every part of the Celestial Empire, as it has Manchuria, America should not withdraw from a continuance of her lucrative contracts for equipping Russia for the accomplishment of her inevitable destiny. The Russo-Chinese Bank has already diverted a flood of gold from Manchuria to America; and as Russia alone can and will pour both treasure and an industrious white population into Asia, while we can best supply the seeds of her colonists for generations to come, the time seems ripe for us to come to an understanding with her, and also to induce more of our pioneers to trial the closed provinces of Asia. It is probable that they would be successful in dividing Russia's intentions, and in turning her feverish industry in the Far East to the advantage of new commercial conquests for America.



Main Street of Moukden, Capital of Manchuria, the Town which America wants for an open Port



Building the Town of Harbin, in Central Manchuria, with Materials sent from America



Miss Langhorn taking a Hurdle in the Jumping Contest



Miss Alice Roosevelt and a Party of Friends

Photo, right copyright, 1914 by Clifton



Miss Elkens up on "Pondus," one of the entries in the Jumping Class



Miss Walsh and Miss McKis watching a Blue Ribbon Event

THE CHEVY CHASE HORSE SHOW AT WASHINGTON



Professor A. C. Albertson



Diagram showing that the same Car with an increased Weight is propelled by a smaller Force

Across the Continent in Ten Hours

Diagram of the Albertson Magnetic Train, showing the Force required to move an empty Car

FROM New York to San Francisco in ten hours, on a train of cars without wheels, drawn at the rate of 300 miles an hour by a one-horse-power locomotive, and operated at one-sixth the cost of an ordinary railway—this is the achievement promised for a new system of railroading invented by Professor A. C. Albertson, an electrical engineer, late of Copenhagen University, Denmark. The American and European governments have granted letters patent on the invention; a working model of the system is now on exhibition in this city; and the facilities of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad have been placed at the disposal of Professor Albertson for the working out of his scheme.

If the invention proves to be practicable, it upsets a law hitherto regarded as immutable, namely, that the heavier the load, the more power is needed to move it; instead, Professor Albertson seems to have demonstrated the truth of the seeming paradox that the heavier the load, the less power is needed to move it. The scheme is, in brief, as follows:

The train is equipped with a set of powerful electric magnets, which slide along under the rails and lift the cars from the track. If, for instance, a car weighs ten tons, the engineer of the train would merely turn on a magnetic force of eleven tons, which would thus overcome the weight of the train and allow it to be propelled with a friction of only one ton. In other words, the entire weight of the train is held up by the magnetic force, and experiments have actually shown that the more the train weighs, the less force is needed to propel it. The great speed claimed by the inventor for the magnetic train is made possible largely by the fact that friction is almost wholly done away with.

With the under surfaces of the rails kept fairly clean by properly attaching sweeping devices travelling ahead of the magnets, and lubricated at the same time, the moving of a car, whether loaded or empty, will be accomplished by only a fraction of a horse-power; since nearly the entire weight of the car in both cases is suspended in the air. Instead of the cars pressing downward upon the rails, they would, on the contrary, pull upward. When it is necessary to turn off the magnetic force, the cars will drop down upon the tracks and rest on eight small wheels. The current necessary to supply 1000 electric lights of ordinary power would hold suspended a weight of 120 tons, or six rail-

road cars weighing twenty tons each. Such a train, according to Professor Albertson, could be started at immense speed by a motor of less than ten horse-power, as the friction would be inconsiderable.

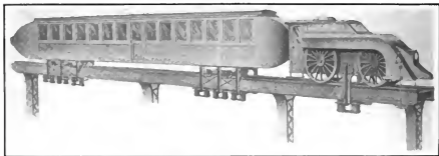
On such a railroad system as this, smoke and vibration would be eliminated; there would be no possible chance of grade-crossing accidents, no derailling, no hot boxes. It would not be necessary to purchase land for the construction of the road, as the structure could be supported by single iron pillars.

Heavy and expensive locomotive engines of from ten to three thousand horse-power in capacity would no longer be needed, as their place would be taken by small motors acting upon large driving wheels. This, in turn, would necessitate but comparatively light weight rails. Slowing cars would be superfluous, as the distance between the cars could be covered in one day. No mechanical or pneumatic brakes would be needed, for the train is itself a brake; for, in order to stop, the engineer would simply turn on more magnetic power, thus making the pressure upward greater.

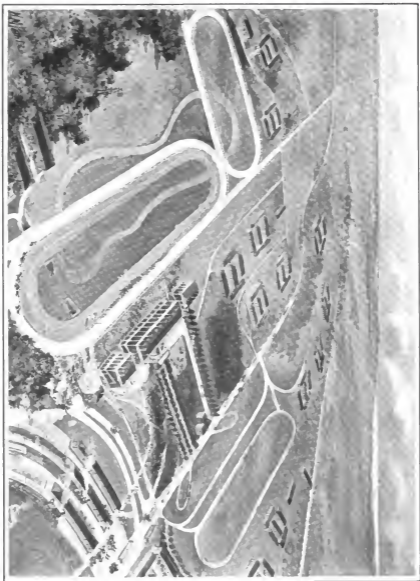
As shown in the diagrams at the top of the page, the heavier the weight of the train the less power is needed to propel it. For instance:

The suspended weights (1) represent motive power, drawing a small car (2) along the two iron bars (2-2') resting on the framework, which are supposed to be a short section of rails. The car is equipped with two electromagnets (4-4'), which are excited by an electric current taken from any source: in this case from a lamp-bowl. When the car is empty, it requires seven pounds to move it along the bars. When loaded with twenty-one pounds, only three pounds are required to move it. It might be moved by two pounds if the load on the car were increased, and by still less if loaded to its full capacity.

At first glance it might seem that whatever is gained by the reduction of locomotive power must be applied to the establishment of magnets strong enough to lift a given weight. But this is not so. Five hundred amperes, for example, will lift at least ten tons, the moving of which, ordinarily, requires a steam-locomotive, but which, suspended, can be drawn by a few horse-power. The current for this purpose could be picked up from a wire along the track or from storage batteries placed in the cars.



Model of the Albertson Magnetic Train from a traction made by the inventor



THE FINEST RACE-COURSE IN THE WORLD

This drawing shows a bird's-eye view of Belmont Park, the new racetrack now in course of construction at Queens, Long Island. The park, which was described in Harper's Weekly last week, is to occupy over six hundred acres of ground, and will cost \$1,000,000. It is planned to have the course ready for its Metropolitan racing season next year.

Drawn by H. M. Pugh

Mr. Borglum's Broncos and Bronco-Busters

THE modest collection of small bronzes, marbles, plaster casts, and sketches in clay by Mr. Nelson H. Borglum, now on view at Kappell's Art Gallery, is notable for the virile and thoroughly native qualities of the sculptor's work. Others than Mr. Borglum have interpreted the West in the terms of their art. Both Mr. Wister in fiction, and Mr. Hensington in painting and illustration, with an occasional excursion into sculpture, have depicted the cow-puncher. Mr. Borglum knows this subject intimately. The first serious business of his life was ranching in the West in the days before the advent of the syndicate and the barbed-wire fence. He is well acquainted with the cowboy, and is thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of Western life, and, what is equally important to his art, he knows the Indian and the bronco with a familiarity bred by a long apprenticeship in the cattle country.

Born thirty-five years ago of Danish parents, Mr. Borglum during his early years followed the fortunes of his father from Ogden, Utah, to St. Louis, where the elder Borglum, a man of middle age with four children, studied medicine. Later, after the diploma was gained, the future sculptor grew up—a frontier lad who hated school as much as he loved the prairie. At fifteen he began work as a cowboy on the ranch of his elder brother, returning to Nebraska a year later to try cow-punching



Mr. Borglum at Work on one of his Statuary Groups for the St. Louis Exposition

for prairie on a tract of land owned by his father. It was here that he became familiar with the harsher aspects of ranch life—the isolation, the night vigil, and the lizard. A taste for sketching, and the encouragement of an elder brother who was a painter, led to a resolution to sell the ranch and study. The sale was quickly made, at a sacrifice, and he began to paint. For months his home consisted of a blanket and an oil stove, as he studied and worked with his brother among the mountains of California. But an unexpected commission to paint a portrait furnished a roof to the oil-stove and blanket, and he began working in a studio. The Indian and Spanish adventurers of the Southwest still, however, claimed most of his time and interest. Realizing that he needed a more thorough technical equipment, he went finally to Paris, where he attracted the favorable notice of Froustel, and was modeled by the Salon. He is too good an American, however, to live abroad all of the time, and he is now in New York city. At present he is engaged on four large statuary groups which he is preparing for the St. Louis Exhibition, the clay model for one of which, "The Buffalo Dancer," appears in the accompanying picture of the sculptor at work in his studio. Mr. Borglum's work shows the influence of Rodin, but it has real and striking merits that are original, and it is the most interesting of recent contributions to American sculpture.



Santos-Dumont and the Model of his new Air-ship

One of the features of the St. Louis World's Fair will be an air-ship race around the Exposition grounds, and also from St. Louis to the Washington Monument and back. The photograph shows Santos-Dumont in his workshop in Paris studying the model of the air-ship in which he will take part in the races at the World's Fair.



Copyright, 1904, by J. J. Ryan

GOOD FRIENDS AND POSSIBLE OPPONENTS

This photograph of President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, and President Francis of the World's Fair, was taken at the recent dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, on April 30, at President Francis's house. It is interesting especially because of the political possibility that two of these three men may be the candidates for President of the United States next year, and also because they are the only persons living who have held the Presidential office



A Tuba Wine-gatherer



Towed in a Native Boat at the rate of Twelve Miles an Hour



Old Woman of the Island of Panay

An Explorer in the Philippines

By A. Henry Savage Lander

To say that the Philippine Islands are "a paradise on earth" would be incorrect. The climate is somewhat too hot, and the people not angelic enough. On the other hand, when we hear the more frequent comparison of these islands to the "warmest of regions down below," the libel is recalled for and wholly undeserved. A visit to the various groups makes it difficult to understand why some writers have described the Philippines as worthless and ugly; the climate vile, and the people bad. Surely, if one takes the trouble to go about, there are few islands in the world which rank with more interest, beauty, richness, and charm than the Philippines. The climate—for a tropical climate—is excellent and, for anybody living sensibly, quite healthy. The people on *found* are not so bad as they are painted, and, indeed, can claim to be no worse than the people of any other country. In some parts, true enough, the natives have been led into bad ways, and need to be got out of those. That is all. The Americans have adopted a sensible civilizing course, and in due time good results may without doubt be expected.

Most that has so far been written upon the Philippines has evidently been from hearsay or from impressions received in Manila only. That is rather a pity, because in a group of islands said to exceed 1400 in number—each subdivision of this group of islands bearing characteristics perplexingly different from other parts of the same archipelago—no correct idea can be obtained of the actual features of each island and the manners and customs of the inhabitants by a short visit to a single and semi-desolated cosmopolitan city. Manila, like Port Said, Singapore, Hongkong, or Shanghai, is a city of foreigners, with a rather uninteresting portion of native population thrown in. There is nothing typical of the Philippines about the place. That go anywhere out of Manila, and you will find many spots that have great charm.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating groups of islands in the archipelago is the one known by the name of "the Kulanimines"—a group of small but high islands lying between the northeast end of Palawan and Mindoro and extending between the parallels of 11° 30' and 12° 20' N. and the meridians of 119° 47' and 120° 27' E. Although, as can be seen by the above figures, the group extends less than a degree either way, it possesses sufficient variety of scenery to satisfy the most fastidious.

Take, for instance, the island of Busuanga, the largest of the group. In my first visit to the place I was on board the coast-guard cruiser *Albatross*, in command of Captain Schouen, an excellent navigator as ever lived. And a careful navigator you have to be in these regions if you want to keep your ship afloat, for reefs and shoals and treacherous rocks are more plentiful than one can imagine, and the charts not as perfect as one would wish.

At sunset we were off the southern point of Penon de Uron, a rugged island of volcanic formation with a coast-line of gigantic, vertical, wall-like rocks, some of which rose to a height of 1200 feet. Against a golden sky fringed with vermillion sunset Point Udon, when we steamed past it, and as we looked up its precipitous sides the spectacle was most impressive. We could clearly trace a section of an extinct crater, and what seemed an inlet into one of the several lakes—other extinct craters—which are found in the interior of the island.

At different altitudes eroded into the face of the rock were deep holes and caves, and in these caves, which to ordinary mortals appear inaccessible, edible birds' nests are collected. A tribe of wild people living on the island manage by means of fibre ropes and all great risk of their lives to reach the nests. They are then bartered to Chinese traders from the neighboring island of Busuanga, who call in boats to obtain them for export to China, where



An every day scene in the Market-place at Manila, Island of Panay

the nests are much cherished as a delicacy, besides being said to possess certain medicinal qualities.

The natives are very timid people, and generally stand aghast at the sight of a stranger. Only those who know a weird cry of identification can approach their haunts and bring the natives out of their hiding-places.

We skirted the great rocks of Penon de Coron Island, which seemed to have been shot up bodily in a volcanic convulsion, and here evident marks of a subsequent further rise of several feet above their former level. There was deep water alongside the rocks, but an extensive shoal of white sand, rock, and coral lay to the east of us, about half-way along the east coast of the island, and yet another dangerous reef further north, with not more than three and a half fathoms of water upon it—almost directly in front, eastward, of the Coron Harbor passage. In the daytime and when the sea is smooth the water above this reef is as clear as the rocks and white sand seem nearer the surface than they actually are. A deeper and safer passage is recommended for vessels coming from the east is the one north of Delian, an islet rising 450 feet above sea-level, and easily recognizable by a beach of white sand with a spit on its western shore. There are a number of ragged rocks to the south of the islet and a small reef to the northeast. The first time I entered Coron Harbor it was at night, when a full moon shone in all its glory. The vertical rocks of Penon de Coron assumed all sorts of fantastic forms in the soft bluish light of the moon and with the deep black shadows which they cast upon one another and upon the water. We rounded the northern point of the volcanic island, and doing so twice knots steamed into the placid waters of the narrow, sinuous channel between the islands of Coron and Busuanga.

There was before us a most astounding contrast in the formation of the two islands. On one side of the channel precipitous rocky walls of immense height; on the other, only about one-third of a mile across, the moon shone on well-rounded semibarren hills, smooth and well grained with earth. From the straggling side Busuanga presents an great attraction after the rugged picturesqueness of Coron. It consists of long ranges of hills with comparatively sparse vegetation, especially on the northeast slope of each hill, a fact possibly caused by the fierceness of the northeast monsoon which strikes this island with great force. The average hills on Busuanga do not rise to over 1400 to 1200 feet, except one or two peaks which tower above the rest, such as smooth-topped Mount Tindalara, 2300 feet; a conical mount 1300 feet near Kokomong Point, and a three-humped summit 1880 feet in height.

There are several extensive valleys on Busuanga with plenty of good water. For agricultural purposes this island is probably the richest of the group. Almost anything can be grown upon



Women grinding Rice, Cagayan Island

plentiful for building and other purposes, while coconut-trees abound. The process of extracting latex, a kind of wine, from the coconut-trees is quite interesting. One of the most typical figures one meets is the man who gathers latex. Burdened with no clothing to speak of, the tubu-man trots about in the coconut groves with his head always looking up to survey the trees intrusted to his care.

Upon his right shoulder, by means of a curved piece of wood, rests a big cylinder made of a bamboo joint, three or four feet in length and four inches in diameter. To this sort of churn is attached a small box—either cut from a bamboo joint and covered with a lid, or else a hollowed coconut shell—containing powdered bark of the *Rapanea baguianensis* plant. Last, but not least, of the accessories required in the calling of the tubu-man is a small brush ingeniously produced from a section of a leaf of the coconut tree, pounded at one end until the strong fibers inside split so as to form a serrivable brush. Indeed, this small brush plays an important part in tubu-gathering, because cleanliness is necessary to obtain good results.

The tubu-man is always in a hurry—possibly the only man in the islands who is. He has many trees to look after, and his work can only be done at sunrise and sunset. He has a grave, sad look engraved upon his countenance, which well testifies to his meagre ledger that every fresh sunset he makes may be his last. Indeed, the news often spreads in the public that a tubu-man has been precipitated from a tree and dashed to pieces.

The tubu-man receives no pay in cash from his employer. He gets the receipts from half the product of the trees.

this wonderful island, as has been proved by an old Spanish officer settled there. He owns a large and flourishing estate. The coast of Busuanga is irregular, and has numerous deep bays. The Coron Harbor itself affords an excellent anchorage, screened as it is by the islands of Busuanga, Coron, Kulon, Buluhikan, and other sister islands. Besides the east passage through which we had passed there was a southern entrance into the harbor between Point Kalis and Tubuamagan, an island with a spit of sand and coral projecting three-quarters of a mile east-northeast of it. The island itself lies on the terminus of a big reef extending from Buluhikan. Busuanga Island is some thirty-four miles in length from northwest to southeast and some sixteen or eighteen miles wide. There are a number of islets, rocks, and reefs, such as at its northern end, and these line the western side of what is termed the Northumberland Strait. The large island of Mindoro lies on the east side of the channel.

Coron is the principal settlement on Busuanga. A brisk trade in sea shells of great size is carried on by one or two Chinese merchants, and in Mindoro, nests, honey, and wax. Rice is grown, and good timber is plentiful for building and other purposes, while coconut-trees abound. The process of extracting latex, a kind of wine, from the coconut-trees is quite interesting. One of the most typical figures one meets is the man who gathers latex. Burdened with no clothing to speak of, the tubu-man trots about in the coconut groves with his head always looking up to survey the trees intrusted to his care.

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The tubu-man receives no pay in cash from his employer. He gets the receipts from half the product of the trees.



Planting and Harvesting in the Philippines

THE OCCULT DOOR

A GAME OF, "NOW 'TIS OPEN;—NOW 'TIS SHUT."

PICTURED BY ALBERT LEVERING



John Bull "I open it"
Uncle Sam "I sweep it"



John Bull says "I see you—"



—and now you a few."



Uncle Sam "'Tis't open!"
John Bull "The play is manifestly overdone."



Russia: "May I take a hand? I know this game."



Russia: "I know it a a thistry, but I take the potluck"

We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever in this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds' nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.—*London.*

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The matter submitted together in this number is by far the best collection of newspaper wit and humor ever published. Newspaper wit retains its value of time, and every intelligent will derive a copy, to become acquainted with the men who are the best representatives of American humoristic literature.

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THE folk-lore of H.M.S. *Plover* was taking its ease that afternoon. The deck, which had trembled such a short time before under the rush of bare and hurrying feet, was now still, occupied by groups of lounging seamen and marines, enjoying the smoking-hour which would soon be terminated by the bugle for evening quarters. As a visitor on board, I thought that it was more than likely that among the groups on the deck I might find one which would not disdain my society, but would permit me to while away an hour or so in enjoying their conversation.

As I stepped on to the snowy deck, and let my eye roam over the clusters of men strutting it in every possible attitude of ease, I was at once attracted by a group stretched out in the lee of the chart-house, evidently engaged in a conversation far more animated than any other proceeding in their neighborhood. The principal person in the little coterie appeared to be a grizzled old marine, the length of whose service was attested by the number of good-conduct badges on the left sleeve of his serge, his variety being further shown by the Egyptian and South-African medals ribbons seen on his breast. This old chap had made himself exceedingly comfortable with his back propped up against the side of the chart-house, the harshness of the deck being mitigated by a number of signal flags, and he was evidently laying down the law to the listening group, consisting of some half-dozen of young seamen and a couple of marines. As I drew near, the young marines sprang to their feet, so did some of the Bluejackets, the veteran also making a show of rising; this would never do, so I knelt down to the deck again, and asked the old marine to go on with what he was saying when I had interrupted him by my approach. "Beggin' your pardon, sir," he replied, "I wasn't no-sayin' nothin' of interest, leadways, as would interest a gentleman like you. I was only a shittin' up some of these 'ere young 'uns, who seem to think that the British navy is goin' to the— in the dogs, sir—"

"And wot I says I sticks to," interpolated a smart-looking young seaman, striking his thigh with much vehemence to emphasize his arguments; "these ain't the ships we liked creation with in Nelson's time. I don't wot we're comin' to. These 'ere"—and he waved a hand towards the anchored vessel—"ain't ships, wot I calls ships; they're nothin' but bloomin' leeches of machinery. There wot'll be no call for gun soon; the bloomin' fleet will run itself by clockwork or 'lectricity or some gadget. We'll get fightin' some day, please God, and just as we're about to give partickler 'ell to French or Russians, some blasted gadget will carry away, steerin'-engines, 'lectric or 'magnetic traversin' gear, bloomin' fans, or such like. Bah!" and he sneered with indignation. "Were are you then? That's wot I wants to know. Were are you then?" The restraint of my presence had evidently already been forgotten.

"Ask 'im," exclaimed the old marine, waving his pipe contemptuously, "a blunderbuss like that a talkin'! Why, you fat-headed lump of ignorance, why shouldn't our gear go fast? If we carries away one thing, they'll bust twenty. And carryin' away somethin' sometimes does 'em 'arm. Sure as my name is JOHN, Private James Lester, R.M.A., if a bloomin' steerin'-engine 'ain't bust up on one prinkler occasion, I shouldn't now be ornamentin' this 'ere partickler trawlette."

"Sling as the yarn, Ginger," chorused two or three of the group (Lester's hair had evidently once been—well, auburn), and my soul rejoiced within me at the prospect of a yarn.

Lester rose from his seat on the deck, filled his pipe, lighted it carefully at the Colonel's light, spat twice in the spitkin', cleared his throat with great solemnity, resumed his seat, and commenced his yarn.



Clusters of men on every possible strand of main

"Wit I'm a gun' to relate 'appened a few years ago. 'Twas in the bloomin' manoeuvres. I was in the *Heavrin*, cruiser, third class. Now 'Opkins, our 'Uppy—yes, 'im that 'is promised you fourteen days 'ten-A' next time 'e sees you, 'noddin' pleasantly to his opponent, 'as was skipper. She was 'is first ship 'n a captain. 'E came to us from 'alf pay 'avin' been previous com-



"'E swore as 'e would never hear that 'at again till 'e was a-takin' 'is ship into action"

mander in a Mediterranean bath-ship. Now you all knows 'Opkins, so I needn't waste my time in a-dressin' 'im. 'E's smart nos, but 'e were 'erish smart then, she leam' 'is first ship, and a smart ship she was. 'E had a good Number One, too, in Parsons. Parsons backed 'Uppy up well. Paint and brasswork! 'Loo! 'Loo! you, she fair shone like a bloomin' star. Well, as I was a sayin', we was taken on the manoeuvres. I should 'ave told you, in case you didn't know, that we was a *Charon* Squadron ship, and the smartest, dandiest ship in the whole bloomin' crowd. Now leam' a cruiser, after the manoeuvres, war bein' declared, so to speak, we was sent off a-rountin'; leadways, we judged so, from the course we steered, a gun' backwards and forwards at about 90 knots, rheumatioid speed, and a-circuin' round and round in great circles. Well we soon began to notice that 'Uppy was not quite as usual, in course the lower deck wasn't fast to find this out; it began in the ward room. I was a smilin' at 'im as extra, and one day, when Number One 'e gets a-takin' and they all gets a-takin', and the Pay 'e gets a-takin', and the Doc 'e clips in, and even the bloomin' cook—'ere 'ad no gun-room mess—'e had a word or two to say, and all most mysterious and a-whisper 'in'. Well, at last I took no pertidder notice, leam' that occupied with my duties and keepin' watch that the other 'uns didn't get to wind-up of me out the lower, till I 'eard the Sub say, quite out loud: 'The Owner's of 'is an' Gawd! I should—' 'E didn't say no more! 'E stopped suddenlike, but I wot Number One 'erish 'im one on the ship under the ward-room talkin'! Oh! I thought to myself, so the old

man's mad, and the ship's company's not to know; oh no! After that, as you may think, I kept the Owner werry pertickler under my observation, and soon I saw that 'e was exceedingly werry bloomin' pertickler; but still I couldn't rightly say, 'You're for Yarmouth, Skipper,' though the way 'e carried on made the whole ship's company chaw their fat before long. It wasn't that 'e did anything outrageous all at once, and fast we all thought that it was only that 'e werr over-anxious, so to speak, about the manoeuvres goin' right and the ship a-doin' 'er fair share; but after what I 'ad 'eard in the ward-room, I soon saw that there was more than over-anxiety in his extraordinary keenness. I tell you we was fairly sick when the Owner gave out that the men were to sleep at their guns! Sleep by their guns! I told 'em, we was fair puzzled when that was giv' out. Why, it's no bloomin' manoeuvres, mind some of the old 'ands; this is war, bloody war; the French must be a-goin' to play up at last; and the thought of this fair comin' on, and we was the happiest ship afloat for a day or two, thinkin' of the fun in store for us. At last there came a little excitement. It came in the middle watch. I was sleepin' by the three-pounder, 's 'e, which was my pertickler charge. It was a dirty night—blowin' fresh and rainin'—and a lump o' sea; but as we was a-goin' slow, 'ead to wind, we was a-makin' fairly comfortable weather of it, when all of a sudden I woke up with a start and found that the Owner was a-comin' out from the pump to the Buntin' on the bridge. 'E was tellin' 'im 'e would disrate 'im, askin' 'im which sort of man 'e was. I got up and looked over the nettin', and away to the nor'ard I could see a mac'rad lamp a-winkin' in and a-winkin', werry busy. The next thing we was stokin' up and the ship a-travelin' best foot foremost. As you'll see directly, the fun was a-goin' to begin in earnest, only in a way we none of us dreamt of.

"It began that very mornin'. I was passin' aft to the ward-room galley about one bell in the mornin' watch to see about some rum for Mr. Watson, when I catch it was, when the Owner came on deck with 'is telescope tucked under 'is right arm. 'I wants you on the bridge,' 'e said. Wants me on the bridge, I thought! Well, this was no go! Mad as a March hare, that's what 'e was. However, I couldn't argue the point, so I whizzed around and followed the Skipper up on to the bloomin' bridge. Mr. Watson 'e saluted the Owner, and gave me a look out of the tail of 'is eye, as much as to say, 'What the 'ell brings you here and where the 'ell's my rum?' and I saw the Quartermaster and Telegraph and Buntin' all lookin' a sort of surprised; but, in course, I said nothin', but just caught 'old of a stay, jammed my cap on my 'ead, and stood quiet. The Owner 'e looked at the binocle, then asked the officer of the watch 'is name and the number of revolutions 'e was doing, and kept a-singin' 'is round with 'is glass. Bar 'im and me, every one on the bridge was in others. Suddenly 'e remembered that water would wet 'im, and 'e turned to me. 'Fire,' 'e said, 'you woosily-headed marine, get to my servant and get my number-one

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'I could see a mast-head lamp a-sinkin'!

fool-weather 'at and my oibinks.' I nipped down and gave the message the same as 'e gave it to me, 'dud' said his valley, 'is number one fool-weather 'at, that's it, is it? Why, 'e swore as 'e would never see that 'at agin till 'e was a-takin' 'is ship into action. I shall have a job to do 'er, and 'e started a-singin' amongst the old man's gear. 'Ah, 'ere it is, and 'e 'anded me the owner's oibinks and one of them old 'ats like black sheep straws, with a black ribbon for a chin-stay, and the four stripes and the curl on a bit of ribbon on the part side of it. This was the owner's oibinks 'at, but you never see one of 'em now; they're obseetled.

'Back I went to the bridge with the Skipper's gear, and 'e shifted into the things I brought, and at that minute we sighted the land, the mo'west coast of Ireland. As we raised the land, old 'Dypp got more and more excited. It was as much as ever I could do to keep my feet on that there bridge, but 'Dypp 'e fair waltzed up and down it, every minute a-swoopin' the mast line—now gettin' quite plain—with 'is glass. As I watched the land, it suddenly appeared to me that I saw signs of smoke a-flyin' from the far side of an 'ealand we was every minute gettin' closer in. 'Dypp, in course, 'ad spotted this afore me, 'in 'avin' 'is glass, and 'e glared at the smoke as if his eyes would start out of 'is 'ead. Suddenly 'e shut up 'is telescope with a snarl, 'The enemy 'at last!' 'e shouted, and in 'arf n'uff 'e 'ad us 'at quarters, in no time, all but me, as I still stood on the bridge, afraid to move. The sea was worse than ever. Number one went to the mainmast tower, and from the back of it 'ailed the bridge, and began speakin' to the Skipper, who bent over the rail a-talkin' to 'im. I didn't rightly 'ear what was said, as 'e was travelin' fast, the lens were 'amin' like mad just behind me, and altogether the situation was not favourable to understandin'; but it was somethin' about the weather bein' too bad to fight the ship in, and that it was dangerous to cast loose the 4.7's, which was our main armament. Anyways, they wasn't cast loose. As we got nearer the land the smoke flyin' away in wisps was plainly to be seen, and, what was worse, we could see that the smoke was comin' from ships as large as our own. We 'adn't long to wait for information. The wh of the blowin' blue fleet suddenly came round the 'ealand, the blue fleet bein' our enemies, as I should 'ave told you afore. There they was, the blowin' lot of them, the kittle-ships in line ahead, the flag-ship, the *Ranulph*, bein' nearest to us, and the cruizers, five of them, plainly smokin' round the outer fleet to cut us off from the open sea. The fire was made three miles off. The *Ranulph* opened with a round from a six-inch gun. Gazed! I thought to myself, so it's that blasted bunch of assassins, after all, not bloody war with France or some one, as we'd all 'oped and prayed. But what the 'ell was the Skipper up to, in that case, with five shell ready to 'and and full-service charges likewise? I was to know bloned soon. 'Dypp kept steady on 'is course, the men a-stamin' to their guns in the best way they could, the seven flyin' over our bows and near exceptin' us at times, and the great water-rain' past our sides, while the blue fleet came on, bows on, and they be-ard fire. I can tell you, and all the while no second shot was fired after the one with which the flag-ship 'ad opened the ball. I should 'ave told you that afore that the seven flyin' the skipper 'er 'ardest, and said, 'ad 'e 'shout and over! 'Bad bloned! no more. You wants a steamer platform!' 'E said nothin' more for a second or two. Then 'e bent over the rail and 'adked Num

ber One, who came out of the mainmast tower. 'Mr. Parsons,' 'e said, quite calmlike, but 'e could see the veins on 'is neck all swollen and 'e was clutchin' the rail as if 'e thought 'e might fall. 'I 'ave made up my mind 'ow to fight this lot. Escape is out of the question, but I'm gun' down with the flag a-flyin'. We'll make them devil sit up afore we're done with them.' 'E leant lower over the rail. 'I'm a-goin' to run this flag-ship.' Gazed! you should 'ave seen Number One's face. Then the owner 'e 'adked Mr. Nugent. 'Said 'e, 'Ave no sufficient water to pass inside of the enemy's flag-ship?' I didn't rightly 'ear 'is answer, but it must 'ave bin that we 'ad plenty of water, because the Skipper goes on to Number One. 'On the course we're a-swoopin' now I calculate that we shall pass inside a cable-stay of the flag-ship on a parallel course, passin' between 'er and the shore.' 'E raised 'is voice so that all on the bridge could 'ear him plain: 'She can't work 'er way guns in this sea. So it will be the ram or torpedo, and I prefer the ram. If she's old on, when we gets almost abreast of 'er bows, I shall give 'er the full port 'elm, and I calculate that we shall strike her just abast the beam, and will drive a 'ole in 'er that would sink anythin' that floats.' 'E said one or two things more, but I was so flabbergasted, and the wind and sea, so to speak of the 'amin' fans and straws, made such a row as I didn't 'ear no more; but you can bet I 'ad 'ard enough; there was no doubt 'e was fair off 'is opinion now. Though the *Ranulph* was a French ship, so 'e did, and was n-apparin' to ram and sink 'er as easy as you please! Number one slipped back into the mainmast tower, but I saw 'im slip down on the other side and raise aft like a boatman. Ah, I thought, 'e's gone off for the Doc, and about time; but 'e 'ad a better game than that, as you'll see. You can imagine I was badly scared. The whole ship was at the mercy of a rain' boatman.

'All this while the Skipper 'ad been watchin' the *Ranulph* like an 'awk a-watchin' n'apper, 'is face workin' somethin' awful. If ever a man looked mad, it was 'im. I stood sort of petrified behind 'im, but the other men on the bridge showed no sign. The Skipper turned to the quartermaster as we got close to the *Ranulph*. 'When I says, 'Your' said 'e, 'im 'ard sport for your life. Do you 'ear me?' and 'e fairly screamed. 'Aye, aye, sir,' said the quartermaster, as calm as you please.

'That satisfied 'im for the minute. Then as we comes almost abreast of 'er, 'e sings out, 'Aye! Aye!' Then, in a voice like thunder, 'Prepare to ram!' and the hammer blew 'is fire, and the ship's company threw themselves flat on their faces. I didn't, I was too scared to move. I went 'ang to the rail and clung on like a baby. Round went the wheel. There was no variation about the quartermaster. But we kept steady on our course. We should, by rights, 'ave 'ealed to port, shippin' a few seas as we turned, and 'er 'ard should 'ave lifted round to starboard, but no, not a move, steady on we kept, and before you could wink or say knife we 'ad passed the *Ranulph*, and there could be no rammin' that day. The owner saw at once that she didn't answer. 'E glared for a second round 'im, then 'e 'adked the quartermaster from the wheel and took 'is 'imself. Well, 'e saw it was all up so far as rammin' was concerned. So 'e just gave a yell—'The chance of a lifetime!'—rollin' 'is eyes deadish; then somethin' rattled in 'is throat, 'e gave a gurgle, and fell all of a 'emp in the wheel-room. As 'e fell the third came runnin' to the bridge, and sing out, 'Steria's engine broke down, sir,' but the quartermaster 'e 'adked 'im and said, 'Tell Mr. Parsons, sir, that the Captain's in a fit.'

'Well, that about ends my yarn. 'E got all right in a foot-ight, and never 'ad no recollection of ever 'avin' been bad. It was a run go while it lasted, and I never wants to be shipmates with a mad skipper agin.'



'When I says, 'Your' said 'e, 'im 'ard sport for your life!'

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Mr. J. Fred Wolfe
The director of the festival

beautiful effect, by a choir of trombone-players stationed in the belfry of the church.

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A Side-light on the Dedication Ceremonies at St. Louis

ACCOUNTING to local reports, St. Louis is much encouraged over the fact that it has been able to accommodate the 250,000 visitors who flocked to the city for the World's Fair dedication ceremonies. It is, in fact, contrary to a popular test of the city's capacity; for many among the crowd were present for one day only. Although the hotels were packed and the rooms were filled with extra, the representatives of the city were by no means exhausted. A World's Fair crowd is not one that patronizes the ordinary hotel. To draw a crowd large enough to make a fair successful, the people of realistic means must be attracted, and they cannot afford ordinary hotel rates. They will patronize hotels of the highest variety that dotted the prairie near Jackson Park, or they will hire rooms in private residences. St. Louis is not a city of apartment dwellers; people live in their own houses. So there are thousands of families who have several spare rooms which they would be willing to make a source of income during the Fair; the little dog which indicates rooms to rent was visible throughout the city during dedication week. Hotels were far more necessary in Chicago, as that city has a smaller proportion of detached dwellings, and a great number of those are the humble houses of working-men.
 Another interesting possibility peculiar to St. Louis became apparent when a Mississippi River steamer tied up at the levee and turned itself into a hotel for dedication week. Eight of our largest fifteen cities are on tributaries of the Mississippi, not to speak of Puerto and Danube. Steamboats with large in tow can bring parties to the fair and house them while there. With no ground-rent to pay, it will be very easy to care for thousands of visitors in barges on the river. The problem of housing the Exposition crowd has thus far been the principal source of worry to the city; dedication week seems to have solved the problem.

To Circle the Globe in Forty Seconds

ON July 4 the Postal Telegraph Company plans to send, in connection with the opening of the new colonial cable, a message which will circle the earth in forty seconds. After greetings have been exchanged between President Roosevelt and Governor Telfer at Manila, the Postal Telegraph Company will send from its New York office a message that will travel completely around the globe, and be received on the same spot within less than a minute later. The message, which is to follow both two telegraph and cable lines, will travel over the following route: from New York to the Pacific coast, over the lines of the Postal Company to Manila, to the Commercial Cable, from Manila to London, by the Eastern, and from London, via the Commercial and Postal lines, to the starting point. In order that no time shall be lost, matters will be arranged that close communication between the different relays will be practically instantaneous. There is every prospect that the feat will be successfully accomplished as planned.

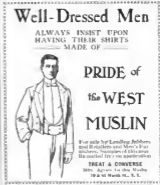
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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE SUBSTITUTE

The reader of "The Substitute," the new novel by the author of "Abner Daniel," meets on every page curiously set forth humorous observation and common-sense philosophy.

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MARJORIE

In "Marjorie," the new romance by the author of "If I Were King," there is a dainty little love story enacted in picturesque environment. The scenes of the story are laid for the most part on a ship bound for the West Indies to establish a colony. The crew mutiny and seize the ship. After many exciting adventures Marjorie and her lover are rescued by an English ship. There is dash and vim in the story, and its interest is admirably sustained.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending May 16, 1903

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COMMENT

Will Mayor Low be renominated? Six months ago this question would have been answered in the affirmative, and it is still believed that he can command the support of the Republican organization, although there is much dissatisfaction with his administration among the file-leaders and in the ranks of that body. There is no reason to doubt, however, that President Roosevelt, Governor Odell, and Senator Platt will give him the Republican nomination if he wants it. He may not want it unless he can again rely upon the co-operation of anti-Tammany Democrats with the Republicans. He knows that under the most favorable circumstances his re-election would be by no means a certainty, and that it will be hopeless if he is opposed by any considerable fraction of his former Democratic supporters. Now by far the most important of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations is the German-American Reform Union, the president of which, Mr. Hermann Ridder, editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, makes no secret of his unwillingness to see Mr. Low retained in office. He probably speaks for his organization when he says that if Mayor Low should be the candidate of the Republicans, and such a man as Edward M. Shepard or George B. McClellan should be put forward by Tammany Hall, a large majority of the German Americans would support the latter. In that event, the election of the Tammany nominee would be assured. It is quite possible, however, that Tammany Hall, which is confident of victory, will nominate neither of the men named, but will prefer a candidate whom it would feel sure of controlling. In that event Mr. Ridder and most of the German Americans might see cause to reconsider their present intentions and to accept Mayor Low. Much depends upon which convention is first called. The friends of good government may deem it expedient to compel Tammany to show its hand. Events have proved that there is an anti-Tammany majority in New York; all that is needed is to weld it together. If this cannot be done by Mayor Low, we presume that he would cheerfully withdraw in favor of another candidate. That he could beat the average Tammany hack is probable.

A daily newspaper which professes to be well informed avers that in the next Democratic national convention ex-Governor David B. Hill can have the New York delegation if he can make any use of it. The assertion is based on the assumption that Mr. Hill would have the support of Tammany Hall under its present management. This is very doubtful, for the new leader, Mr. Murphy, has evinced an eagerness to concil-

iate the Cleveland Democrats. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Hill might receive the complimentary vote of the New York delegation, we are unable to see how he could profit by it. There is no sign of a Hill movement in any part of the Union. The ex-Governor seems equally obnoxious to the Bryans and the anti-Bryansites. The Gold Democrats want Cleveland, if the Brooklyn Eagle can be accepted as an authority on the point. The Silver Democrats will take almost anybody recommended by Mr. Bryan, but we doubt whether they could be persuaded to support Mr. Hill, even were he nominated by the *Commoner*. There is no reason to suppose that any such suggestion will be made by Mr. Bryan, although a rumor to that effect has of late been current in certain quarters. Whether Mr. Hill in 1896 voted for Mr. Bryan, or for Palmer, or for McKinley, or whether he refrained from voting altogether, is a question that only he can answer. What he did in 1890 was equally a mystery, though it would seem to have been his duty as an honest man and conspicuous politician to announce beforehand how he meant to vote.

Judge Parker has made no secret of the fact that he voted for Mr. Bryan at both elections. An attempt has recently been made to discredit Judge Parker by pointing out that, while he voted for Mr. Bryan, he was avowedly an advocate of the gold standard. Judge Parker has never tried to conceal his opinions with reference to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. It is probable that of the six million Democrats who voted for Mr. Bryan, from one-third to one-half were opposed to the silver plank in the Democratic platform, but supported the candidate because, on general grounds, they were loath to leave their party. Every party programme is the outcome of a compromise between conflicting opinions. This is thoroughly understood, and the test of party regularity has always been, not the indiscriminate acceptance of a platform, but the support of a candidate at the ballot-box. When George B. McClellan ran for the Presidency in 1864 he distinctly repudiated the most salient plank in the Democratic platform. If, as the *Commoner* maintains, it was the duty of all Democrats to vote for the person nominated by the Democratic conventions of 1896 and 1898, it will be the duty of Mr. Bryan and his friends to vote for the nominee of the Democracy in 1904, whether or not they happen to approve of all his political opinions. By the way, will Mr. Bryan tell us whether he voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1888 and in 1892?

Our State Department has the credit of having prestaided the St. Petersburg Foreign Office to repudiate the demands made upon the Chinese government by M. de Planson, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking. There seems to be no lack of evidence that the demands were really made, but, in pursuance of a practice familiar to diplomatists, they were put forward as a *ballon d'essai*, or trial balloon, to see how far M. de Planson could go without provoking opposition. It must have been disconcerting to the St. Petersburg politicians to find the first and most earnest objections raised by the United States, the good will of which is particularly desired. With Germany neutral and with France an ally, Russia would view without apprehension a coalition between Great Britain and Japan in the Far East, for both of her opponents would be more vulnerable than she is. Even if Japan were able to transport soldiers across the strait which separates her from Korea, she would still be at a disadvantage on land, as compared with Russia, which is believed to have placed over 80,000 troops in Manchuria, to which re-enforcements may be continually added by means of the Trans-Siberian Railway. At present the joint naval forces of Russia and France in Chinese

waters are said to be stronger than those of Great Britain and Japan, but the scale would be turned if the United States were driven to co-operate with the two powers last named.

We shall never take such a step unless we are convinced that our commercial rights in Manchuria are threatened by a Russian annexation of that province. We are told that Russia's assurances on this subject are entirely satisfactory to our government. We should also be glad, of course, if the St. Petersburg government would leave China's sovereignty in that region nominally intact, so that no pretext would be afforded for other encroachments upon China's territorial integrity. But, just as we should insist upon the privilege of protecting the Panama Canal, so we recognize Russia's claim to safeguard the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, whereby alone she gains access to her ice-free harbors on the Lian-tung peninsula. It should not be impossible, however, to combine adequate measures for the defence of Russia's property with an acknowledgment of Chinese sovereignty. It is probable enough that the Japanese would like to see the United States and Russia become antagonistic, but so old a friendship as that which binds us to the Czar is not likely to be easily broken. Without foreign assistance, the Japanese would scarcely venture to fight Russia, and she could not rely upon obtaining aid from her British ally so long as Russia refrained from requesting the assistance of France. We may say, then, that, thanks to our State Department, an outbreak of hostilities in the Far East has been postponed.

A new charge of suppressing frauds has been brought against the Post-office Department by a thoroughly reputable man, Mr. S. W. Tulloch, formerly cashier of the Washington post-office. Mr. Tulloch asserts that three years ago the Comptroller of the Treasury, Mr. Tracewell, found irregularities in the accounts of the Washington post-office, and employed one of the Treasury experts to investigate them. Mr. Tulloch asserts that the inquiry was stopped by high-placed officials in the Post-office Department, and the expert was punished for excessive zeal. Mr. Tracewell has since testified that in 1900 he did find many irregularities, not to say frauds, in the accounts of the Washington post-office, and disallows many items. On a promise from the postal officials that such improper disbursements should not be continued, he agreed, he says, not to hold the disbursing officers responsible. This, of course, is substantially an admission of the truth of Mr. Tulloch's charge. Mr. Tracewell also acknowledges that the expert employed in the investigation was punished by being transferred to another office, which amounted to a reduction in grade. The expert, he says, was very efficient, but was not sufficiently *tactful* in his methods, and some of the persons investigated complained of his conduct and demeanor as *offensive*.

Curiously enough, the postal officials see nothing humorous in these adjectives *tactful* and *offensive*. Their attitude recalls the adage that "no rogne e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." The American people do not want an investigator of frauds to show himself over-tactful and inoffensive. We regret to see that Postmaster-General Payne seems to think that Mr. Tulloch's accusations would be disproved if they are met with a general denial on the part of the accused persons. They certainly will not be deemed disproved until Mr. Tulloch has been called upon to produce the evidence for his statement, evidence which he claims to possess. It is high time that President Roosevelt should give his personal attention to the state of things in the Post-office Department. The investigation made in 1900 was carefully kept from public knowledge, and it remains to be seen whether any of the persons convicted of "irregularities" have been subjected to any penalties. It will be remembered that when the frauds in the Cuban post-office were exposed, the Post-office Department evinced no eagerness to bring the delinquents to justice. We should have more confidence in a drastic purgation of the department if Postmaster-General Payne were invited to resign, and if such a man as Assistant Postmaster-General Britton were appointed to fill the vacancy. It is quite absurd for post-office officials to imagine that the present scandal can be hushed up, for President Roosevelt is the last man in the world to connive at corrup-

tion. We hope next week to be able to announce that measures have been taken to uncover the whole truth, no matter who is hurt by it.

The more carefully the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama suffrage case is considered, the more important it is seen to be. Now that the text of the majority opinion has been published, it seems clear that the tribunal declined to sustain the position taken by the Federal Circuit Court that the relief demanded by the negro who claimed to be disfranchised was beyond its jurisdiction. The question of jurisdiction is left in the air, but the five justices composing the majority went into the merits of the case, and held that the relief for which the appellant prayed was beyond the equity powers of a Federal court. The wrong of which he complained was a political wrong, for which a remedy must be sought either in the State courts of Alabama or through a Federal statute defining the mode of redress. As yet no such statute has been passed by Congress. The practical effect of the decision is to remit to the Federal legislature the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. It follows that the expediency of enforcing that amendment will now be forced into the foreground of public discussion. That in the present state of popular sentiment the Fifteenth Amendment could not now be passed is certain; indeed, the State of New York, which ratified it, rescinded its ratification on January 5, 1870, nearly three months before the adoption of the amendment was proclaimed. Whether three-fourths of the States would now concur in repealing that amendment is as yet doubtful, though it is plain that the drift of public feeling is in that direction. While, however, it might be difficult to obtain a repeal of the amendment, it would be comparatively easy to secure a bare majority in one House of Congress against the legislation needed to make the amendment operative. The words of the amendment indicate that it was not expected to be enforced in the absence of a Federal statute prescribing the method of enforcement. After reciting that the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, the amendment goes on to say that the Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation. We deem it probable that even now, at this early stage of the discussion, a majority of the States would favor a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, and although the majority might fall short of the three-fourths prescribed by the Constitution, its moral effect upon Congress would probably suffice to prevent the enactment of the legislation needed to make the amendment operative.

It is, of course, understood that nobody desires a repeal of the *Thirteenth* Amendment, which prescribes that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or in any place subject to their jurisdiction. Neither does anybody wish to withhold from negroes the rights and privileges possessed by white women, or by young white men under twenty-one years of age. For that reason we shall never witness an attempt to rescind the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which, having first declared that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, proceeds to say that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. That the privileges or immunities which by the Fourteenth Amendment are safeguarded against abridgment do not include the suffrage is evident from the fact that the Fifteenth Amendment, which does forbid a denial or abridgment of the suffrage, was deemed indispensable by the Congressional Reconstructionists. But while the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment is unobjectionable, this cannot be said of the second section, which declares that when the rights to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial off-

vers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the numbers of said male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

It is obvious that this section forbids any State, whether at the North or at the South, to impose any educational or property qualification for the suffrage. It is just as much a violation of this amendment for Massachusetts to insist that a voter shall be able to read as it is for South Carolina. Congress, however, has never enacted the legislation needed to enforce this section of the Fourteenth Amendment, and there is no reason to suppose that it ever will do so. It is probable that if any attempt were made to enforce it, three-fourths of the States would combine to rescind this section of the Fourteenth Amendment. Had Alabama confined herself to prescribing in her State Constitution an educational or a property qualification for the suffrage, the act would have met with almost universal approval, notwithstanding its irreconcilability with the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment. What has provoked criticism is the provision relieving white illiterates from the operation of the law. Yet, as we have seen, notwithstanding this obvious discrimination against race and color, the United States Supreme Court declines to give the disfranchised negroes relief, and herein apparently represents the preponderant opinion at the North.

The repeal of the Eight-Hour law by the New York Court of Appeals is the severest reverse which the labor-unionists have yet encountered. Some six years ago they procured the insertion in the penal code of the State of New York of a provision that any person or corporation who, contracting with the State or a municipal corporation, shall require more than eight hours' work for a day's labor is guilty of a misdemeanor. This provision is declared void on the ground that it violates the equal protection guaranteed to all citizens by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. That is to say, it makes a person contracting with the State or a municipal corporation guilty of a misdemeanor for doing what another person contracting with individuals or any corporation not municipal is at perfect liberty to do. Had the provision of the New York penal code made it a misdemeanor for a person or corporation to contract with any other person or corporation to do more than eight hours' work for a day's labor, there would have been no discrimination against a particular class of citizens. There is no likelihood, however, that any such law could be enacted, because the farmers of the State of New York would never accept eight hours' work for a day's labor. They would regard it as impracticable to harvest grain under such conditions. What is true of farmers in New York is true of them all over the Union, and, therefore, an eight-hour law which would not violate the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution is unattainable. One obvious effect of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals is that the State or municipal corporations will hereafter be able to get work done on terms much more favorable than those which they have been able to secure during the last six years. So long as contractors were bound by the eight-hour law, they were obliged to demand considerably higher prices than otherwise they would be willing to accept. In the case of all unexecuted contracts, it is plain enough that the contractor will profit by the difference between the cost of work under an eight-hour law and the cost at which they will now be able to perform it. We repeat that the decision of the New York Court of Appeals will probably put an end to the eight-hour legislation movement.

We have referred elsewhere to the speeches made on April 30 by President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland at the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition. The speeches delivered on the following day by M. J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and by Señor Don Emilio de Ojeda, the Spanish minister, deserved all the applause that they received. It was a delicate mission which these gentlemen admirably discharged. They represented the former possessors of the Louisiana Territory, and they were called upon to wit-

ness and commemorate the extraordinary development which American hands had given to a region of which France and Spain had made next to nothing. It was a Spaniard, De Soto, who, first of Europeans, discovered the Mississippi, and it was a Frenchman, La Salle, who, first of Europeans, explored the great waterways from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. How could M. Jusserand survey without regret the incalculable value of a price which had once been his native country's, and which had not been lost through conquest, but surrendered for a pittance. Yet, if regret he felt, he showed it not, but, on the contrary, expressed delight at the splendid uses to which Americans had put the territory sold by France. It is ungracious to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but, since he was dealing with history, we must recognize that M. Jusserand was scarcely justified in depicting Napoleon Bonaparte as actuated solely by disinterested liking for the United States in his sale of Louisiana. Aside from his treatment of American commerce, hardly, if at all, less exasperating than the course pursued by Great Britain, there is an abundance of evidence that Napoleon had no liking for the United States, and that if he sold Louisiana, it was because he knew he could not keep New Orleans in the teeth of the British navy, and that if New Orleans were lost, he would have no means of access to the rest of the territory. It is certain that if Napoleon had waited a year or two he would have had nothing to sell, for either the British or the Kentuckians would have seized the mouth of the Mississippi. Besides, the sixty millions of francs received by way of purchase-money were extremely useful to Napoleon at the time, although the sum seems insignificant in view of the tremendous value which the thing purchased has since acquired.

If it was not easy for M. Jusserand to stifle regret as he beheld what the United States had made of the wilderness acquired from France, the position occupied by Señor de Ojeda was incomparably more difficult. Napoleon had received for the Louisiana Territory what he deemed a fair pecuniary equivalent, because he knew that he was selling what he could not possibly keep. A Spaniard, on the other hand, is justified in feeling that Napoleon was disposing of stolen goods, the proceeds of a robbery of which Spain had been the victim. When Spain received the Louisiana Territory in 1763, it was generally regarded as an inadequate compensation for the grievous losses sustained by her through her co-operation with France in the Seven Years' War, one result of which, it will be remembered, was her compulsory cession of Florida to Great Britain. There has never been a more high-handed act of spoliation than that which Napoleon committed when he compelled the Madrid government to hand back Louisiana gratuitously to France. When we recall the humiliation and exasperation with which the transaction is described by Spanish historians, we must acknowledge that we exacted a rare, not to say impossible, display of magnanimity when we invited Señor de Ojeda to congratulate us upon the outcome of a theft in which Napoleon was the principal, and in which the United States unquestionably figured as receivers. Indeed, when we took possession of New Orleans, the Spanish authorities were still there, not having yet delivered the Louisiana Territory to the representatives of the spoliated French Republic. Every patriotic Spaniard at the time regarded the Americans as accomplices of the Frenchmen in a disgraceful act of pillage. That is a view of the matter which seems never to have entered the head of the Master of Ceremonies at St. Louis, or any of the speakers who took part in the dedication of the Exposition. We may be very sure, however, that it did not escape the Spanish minister, and he deserves the highest honor for the forbearance, discretion, and high-mindedness with which he bore himself on a trying occasion.

We have been told, times and again, that King Edward used, in his long days of eclipse as heir-apparent, to express his envy of his nephew's influence, practical power, and dominance in the politics of the world, and even to say that, as King of England, he would never be other than a figurehead, or have any real influence over the destiny of nations. King Edward has, in the last few weeks, turned the tables on Kaiser Wilhelm II., and has brought about results of such magnitude that they must have astonished even the King himself, long as is his experience of the ways of the world. It is noteworthy that these re-

sults have apparently been brought about much more through the temperament than from the calculated intention of King Edward, and it is an excellent thing that this is so; for, as Kaiser Wilhelm is too well aware, fine calculations are sometimes fraught with dismal failure, whereas a man's temperament stays with him always, and, if it be of the true quality, does him perpetual service, and fails him not at all. As a distinguished Russian aide of King Edward recently, "C'est un vrai gentilhomme!" meaning, in Hibernian phrase, a gentleman every inch of him; and it is pre-eminently what are called "the instincts of a gentleman" which have done such robust service for his country in the last two weeks. The visit to the King of Portugal, the double visit, so full of perplexing possibilities, to the Vatican and the Quirinal, and, most of all, the fraternizing with President Loubet and the French nation generally, will have an excellent influence on European politics, and by making evident the moral and political influence of Germany, will lessen the power of that country, or rather of the Kaiser's government, to make international mischief, whether in Asia, Europe, or America. It is becoming clear to every one that certain tendencies of modern German policy, of the neo-Bismarckian type which has unfortunately commended itself to the Kaiser, are inimical to the best interests of all countries, and of civilization itself. That the Kaiser sees the import of King Edward's visits is made sufficiently clear by his rush to Rome, where he fell into the arms of King Victor Emmanuel, and was, incidentally, soaked with rain.

From his diplomatic and courtly victories in France, King Edward goes to Scotland, and probably to Ireland, to reap some of the popularity whose seeds Mr. Wyndham has sown. In Scotland he meets with a curious dilemma, which does not seem to have occurred to him or to any one else at the time it was first brought into being. His title is, of course, King Edward VII., and in England nothing seems more natural and fitting. But Scotland, if she is to hail him by the same title, must do violence to certain time-honored national traditions, and in a sense must admit the title of the previous six Edwards. But none of these ruled over Scotland, and some of the most splendid pages in her history were written in the struggles against English Edwards. Since the union between Scotland and England, this question of title has remained almost wholly in abeyance, because the monarchs for the most part bore names new in the history of both nations, or, as in the case of Dutch William, names of so historic significance in Scotland. It will be interesting to see whether, when the clans and the fæd old Caledonian nobles gather at Holyrood Palace to do fealty to their liege lord and lawful sovereign, they will find some way of bringing it home to him that while he is the seventh Edward to reign over England, he is the first of that ilk who was ever lawful King in Scotland.

The recent happenings at Salonica have made it true, in a literal as well as a figurative sense, to say that the Macedonian question is full of explosive elements. A deliberate and elaborately devised plan seems to have been made which, had it succeeded, would have laid the city of Salonica in ashes and destroyed the banks and foreign consulates, thus forcing the question upon the foreign powers. By some miscalculation, or by stress of circumstances, some of the numerous mines in different parts of Salonica were set off prematurely, and while considerable damage and loss of life were caused, a clue was given whereby much worse damage was avoided. It cannot be denied that the Turkish question is thus rendered more acute—a thing most regrettable, now that tranquillity is being restored in the Albanian districts; yet we may hope that Russia and Austria will persist in their policy of peaceful intervention and gradual amelioration of Turkish conditions. We must not conceal the fact that the reports of Russian consuls at points throughout the three vilayets or provinces which we group together under the name of Macedonia paint the situation in colors considerably darker than does the Russian Foreign Office; there is only too much evidence that abominable outrages are frightfully common—outrages of the peculiarly atrocious types which have given Turkish rule in the Balkans such an evil repute for generations. Yet we may console ourselves, on the other hand, by remembering that the present outbreak was arranged months ago, before the Austrian and Russian governments had come together, and that months must elapse before any large results can be expected from the

present policy of reform. If the Sultan be not encouraged by certain occult influences to resist the reform plans, we may hope for definite results within the next five or six months; but we cannot but shudder when we contemplate the possible fate of many Macedonians, both men and women, during those months. This country not long ago intervened on behalf of the Berlin Treaty in Rumania; this precedent would amply justify an intervention, in cordial support of Austria and Russia, on behalf of those sections of the Berlin Treaty which guarantee good government in Macedonia.

Seldom is a message of the President of Argentina calculated to interest citizens of the United States. This year it is, however, because it dwells at length upon the note sent by the Buenos Ayres government to our State Department with reference to the blockade of Venezuela by certain European powers. It is perfectly true, as the President of Argentina points out, that the real motive of the blockade was not the redress of grievances, for the sums exacted by way of reparation for wrongs were insignificant, but the enforced collection of comparatively large debts arising out of contract. It is mainly for the payment of such debts that a considerable part of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello is to be set aside. As we showed, when discussing the communication laid before Mr. Hay by the Argentine minister at Washington, the proposal was that the United States should concur with Argentina in proclaiming that, so far as the collection of debts arising out of contract is concerned, the maxim *corset emptor* should be held applicable to foreign creditors. Argentina, it will be remembered, did not dispute the right, inherent in every independent nation, of compelling by acts of war the redress of grievances. It simply contended that, so far as the collection of ordinary debts is concerned, a foreign creditor should be relegated to the courts of the debtor country. The suggestion came with a good grace from Argentina, of whose willingness to enforce the payment of all debts incurred by her government or her citizens no foreign creditor has had reason to complain. The President of Argentina in his message does not fail to draw attention to the fact that his proposal, though it was not accepted by our Secretary of State, elicited favorable comments in the British Parliament. A representative of the Balfour ministry has found it expedient to declare that, on the part of Great Britain at least, the demonstrations against Venezuela was not undertaken for the purpose of collecting ordinary debts. Why, then, did not the British government content itself with the payment of the small sum demanded as reparation for alleged damages, instead of insisting that arrangements should be made for the payment of ordinary debts from a part of the debtor's customs revenue? But, although the official disclaimer is not easily reconcilable with the facts, we may doubtless draw from it the assurance that Great Britain will not again co-operate with Germany in a debt-collecting expedition against an American republic.

Will the United States undertake to enforce the payment by Salvador of the *El Triunfo* award? This, of course, is not a case analogous to that of which Argentina complains. An analogy would have existed only if our government had taken for granted the validity of the *El Triunfo* claim and had compelled Salvador to pay for it by a blockade of her ports. As a matter of fact, we took nothing for granted, but made a proposal, which Salvador accepted, that the validity of the claim should be determined by a commission, upon which Salvador was represented by Dr. Páez, and the United States by ex-Postmaster-General Dickinson, while the third member was Chief-Justice Sir Charles Strong, of Canada. The claim was put forward by a San Francisco syndicate, which undertook to build docks and to develop the harbor at *El Triunfo*, but which, through a lack of pecuniary resources, failed to carry out its contract, whereupon its franchise and property were confiscated by the Salvador government, acting, it asserts, in pursuance of the terms of the agreement. The Canadian and American members of the commission concurred in rendering an award for upwards of five hundred thousand dollars, which was at the time denounced by the Salvadorean member as unjust and excessive. The Salvadorean Legislature has refused to make an appropriation for the payment of the award. Now nobody denies that when a government has agreed to refer a claim to arbitration, it is bound to accept the decision of

the arbitrators. Does it follow that the United States should by acts of war compel the payment of the sum awarded? We hope that, before resorting to such a course, our State Department will undertake a new and independent investigation of the facts. It should be remembered, to the honor of our State Department, that it has not always regarded the award of arbitrators as final. The notorious Weil and La Abra claims against Mexico were referred to arbitrators, and their decision was in favor of the claimants. Thereupon Mexico paid a part of the sum awarded, and promised to pay the remainder, but vehemently denied the justice of the award. A subsequent inquiry proved that the arbitrators had been misled, and that the claims were fraudulent. Suppose Mexico had refused to recognize the award, and we had undertaken to compel payment by force, should we not have had occasion bitterly to regret such coercion? Would it not be well for our State Department to follow the creditable precedent set in the case of the Weil and La Abra claims, and for its own enlightenment institute a rigorous examination of the El Triunfo affair?

It seems that President Vasquez is to be numbered among the noble army of fallen great ones so steadily swollen by the Latin-American republics. Santo Domingo has a new government, and we hasten to record the name of its new ruler, President Woz-gil, as this may be his only appearance in history. The immediate cause of President Vasquez's fall was the failure of the government troops to recapture Santo Domingo city, which fell into the hands of the successful revolutionists early in the game. At the assault on Santo Domingo city, General Aquiles Alvarez and Minister Cordero were killed, and their deaths created a panic among the adherents of Vasquez, and they straightway deserted him, casting in their lot with the forces of the new luminary of San Domingo. Monte Christi is the last hope of the government that was, and it is already experiencing some of the rigors of a siege, water being sold, it is said, at eight cents a gallon. The revolutionary gunboat *Independencia* has caused much commotion among the American residents of Monte Christi, and they have gone so far as to request the United States government to send warships to protect them. The government forces—that is, the forces of the government that was—at Barahona, San Pedro de Macoris, and Selva have joined the revolutionists in the northern part of the island, and the cause of Vasquez seems irretrievably lost. It remains for him to join the Latin-American "kings in exile," where he will be able to exchange stories of fallen grandeur and departed glory with so many who, like him, have lost their jobs.

Where will science concede to us some measure of safety? It has lately been proved experimentally—which means that it is really so—that books may carry tuberculosis, and it was already known that they are commonest scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. It is no longer safe to borrow a book unless we disinfest it thoroughly with powdered formal. If we fly to the mountains to escape germs, we find that even the pearly raindrops that fall there contain them. Almost any one would suppose that in the middle of the sea we should find surrescue from them; but certain conclusive observations lately recorded in the *Zeitschrift für Hygiene und Infektionskrankheiten* show not only that "even the water of the central portion of the North Atlantic Ocean is not wholly free from bacteria," but that the germs in sea-water are increasing in numbers. No sea-water and no rain-water has been found perfectly devoid of germs, though the rain-water over the deep sea is more nearly free from them than the rain-water that falls over the land. Not all these wandering germs are harmful, but some of them are. The conclusion is rapidly being developed in the lay mind that, the microbe being omnipresent, one is as safe from him in one place as another. This may be a highly unsafe conclusion, since there must be relative safety in relatively germ-free localities. But the lay mind is easily confused. We know of the case of a certain man, very tired of life, thoroughly willing to die, but unwilling to take his life by any active step, who for more than one weary year courted bacterial disease in New York by frequenting, and especially by eating in, the places where dangerous bacteria are known most to abound. He made himself a mark for microbes. But none ever seemed to find him. If he had a cold, or was exhausted,

or "run down" from any special cause, he straightway sought Chinese and other cheap restaurants, trusting to get hold of the typhoid bacillus and become its prey. In vain; his health improved, rather than otherwise, on the Chinese or the Syrian regimen. He is alive and in good health to-day. Ordinary experience, indeed, tends to confirm the impression that either there is a divinity that shapes our ends, regardless of germs, or else that preservation from bacterial disease depends rather on constitutional or inherent immunity than on deliverance from contact with the ubiquitous little monster.

This is a true story, told to illustrate and enforce the coiliness of indulging in the weakness of vanity when displayed before the shrewd officials of his Shrewdness our Uncle Sam. Matilda—which may or may not have been her real name—journeyed to Europe last summer, and in her travels collected a few treasures, in which her heart greatly rejoiced. The eternal feminine repugnance to the tariff, whether for purposes of protection with incidental revenue, or for revenue with incidental protection, manifested itself in her neglect to declare that her luggage contained any dutiable articles. Accordingly, the inspector of customs proceeded to make some examination of her effects, though he evidently expected it to yield nothing liable to duty, seeing that Matilda bore the air of sophisticated honesty. Just as he was about to give over the search he chanced on a small box, which he found to contain what appeared to him to be an insignificant little china bowl, having neither form nor comeliness to appeal to his sense of the beautiful. With mingled indifference and apology he remarked, "Oh, that doesn't amount to much," and was about to replace the package in the trunk, when Matilda hastily interposed to say, in her most crushing accents: "Doesn't amount to much! My dear sir, I'd have you understand that that is nice. It cost me twenty dollars." Any other man would have yielded to the temptation to assume superior knowledge, and to retort that she had been cheated. But the inspector knew his place and his duty better. Meekly and snavely he replied: "Madam, I should never have dreamed it. Still, under the circumstances, you force me to call an appraiser." And the sorrowful outcome was that with the help of Matilda's twenty-dollar bowl, and with that of sundry other importations which were disclosed by a zealously resumed search, she enriched an already overflowing public treasury by the sum of thirty-five dollars. All this goes to prove that so long as an indiscriminating government fails to place connoisseurs in pettetry at the nation's portals, it is vastly more economical for the returning Matildas to refrain from boasting about their bargains in crockery. Pride, says the Good Book, goeth before destruction. Manifested in the presence of an inspector of the American customs it may also, as this tale teaches, go before an assessment of sixty per cent. *ad valorem*—which may be a fitting punishment, but not one to be sought deliberately.

Various college presidents and professors here at various times informed the people, and especially ambitious parents, of the inadequacy of the preparatory schools, and especially the public high schools, for the task of preparing boys and girls to enter college. So much has been said of the weakness of these schools in this regard that in some imperfectly informed quarters the suspicion has been excited that they are failures in every respect, and scarcely worth their maintenance. It is interesting, and may be profitable, therefore, to note an example of a disposition to pass the blame farther down the line to the schools below the high school. In a New England city, where money is expended lavishly upon the whole public-school system, and where presumably a correspondingly high condition of efficiency has been reached, attention has been recently directed to a suggestive result of an examination of the pupils who entered the high school in September last. Not one of them recited an average of 90 per cent., while most were considerably lower, and a surprisingly large number far below. Six members of the class were sent back to the grammar grades as being entirely unfit for the high school, and twenty or thereabouts were suspended because they stood below 50 per cent., with the warning that they must exhibit adequate reason for reinstatement before they can return. Requirements are not very strict, either,

only 70 per cent. being exacted to ensure advancement. When an explanation of this poor showing is sought, superintendent and principal talk for the public about radical changes in methods making difficulties for new pupils, but a department teacher to whose care these pupils are committed, says bluntly, "Not one of them comes up to the high school from the grammar-school ready to do the work," and inquiry among high-school teachers discloses such a judgment to be prevalent.

The college presidents charge the high schools with unsatisfactory preparation; the high-school teachers say the grammar-school graduates are not fitted to do the high-school work; the grammar-school teachers are critical of the primary-school products; more than half the primary teachers pick flaws in kindergarten methods and results; and kindergarten teachers invariably sigh over the incapacity of parents for the moral and intellectual culture of their children. Parents, of course, retort by blaming teachers all along the line; but as they do not appear to count for much in most modern set schemes of education, maybe their strictures need not be considered. The striking feature of the sequence is that each grade, from the ending to the beginning of school life, inclines to charge on the next previous a good share of its own ill-success. A Freshman class is discovered to be weak in spelling, uncertain in history, vague in literature, and forthwith the high school is indicted for inefficiency; the high-school boy begins with haziness about the past and with apprehensions about the future, and the grammar-school is scored for inability. Persons who have no children to go through the machine may look on in mild wonder; but persons who have children are not blameless for being scared. Can it be that they are faulty for not bringing into the world babies already fitted to enter the high school or the grammar-school? Or, for that matter, why not have the youngsters born all ready for the Sophomore year? Life is short; the time schedule of education are long. The world cannot stop for putting time into them. Training, culture, development—oh, yes, certainly, they answered well for the days of the steam-coach; to-day, we must get there, and get there quick, and, moreover, in our grab for an education, we must pick up and carry along more baggage than ever. So, at every point, one result is that the teacher is saying that the guide next preceding neither packed the luggage well nor packed the whole of it.

As to the child, the youth, the young man, what wonder that his school life is in so many instances the chasing of bewilderments, one after the other—or that his teacher to-day, in despair of the task, seeks the relief of explosion in criticisms of the teacher of yesterday? But the subject has a very serious side. Popular attention is to-day turned very largely to the demands of the college on the high school. Some thought has been given to the demand, in turn, of the high school on the schools below—though not half as much well-digested thought as should be given. Is it really comprehended that this problem of the college-work has its beginnings in the days when the child enters his school life in the kindergarten, if not before? Or that in the public schools of America it is complicated with the needs of hundreds of children who will not or cannot enter a college, but whose intellectual training needs completion and perfection, none the less? When in each successive step of school life the charge is made that the preceding step was defective, there is manifestly need of probing to the bottom of things.

The doctors of natural history are in disagreement about the habits and abilities of animals. Messrs. Thomson-Seton and W. J. Long are among the most acceptable of recent writers about animals. Mr. John Burroughs, veteran, fell upon both of them in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and furiously declared that neither of them wrote the truth. Mr. Burroughs thinks these other gentlemen either make up the stories with which they regale their readers, or have been imposed upon by guides and trappers of whom they have sought information. Some of Mr. Thomson-Seton's work is confessedly imaginative, but even some of the stories that he

offers as true are derisively rejected by Mr. Burroughs. As for Mr. Long, he lately published a book called *The School of the Woods*, in which he told how the parent animals teach the young ones. But Mr. Burroughs says that animals keep no such schools. "All animals," he says, "do exactly and instinctively what their parents did." He says Mr. Long's story about the kingfisher that put minnows in a shallow pool for her young to catch is a fib; that his story of the red squirrel carrying chestnuts in his cheeks "has the air of a false witness trying to mislead a jury"; that Mr. Thomson-Seton's story of the fox that rode on a sheep's back isn't so. Mr. Burroughs seemed to leave Mr. Long without a leg to stand on, but apparently Mr. Long can stand on his head, or his record, for he comes back at Mr. Burroughs in the *May North American*, and insists that he is a bona fide observer, and that his witness is true. Mr. Burroughs's denials are much less convincing when Mr. Long gets through them. Mr. Long's main contention is that animals have a vast amount of individuality, that their habits vary in different localities, and that the mice and woodchucks of Mr. Burroughs's farm are not a law unto all the mice and all the woodchucks, much less to the bear and caribou of the Maine woods. That seems reasonable. On the other hand, the naturalists of the imaginative school have given themselves so much rope that it is not always easy to tell where their facts end and their fiction begins. To the end that learners may know what to believe, it were well that this dispute between the naturalists were arbitrated, and we nominate Dr. Roosevelt as arbitrator.

One of the best authorities on negroes and the negro problem is Mr. Alfred H. Stone, of Greenville, Mississippi. We have read many deliverances of his about the Southern blacks, and always with edification. He knows whereof he speaks, and he speaks dispassionately, kindly, and wisely. In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* he discusses "The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem," pointing out considerations which, though obviously true and important when one thinks of them, are apt to be overlooked unless some one does point them out. Mr. Stone regrets that the last census made no separate enumeration of mulattoes, for he thinks it would be of value to real students of our race problem to know what proportion of the persons rated as negroes are of mixed blood. American social policy has ruled that a drop of negro blood in a man's veins makes him a negro. Mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons,—all are negroes; all their abilities, aspirations, virtues, sins, and failings are credited to the negro race. An able and good mulatto we think of as a credit to his race. His abilities and achievements are proofs of what negroes may accomplish.

Folly! says Mr. Stone. The mulatto isn't a negro. His talent is Caucasian; his aspirations are born of white man's blood and white man's abilities; his meanness, when he is mean, is white man's meanness. Almost all the "famous men of the negro race" whom we hear about, from Crispus Attucks down to Booker Washington, were mulattoes. The true negro, says Mr. Stone, is of a contented and happy disposition. When free from white or mulatto influence he is docile, tractable, and unambitious, with but few wants, and those easily satisfied. He inclines to idleness, and though prone to commit petty crimes, is not malicious, and rarely cherishes hatred. He craves nothing for "the sacred right of suffrage," and infinitely prefers the freedom and privileges of a car of his own to the restraint of one that he has to share with white people. But the mulatto, naturally enough, is quite a different creature. He aspires; he chafes, and chafing, he stirs up the negroes over whom, through papers, pulpits, and political associations, he exercises a tremendous influence. All but an insignificant part of the agitation over "negro disfranchisement," "negro cars," "the negro's rights," the "lack of opportunity," the "injustice of race distinctions" comes from the mulatto or the white politician. The best mulattoes, like Booker Washington and DuBois, are great powers for good; a lot of others are very active powers for mischief. So says Mr. Stone, and seemingly he is right about it. He offers no moral. He merely points out that the mulatto is what he is and does what he does because he is a mulatto, and that he is not a negro, though we have formed—and, indeed, cultivated—the habit of so regarding him.

Roosevelt and Cleveland at St. Louis

The enthusiastic reception given at St. Louis on April 30 to President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland proved conclusively that they are the two men whom American citizens are the most eager to see, and for whom they feel the most cordial regard. Over and over again, as he journeyed from the Far West to the Mississippi, Mr. Roosevelt was acclaimed as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, while Mr. Cleveland, though he studiously avoided publicity as he travelled westward from New Jersey, was met with clamorous appeals for "Four more years of Grover!" From the duration and fervor of the cheers which greeted them, as they rose to speak at the dedication of the Exposition, it would have been impossible to tell which had the firmer hold upon his countrymen. Comparisons are odious, yet it seems certain that, if Mr. Bryan had been present, he would have had a less effusive welcome, although he has twice been the nominee of the Democracy for President, and although Missouri is a Democratic State. Clear at least it is that, if Mr. Cleveland's popularity was at any time in danger of eclipse, that time is now far distant, and he is at present looked upon by the great mass of Democrats as their ideal standard-bearer.

The address delivered by Mr. Roosevelt has received a great deal of praise from thoroughly qualified persons, but it seems to us that Mr. Cleveland's speech is no less worthy of commendation. One of the most admirable features of Mr. Roosevelt's address was the graceful allusion to the presence of Ambassador Jusserand and Minister Ojeda, who could hardly be expected to view with unalloyed feelings the successful development of a region which was once the property of France and Spain. The President did well to remind his hearers of the deathless record of heroism which Spaniards and Frenchmen have contributed to the annals of the New World. True it is, as he said, that, while English-speaking settlers were clinging to the Atlantic seaboard, the plume of Spain and France had pierced the wilderness of the West, and had wandered far and wide within the borders of a continent hitherto untraversed. Unjust and worthless would be the history of the western country that did not recognize the part played by the missionaries and soldiers, by the explorers and the traders, of France and Spain. Two and a half centuries were to pass away before the great river, discovered by a Spaniard and traced to its mouth by a Frenchman, was to fall into the hands of an English-speaking people.

Particularly relevant, also, in view of recent events, was the President's reference to the apprehension felt at the time of the Louisiana Purchase by some of the good people dwelling on the Atlantic coast, lest they might somehow be hurt by the westward growth of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledges that the feeling was not on their part unwarranted, for only the far-seeing and adventurous can be expected heartily to welcome the sudden and wide expansion of a nation. The President foresaw and strove to parry the objection that Louisiana was one thing, while the Philippines are another, because the former region was capable of quick transformation into States, by reminding us that, although one portion of the territory acquired from France received Statehood within a few years, another portion is still deprived of it, although a century has elapsed.

The weakest passage in Mr. Roosevelt's speech—the only one which had a sophomoric tinge—was that in which he under-

took to contrast our American civilization with that of Greece and Rome. Rome, he said, extended her rule over the entire civilized world by a process which kept the nation strong and united, but gave no room whatever for local liberty and self-government. If the President were as familiar with Gibbon and Finlay as he ought to be, he would know that east of the Adriatic the Roman rapable and early empire conceded an astonishing amount of local self-government to the Hellenic and Hellenistic communities. The slip made in this instance confirms us in the opinion that American statesmen would do well to follow the example set by Daniel Webster when dealing with the inaugural address of President William Henry Harrison. To a friend anxiously inquiring why he looked so worn and haggard after his expurgatory task, Webster exclaimed, "I have just slaughtered seventy Procrustes."

In Mr. Cleveland's address there was no allusion to Greece and Rome, but there was significant reference to the Philippines, although the name of those islands was not mentioned. There are three fundamental differences between the Philippines and the Louisiana Territory, considered as mere or less desirable additions to our national domain. From a geographical view-point Louisiana was not only contiguous, but indisputable; the Philippines are separated from us by the breadth of the Pacific Ocean, and are in an wise essential to our national well-being. In the second place, Louisiana is the fruit of a peaceful transaction, having been bought for a song; the Philippines, however the transaction may have been disguised by the offer of twenty million dollars to Spain, were, obviously, the prize of war. In the third place, the Louisiana Territory, from one end to the other, was eminently suited to be the home of a Caucasian race; the Philippines, on the contrary, are not fit to be inhabited by white men, and white men cannot be tempted to go where the climate will not suffer them to work. It is evident that these vital distinctions between the territories acquired in 1803 and 1898 were in Mr. Cleveland's mind when he bids his auditors consider that they were celebrating a peaceful acquisition of territory for truly American uses and purposes. We should rejoice, he added, not only because the Louisiana Purchase immediately gave peace and contentment to the spirit and determined American settlers west of the Alleghenies, who demanded an outlet for their trade to the sea, but also because it provided homes and means of livelihood for the millions of new Americans whose coming trend fell upon the ears of the expectant fathers of the republic.

There was in Mr. Cleveland's speech two other striking passages, which, if read between the lines, may, perhaps, convey salutary lessons to younger and more impulsive statesmen. We sometimes wonder if Mr. Roosevelt ever heard the story of the venerable Dr. Jowett, who, when addressing a number of bright young men at Balliol, remarked, "Perhaps I may be permitted to say that most of us is infidels; not even the youngest." We should not be surprised to hear that the anecdote was in Mr. Cleveland's mind when he singled out for particular laudation the fact that Jefferson, while personally convinced that the purchase of Louisiana was unconstitutional, recognized that others were as likely to be right on that point as he, and deferred to their opinions. While we reflect, said Mr. Cleveland, that, if the doubts by which Jefferson was perplexed in 1803 had been allowed to control his action, we might have lost the greatest national opportunity which had been presented to our people, we cannot fail, at the same time, to be profoundly grateful

that these doubts were those of a man open-minded enough to listen to wise and able counsellors, and to give his country the benefit of the admission of his own fallibility.

Still more pointed, as it seems to us, is the reference in another paragraph to the disregard of precedents and consequences evinced in Mr. Roosevelt's interposition between the parties to the coal strike, and his hasty assumption of functions for which, as he himself well knew, there was no warrant in the Constitution. We are glad at this hour that Jefferson was wrong in his too strict construction of the Constitution, and glad that he was liberal-minded enough to see that he might be wrong. Yet, adds Mr. Cleveland, may we not profitably pause here long enough to contrast in our thoughts the errorful and reversal manner, in which the restrictions of our fundamental law were scrutinized a hundred years ago, with the tendency often seen *in later times* flippantly to attempt the adjustment of our Constitution to the purposes of interest and convenience?

The Significance of the Franchise-Tax Decision

The highest court in the State of New York has decided that the franchise-tax law is constitutional. Whether this be a departure from the settled principles of law or not, it is now the law and will be explicitly obeyed. Corporations may endeavor to arrange their privileges in such a manner as to escape taxation; but this they have the right to do under the law; in the forum of conscience another and quite different question arises. It is not, however, our intention to discuss the decision, or the law which takes away from localities the age-old right of determining the value of property as a basis for local taxation. That question has been removed for the present and is settled, so far as the present law is concerned. The debate can be renewed only when the policy of such a tax is again presented to the Legislature.

The essential significance of this decision is much deeper than that of its bearing on the relations of the State to corporations. At the most, economic questions in politics are things of the moment. They bear no large relation to the fate either of the government which seeks to settle them or to the phenomena or the interests which are assailed or aided by legislation. The world and its various countries go on with their economic questions unsettled by law, or settled wrong, or settled right. The principle of protection which was enforced between the towns of England in the time of Henry II, gave way at last to the principle of free trade between the nation and the world; the same principle which was viciously enforced between the new States of the confederation was changed for free trade by the Constitution, and with inter-State free trade we now enjoy protection against foreigners. Some day the dispute will be ended in the natural course of events. In the mean time individuals will be enriched and other individuals will be ruined; but in the large life of the world, in which the age of a generation counts as nothing, even this economic principle will, in the end, be temporary. So it will be with the questions of State control of corporations, fast merging into State hostility. The little surries of our time will some day be looked back upon as the steps which marked the movement of the age, and especially as indicating the powerful and resistless flow of the great stream of popular government. The essence of the political movement which, gathering fur-

England and Germany

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, MAR 2, 1903.

It is curious, comical, and characteristic—its British unsuspectance of Germany. The English are quite wonderfully given to fixing on some foreign statesman or some foreign nation as a bogoblin in all diplomatic black arts. At one time it was Russia. The man who would take the word of a Russian minister at his face value was thought an incredible fool. Disraeli was largely responsible for this legend of the preternatural long-headedness, subtlety, and unsuspectance of Russian diplomacy. Among ordinary Englishmen it grew to be a settled article of faith. Whenever the two countries came into diplomatic conflict, it was taken for granted that England would be outwitted, that her simple statesmen, with their laborious honesty and unsuspecting innocence, would prove no match whatever for their scheming rivals. More recently the Boers succeeded to the same flattering suspicions. Every proposal they put forward was examined by Englishmen with the twenty misgivings of men who feel there is a trap somewhere, but cannot precisely say where. To-day it is the German Emperor who is the monster of cleverness, diabolical influences, and hypnotic suggestions. Englishmen have no confidence in him or in the ability of British ministers to bargain with him on equal terms. They have an almost ludicrous terror of his shrewdness, the more so when they contrast it with the general standard of intelligence that obtains in Downing Street. Lord Lansdowne versus the Kaiser strikes people here as about as equal a match as Mr. Gerald Relfour versus Mr. Pierpont Morgan. That is why England is at this moment scrutinizing Germany's invitation to join in a political and financial guarantee of the Bagdad Railway with portentous caution. Is it another case of the spider and the fly? Will England be ensnared into a later date that she has been measured into an ambush even more humiliating and more disastrous than the famous "Venezuelan mess"? I do not know what the official answer may be, but of the popular answer there can be no question. It is that of distrust of, and even aversion to, any scheme of co-operation with Germany. That is the stage which the relations between the two countries have now reached.

In this fact there is summed up one of the queerest revolutions in sentiment on record. It is not absolutely the queerest—that belongs to the change which the last seven years have wrought in Anglo-American relations. But it easily holds the second place on the list of international transformation scenes, and its phases have a surpassing historical interest. Fifty-odd years ago Germany was not only England's admiring friend, but in some sort her pupil. On almost all points of political, economic, and constitutional theory the bulk of the German people looked to England as their guide. The enthusiasm for the British Constitution which Montesquieu set a-buzzing throughout Europe was shared nowhere more heartily than in Prussia. The debt England owed to Germany in philosophy, science, and classical poetry was amply repaid by Adam Smith and his successors and by the example Great Britain afforded of a nation at once self-governing, united, and powerful. For a while it seemed as though the whole movement of German destiny would develop along English lines. The Prussian National Liberals looked forward to, and worked for, a peaceful union of all German States under Prussian leadership, that should closely follow England's example. Centralization, militarism, and the semipaternal theory of government were equally obnoxious to

them. What they aimed at was a liberal constitution and a popular monarchy, based upon the federal system, and buttressed by a real and adequate representation of the people, and, above all, by a responsible executive. Such a system, they argued, if erected in Berlin would ultimately draw to Prussia all the States of Germany in a durable federation. This was the party and these the views with which the late Emperor Frederick associated himself, and their triumph or failure meant the triumph or failure of English influence.

Against them stood Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, and ultimately King William, all alike convinced that through war alone could German unity be secured. The battle between the two sections opened formally when, the Lower House having rejected the army estimates, Bismarck undertook to govern the country, double and reorganize the Prussian army, and enforce all the rigors of conscription with or without the sanction of Parliament. The Liberals opposed him to a man, and hurled all his proposals with precedents drawn from British sources. The result is a matter of history. Bismarck's mastery and masterful policy and the brilliant results it led to swept all before it, crushed the Liberals out of existence, and hopelessly discredited the English notions and sympathies they represented. From the moment he began to get the upper hand the disparagement of all things English became a political necessity. The nation had at any cost to be converted to the Bismarckian "Steatside." It could not be done more easily than by holding up England as the antithesis of everything on which the Germans had built up their success. To deride English institutions and exalt by implication the Hohenzollern system, to belittle the English voluntary army in order that Germans might be still further convinced that conscription alone was compatible with military efficiency, became the favorite pastime of German politicians, journalists, and historians. It is a sober fact that within the last forty years the whole tale of English history has been rewritten to suit the change in German sentiment.

So the breach began to widen. England's official policy did nothing to close it up. In the crisis of 1848, throughout the Schleswig-Holstein complication, and on the question of the neutrality of the Baltic, England was feeble, vaguely, but exasperatingly anti-French. From the Franco-Prussian war, she emerged with nothing but the cordial, and deserved, animosity of both sides. The disappearance of a weakly, divided Germany and the rise of a powerful, aggressive empire in its place did not greatly appeal to English sympathies or to the popular view of English commercial interests. From the moment Germany became united, she became Germany's rival, not only in trade, but in political ambitions, and in neither direction was she a welcome competitor. The *dröckheit* in the national character of both peoples helped still further to keep them apart. The Germans, in their new-found pride and strength, developed an insidious vein of assertiveness and unnecessary brusqueness—humphousness, as the English thought it. England, on her part, never quite gave the Germans their due, still affected to regard them as interesting prodigies rather than as a matured and responsible nation, and persisted in that "lecturing" attitude which Americans had long learned to know, but hardly to love, in their kinships. The Germans, in short, were "touchy," and the British pose of "superiority" tickled them on the raw.

The estrangement grew sharper, on the German side at least, when the colonial fever began to influence German foreign pol-

icy, and it was found that so far as all hope of a Greater Germany that would spread the German idea, revive German colonialists, and extend German trade was concerned, the empire had been born too late. Wherever Germany turned she found England comfortably settled in her path. This was, not in a natural, unreasoning, and keenly felt grievance; and as the stress of rivalry in other spheres grew fiercer, so the Germans, duplicating English experience, began to change from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial basis, and as they took to the necessity of a strong navy and a large mercantile marine, the same discovery was made that here, too, England had been before them. In this country there are periodical "seas" over the late German Empire in effecting on British commerce and carrying trade; but these little fits of apprehensive awe as nothing by the side of German emotions when they see the lewy way that has yet to be made up. That England should have acquired such a start at trifling with the necessity of a strong navy and a large mercantile marine, to attain the indispensable condition of unity, appears to all Germans so monstrously unfair as to afford a strong presumption of trickery. From that to convicting England of hypocritical duplicity, of stirring up strife among her rivals while she quietly carries off the booty, is a short step. "Perfidious Albion" is a very terrible compound indeed to the German imagination, an unblushing master of craft and craft. Now here the ruling powers of Germany done anything to dispel the bogey. On the contrary, they find it useful, and make the most of it with really consummate skill. Had it not been for England and the necessity of being always and everywhere on guard against her will, it is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have been able to extort his new feet from the Reichstag. By playing upon the prevalent Anglophobia he got pretty nearly everything he asked for. "Our force is on the water," translating into the language of the ordinary German, means that England's must be somewhere else. It is in this alone that reconciles him to the increasing naval expenditures, and it would not be hard to show that in nourishing this ambition he has received something more than the tacit encouragement of officials.

England attempted at first to meet the new German spirit by bribery, by "graceful concessions." Now she is trying a more resolute tack. She is at last realizing that the two countries must, by the necessities of the case, be rivals. Their goal is too much the same for their interests to be identical, and the Kaiser's commercial, naval, and colonial ambitions can only be fulfilled at the partial expense of Great Britain. The average Englishman sees this quite clearly. The official Englishman does not yet see it, but he will in time. Even for his inspired sceptic, it is becoming altogether too manifest that Germany's policy is, broadly, to expand under cover of England, and by alternately threatening England with Russia and Russia with England. The "man in the street" believes that in this policy it is to be found the clue to German egotism that England should take an official share in the Bagdad Railway. He believes that this egotism fits in suspiciously well with Germany's object of keeping England and Russia apart, of persuading St. Petersburg that Downing Street is the enemy, and Downing Street that by Germany's help alone can Russia be held in check, and, generally, of stirring up bad blood between the two countries—she tried to stir it up between England and America by her "exposure" of Lord Pauncefote's action during the Spanish war. Add to all this, first, the exaggerated distrust of Englishmen in the capacity of their

present rulers; secondly, their greatly exaggerated estimate of the shrewdness and trickiness of German diplomacy—and you may easily conceive the anxiety with which the government's decision in this flagrant project is awaited. Mere Anglophobia does not touch more the average Englishman, except when it is used, as the Germans use it, as a lever for raising the price of their cooperation. Indeed, from any large point of view, German Anglophobia must be regarded as a sort of sportive parricide, as simply Germany's way of whistling to keep her courage up. All sane Germans know in their heart of hearts that the storm which will shake their empire, if any storm can, will come from the east and not from the north, from Russia and not from England. But that only makes Englishmen all the more unwilling to pay blackmail to so factitious an agitation.

The United States Supreme Court

We pointed out the other day that a foreigner who, desiring of gaining a clear conception of our Federal government, should confine himself to a study of the text of our Federal Constitution would obtain a very inadequate idea of the powers which Congress is permitted to exercise at the present time. Of the powers now possessed by Congress which he would not find explicitly set forth in the Constitution, the greater part are implied powers, deduced by interpretation or construction from the text of the Federal organic law, and a few are resulting powers, that is to say, powers deduced from the whole scope and nature of the Constitution and deemed inherent in the national government, for the reason that it is a national government for various purposes, and, therefore, must be credited with every function essential to the life and processes of a nation. For the vast superstructure of implied and resulting powers which in rather more than a century has been reared upon the bed rock of the Constitution, the American people are indebted to their Federal Supreme Court. Considered from this point of view alone, as an expander and modifier of an organic law, this tribunal's achievements can only be compared with the stupendous body of equity decisions made by successive *procuratores pergrini* which were ultimately given to the Roman Empire in the *Corpus Juris*. So colossal is the task performed by the Supreme Court in the exposition and application of the Constitution—a task the outcome of which must be sought in innumerable volumes of reported decisions—that very few lawyers in the United States are able to declare offhand just what are the powers of the Federal government under the Constitution, as defined by the highest Federal tribunal. Indeed, there are certain questions to which no lawyer and no judge can give an authoritative answer, for the questions are still in the air, not having as yet been presented in a concrete case to the Supreme Court, and, therefore, not having been decided. It is, in a word, no exaggeration to say, as Mr. James Bryce has said, that the American Constitution, as it now stands, with the mass of fringing decisions which explain it, is a far more complex and finished instrument than it was when it came from the hands of the members of the Philadelphia convention in 1787. The Constitution, as it exists to-day, is not merely the work of its framers, but the work of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, and, most of all, of one man, the great Chief-Justice Marshall, who presided over the highest Federal tribunal from 1801 till

his death in 1835, and whose fame overlaps that of all other American judges more than Papiasian overlaps the jurists of Rome.

From still another point of view the Supreme Court of the United States is justly regarded by all lawyers as the most august tribunal upon earth. In no other country possessing representative institutions—whether federative or not, and whether defined in an unwritten or a written Constitution—does a court exist invested with the power of overruling the legislative department of the government, and of declaring a statute null and void. Herein the framers of our Constitution builded better than they knew, or than they appear to have known, for, in the brief article devoted to the Federal judiciary, the power of invalidating an act of Congress, if adjudged contrary to the Federal organic law, is not specifically conferred upon the Supreme Court. A story is related by Mr. Bryce of an intelligent Englishman who, having heard that the Supreme Federal Court was created to protect the Constitution, and had authority given it to annul bad laws, spent two days in hunting up and down the Federal Constitution for the provisions he had been told to admire. Naturally, he did not find them, for there is not a word in the Constitution on the subject. The truth is, that the so-called power of annulling a constitutional statute is a duty rather than a power, and a duty incumbent on the hallowed State court, when a case raising the point comes before it, no less than on the Supreme Federal Court at Washington.

Not quickly or easily did the American people arrive at the conclusion that the annulling of a Federal statute by the Supreme Court, when, in the judgment of that tribunal, the statute violates the Constitution, is either a duty or a power. It is at least disputable whether the framers of the Constitution meant to authorize such an annulling. In the Philadelphia convention a proposal to give Congress a veto on the acts of the State legislatures when, in its opinion, such acts were irreconcilable with the Federal Constitution, was rejected. It is reasonable to presume that this power, having been deliberately withheld from the Federal Congress, was inadvertently conferred upon the Supreme Court? It is certain that, when the early decisions and interpretations of the Supreme Federal tribunal brought this power unexpectedly into being, Jefferson and the adherents of State Rights denied that the function could be lawfully exercised by the court. Jefferson regarded as very dangerous the doctrine that the judges of the highest Federal tribunal were the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions. Such a doctrine, he said, would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Nevertheless, this doctrine has prevailed and become an inseparable feature of our federal system, owing mainly to the tremendous influence exercised by the decisions of Chief-Justice Marshall. The relation between the annulling power asserted by the Supreme Court on the one hand, and a written Constitution on the other, was brought out by Marshall in his first great decision, wherein he contended for the right of the court to set aside an act of Congress. He pointed out that the original and supreme will of a nation expresses its government, and assigns to different departments their respective powers. It may establish certain limits not to be transgressed by those departments. Such is the government of the United States. The powers of the Legislature are defined and limited; that those limits may not be mistaken or forgotten, the Constitution is written. To what purpose, asked Marshall, are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing if those limits

may at any time be passed by those intended to be restrained? The distinction between a government of limited and one of unlimited powers is abolished if those limits do not confine the persons on whom they are imposed. Marshall went on to pronounce it emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is. If a law be in opposition to the Constitution, the court must either decide the case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution, or conformably to the Constitution, disregarding the law; the court must determine which of the conflicting rules governs the case. The courts cannot close their eyes to the Constitution and see only the law. Marshall did not mean, of course, to assert that the judicial department is superior to the legislative, but only that the power of the people is superior to both. When an act of Congress is declared unconstitutional, there is no conflict between the legislative and judicial departments. The conflict is merely between two kinds of law. The judiciary must say what the law is, and decide every case according to the supreme law—the law that is to prevail. As Mr. J. A. Woodburn has lately pointed out in his book on *The American Republic*, there are four kinds of law in the United States, to wit, the Federal Constitution; Federal statutes; State constitutions; and State statutes. The Federal Constitution is the supreme law, and all the other forms of law must be in harmony therewith. If two laws conflict, not the later, but the higher, prevails; the lower authority must give way. The court, in interpreting the law, merely states what the higher law requires, and shows wherein the lower law is inconsistent with this. The judges must regulate their decisions by the fundamental laws, rather than by those that are not fundamental.

The deep and vital distinction between our Federal judiciary and the judicial system of the United Kingdom lies in the fact that the power or duty to annul a statute is conceded to the former. The unwritten Constitution of the United Kingdom, on the other hand, is at the mercy of the Legislature, which can abolish when it pleases, any institutions of the country, the Crown, the House of Lords, the Established Church, the House of Commons, nay, Parliament itself. It follows that the courts of the United Kingdom never have to distinguish between the authority of an enactment and another otherwise than by looking to the date. They never have to inquire whether an act of Parliament was invalid when first passed. Invalid it could not have been, because Parliament is omnipotent, and Parliament is omnipotent because Parliament is deemed to be the people. The British Parliament is not a body clothed with delegated or limited authority. The whole fulness of popular power dwells in it. The whole nation is supposed to be present within its walls.

Experience seems to have shown that Marshall was mistaken in asserting that, whenever a country has a written Constitution, the power or duty which he claimed for the United States Supreme Court must necessarily belong to the highest judicial tribunal. He declared roundly that all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental, paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be that an act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution is void. This theory, he added, is essentially attached to a written Constitution. Things have happened since Marshall's day that prove his generalization to have been too hasty. Both France and Italy have written constitutions, but in neither country does the highest tribunal exercise the power of an-

making a statute on the score of unconstitutionality.

In both countries it is unconstitutional to exercise with the right to take its own view of the meaning of the written Constitution. It is not true, therefore, that, in every country possessing a written Constitution a tribunal like our United States Supreme Court will inevitably arise. But, it may be said, France and Italy are highly united nations; if their political systems were federative, they would find a Federal tribunal like ours indispensable. Not even this assertion is borne out by the facts. The German Empire is a confederation which has a written Constitution, yet it possesses no court authorized to annul an act passed by the Reichstag and the Bundesrat on the score of unconstitutionality. Again, Switzerland is a confederation, and the respective powers of the Federal government as the one hand, and the cantons or constituent States on the other, are defined by a written Constitution. Nevertheless, the Swiss Federal court, although it was arrogantly modelled on our own, is bound to enforce every law passed by the Federal legislature, even if it violates the Constitution. Nor is it always competent even to determine whether a cantonal or State law is void because inconsistent with the Federal Constitution, for in some cases recourse must be made, not to the court, but to the Federal council, which is a sort of executive cabinet of the confederation. Thus we see that our United States Supreme Court, far from being, as Marshall imagined, inseparable from a written Constitution, or, at all events, from the written constitution of a confederation, is positively unique.

We cannot escape the conclusion that we owe that feature of our Federal government which more than any other commands the admiration of intelligent onlookers, namely, our supreme Federal tribunal, not to circumstances alone, which elsewhere have proved inoperative, but to the use made of such circumstances by a series of great men, and especially to one man, Marshall, who shaped the destinies of the court at a time when the Federal institutions were still plastic. There could be, as we have said, no greater mistake than to suppose that the United States Supreme Court came forth, parcelled from the Constitution, like Athena from the head of Zeus. Few and meagre are the reports of its decisions in the first eleven years of its existence. When, early in its career, it attempted, in the case of *Chisholm vs. Georgia*, to exercise the power plainly given to it by the second section of the third article of the Constitution, the power, namely, to adjudicate between a State and citizens of another State, such an outcry rose that the Eleventh Amendment was promptly passed, whereby the judicial power of the United States was prohibited from extending to any suit against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or citizens or subjects of a foreign State. Thus the very first effort to exercise powers explicitly conferred resulted in a mutilation of those powers. The Eleventh Amendment was declared in force on January 8, 1795, or about three years before John Marshall became chief-justice. Not till 1801 did the court distinctly assert its duty to treat as invalid an act of Congress inconsistent with the Constitution, and not until 1806 did it pronounce a State statute void on the same ground. Many more years elapsed before it rendered decisions establishing its authority as a Supreme Court of Appeal from State courts on "Federal questions," and unfolding the full meaning of the doctrine that the Constitution and acts of Congress in pursuance thereof are the fundamental and supreme law of the land. Even as late as 1832, when the Su-

preme Court ordered the State of Georgia to remove persons imprisoned under a Georgian statute, declared by the court to be invalid, President Jackson, whose duty it was to enforce the decision, remarked, "John Marshall has pronounced his judgment; let him enforce it if he can." We add that the *Dred Scott* judgment, pronounced in 1857, by a majority of the judges, was so far from commanding universal acquiescence, that the Republican party denounced it in the national convention of 1860, and its doctrine as to citizenship was repudiated in the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment.

Being a human institution, the Supreme Court is, of course, not flawless, and there have been times when it has suffered an eclipse in public opinion. Yet, upon the whole, it has retained the extraordinary dignity and influence that Marshall gave it, and it stands to-day, as we have said, conspicuously the most powerful and august tribunal in the world.

Paul Du Chaillu

PAUL HENRI DU CHAILLU died on April 29 at St. Petersburg, whether he had gone to pursue his life-long vocation of traveller and writer of travellers' tales. Foreseeing the development of the Franco-Russian alliance would lead to a great rapprochement of commercial relations between Russia and the United States, he had determined that the Americans and the Russians ought to know one another better, and had undertaken to do what he could to make the great empire of the Czar and its people familiar to his countrymen. It would have been a useful labor, and it is much to be regretted that he has died, leaving this last service unaccomplished.

Du Chaillu devoted practically all his life to travel and exploration. When he was not travelling or exploring he was writing about what he had seen, disputing with incredulous critics, resting, or preparing for a new expedition. He made such extraordinary discoveries so early in life, and wrote about them so graphically, that his reports were generally disbelieved, and he had to devote years of his early life to proving that his stories were true. He was born in New Orleans in 1831, and went while still a boy to Africa with his father, who was consul in the Gaboon. He was educated by Jesuits, and learned some of the African dialects. At fourteen he came back to America with a shipload of ebony, and wrote newspaper articles about the Gaboon country. In 1855, being then a lad of seventeen, he went exploring into equatorial Africa, and travelled 8000 miles without any white companion. He came back to New York in 1859, bringing a valuable collection of specimens, and the first reports of the existence of the gorilla. He had killed divers gorillas, but brought none back, and when, two years later, he published *Equatorial Africa* (Harper), soldiers overhauled him with their guns and called him a Munchhausen. Scientists raged and disputed about his stories, and assailed his geographical discoveries; and he determined to go back for more proofs. In time his statements were all verified. In a later expedition he discovered the pygmies, but got scant credit for that, since their rediscovery by Stanley made such the greater stir. Although his veracity was finally established, and his extraordinary ability and success as an explorer was acknowledged, he never got all the credit he deserved, or would have had if the kodak had been invented in time for his use. However, he did win fame, succeeded much, and lived happily, and according to his taste. His travels included two expeditions into

Africa, and a long visit to Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland, from which resulted *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, *The Viking Age*, and other books.

Personally, Du Chaillu was of an exceptionally friendly and companionable nature. He never married, but was a lover of children, who found great pleasure in the discourses of their "Brother Paul." He was very successful and acceptable as a lecturer, added much to his day to human knowledge, and has left behind some good books and many good friends.

The Scholar in the World

It is not our intention to answer the old question of the ignorant and the thoughtful. We assume at the outset that it has been settled, indeed, that it was never even suggested but by every successful man have certain traits which are marked as the dominant features of the unsuccessful. Perhaps it is to be expected that as the great stream of a man's activity rushes on in gathering volume to its end, the little spears of character and traits that are thrust out here and there take on an added significance from the very power and influence of the larger life—that small and mean traits are emphasized and exaggerated by contrast with the finer or the abler characteristics. At any rate, we are sure that when one asks if college graduates make as good housemen as others, either he does not know precisely the range or significance of his question, or he does not mean what he intimates. We dismiss the latter as quite unworthy of consideration, while as to the former we have only to interpret the question and to lay bare its real meaning to answer it. They really ask whether training as a youth while it makes little difference, perhaps, if the training be sound, whether the man's training has been gained in the world of affairs or in the cloister of the college; but it is certain that he whose mind has been really awakened in the cloister, and trained in the liberal arts, nine times out of ten is a better man than he who picks up what he knows, and who forgets the flow of character by his own experience.

What we want to point out now, however, is that the world in beginning to look out for its scholars, and that one of the finest marks of our advancing civilization is the provision that is made and that is employed for the purpose of guarding the scholar from want. The time was when the world had no welcome for the mere scholar. He who made his way to the front in letters and in learning did so by his own exertions. The only help which was at the bidding of students of Pavia, of Bologna, of Paris, and of medieval Oxford was the help in free teaching given by passionate and self-sacrificing teachers. The turbulent, quarrelling, hawling, but earnest scholars who met in the porch of St. Mary's at Oxford had little to hope for unless they combated the arts of the politician with their learning, and entered the Church in order that they might walk through its portals to the high places, even to the highest office, in the kingdom, next to that of royalty itself. But it was a struggle of the drist kind, and so, with growing comforts to the students, however, it continued to be well on into the last century. Thirty years ago, who ever heard of funds at the disposal of university and college professors, to be used for the purpose of enabling young men to pursue their studies—not necessarily to prepare for a profession, but primarily, and so far as the donors are concerned, wholly to be scholars and investigators of the phenomena of the universe, or teachers? In the day of college men still in middle life, it was the custom

of the faculty at the last meeting of the year to go over the list of applications from the schools for teachers, and to recommend for the positions those who, first, were good enough, and, second, knew enough, to fill them. We advisedly put goodness first, because in those days it meant a good deal more than high character; it included a theological bias. In the New England colleges, for example, Unitarianism was goodness at Harvard; Universalism at Tufts; the Baptist faith at Brown; Episcopacy at Trinity; Congregationalism at Yale, at Williams, at Amherst, at Bowdoin, and at Dartmouth; Methodism at Wesleyan. If the Senior possessed the theology which seemed sound to the college faculty, then composed almost exclusively of clergymen, the slightest intellectual equipment was sufficient to secure him a recommendation for a teacher's position. Incidentally, we may pause long enough to say that it is no wonder that for thirty years earnest men have been struggling to lift the secondary school out of the quagmire into which this system plunged it. In the older day the teacher got a place and lingered in it, almost a starving, until the map on his Sunday Hicks had worn shiny and the light of ambition had died out of his eye. The minister found a pupil. The lawyer found clients and the bench. The scholar shifted for himself after his graduation, and starved, or yielded to the world's temptations to materialism, or discovered something of money value, the profits of which usually went to the kindly gentleman who "financed" him.

The times have changed. A different spirit rules in the world. Modern civilization is advancing more toward the old Greek civilization when mind dominated, and when men of mind wore brighter laurels than were placed upon the brows of the soldier. It is certain, too, that these laurels were the more enduring, for the fame of the men of art and letters has outlived in splendor that of the conquerors and demagogues. The American scholar has now little need to dread his future. It may be said that this is because the true scholars are so few, and there is a grain of truth in this. Scholars would be more numerous if provision were more generous. We prefer, however, to consider not the generosity, but the enlightenment, of the men who have provided the means for assuring a certain amount of comfort and freedom from the fear of poverty to those who wish to get all the education that is to be had at the world's schools, to carry on original research, and who, by their work in the college of arts and letters, have given promise of success in the larger world of letters.

There is now no need of actual fear of want on the part of the few who would devote their lives to scholarship despite their present poverty. There is provision made for their comfortable maintenance in the work of investigation which they wish to carry on. Now is one who intends to make teaching his profession any longer under the necessity of going to his work immediately on graduation, if he has distinguished himself. This means going into his work with only a partial preparation, going without the high scholarship which teaching work demands, or which it ought to demand. This means a life of drudgery in elementary and drill work, especially on the culture side of education. The student who, in our day, gives to university and college authorities evidence of ambition, sincerity, industry, and ability, by his life and accomplishments as an undergraduate, may rest content for his future. Philanthropic persons have provided funds for the maintenance of these young scholars to pursue their studies. They may go to the English universities—we are not now considering the undergrad-

uate work provided for by the Rhodes scholarships, but the specializing of graduates for the benefit of humanity in one way or another, through discoveries, inventions, and better and sounder teaching. They may go to Germany or to the American school at Rome. Their expenses will be provided for until they have been through the schools of the world, and after that, if they are investigators. The universities, notably Harvard and Yale, have large sums intelligently administered to provide deserving students with means of going on with their studies. The smaller colleges also have funds, and if more is needed for exceptional men the greater universities help. The new scholar of to-day need not enter the world's work, no matter how poor he may be, until he is thoroughly prepared for that part of it which he chooses to do. As time goes on, there will be more and more need for money. Large universities and small colleges will want more to meet the growing demand. They cannot do all that they would, as it is, but what we set out to declare is the evidence of the growing civilization of the world that is afforded by the fact that the world's scholars are growing dear to it, and that it is beginning to look after them.

Growth of the Gaelic League in Ireland

A REMARKABLE manifestation of the development of the present feeling for preserving the distinctive features of nationalities was afforded by the Irish people on the 15th of March last. The Celtic temperament is dramatic—Dublin has organized some striking demonstrations and parades. Yet even in Dublin the procession that filled her streets that day was naive. It was very big, three miles long, and took almost an hour and a half to pass a certain point. It symbolized a wide range of interests: arts and athletics, music and industries, education, national games, literature, and temperance.

This demonstration, with its varied aspects, was organized by the Gaelic League, whose objects are officially stated to be nothing more than the preservation of the Irish language, spoken and written, and the study and promotion of Irish literature, past, present, and to come.

Well may it be claimed that the language of a nation is its very soul! For here is this movement, starting with the apparently limited programme stated above. Fifteen years ago, its originator, Dr. Douglas Hyde, as has been said, was a voice crying in the wilderness. The Gaelic League itself, over which he presides now, is not yet ten years old. But it may be claimed for it that its influence is at least as great as that of any other league that has arisen in Ireland, and that its grasp is wider, and its effects likely to be more lasting. It keeps clear of politics. In the procession spoken of, the many bands played Irish music, to be sure, but there were none of the party tunes which have so often stirred up strife. It eschews religious controversy. In Belfast the president of the league is a Protestant, and a prominent Orangeman joined the movement with the remark that he did not choose to forget that he was Irish too. Thus it offers a meeting-ground, and on equal terms, for Irishmen of every creed in politics and religion.

It has done remarkable things for music. The society known as the Feis Ceoil has branches in every part of Ireland. Its object is the cultivation of music, and especially of Irish music. Every year, for a week, two of the finest public halls in Dublin are devoted to the concerts and competitions of the Feis. Prizes to the value

of some hundreds of pounds, as well as medals, are awarded. Any one can compete, and a significant circumstance is that the people are so largely represented. Some of the competitors are in very threadbare garb, and the audience listening patiently to trial after trial are mostly from the humbler class.

The Gaelic League promotes temperance. A prominent member of the Feis Ceoil told us that, in organizing a branch, his most telling argument was to show how the study of music helped sobriety by providing an innocent pastime. The Gaelic League athletic meetings use every effort to put down drinking. How great such influence is can be judged from the fact that, although the pubhouses of Dublin refused to join the universal closing movement on St. Patrick's day, practically they did so, yielding with admirable spirit to the dictum of the Gaelic League.

The industrial revival in Ireland—a very real movement—owes much to the Gaelic League. Most of the workers in Mr. Horace Plunkett's great movement—the Irish Agricultural Co-operation Society, and the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction—are Gaelic-Leaguers in sympathy, if not formally. Many of them are literary men of high standing, and when they deal on the treasury of old Irish song and saga for material, they remember that it has been made accessible by the Gaelic League. Mr. Plunkett declares that he can best arouse an apathetic district by telling them of their glorious heritage of story and song, long neglected by all but the despised "illiterate Celts." Stephen Gwynn, in *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*, tells of a Cornish peasant who could "repeat long narrative poems in a dead literary dialect" (Irish), and adds that an equivalent would be an English laborer repeating Chaucer.

That the language movement has "come to stay," or, rather, to go forward, there is no longer any reasonable doubt. It has not only been taken up by the cultured classes—some we know who have abandoned Dante to pore over Middle Irish; the people themselves, and in the cities, have taken to it warmly. In G'Connell Street the classrooms are crowded, hundreds of young men and women spending their evenings after hours over Irish grammars and reading-books; surely better there than in bars or music-halls. London has 2000 Gaelic-Leaguers. The classes are conducted in a chatty, informal way. Many of the teachers work "with the soul of those who labor for love," and not in imparting Irish only as a language. Irish songs are taught, and at a given signal the desks and chairs are cleared away and Irish dancing begins.

All over the length and breadth of Ireland this work is going on. The language, the history, the music, and the dancing that belong to them are being revived among the most impressionable people in the world. The growth of the Gaelic League is phenomenal. Last year, the number of affiliated branches almost doubled itself; so did the entries in the literary section of the annual concert, or meeting, last May. But most striking of all is the output of Irish books, of which, during 1902, 215,000 were issued by the Gaelic League Committee, in addition to 40,000 copies of propagandist pamphlets and leaflets. Irish music is also being learned, both new music and new arrangements of old airs; stirring of the dry bones.

Here is an immense and elaborately framed organization, appealing to the finer and higher instincts, which has struck its roots deep into the hearts of the people. Its position is unassailable, for its members are peaceable. It is building up a nation—self-reliant, self-respecting, cultivated, industrious, and sober.

Ireland and Her Land Laws

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (retired)

As the son of an Irish landlord, early indoctrinated with the strictest principles of imperialism and Protestant ascendancy, and at the same time an enthusiastic student of Irish national history, literature, culture, and tradition, the great measure revolutionizing conditions in Ireland, which Mr. Wyndham introduced the other day in the House of Commons, has for me a special and singular interest; not merely a class interest, but one also personal, as many of the leading figures in the recent negotiations were close personal friends while I lived in Ireland. To instance only three: the first speech of Colonel Manselwood, who has for years been the spokesman of the Irish landlords in Parliament, was made at my father's house on a certain morning in July, when an event in Ireland's history was being commemorated; Mr. T. W. Russell, the Liberal-Unionist apostle of land-purchase, was a close friend of mine in Dublin, with whom I have often talked over many of the principles involved in the present measure; and Mr. W. F. Bailey, one of the new Estates Commissioners, was a friend of my college days; finally, another member of the same commission is a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service.

Many reflections are suggested by the new Land-Purchase bill, beyond the criticisms which have already been made on both sides of the Atlantic; these reflections touch not only the ranges of the new measure, but its effects, so far as these can be foreseen and foretold. To begin with causes, and with the original first cause: why is there a land question in Ireland to be settled, and why is it the duty of England to see that it is settled? The first cause lies far back in history, though not, I believe, so far back as is generally supposed. It does not date from the time of Karl Strongbow and the first Norman invaders, but rather from the Stuart period and the seventeenth century. It is true that the Normans acquired large estates in Ireland, marked even today by the strongly built keeps of their feudal castles, in which they settled themselves side by side with the old Gaelic nobles. But the Normans soon became enthusiastic sons of the soil, giving birth to the proverb, "More Irish than the Irish," and assuming the language, thought, and culture of their adopted land.

The first real seed of strife in Ireland was sown by Henry the Eighth in 1537, when, following the policy he had already initiated in England, he decreed the disestablishment of the Continental monastic orders, the Franciscan followers of the saint of Assisi, the Order of the Spanish Dominic, the friars of Saint Bernard, whose ruined abbey-churches all over Ireland still preserve the memory of a period of rare and profound culture and religious enthusiasm. The abbey and priory lands thus confiscated by Henry Tudor were distributed among his own adherents, and largely among the servants of the Anglican Church, of which he had decreed himself to be the head. The newcomers by no means followed in the footsteps of the older Normans, nor did they take any steps to make themselves morally at home in their new country. They were definitely an element of foreign invasion; in a sense the Normans never were. Everything that spoke of the old nationality was hostile to them, and this hostility they never outgrew.

A period of conflict was begun in Ireland, which came to a culmination about the time James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England. Two great nobles of Ulster, the heads of the O'Neills and the

O'Donnells, were compelled to seek refuge on the Continent, and their lands were declared forfeited to the crown and distributed among adherents of the English party. This was the beginning of the so-called "partition of Ulster," which took place in the year 1611, unawares to two famous events in English literature—the retirement of Shakespeare and the authorized version of the Bible. To the period of conflict now succeeded a period of idleness, a dark chapter which included two revolutionary wars. The English law courts were made the instrument of any amount of injustice and dishonesty; forged titles were filed in abundance; fraudulent accusations were made; false charges were brought forward, with the invariable result that the estates of native Irish families passed into the hands of English or Scottish settlers, many of whom were frankly adventurers, and all of whom profited by a system of legal plunder thinly veined with political sophistries. At the close of this period there were two classes in Ireland—the legal owners of the land, mainly English and Scotch, and the actual tillers of the land, of native Irish and speaking Gaelic, who were, to all intents and purposes, the serfs of the former.

The old native tribal tenure, under which the elected chieftains held the tribal land in trust, gave place to absolute ownership by the imported landlord, whose serfs were subject to private taxation, whether in kind or in coin. Thus the landlord class and the tenant class came into existence; and it is by no means to be wondered at that a landlord class, thus imposed on the country by a system of legalized expropriation, should never have succeeded in forming strong and healthy relations with the class of cultivators, whose original tribal ownership in the land still held morally good in their own eyes.

Nothing is quite so much to be regretted in the history of Ireland as the rivalry with which the Gaelic element espoused the cause of James the Second, grandson of the Stuart who created the policy of spoliation. Nor are there many figures so little worthy of honor in the history as the great king who ran away from his army, having already sent his artillery away on the eve of battle, fearing that it might impede his flight. To their adherence to the valiant James the Irish owed the darkest pages of their history, when, for more than a century, they were deprived of civil rights, even of civil existence, and when the courts could take cognizance of no wrong inflicted on an Irish Catholic. The words of Benjamin Franklin give a vivid view of this part of the picture: "The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has so often experienced, by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, has most sincerely affected your friends in America, and has engaged the most serious attention of Congress."

At the end of this period a system of land laws had grown up, whose deficiencies in justice and principle have been well analyzed by John Stuart Mill in his *Principles of Political Economy*. To put it briefly, the source of the evil was this: the ownership of the land was vested absolutely in the landlord, who had the English law courts and the English army at his back. Certain English legislation, jealous of the success of industry in Ireland, had destroyed the shipping and commerce of Ireland, driving the whole population to the soil as their one means of subsistence. They had the alternative of taking the land on the landlord's own terms, or of starving. Many thousands, then and later, were forced to the second alternative.

The leases were renewable year by year. This may not, at first sight, seem a very generous measure, but consider a moment what it meant. Let us suppose that the Irish tenant had taken over a stretch of wilderness, at the beginning of the year, for a certain rent. Being a man of energy and enterprise, of knowledge and skill, he had cleared land, broken up soil, built outhouses and barns, besides a dwelling for himself, and these were the result of his first year's work. At the beginning of the new year the landlord thus addressed him: "What rent will you pay me for this highly improved and superior farm? It is evidently a far better and more profitable property than the piece of wilderness you took a year ago, and is, therefore, evidently worth a great deal more. How much can you pay?" If the tenant protested that the entire added value was the work of his own hands, and therefore that he would pay nothing but the rent already agreed on, he presently found himself dispossessed and his property turned over to a newcomer, at the higher rent he himself had refused to pay. Or let us imagine that he decided to grin and bear it, and went on improving and adding new value to his land. At the end of the second year the same story. Pay a higher rent or go. And so to the end of the chapter.

Remember that these people had no redress. They were unrepresented in Parliament, had no vote, were even under penal laws, and had only enough legal existence to make them victims of the legal process of eviction. They were in no position to resist, as they had been disarmed for a century. Therefore they had to pay or starve, and this is why England in fact to this day has a land question in Ireland to-day. We may illustrate this aspect of things by the words of Mr. Wyndham himself, when he spoke of an estate "where the tenants lived under conditions worse than those of the Kafirs of Africa."

Many of the evils which afflicted Ireland for two centuries have already been withdrawn, for the most part comparatively recently. The penal law affecting Irish Catholics were finally repealed in 1829, as the result of O'Connell's national movement. The Anglican Church, which owed its existence to the confiscations of Henry VIII, was disendowed by Gladstone. The Land League agitation, of which Parnell was the central figure, gradually ameliorated the condition of the cultivators, securing for them fifty of tenure, instead of the leases renewable every year, at a rent fixed by the courts, instead of one arbitrarily decreed by the landlord.

The bill introduced by Mr. Wyndham takes one step more in the same direction, gradually restoring to the Irish cultivators the land of which they were deprived by the legal chicanery of the Stuart period. But while thus restoring the land to the people, it does something else worth worthy of notice, and certain to bring forth great results in the future. It leaves the landlord class still in their homes, for the most part surrounded with parks and private decessus land; and left, not to drag out an existence of gruff poverty, but with money in their pockets, available, it is true, for foreign investment, but equally available for investment in Ireland itself.

The gradual amelioration and consolidation of the Irish cultivators are certain. What is yet uncertain is the destiny of the new class of capitalists, who at the same time are saturated with local and rural traditions and who have a very definite love for the land of their adoption, very different from the love of the older race, but nevertheless strong and deep. Great possibilities lie before this newly created class if they have the insight to realize them.

Scared Back to Nature

In a beautiful stretch of territory near New York, where the land passes softly from peaceful valleys into low rounded hills, there is an establishment, half country seat, half inn, in which comes easy a peculiar traveller. Among them are men whose



Hurry up, now! Faster! Put the ball back to me!

countenances instantly betray them as members of various professions—lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants. A distinguished judge of one of the Superior Courts of New York, and an actor known everywhere in the English-speaking world, were easily recognizable at the time I was making my stay in this retreat. A score of those present were related by birth or achievement to some fact of public significance. There was, however, an all-pervading atmosphere of good-fellowship, except for a marked strain of attorney on the part of the host and a certain helpless servility on that of the guests, none of whom seemed able to rise above it.

This gentleman, a tall, well-proportioned individual, with a color as fresh as a rose, and as eye as clear as water (in spite of his sixty-five years), seemed an all-pervasive, dominating presence. His voice was commanding, his eye insistent, his whole manner that of one used to being implicitly obeyed.

As we approached the various chambers which he was doing me the honor of showing, the laughter and merriment of those within died away, and the men who were gathered in company looked at each other in that pointless way which people adopt when disturbed or over-sweated.

A half hour later, during the dinner hour which followed, there was much jovial badinage going on, until one of the serving-maids approached the director, who was seated at a centre-table, and said something to him in an undertone.

"No," he answered, in a loud voice; "he can't have another glass of buttermilk. Tell him to eat what's before him."

The delivery of this, in a very unmistakable tone, had a spurring effect, and for a few minutes there, after the dining-room was decidedly silent.

The following morning, after being ordered up at six, I was watching the company of gentlemen of all ages and professions tossing medicine-balls in the gymnasium, when the director entered, and, taking his place in the centre of the room, called the names of various men who should now change with other men, winding up with the name of one who should come to him.

A tall, refined-looking gentleman, of evident dignity and bearing, but slightly car-

aptured by the necessity of wearing a pair of bicycle trousers and a sweater, came forward, and taking his place opposite the host, was immediately made the recipient of a volley of balls and howling epithets.

"Hurry up, now! Faster! Put the ball back to me. Do you want it all day? What are you standing there for! Here!" and before the man could appreciate the difficulties which were besetting him, he was struck in the neck, and again in the chest, by the rapidly delivered three-pound balls, three of which the two men were supposed to keep in constant motion.

"What are you standing there for!" repeated the ablest opponent, when the weaker one had once more recovered himself and had begun to regain the balls. "What are you looking at? Get a move on you! Don't let the ball drop behind you. I haven't the whole morning to fool away with you. There!" and again a ball arrived rapidly, and landed upon the distinguished gentleman's chest.

Dignity had long since been defeated, however. On the floor was an excited, red-faced, fearfully flustered though still legal-looking gentleman, who was bending, skipping, jumping, and madly falling over himself in a wild scramble to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

"Hurry, now!" was the constant salate, and so many other harsh demands for farther activity were poured on the hapless one that when he was at last completely robbed of his self-control, and, being caught in a corner with the balls raining in on him and the voice of his preceptor sounding through the din of catastrophe, he began wringing his hands pathetically, and repeating over and over: "Well, I can't go any faster than I can, can I? I can't do any more than I can!"

"Come! Come!" was the only reply; until, evidently exhausted, he was allowed to depart, and another individual was called in his place. I wondered at the nature of the



"Aren't you going to eat the carrots?"

suggestive conduct of the preceptor, but was not able at the time to comprehend the matter.

For a day or two there was comparative peace in the household, until one morning, at breakfast, a newcomer was approached by the host, who, surveying the dainty table from which the novice was eating, suddenly inquired:

"Aren't you going to eat the carrots?"

"Carrots!" said the other, a weary-looking, reticent merchant. "Oh, no! I don't care for carrots. I never eat them."

"You must eat your carrots, though. You cannot leave anything of what I give you uneaten."

"I know, but I don't care for carrots. I don't like them."

"You will have to eat the carrots, just the same, whether you like them or not."

"Well, I like the acidity of your insinuation. I'll not eat them."

"Well, if you eat here, you'll have to eat the carrots."

"Well, I won't stay here then," and the argument was temporarily ended by the merchant leaving the room.

A day or two after he was back again, however, merely eating carrots and whatever was put before him.



"They lead the horses back"

"It is a part of a theory I have—the rough manner," explained my host; "a method of wresting a man's mental control from him in order to increase his mental energy. If his will has nothing to do with the arrangement of his day, his mind he makes more likely to contemplate nature and to rest. If you let the mental process busy itself along some particular groove you soon get to where it is purely mechanical in its operation and entirely outside of what we look upon as creative mental activity. A man may follow a business or a trade, intellectual or physical, if he wants to, but he must find some method of coming back to nature, and getting in touch with the evident energy of the world in order that his mind may be generally active, quick to see and to appreciate."

"You exercise your victims, though," I said.

"Not in the conventional sense," he replied. "About the only exercise you see these men taking is pitching the medicine-ball for a half hour in the morning and riding horseback for a half hour in the afternoon. They lead the horses back. My idea in using the medicine-ball is merely to fix the mind on energy as a thing. If a man is anxiously watching a moving ball he is unconscious of his body, his surroundings, everything, in fact, except the motion of the ball. That brings the mental

process in direct contact with objective energy. Ten minutes a day with that, combined with rational living, ought to restore a worn-out mind to activity. Air, sunlight, a little food, a little exercise, that is all the man who is worn out physically and mentally needs. Let any one who is run down, and his habits if he can, and go back to nature for a little while."

Correspondence

CAN THERE BE OVER-PRODUCTION?

MICHIGANIAN, MIAMI, April 28, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I wish to take exception to the concluding sentence of your paragraph on the earnings of the Steel Corporation in the current issue. You say, "It is only by over-production and by the resultant glut of the market that an industrial, as distinguished from a merely financial, crisis is caused."

The question I wish to raise is fundamental. Is there any such thing as over-production? The negative answer is ably presented by Mr. George H. Hull in "The Mischievous Fallacy of Over-Production," Engineering Magazine for March, 1902, pp. 813-822. A few quotations will outline his position.

"The all-pervading blight in British industry is the development of trade-unions upon the controlling principle of 'restriction of production,' and this has grown out of the widespread belief in the false theory of over-production."

"Already the most potent factor in influencing workers to 'unite their jobs,' limit their production, and join in strikes is their growing belief that over-production is the cause of industrial depression; that if all the producers are fully and continuously employed it will sooner or later result in over-production; that over-production would deprive many of them of work, whereas the curtailment of production, brought about by union regulations and strikes, prevents or postpones such results."

"This pernicious belief . . . has already deluded thousands of manufacturers and merchants," as well as workmen.

The writer then defines production, and states the theory of over-production as "The belief that by the introduction of machinery, improved methods, etc., it is possible for man to produce more than man is able to buy, or . . . desires to acquire."

For his analysis of the proposition I refer you to the article. He takes issue with all who claim that over-production can occur, and says that they "are not cases of 'over-production,' but simply cases of temporary surplus production,—and that temporary surplus production is not only natural, but that it is necessary to man's comfort and welfare."

"Over-production is a term which should never be applied to the production of any useful or desirable commodity, which can be preserved or carried to a place or time when it will be needed."

"The harvest season is a time of temporary surplus production. "We find vegetables, eggs, butter, fish, poultry, and many other perishable articles getting the benefit of an intelligent supply which brings regularly of supply out of irregularity of production. As man masters the art of dealing intelligently with the temporary surplus production of each article we hear no more of over-production in connection with that article."

"If temporary surplus production of perishable products like fruit and vegetables is the only condition available for increasing consumption and creating stability in the supply and prices of these things, is it not reasonable to believe that temporary surplus production of imperishable articles, like iron and copper, is the only condition available for creating stability in the supply and prices of these staples? To waste the labor and the facilities to produce such commodities to full capacity in dull times, when it is certain they will be in great demand in active times, as Talleyrand says, 'is worse than a crime; it is a blunder.'"

"When production is cut down in any particular line of business, it cuts down the buying power of those engaged in that line of business. Immediately we see the piling up and accumulation of the class of goods

ordinarily consumed by those engaged in that branch of industry. The accumulation of useless goods is not an evidence of too much production, but . . . of too little production by those workers who ordinarily consume that kind of goods."

"Whenever scarcity in the supply of any important commodity forces the price . . . up to the point of restricting its use,—thus bringing on industrial depression—it is simply nature reminding us that there has been too little temporary surplus production of that article in the past."

"The fact that most people believe that the accumulation of useless goods is caused by 'over-production,' or that twin absurdity, 'under-consumption,' is not to be wondered at. On its face the theory seems to be self-evident, just as it seems to be self-evident that the sun rises and sets. But there is no more truth in one than in the other. This plausibility is what makes these terms so deceptive and mischievous, and probably no other popular error has done so much harm in the industrial nations of the world."

I am, sir,

FRANKLIN W. SMITH.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN ON \$3500 A YEAR.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The "higher journalist" in the HARPER'S WEEKLY of April 25 is the only person who has offered a solution of "How to Entertain on \$3500 a Year." I am en-

boldened to state my personal experience of present possibilities in living and entertaining on even less than that sum.

My husband and I had, for \$35 a month, a flat of five sunny rooms, with modern comforts; neighborhood not especially good, but easily got-at-able; furniture (our own) sufficient, plenty of easy chairs, enough sketches, pictures, china, flowers to be pleasant to the eyes, and always books, for, with all respect to Owen Meredith, one can no more live without books than without cooks. A colored footman at \$16 a month; good cook and laundress, in clean uniform, with a smiling face. Always room at the table in the small dining-room for two more; good soup, roast, salad, and fruit; California claret, and coffee. Whiskey with vermouth or ginger ale for friends who dropped in of an evening. For a crowd, supper only, possibly Welsh rarebit and beer or salad and punch.

The experience was tried for four years, friends after dropping in, and few refusals to informal suppers. The trouble with women who worry about guests is that they don't take the trouble to live well when they are alone. No woman of brains and refinement should ever, in her own house, sit down to a meal that she would be mortified to offer to her richest and most fashionable friend. I do not say pleased, for one likes to offer one's best in hospitality.

I am, sir,

Dex.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have printed from the original plate (suitable for framing) a very limited edition, on heavy coated cardboard, of the Supplement of HARPER'S WEEKLY this week.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out May 20) will be the 56-page

SPECIAL PITTSBURGH NUMBER

It will contain the usual number of pages in the illustrated and editorial sections, together with an extra 16 pages of picture and text, on the industries and development of the city of Pittsburgh. If you are not a regular subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY, your order for this special number should be placed at once with your nearest newsdealer, as no extra copies can be promised after the edition is off the press.

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Finance

THE stock-market has not yet rid itself of the monotony which is the most prominent and exasperating characteristic of a "professional" market. To be sure, at this writing the majority of people directly or indirectly interested in the vagaries of the ticker take a more cheerful view of affairs, and look hopefully to the future, but there has been no very great increase in speculative activity. It cannot be denied, however, that signs are not wanting of reviving interest in investment issues. Dealers in bonds report a better demand for the established, or to be strictly up to date, the "digested" bonds and stocks. The public still looks askance at the newer creations, the bulk of which are undigested, but even in these there is some "nibbling" which means that the process of digestion has begun. Given time and patience the menace of the unaided load will pass, for we are a wondrously rich nation enjoying marvellous prosperity. With money much easier and securities very much lower than when the "permanently higher interest level" first began to be used as a bludge against the weaker speculators, such a demand was inevitable.

The first step in a bull market is the transition from an active bearishness to a passivity. Not long ago the financial community was badly frightened. Stocks and speculative bond issues sustained substantial declines, but notwithstanding the lower quotations pessimism prevailed. It was a condition of sentiment, highly propitious for the growth of fear. But the liquidation undergone by the market strengthened it. The community now may not be quite ready to buy stocks in bulk, but it is beginning to realize that it is not logical to sell any. From this to the logic and profitable wisdom of buying will be the second step.

To summarize conditions would be to reiterate what has already been pointed out in this column. We find an abatement in the value-making forces. There is every indication that 1903 will be the banner year of our industrial and commercial history. We have a profitable foreign trade, and domestic business continues more than satisfactory. Everywhere there is great activity and newness is the unsettling boom spirit in evidence, and therefore no disquietude over the inevitable and injurious reaction.

A good sign also is the clearer discrimination shown by the average outside speculator and investor. The experience of the past two years have had a wonderful educational influence on the public. The old-time "lamb" who bought or sold stocks blindly, recklessly, with the courage of profound ignorance of the game, is an almost vanished type. This is the sign that there is never again to be an outburst of speculative madness on the part of the public, for there is no telling what the public may do when a "psychologic wave" sweeps over the country and the bacillus of stock-gambling attacks metal systems debilitated by long prosperity in legitimate business. But at the moment security buyers are inquiring closely into real values. This is as it should be, and it cannot fail to lead to the purchase of securities which to-day may be bought at prices that are far from being excessive. There is beginning to be a better understanding also of the necessities of all the railroads of the United States, and the reason for the increases in the capitalization of some of them. That there has been extravagance in corporate financing will not be denied, but sweeping condemnation is not justified. At all events financiers have realized that the era of over-manipulation and financial juggling is over. The danger was realized before there was a crash, and wise men have profited by the narrow escape.

Financial

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Drawn by G. S. Peters

OUR NEW AMERICAN CITIZENS

Again the weekly record of immigration has been broken. In 1902, 650,000 persons came here to live, and now it seems certain, from the record of the first three months of 1903, that this enormous figure will be exceeded this year.

The Passing of Gibraltar

A WAVE of apprehension is at present sweeping over the English public due to the statement by Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., that Gibraltar, so pre-eminently the world's greatest fortress that the name is a synonym for strength, is in reality a source of weakness in Great Britain's defensive system, and might, under certain conditions, become a serious tax upon the fleet.

The popular idea of an impregnable fortress fails to dissociate involuntarily to capture from offensive strength, and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the people the world over believe that Gibraltar in its command of the entrance to the Mediterranean. This idea would, however, be a dangerous one if held by the British government. It is even less true to-day than it was in the days of sailing-ships, when accessibility to a plentiful coal-supply was not vital to the success of naval operations.

The entrance to the Mediterranean is twelve miles wide, and at half this distance foreign armored ships would have little to fear from even the most powerful of the new guns in the Gibraltar batteries. Gibraltar is not, therefore, valuable to Great Britain in the sense of a coastal fortification, but purely as a naval base from which a British fleet may operate in the vicinity of the Mediterranean. Employed in this manner, since captured by Spain in 1704, it has successfully sustained many attempts at its recapture, and under the conditions then existing was shown to have wonderful defensive powers when attacked by an almost overwhelming force. The conditions prevailing at that time make the results, however, no criterion by which to judge the outcome of an attack to-day. The object of the hitter would be distinctly different; it would not be, as was the former case, the capture of the rock, but would be the crippling of the English navy by destroying one of its most valuable bases.

Mr. Bowles is performing a patriotic service in warning the British government against perpetuating the blunder originally made in establishing the dockyards and naval works on the western side of Gibraltar and within easy range of such batteries as the Spaniards may choose to erect on the high lands to the northward and westward of the neutral ground. It is true that new and powerful ordnance has been installed in the batteries on the northern side of the rock and commanding the Spanish hills, and that these would probably be employed upon permanent Spanish works which are in process of erection, making the fortification of the hills by large pieces of ordnance an extremely dangerous operation; but the employment of the new guns would not be necessary to make the present harbor untenable for British ships. Powerful mortar batteries could and probably would be quickly erected, and ordnance of this character would have sufficient range and possess the proper character of fire for the purpose.

In view of the vulnerability of the naval station it is difficult to understand why it was ever established on the western side of the rock. Mr. Bowles has been agitating the matter for several years, and his judgment has been vindicated by the report of Captain J. B. Tizard, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. William Shield, which has recently been made public. Judging from this report it would seem that much valuable time has been needlessly wasted in beginning the work. The report states, "will require ten years to complete the defenses of the commission, extended from November, 1901, to May, 1902, and the report, which was not presented to Parliament until February, 1903, was made to the Ad-

miralty in June, 1902. The commission recommends erecting, by means of two breakwaters, with a total length of 12,500 feet, a harbor on the eastern side of the peninsula affording accommodation for twenty-four battle-ships, twelve cruisers, and a number of gunboats and destroyers. In addition there will be the proper complement of dry docks, work-shops, and other accessories. The docks will be so placed as not to be exposed to direct torpedo attack. The entire construction, however, will not be completely shielded from a hostile sea, the report stating in its concluding paragraph: "It may be well to point out, however, in conclusion, that although the proposed harbor on the eastern side of Gibraltar will not be exposed to such a concentrated fire from the shore as the harbor on the west side, it will not altogether free from gun fire, as the northeastern part of the harbor would be exposed to attack from Sierra Carbonea, and the whole harbor might be enfiladed from the lower hills extending east from Sierra Carbonea; the dock, however, and the retained ground immediately adjacent to it, would not be open to any fire from the Spanish mainland, and could only be attacked from the sea."

It will thus be seen that even though the proposed harbor on the eastern side of Gibraltar will not be exposed to such a concentrated fire from the shore as the harbor on the west side, it will not altogether free from gun fire, as the northeastern part of the harbor would be exposed to attack from Sierra Carbonea, and the whole harbor might be enfiladed from the lower hills extending east from Sierra Carbonea; the dock, however, and the retained ground immediately adjacent to it, would not be open to any fire from the Spanish mainland, and could only be attacked from the sea. It will thus be seen that even though the proposed harbor on the eastern side of Gibraltar will not be exposed to such a concentrated fire from the shore as the harbor on the west side, it will not altogether free from gun fire, as the northeastern part of the harbor would be exposed to attack from Sierra Carbonea, and the whole harbor might be enfiladed from the lower hills extending east from Sierra Carbonea; the dock, however, and the retained ground immediately adjacent to it, would not be open to any fire from the Spanish mainland, and could only be attacked from the sea.

The British naval authorities recognize the necessity of maintaining the two-powder standard of the British fleet. To provide a yearly naval construction which will overlap the combined naval programmes of France and Russia has been a serious drain upon the British treasury, but now that the German navy is forging to the front with alarming aggressiveness it is a new factor to be reckoned with, and the financial resources of England are in danger of becoming strained. Many maintain that the yearly defence budget has reached the limit of proper expense, and that as the maintenance of the naval policy is vital, its needs must first be provided for and the army left to shift for itself on the balance. It is doubtless due to this situation that the Admiralty hesitates to request of Parliament the \$22,500,000 estimated by the commission for the eastern Gibraltar harbor.

It is not only with reference to its dominance over the Mediterranean entrance that Gibraltar's greatness is judging, but it will soon, through the construction of the Panama Canal, be privileged to second place as a strategic position. The splendid advantages possessed by Cuba in this respect will be virtually secured to the United States by a friendly government and the ownership of new naval stations, giving to our country the world's greatest strategic base. The result for England will be the supplanting of Gibraltar by Jamaica, a most important naval base. Jamaica's unique position, commanding the Windward Passage directly, and within a few hours' steaming distance of the other seven highways to the Isthmus, gives it a strategic strength second only to that of Cuba.

As bearing on the wonderful defensive strength of Gibraltar under the conditions of other days, it is worth recalling that in 1782 the combined sea and land attack of the joint forces of France and Spain, though maintaining a siege for over three months, failed utterly to inflict any permanent damage. In this action 458 guns maintained for days a terrific bombardment at ranges of from 900 to 1200 yards. Despite the fact that the Gibraltar garrison returned this fire with but 90 guns, the loss to the allies was over 2000 men, while the English lost not a man. At its conclusion the siege had cost the Spaniards \$12,000,000 and over 10000 men, while the English loss, even including those not killed in battle, was only 1234 men.



Map showing Gibraltar's present defensive Weakness, and Plans for proposed Improvements

IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD



THE LITERARY WOMAN • BY CAROLINE DUER

I HAD been asked to write something about the ideals of literary women, but I protested, first, that I was not a literary woman, and, second, that I had no ideas about their ideals, so I said I am to be allowed "to decline on a range of lower feelings," under the title of "In Application of Talent."

Nearly everybody can write now, and does,—mostly in the magazines; the only wonder is that there should be any outsiders left to read. Some people possess genius (modestly described in the dictionary as "massive powers of intellect"), and are born giants in the story-telling world; and some have talent, a kind of juggling skill with words and ideas; and some, again, have a little gentle facility of expression, a sort of talent-and-water, which the pressure of necessity forces them to use, and which it requires determined application to turn to any account.

Writing is work, like any other work, whether it is a talent or not, only it is perhaps a trifle more irritating to the nerves than many an occupation less respectably considered.

"Certainly, if I could help it," says Mr. Stevenson. "I would never marry a wife who writes. The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind, and after an hour or two's work all the more humane portion of the author is extinct."

But there are more and more of us writing all the time, and gentlemen who feel as Mr. Stevenson did (with whom, by the way, I heartily sympathize), are going to have a hard time of it. But not so hard, I vow and declare, as the unfortunates authors who persist in hand and a brain that refuses to dictate one word.

For words "finely framed" carry you far, though ideas do not seem to count for much in the market-place. If you are a small pebbler, profit or loss means a great deal to you. You must suit the popular taste, but you may cling to certain principles on which you make and sell your wares.

You may keep good models before you. You may be patient and painstaking, no matter how insignificant the result, trying conscientiously to reproduce the impressions made upon you by life and character, and, if there is no demand for your best, at least you may refrain from putting your very worst before the public.

Women are inclined to force their talents when they have once resolved to use them, and the result is not always permanently successful. I do not believe in doing hasty, ill-digested work after you have achieved a reputation, no matter how eagerly you are sought by once indifferent editors and publishers. But of this I can speak better when such temptation comes my way,—if it ever does.

I believe that the expression of any talent should be as impersonal as possible. Writers should keep themselves out of their stories, reporting human nature,—with some tenderness, a sense of humor, and, as far as they can manage, with a trust in the higher, rather than the lower, side of it. I do not like, when I put down a book, to feel, primarily, that the man or woman who wrote it considered himself or herself a clever person. I like to arrive slowly at that conclusion through my appreciation of his or her destination of character.

I admire simplicity, force, and directness, and I wish very much that I had not been asked to write this article, because it seems to bring all my own shortcomings in this respect so hideously before me.

I suppose you never lay down a piece of writing, no matter how small without a sense of relief that it is finished, although it may have fallen so far below your standard of merit that some day you may regret that you ever did finish it at all. But ideal



Caroline Duer

standards are appreciated by few, and attained by fewer, and in the mean time the workaday world wants something that will engage or interest it without too much effort on its part, and you make an effort, on your part, to supply what it wants with such talent as the Lord gave you, and such application as you can force from yourself, and the result is in the hands of those terrible neutrals who threaten you with the opinion of the "Average Reader."

I should like to meet the average reader. He seems to be conventional, moral (unless wickedness is approached with great solemnity), a lover of adventure, a person with a certain sense of humor (only it must be developed along the lines to which he is accustomed, or he'll have none of it), and lately he has, apparently, acquired an overpowering taste for social life and happenings. At least so some of the authors say, and the application of talent to the description of social happenings is somewhat lowering to the ideals. Perhaps the average reader would tell us a different story if we could consult him personally,—a story much better worth hearing.

Be that as it may, we stand or fall by what we manage to accomplish, not what we dream of attempting, and the apology of the chronicler of Jukes, Stewarsons might very well be adopted by all modern writers, whether they work laboriously with quiet intents to please others, or soar with ideals to satisfy themselves.





Moving a Girder over Rough Country



*Mr. A. B. Lueder
The American in charge of the expedition*



One of the Transportation Trains

27 Bridges

AN American bridge-building company represented by a boy of twenty-four, has just completed twenty-seven rail-road bridges for a British line in Uganda, Africa, in record time.

The Uganda Railway is a line running from the coast above Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, the principal source of the Nile. Its construction presented difficult engineering problems, as the land rises sharply to nearly 3000 feet above sea level, and necessitates a two-percent, grade much of the way. The road follows a tortuous course through broken hills and over numerous deep ravines.

After the British bridge-builders had taken two years to construct eight viaducts, it was resolved to place the rest of the work in the hands of American engineers. An American firm undertook to do the work, and to finish the bridges complete for a sum less than that asked by British contractors for loading the material on shipboard. The contract with the American concern called for the completion of the work within seven months after the foundations were complete; an unforeseen delay, however, extended the duration of the work to a little over a year.

A graduate of Cornell, Mr. A. B. Lueder, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, was put in charge of the entire work of construction. He took with him to Africa twenty American "riggers," as the bridge-builders are called, together with 150 sailors and longshoremen from India; 150 native Africans were later pressed into service.

The British contractors shipped their material from England in small pieces, while the American company hired three tramp

steamers which transported the bridges, practically complete, from the shops in Philadelphia to the African coast. All that remained of the bridge was ready for the rails.

In the actual work of construction, the British and American methods were still more divergent. The British idea was to employ as many men as could be had; the American, to do with as few as possible. The accompanying pictures illustrate this contrast. Five men and an American "traveller" did the work of over a hundred natives employed by the British contractors. One of the longest of the viaducts was put up by the American force in sixty-nine working hours, to the surprise and admiration of the English engineers in charge of the line.

The actual engineering work was simple. The bridges, of which the longest was 1200 feet and the highest 112 feet, were almost entirely on curves and steep gradients; but, thanks to the perfection of the construction work at home and to the soundness of the foundation work by the British engineers, everything fitted admirably. There were 2000 tons of steel in the entire contract, and the difficulties of transportation and erection would have been serious except for the foresight and discipline of the men in charge. The great travelling crane did most of the work, with never more than a score of men on the job at once.

In December of last year the work was completed and accepted by the British government. It should be said in fairness to the contractors, that they do not consider their work in Africa remarkable in any way. They simply took the contract and filled it with characteristic American promptness.

in 53 Weeks



American Bridge-builders at Work—only Five Men needed



The British at Work, employing a Force of over a Hundred



Drawn by H. C. Edwards

"MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN," AT DALY'S

Peggy (Cecil Spooner), impersonating one of her suitors, fights Sir Percy (Mr. Hale), her lover



Drawn by The Ensign

“TAP-DAY” AT YALE

Each of the three Senior societies at Yale,—“Skull and Bones,” “Skull and Bones,” and “Willy Head,”—elects fifteen members annually from the Junior Class. On Tap-day, the Thursday before the last Tuesday in May, the elections are publicly announced. Crowds gather on the college campus, and the Seniors indicate the successful candidates by giving each one a vigorous slap on the shoulder, with the command, “Go to your room.” Then the crowd cheers and tells us the candidate elbys the chairman.

Captain

Little

Again



By

W. E.

Cairnes

"If there's only 'arf a chance Jack must get the cross"

WE were lying off a favorite yachting port in the Highlands. The Admiral had signalled "general hoist," and I had noticed Lester going over the side into the cutter which was taking the liberty oars, so I decided to go on shore too. When I reached, I saw Lester sitting on one of those stone posts which serve for some mysterious nautical reason to be placed on all jetties. When he saw me he rose and saluted automatically, then walked away, once or twice looking back over his shoulder as if to see if I was following him. I was quick to take the hint, and soon found myself walking along the staid coach road leading inland, the scarlet coat of my guide showing a few yards ahead. A fine clump of trees, standing some fifty yards back from the road, at first attracted Lester's attention, and, quitting the road, he waited for me in their shade. When I joined him, he had no time in getting to business. "I beg pardon, sir, but hein's so bold as to suggest as you should come out 'ere to 'ear my yarns, but they're some idea in the ship, sir, that I've been 'inkin' more than is good for me, though you could tell 'em that I've said nothin' as wasn't true, and with-in' as would 'arf any of them. But I'll spin you the yarn, sir, and then you can make what you like out of it."

"This as I'm a-goin' to tell you about 'appened in the early nineties. I was in the *Beasties*, second-class cruiser, on the Cape station. Little 'is' and the V.C. there was the captain, and the commander was King, a good officer, and a fine seaman, sir. The English mail 'ud come in one mornin', and 'all the ship's company 'ud get their little bit of 'ome come out to them in the Donald Currie boat a-harin' in the bay. I was elevenin' guns on the poop, and 'is was a-walkin' on the poop skylight screwin' 'is mail. From what 'e said as 'e muttered it half aloud to himself, the letter must 'ave been from his son, who was in the service, as it said that this 'ere son was a roarin' out to the station for the next mail, 'in 'avin' been appointed to our chummy ship, the *Mask Rat*, third-class cruiser on the station, as Number One and G. This bill of mine pleased the old man tremendous, and 'e kept a-walkin' out and down and a-sayin' to 'imself, 'What—ho! Jack 'ere on this station! Bless me, that's good news! But ar, if there's only 'arf a chance Jack need get the cross. Two crosses is one fairly—father and son, legend, and so on for 'arf an hour or more."

"Well, there goes on, and at last the son, Jack Little, 'e arrives. The *Mask Rat* were round at Simon's Bay, but she were about to make a passage round to Cape Town, and the young feller 'e were ordered to wait for 'er; so 'e took up 'is quarters with us in the *Beasties*, 'avin', in course, with 'is in the thames' with. Jack, this 'ere son of 'is, 'e was a long-legged, tired-lookin' sort of youngster, spoke very poor with a drawl, and 'ud brought a cargo of looks and such like gear out with 'im, and used to set a-tradin' of 'em whenever the old man let 'im. But 'e was a smart officer, though 'e didn't look it quite. I took stock of the youngster as well as I could, and I thought to myself, 'Ah, you may be a gallant lad enough, but you ain't the stuff as V.C.'s are made of. You're too slow and steady-goin' for that game. It's the scallywag what gets the V.C., while the other chap's a-thinkin' of it out."

"We carried on quiet on that station for some months after-ward, as we always 'ud—though 'is name it was Jack—came out from England. But one day, while we was at our moorin' inside the breakwater in Table Bay, we all noticed that there was some fuss more than usual a-goin' on. The flag-ship was layin' inside of us, and her searchlights 'ud been busy all the mornin' with messages from the shore; the Admiral 'ud gone in in 'is barge, and 'ud come off again, and then a signal was made for 'is to go ahead of the flag-ship. 'E came off at last, lookin' pleased as he blowed, the joy regular a-shinin' out of 'is face."

Something was up. Workin' parties was sent ashore, and we shipped an extra small-arm ammunition, rocket tubes and war rockets, strichers, and an enormous number of cases of bully beef and compressed food of all sorts; medical stores also. We 'ud loaded a few days before, and soon after we'd cleared out next mornin' 'e heard officially that some murderin' black scoundrel of a King of I-boyin, up 'avin' way, had been a-doin' somethin' 'e oughtn't to, and we was a-goin' to check 'im."

"At last we fetches up at the place as we were bound for, a notorious spot called Gooling, or some such name. Off 'ere we found the *Mask Rat* a-waitin' for us, the *Kestrel*, another cruiser of the same class, and a great rusty, wall-sided tramp steamer from Gibe, with more stores. A river comes in to the sea at Gooling, and it soon leaked out that we was a-goin' up this river in boats as far as a place—I even forget the name, but it doesn't matter."

"To make a long story short, we got under way at last. The expedition was commanded by 'is, and, in course, 'e took 'is son along out of the *Mask Rat*. There was about thirty marines, of 'em I was one, and about eighty bluejackets. King, our commander, 'e came with us as second in command, and young 'is was made a sort of edge-du-coast to 'is pa, and followed after the old man."

"I don't know really which was the worst, the three days we spent in cutters here 'towed up that foul river, everlastin' in the sun all day, or everlastin' in the chimney mists at night. We got at last to a place of which I can't remember the name. At that blasted village we waited for nigh a week till the carriers 'ad been collected—and a dirty lot of niggers they were. Well, one evenin', sir, I accidentally overheard a conversation between young 'is and old 'is. I wasn't takin' no notice of what 'is and his lad was a talkin' about, till I 'ard 'is say somethin' about the V.C., and then I cocked my ears. 'E was a-sayin', 'Keep your eyes open for a chance, my lad; you'll never know when it's a chance, and it'll be over your twice never.' 'I'll do my best, 'ud young 'is; but don't you think it will sound a bit funny, you know, if I'm given the cross on my father's recommendation? Why, whatever I did, suppose' for the sake of argyment that the chance did come and that I took it, suppose' that, why, there'd be plenty to say that it was a family job.' 'is was fair dumfounded. 'E growled solemnly to 'imself, and I could 'ear 'im a-swearin' softlike below 'is breath. 'Gawd 'elp us,' 'e said at last. 'But I believe it's true. You must give up all idea of the cross this journey, my lad. I could never 'old up my 'ead if anything like that could be even 'inted up.' Young 'is 'e gave a little laff. 'There is a way out of it.' 'E said, 'though not a way as would be likely to suit you. If you was to go sick, and the opportunity came, and I took it, why, Commander King, who would be in command, 'e could recommend me, and would too, if 'e got the chance, for King's a good chap, though I know 'e's a pertickler pot of yours, gin'ore.' The old man 'e gave a great sigh, and said, 'I couldn't do it, lad. It's about of the thames' question,' he says, 'though King is a good chap, as you say. 'E's too much of a soldier for me.'"

"Well, we weighed anchor, as 'is would 'ave said, next mornin', and marched off up the bush track to I-boyin. We didn't get on very fast, as you may imagine, but we got on somehow. The first day nothin' 'appened. The second day the enemy kept a firin' on the advanced guard from out of the bush. We never saw them, though we used to 'ear them in the bush sometimes, and we found a few dead, as we shot unbeknownst. This sort of thing 'appened pretty frequent in the second day. A few of our men was hit, but nothin' serious, which was a wonder. The third day, 'e-er, was the day. Nothin' much 'appened in the mornin'; but shortly after dinner we got down close to a river. The path took

a sudden turn down to it, and when we rounded the turn we found ourselves within a few yards of a bloomin' stockade about six or seven foot 'igh. There was some loop'ole in it, and as our chaps came a-scaunterin' round the corner quite unexpectin', there was a scatterin' fire from these loop'oles, which, fortunately, went 'igh. Our men ran in, and the niggers looted, and Jackson, in private in the meantime, ran round the corner of the stockade after them. There came a sharp crack, quite different from the usual noise of the nigger's guns, and Jackson 'e rolled over like a rabbit, dead as mutton, shot through the 'eart. It was only some twenty paces behind, along of 'is, when this 'appened. 'Yid 'erd, sang out 'is, 'we don't want all you blighters killed,' 'e said, 'we must reconnoitre'; and we all looked at one another, as this was very different from the shootin' we 'ad met with so far. It wasn't no easy matter to reconnoitre, as the loop'oles in the stockade was ten 'igh from the ground for us to see through, the niggers 'eris

built a sort of parapet on the far side to fire from. 'Ovver, 'is made me give 'im a back, and then 'e could get a squint at the enemy. 'E looked and 'e looked, all the time whistlin' softly to 'isself. Then 'e passed the word for Commander King and King 'e came 'urryin' up from where 'e 'ad been n'-outlin' up the rear guard. When King 'e arrived, 'is turned from the loop'ole, still a-standin' on my back, and explained the situation. 'E quite kept where 'e was a-standin', and I let myself gettin' ridder and rodder as the fire, and could see the men a-grinin' to each other. King, 'e said, 'this is some time. There is a steep rocky bank to the other side of the river, with a sort of cave or opening in the rocks, and the beggars must be 'idlen in it. When 'e 'ad got almost as far as this I gave a lurch, bein' a bit off the job by that time, and 'is sudden saw where 'e was a-standin'. 'Eee, let me down,' 'e said, 'and some of you men just hold 'im up a stage 'ere to give me a look-out through this 'ere loop'ole. I straightened up my back, feelin' glad to get rid of 'is fairly weight, and some of the 'ands set to and soon rigged a platform with a man might stand on and 'ave a squint out at the other side of the river. 'is went on with a description of what 'e 'ad seen. 'The beggars fairly commenced the crossing from there, and there is no way of gettin' across but by the tree which lies across the stream and makes the bridge.' While 'e was talkin' young 'is 'e strolled up. 'Big pardun, sir,' 'e said, 'quite official-like. 'I 'ave plan for eleventy three varmint out of that cave.' He went on quite 'ead; 'I think, sir, as an active chap could easy cross here down. I notice that there is a tree as 'e fallen partly across the river. Now any woman could get across there, and go along the river till about the cave in which the niggers are. Then it would be easy enough to drop down to the sort o' platform outside the cave, and, once there, the revolver would do the rest. I wish to volunteer for this 'ere job, sir.' Well, both 'is and King was a bit took aback at this. They looked at each other, and then 'is spoke up. 'Jark, my boy,' 'e said, 'there ain't no call for you to go and 'back away your life for nothin'. Your bloomin' plan is all down here; there's only one weak point in it. That is, that

as soon as you drop down in front of those three barges, it's they'll do the killin', and not you, my lad. That's your do 'e were very determined. 'My plan's the only one,' 'e said again; and 'e took 'is pa away a few yards down the track, and they argued it out by themselves. At last they fell to shakin' 'ands with each other, and King said, 'It's settled, and the youngster's a good 'un to 'ave 'is way'; and so it was. They shook 'ands serious-like two or three times, and then came slowly back to where we was all standin'. 'is looked only put out, and kept a-blowin' 'is nose tremendous, but 'e had looked just as usual. 'I turned to where the blighters was restin'. 'Now, lads,' 'e said, 'quite brisk and cheerful, 'I wants six volunteers.' In course every man just of 'eas wanted to be in it; but it was settled at last, and they marched off. In a moment they'd slipped out of our sight in the forest. 'is, who stood very quiet and serious, ordered me up on the little platform to keep a sharp lookout through the loop'ole. 'Tell me when you see 'em,' 'e said; 'tell me what they're doin'.' For a little time I saw nothin'. Then I saw three a-swingin' 'is themselves across the river, and I told 'is 'ow they was a-gettin' on. 'Be sure and tell me,' 'e said, 'when they gets on the rock just above the cave.' When they finally reached it, young 'is 'e drew 'is pistol. I told the old man that they was just a-goin' to drop in front of the cave. This was what 'e'd been a-waitin' for, and 'e gave a shout and ran out into the open, 'is pistol in 'is hand. I 'eard the shout, and so 'e the smoke of the niggers a-shootin' from the cave come simultaneous, almost at the same moment as young 'is dropped on to the rock at the cave's mouth. I jumped from my perch, and King and me ran after 'is. The blighted niggers 'ad shot straight as usual. They 'ad floured 'im, and we picked 'im up with three bullets in 'im. 'E was quite conscious. 'It were the only way,' 'e said to King; 'I 'ad to 'ave 'is fire. 'O's Jack gettin' on? Jack, in course—the fire of the niggers a-come! 'ave that drawn—'ad got on all right. 'E, and the lads had rushed into the cave through the smoke of the shots fired



"Then 'e saw 'em the group round where the skipper were layin', and 'e 'ugged."

of the skipper, and any shootin' there was in the cave was from a Webley revolver. When young 'is came back on our side of the stream 'e ran up quite unexpectin'. 'Quite a simple job, after all,' 'e shouted, 'but 'me the 'ell did you draw that fire?' Their 'e saw 'em serious every one were lookin', and the group round where the skipper were layin', and 'e twiggled. 'Gard, 'e were knocked out. 'is 'e approved the lad's and: 'I got to wind'ard of you, Jack, 'e'er all,' 'is whispered.

'Well, in course, the way 'eain' clear, the colman went a-cad, King now bein' in command, and 'is was sent back to the base where we were dismounted; he were nearly well when we got back. And King 'e did the right thing. In 'is report to the Admiral 'e made a 'ill of a yarn about young 'is a-tacklin' the cave job, and would 'ave made a yarn about 'is too, but 'is looked on serious what 'e were goin' to say, and wiped all that part out. The Admiral 'e took it up, and young 'is 'e got the cross, after all; but I think that 'e never would 'ave liked to see it if the old man 'adn't drawn the fire of the cave."



Highland Park Entrance

Pittsburgh, the Giant Industrial City of the World

THEY used to call Pittsburgh the Smoky City; it is smoky yet. They used to call it the Iron City; Steel City would be a better name, for if "Iron is King," the steel throne of His Industrial

The reason for this is plain. The Steel Age is upon us. The steel industry has moved westward over the Allegheny Mountains, along the lines of least resistance, and is now in this country where the best fuel may be secured the cheapest, where the iron ore may be brought at the least expense, and where the distribution of the finished products of steel may be accomplished most easily.

George Washington first marked Pittsburgh as the site of a great town. He saw in its site a commanding position at the head of the Ohio River for commerce and trade. It was its position as a frontier post that attracted him. The possibilities of river traffic appealed to him. The age of steel he did not dream of. If there had been no

or the simpler name adopted by the Federal government and most of the corporations doing business there.

Take a rectangular piece of paper, and mark a wavy line along the bottom, running, say from east to west. In the center of the piece of paper draw another wavy line at right angles to the bottom one, and running, say, from north to south. The irregular lines represent the rivers that made Pittsburgh what it was and to a large extent what it is. Join the base and altitude of the center of the two right-angled triangles formed by the river systems with a hypotenuse about a mile long, and in the arc cut off you have the business part of the present city of Pittsburgh. This part of Pittsburgh is really more like an equilateral triangle. Put the apex where the Monongahela and Allegheny form the Ohio, and let the base extend from river to river. From the apex back nearly to the base the town is level. Then there comes a sharp rise, and on top of this rise, midway between the Allegheny and Monongahela, stands what is probably the finest business building in the world.

With the exception of the hill, the topography of Pittsburgh resembles that of New York from the City Hall to the Battery. Call the main street Fifth Avenue, instead of Broadway, and put all the retail shops, the theatres, and hotels, as well as the wholesale houses and railroad terminals in that district, and you have some idea as to how the city lies. Now, narrow the East River



Old Block-House

highness is in Pittsburgh—if we must use analogies pertaining to royalty—properly there is no place for them in the United States—to illustrate American strength and supremacy. Human labor is our King, which takes form in the Ideal Working-man—the capitalist and manual worker combined.

The capital of this spirit of American genius is Pittsburgh. If this there can be no reasonable doubt, for Pittsburgh has come to be the industrial center not only of the United States, but of the world. The greatest giant of modern times, American Commercial Genius, resides there and holds unqualified sway.

No community in the United States is more prosperous just now than Greater Pittsburgh. A smog by day—the dark smoke of its thousands of furnaces—and a pillar of fire by night—the flames of these same furnaces mark out the path of its progress; and the wilderness has vanished. Not quite 1,000,000 people live and toil in and around Pittsburgh, but its railroad and river commerce exceeds that of London, New York, or Chicago, and surpasses in extent that of the famous Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

railroads Pittsburgh would always have been a great city because of its natural position. Washington named his fort at the meeting place of the Monongahela and Allegheny Fort Pitt, in honor of William Pitt, and the pioneer residents, mainly Scotch and Irish, called the town Pittsburgh, not burg, the corruption of the German *berg*, and now its name is Pittsburgh or Pittsburgh, according as one fancies its chartered appellation



First Post-Office



Homestead Works

and the Hudson River to streams about 1000 feet wide, and just a score of bridges over them, in South Pittsburgh, on the one side, and to Allegheny on the other, and the river situation may be understood by New-Yorkers. On the Brooklyn side let the bluffs rise to a height of more than 500 feet, great battlements of nature looking down upon the business centre. Then run half a dozen inclined planes up their sides, to accommodate travel, and one can realize what a beautiful view the river traffic must present.

Now fence the territory north of New York's City Hall stretching away for miles in noble hills, one of them reaching an altitude of nearly 600 feet, with great gullies—gullies almost—between the hills, and imagine this vast extent dotted with beautiful suburban dwellings, and the possibilities of home-building in probably the most attractive series of natural sites in all the United States becomes apparent. Across the Hudson River imagine a town running back into the same kind of hills as stretch eastward from Pittsburgh, and you can realize how Allegheny lies.

Now let the railroads push their ways into town along the bottoms of deep gullies and over some of the lower hills, every railroad cramped for room, and the problem of the congested railroad traffic becomes apparent. Imagine the two rivers, lined on both sides with great smoking furnaces, for a distance of fully twenty miles, and place on the rivers scores of the old-fashioned stern-wheel steamers and enormous fleets of coal-barges, and the picture is nearly unfolded.

Its full beauty is not revealed until the shades of night fall. Let the visitor go up the Castle Shannon inclined plane on the South Side, and feast his eyes. On a hundred

hills for miles and miles the lights sparkle. So far above them is the spectator that it looks as if the sky had been inverted, and the landscape had been sprinkled with stars. They twinkle, precisely as they do in the



Wood Street

heavens, and they are tinged with colors. The Milky Way runs straight up through the town. Planets glow here and there, and occasionally, through the gloom of the evening haze, there is the suggestion of a comet. Search-lights on the river boats send their shafts far up the streams until they shimmer off like the tails of comets.

To come back to mundane affairs and to see things as they are the spectator will observe here and there the reflections of enormous furnace fires casting their gleam upon the sky. It seems as if half a dozen conflagrations were raging about the town. But watch! Here is a volcano right on the edge of an American city. The flames burst out, and those who realize that it is simply a blast-furnace casting off iron-ore impurities know that from time to time the lava, in the shape of slag, is being poured off. Then another volcano and another and another breaks forth.

It seems as if the fires of the subterranean regions were bursting through the earth's crust. A roar of charging machinery is in the air. It all means that Pittsburgh's industries never rest. Day and night they go on with thunder and fire and smoke. And the prosperity finally displays itself in the contented appearance of the people, in the modest displays of wealth by scores of millionaires, and in the figures of savings and other banks, such as no other city of its size in the world can present.

THE CROWDED BUSINESS SECTION.

The business part of Pittsburgh is packed and crowded into a territory entirely inadequate for its volume. The people of the town have insisted upon doing business down in the little triangle. There is not room



Head of Ohio River

enough there for the many lines of street cars. It is a congested place, crowded as if by hoops of steel of the place's own forging. Now that the tall office building erected by Mr. Frick has led the business movement up the hill, the tendency is shown to push out further upon the hills and into the valleys. The city can grow no more down toward the angle where the rivers join. The crowds there now jostle and surge and twist to a greater degree than in any place in New York, except at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. Fifth Avenue of a Saturday night is a sight. The great retail thoroughfare is almost impassable.

It is possible that if the Greater Pittsburgh is created, as would seem to be the logical outcome of the situation, bringing under one municipal management the affairs of fifteen villages and towns roundabout, at present really a physical part of the city, business will feel more free to break its present confines. To a visitor it seems absurd that one cannot cross a bridge to leave the little business triangle without paying toll. And yet such is the fact. The bridges are chartered private corporations, and very profitable. If one walks across any of them

marvellous industrial development. And what a splendid monument to American industry they and the others have built up there! In 1880 the population of the place was only 1500. In 1900 it was 321,980 in the city limits, but more than 700,000, including the suburban territory. It is now about 700,000 in the Pittsburgh region proper.

A few facts as to what this stronghold of industrial power really consists of: There are more than 5000 separate industrial establishments in and around Pittsburgh. More than 300,000 workers are employed there. The shipments of freight last year approximated nearly 80,000,000 tons, an unheard-of record in all the world. More than 2,500,000 cars were detailed to care for this traffic. Our steel-making establishments brought more iron ore into the region over its private railroad from Lake Erie than the entire traffic of three of the greatest of our transcontinental systems. The capitalization of all the industries amounts, it has been estimated by an authority, George H. Anderson, Secretary of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, to fully \$2,000,000,000. The city holds fifth rank in the financial strength of the country. Mr. James M. Swank, the recognized authority on the iron and steel trade of the country, declares that the place made more than 38 per cent. of all kinds of steel in the United States in 1901, the latest year for which figures are available. More than 24 per cent. of all the steel rails of the country were made there. More than 60 per cent. of structural shapes were produced there, and more than 32 per cent. of our entire production of rolled iron and steel came from the mills there.

But that is only a part of the industrial power of this community. Forty per cent. of the entire glass production of the country came from the Pittsburgh territory. In the making of white lead the city was in advance of any other place in the United States. In a vast number of industries growing out of the finishing of steel, the place held rank among the first of our cities. It excelled in the manufacture of finished copper. It is one of the greatest cork industrial centres of the world. It has more banks in proportion to its population than any other place in the United States, and that fact alone tells the story of its marvellous prosperity.

Pittsburgh is almost wholly a business place. Let a visitor express regret that the town is smoky, and the average business man will look up quickly with a challenged expression on his face, and will say, "Yes, it is smoky, but that's what makes the money." And yet there are strong refining influences there. The Carnegie Library, with its art galleries and museums, is the foremost of these, and the fact that Pittsburgh is one of the few places in the country that supports a permanent orchestra tells the story of another profound influence of refining forces at work there. The display of wealth in beautiful homes also has its developing influence upon the market. There is a peculiar devotion to out-door amusement as keen as



Post-Office

in any place of the country, the river life in the summer contributing in no small degree to it.

AN UNUSUAL OFFICE BUILDING

It is somewhat singular that with its business territory cramped seriously for room, and taking into consideration that for more than a decade Pittsburgh has been making steel for the tall office buildings of the rest of the country, it has put up such structures for itself only within about three years. There are now nearly a dozen of modern tall buildings in the town, but within a year two colossal structures, the Frick Building and the Farmers' Deposit Bank Building, have been erected and opened. The bank building is the taller of the two, in a couple of stories, and it is a structure that will compare favorably with any in the land. But the Frick Building of white granite, and lined from top to bottom with beautiful marble, leads in the richness of its finish and the comfort of its appointments.



City Hall

he must pay one cent. For every horse that crosses there is a charge of five cents.

And then there is a singular inconsistency that the residents take as a mere matter of course. If you ride across one of the bridges in a street-car you pay no toll. The car lines pay it for the traveller in the shape of royalties for permission to run their cars over these structures. This tax upon the industries of the town, upon the daily walk of its people, has been going on for decades. It is not only provincial and backward, but it is easy to see that it has cramped the growth of the place, and the wonder is that the people have put up with it. When Greater Pittsburgh comes and it will come when certain difficulties placed in its way by small politicians are overcome—the bridges will be free, and an unnecessary tax upon the vitality of the town will be removed, and the place will grow as it alone can grow, out toward the hills and over the rivers, and Pittsburgh will come into the full possession of its rightful domain.

One needs to dwell little upon the history of Pittsburgh; it is well known to all. It is not known generally, however, that it was not until 1860 that the manufacture of iron was begun on a lasting basis in the place. That business venture has brought wealth and prosperity to that part of Pennsylvania. The names of Carnegie and Jones and Park and others are recalled at once with this



Court-House



Plant of Riser-Conley Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

any office building in this country. It is severely plain inside and out, but there is no suspicion of the sacrifice of space for money-making purposes. Its halls are wide and imposing, and in the main hall there is a beautiful stained-glass window by La Farge representing Progress. It is the figure of a woman with flowing hair and drapery advancing upon the rolling slope of progress. Beneath is a magnificent marble seat hewn from the solid stone. That window alone with its inspiring influence is sufficient answer to the question that Pittsburgh is a sordid town given up solely to the making of money in a grimy atmosphere. The building in which it is placed is a living monument to the man who erected it, and an object-lesson in architecture for the entire country.

PITTSBURGH'S STRENGTH OR WEAK.

It is common to refer to Pittsburgh as a one industry town. The designation is practically true, and for that reason the town is prosperous when good times prevail, and hard hit when dull times in the steel trade come. But the meaning of the steel trade to the city is of deeper significance. The condition of the steel trade has come to be a barometer of commercial progress for the United States, and when prosperity rules it means that Pittsburgh is probably more prosperous than any other place in the country. Just a few words from *The Bathin*, published by the American Iron and Steel Association, will reveal what the steel business, especially of Pittsburgh, means commercially to the city. In the review of the trade, published on last Christmas day, and giving the figures for the previous year, this summary is made:

In 1901 Pennsylvania made 46.2 per cent. of the country's total production of pig iron in that year; 69.2 per cent. of the Bessemer steel, 57.2 per cent. of the open-hearth steel, 71.9 per cent. of the crucible steel; 58.8 per cent. of the Bessemer steel rails; 81.4 per cent. of the structural shapes; 56.7 per cent. of the plates and sheets; 28.1 per cent. of the wire rods; and 55.4 per cent. of all rolled iron and steel products.

In 1901 Allegheny County made 54.3 per cent. of all the pig iron that was made in Pennsylvania in that year; 67.2 per cent. of the Bessemer steel; 61.2 per cent. of the open-hearth steel; 74.9 per cent. of the crucible steel; 70.0 per cent. of the Bessemer steel rails; 66.7 per cent. of the structural shapes; 54.1 per cent. of the plates and sheets; 24.4 per cent. of all other rolled products; and 51.4 of the total production of rolled products.

In 1901 Allegheny County made over 23 per cent. of the total production of pig iron in its whole country; over 23 per cent. of the Bessemer steel; over 42 per cent. of the open-hearth steel; almost 55 per cent. of the crucible steel; over 38 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of steel; over 24 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of rails; over 20 per cent. of the total production of structural shapes; and over 22 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of rolled iron and steel.

A few figures from another accurate set of statistics will emphasize the meaning of

this summary of the greatest industry in the United States. The census report for 1900 shows that, all told, there were in



Frick Building

Pittsburgh proper about fifty establishments engaged in the various forms of iron and steel work, employing a capital of nearly



Plant of A. M. Byers & Co. (Incorporated), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

\$200,000,000, employing nearly 25,000 men, paying about \$15,000,000 in wages to these workers, and producing more than \$200,000,000 worth of finished product. Double these figures for the entire territory tributary to the town, and then increase them by fully one-third, to allow for the great strides in the industry since 1850, and you have some idea of what the industry means in a financial way at present to Pittsburgh.

It means that probably \$250,000,000 of finished steel a year is being produced there now, and that more than \$40,000,000 is being paid to the wage-earners in that industry. It is difficult to conceive fully what this means to the town. In its banking and other interests. One can realize why it is that no less than \$181,000,000 is being expended, according to an estimate made on March 22 last by the conservative *Pittsburgh Post*, to cover a period of four years, in extending the railroad and other business enterprises of the town. The railroads are spending no less than \$50,000,000 in improvements east and west of the town, and the rest is being spent largely by the steel and electrical companies in making betterments. New mill buildings, some of them nearly a quarter of a mile long, are being erected, and new machinery to save labor and produce better products in the metal output of all kinds, is being brought in almost every day.

It is related that a foreign traveler, after approaching Chicago and to the porter of a sleeping-car, as he looked with alarm toward a great smudge of black smoke in the Chicago. "What's that?" "That, sir," said the porter, "is Chicago." The same might be said of Pittsburgh, but it should be added that the smudge is a sign by which the city compares. Long before the traveler reaches town he sees enormous clusters of towering smokestacks belching vast quantities of black smoke into the air. The very trees show the deadly effect of this, for the older varieties of the deciduous trees are dying off under the fumes. Then the visitor observes enormous tank-like shapes of red-painted steel. These are the blast furnaces where the ore is melted in flux, and the first cooking of the product is made. If one reaches the town in the evening, for miles and miles as he comes in, upon hillsides and in valleys, he sees acres upon acres of forty furnaces blazing at the tops and sides, giving a startling effect to one who looks on them for the first time. These make the coke for the steel furnaces.

But it is not until one goes through one of these steel-making plants that he realizes what they mean, and that it begins to dawn upon him that right here in these wonderful places the forces are

put into play that have developed our railroads, that have reconstructed our great cities, and transposed their buildings, that have made it possible for us to assert our national strength in the upbuilding of a navy, and that into the industry they enter the highest skill of the artisan, the largest courage of the capitalist and manufacturer, as well as the brain of the highest developed form of the American working-man. A steel plant a mile long is the ordinary thing in these days. Scores of great sheds and mammoth furnaces are in use. A network of railroad tracks fills each place. A river like Niagara's studies the cars. The crizzling of men and steam shows in its air. Numerous tracks abound the great blocks of red-hot steel as easily as a hot-barrier picks up bricks.

STEEL WORKS BRILLIANT AT NIGHT
To see a steel plant in its full glory (glory seems to be the proper word) of its strength, one should visit it at night. There is one of the leading ones in the industry directly opposite the heart of the business district of Pittsburgh and within twenty minutes' ride. Let us visit it, and take a superficial view, as we pass from building to building. Across a bridge from the Pittsburgh side a locomotive engine pulling bricks, drawing a train of immense bales of molten steel from the blast-furnaces where it has been cooked nearly into its proper condition. The train stops on an elevated structure, the steel is passed, and slowly each bale is tipped over. A great stream of red-molten metal runs into a furnace-like affair called a mixer. There certain chemical ingredients have been placed to further purify the metal, and then the work of finally purifying it by intense fires begin. We are now ready to observe the work of the last stage in boiling this molten mass. Another pouring occurs into the great open-hearth furnaces and Bessemer steels. This Bessemer furnace is the most spectacular manufacturing thing in the world. After the molten steel is poured into it a blast of compressed air is discharged into it, and a great flame leaps out of the top, throwing out sparks that make pinholes and other fireworks of fascinating shapes. The furnace opens and rears under the pressure of four big air-compressors, and the vast sheet of flame, turned toward the sky at an angle of forty-five degrees, rises to air with a massive torch fully fifty feet long. The flame is of a deep yellow color. Gradually it turns to a lighter shade, and then as it turns to a still lighter color and the fireworks seem to die away, the skilled workman in charge knows exactly when to stop the blast. The metal is purified and ready to be cast into ingots.

Before the casting occurs turn to another structure about fifty or sixty feet long and probably twenty feet high. It is an open-hearth furnace known as the Telford variety. It looks like the battery part of a battleship. It weighs hundreds of tons, and there are curved runners or grooves in its top by which it is tipped over as easily as a child tips a rocking-horse. The molten metal is poured from the mixer into this, just as it is poured into the Bessemer furnace. Before the metal is run, the furnace is "charged." That is to say, certain quantities of chemicals are thrust in it to assist in the purification of the metal. This charging continues at first slight seems like a flying-machine with long propellers thrust out in front. The operator sits up in the machine with a lot of levers, and, as it runs along an elevated frame, swings the ponderous affair this way and that, up and down, sideways, and forward and back until he looks in the gloom as if he were flying in the air. The long prop is thrust into a trough-like affair, and then the trough, filled with proper chemical ingredients, is carried to the back door of the furnace, and thrust into the blazing fires. Then, as in the Bessemer furnace, the molten metal flows limply into the top with a glittering show of fireworks, and the cooling operator, using blue glasses because of the intense light, looks into the furnace from time to time, and when the color is just right knows that the disk is done. Then, with the use of hydraulic power, the great furnace is tipped over, and the steel is ready for its liquid shape. Whether it comes from open-hearth furnaces

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or from the Bessemer furnaces, the operation is now the same. Cast-steel mounds, each standing on a little railroad-truck of its own, are rolled under the furnaces, and with much splintering the cooked steel is run into three one by one. These mounds look to be about eight feet tall, with a width and a depth of about two feet. As soon as the metal is poured into them they are dragged away. The outside of the mounds soon acquire a cherry-red color, as the molten metal hardens.

After about half an hour the mounds are run under a machine called a stripper. It looks like a crab. It has two enormous claws and a blunt nose. The blunt nose is pushed down upon the semi-hardened metal, to hold it firmly upon the bottom of the little car, and then the claws come down and grasp the sides of the mound and lift it clear of the ingot, leaving a beautiful pillar of fire standing solidified and almost lustrous in its aspect in the deep gully of the place. Here comes another demon contrivance. It seizes the glowing ingot, when it is still in a molten condition inside, and takes it away, and, with tossing and juggling, places it in a brick fire called a "soaking pit." It is simply a fiery furnace where the ingot is reheated, the molecules being distributed evenly thereby.

FLATTENING THE INGOTS

From the soaking pit the ingot is hauled out with great ceremony, and then comes the most exciting time of its career. It is muffled and pummelled into new shapes almost at the hour of its birth. Electrical devices toss it on a frame-work of rolling cylinders, and now a mad race begins. The rollers hurry it forward to a machine where it passes through immense rolls that flatten and elongate it. Though the rolls it goes with an awful protest and clinging out of the scale that has gathered on its surface as it has cooled somewhat. Out on the other side it goes. A man throws a lever, and the rolls which have received it are tipped up, and it goes through the crushing process again at a higher elevation. The first table of rolls has now been elevated to receive it again. When it comes back to its first starting-point it is a new piece of glowing steel. Down goes the table, and through the jangling-machine it goes once more, the opening through which it has passed once being made smaller. Still more grinding and more rolling follow, and back and forth the ingot is hustled until it is so small that it may be transferred to other mills to be rolled into rails, or bars, or structural shapes or rods.

Suppose the ingot is to be made into rods. It is elongated in about twenty feet, and then it goes on another tour. It looks like a snake. A stalwart working man

seizes it by the head with a pair of tongs and thrusts it into the rolls. Thinner and thinner it becomes as it passes from one set of rolls to another, squirming and quivering its entire length. The workman passes on it here and there, and sends it this way and that. The glowing steel protests, but as it passes from one machine to another these protests become fainter and fainter, until at last its tail is thrown with a defiant but conquered flag for into the air, and the scathed snake runs out a red steel rod, hundreds of feet long, upon a series of frames where it is cooled and where, as it becomes dark, it is cut up into lengths outside for hauling on railroad-cars. It is still hot, but the life of the fire is ebbing and soon is dead.

The same general process is used in finishing the various forms of steel product. One of the sights, even more spectacular than the making of rods, is to be seen in the great rail-mills at Bradock, where, with almost lightning rapidity, the great steel shapes are tossed about and tapered into proper forms. Up at Homestead the visitor will see a plant where the handling of the ingots is reduced to a still greater science by the most expensive machinery that can be contrived. One will see a machine running the ingots about and with the aid of four or five men doing the work that required the labor of nearly one hundred men two years ago.

It is this perfection of labor-saving devices that has largely reduced the cost of steel. It takes great courage to put your profits into new machinery, but that is what Mr. Carnegie and the others did a decade a year ago. And the result was that this country took the lead in steel-making. The further result has been the enormous increase in the use of steel, and the masses, who have profited by it, have scarcely realized the debt that the country owes to those men who were not afraid and who foresaw the future so important to us all.

When one realizes that the cost of finished steel is about \$30 a ton, and that millions upon millions of tons are made right here in this district—nearly two-thirds of Pennsylvania's entire product—he begins to understand the importance of the industry. The Bessemer process of making this metal seems to have run its course. The increase in this form of product is only slight comparatively each year. The open-hearth

(Continued on page 817.)



Cathedral



Peoples' Savings Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Development of the Savings-Bank Business

LATE every other line of business, that of the savings-banks has undergone important change and development during the past few years.

Instead of being dependent upon local patronage, as was formerly the case, they are now reaching out to, and securing business from, all parts of the globe.

"Banking by Mail" had its first start quite a number of years ago, when a few Pittsburghers moved away from the city, leaving their savings accounts behind. By special arrangements the Peoples' Savings Bank allowed them to send deposits by mail. New accounts began to come in in the same way, and from this early beginning a department of banking, that is entirely distinctive, has developed, until now it reaches out into every nook and corner of the civilized world.

Recognizing the possibilities of this larger field, the Peoples' Savings Bank began to open branches that about a year ago it entered the national field.

As a direct result of this advertising, it has opened accounts with men and women in every State and nearly every foreign country.

But the management of the Peoples' Savings Bank, while always progressive, has been careful and conservative—absolute safety being always the first consideration. A list of officers and trustees—men who have long been prominently identified with the financial and commercial interests of Western Pennsylvania—follows:

- D. M. K. Lloyd President.
- Thomas Watkins Vice-President.
- Edward L. DeR Secretary and Treasurer.
- James K. Ing' Asst. Secretary and Treasurer.
- Salvator E. Murphy Auditor.
- Charles W. Kiser Manager Mortgage Dept.

TRUSTEES

- D. M. K. Lloyd A. E. W. Peltzer.
- Thomas Watkins George W. Crawford.
- Edward L. DeR Wm. H. Thompson.
- Wm. J. Woodward Robert Wardrip.
- Edward E. DeR.

The bank has a capital of \$300,000, surplus and profits of \$515,000, and total assets of over \$1,000,000.

It accepts deposits in any amount from \$1 up, and allows interest at the rate of four per cent., compounded every six months.

Its new quarters in the Peoples' Savings Bank Building, Fourth Avenue and Wood Street, are among the handsomest and most conveniently arranged banking-rooms in the country.



Glass Plant, Jeannette

(Continued from page 816.)

process is fast superseding it. This process is more expensive, but the steel seems to be better adapted for general work than the other kinds, and few new Bessemer furnaces are being put in nowadays.

EQUIPMENT OF A MODERN PLANT

In the Engineering Magazine for January, 1901, Charles M. Schwab, now president of the United States Steel Corporation, wrote of the equipment of a modern steel plant, using the Carnegie company as an example. The modern steel company owns its raw material, and does all its own work in the finishing of the steel. This saves a large number of intermediate profits, and the result is that the public reaps most of the benefit. For instance, the Carnegie company at that time had a system which included the mining of iron ore near Lake Superior, the transportation of the ore in boats on the lake, the further transportation of hundreds of miles in the company's own port on Lake Erie, Conestoga Harbor, the re-handling of the ore and its dispatch for less than a distance of 200 miles to Pittsburgh. Then there was purchased a great industry of coke-making at Connellsville, Pennsylvania, which means the sining of coal and its transportation by the furnaces into coke. These cover the making of the steel proper.

All this mining, transportation, and manufacturing means the employment of a great

number of labor-saving devices which have cheapened steel. For example, at Conestoga Harbor in 1901 nine ships could be docked at the same time; 25,000 tons of ore could be handled in ten hours; a 9,000-ton steamship could be unloaded in fourteen hours, and in another fourteen hours the ore could be at the Pittsburgh furnaces. A train of forty one-cars could be loaded in two hours. Now apply the system that is displayed in this transportation problem to all the other great departments, and one realizes something of the enormous work of a steel plant.

In 1901 Mr. Schwab wrote that the Carnegie company operated 13,000 miles of railroad track, used 1,500 locomotives, and gave employment to about 30,000 persons, paying out to its employees fully \$30,000,000 a year. Of course these figures have been increased largely. Now the Carnegie Company is simply a part of the Steel Corporation, and by studying these figures for a constituent company of the greater corporation it becomes evident what an enormous concern the so-called Steel Trust is.

Speaking of the policy adopted by Mr. Carnegie, the railroad superintendent something of the magnificent salary of \$175,000 a year in 1903, and borrowed \$125,000 to go into the steel business, Mr. Schwab says:

"He has willingly allowed the profits of the business to be taken year after year for experiment and improvement, whilst our friends across the water, content with the crude system of by-gone times, took the dividends, and kept the even tenor of their way. The corollary of this, reduced to figures, shows that the United States in 1900 produced 39.25 per cent., Germany and Luxembourg 25.26 per cent., Great Britain 14.44 per cent., and the Carnegie works 10 per cent. of the whole steel product of the world."

In Mr. Carnegie's active connection of thirty-six years with the steel business, Mr. Schwab estimates that America's great Iron King made or less than 50,000,000 tons of steel for various uses, a record probably unsurpassed in the world.

BANKING AND OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS

Let not the mistake be made that practically all there is in Pittsburgh as a business place lies within the confines of the iron and steel industry. In the entirety of its industries it is one of the notable cities of the world. As a banking center it is remarkable, and one of the reasons the town makes is that it no longer has to come to New York to finance its ordinary business undertakings.

Nanking tells the tale of a city's business strength like the figures of bank clearings. Ultimately all business of importance centres in the banks. The reports of the Pittsburgh Clearing House show that in 1900 the clearings amounted to \$253,000,000; 1901, \$248,000,000; 1902, \$260,000,000; 1903, \$255,000,000. It is expected that for this year they will reach nearly \$700,000,000. All this means that Pittsburgh within five years has practically doubled the amount of its business operations, a record not equaled by any other city in the country, and revealing, as nothing else can, the unworded prosperity that exists in the town.

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Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS

"Bringing Life's discords into perfect tune"

strength. The Stock Exchange, which opened its business in 1894 with a record of 75,000 shares of stock sold and \$304,000 worth of bonds exchanged for the year, showed these figures for the last four years: number of shares of stock sold in 1899, 2,410,000; 1900, 3,022,000; 1901, 6,341,000; 1902, 4,355,000.

To look again in the census figures for 1901, which should be increased from thirty to forty per cent. for the present day, to get other data, the most trustworthy that can be produced, as to Pittsburgh's business interests, using the data for Allegheny County, for that county Greater Pittsburgh. In 1890 there were 4145 business establishments in the county, with a capital of \$401,000,000, paying for salaries and wages nearly \$70,000,000, and employing nearly 130,000 men, women, and children. The output of their labor reached the sum of \$423,000,000.

Looking at the figures for Pittsburgh proper—many of the great industries are just outside the city limits—we find this showing as to industries: There were nearly fifty establishments engaged in iron and steel making, using a capital of \$80,000,000, employing 23,000 men and boys, and giving an output of \$90,000,000. In the making of electric apparatus and supplies the capital invested amounted to \$16,000,000, employing more than 3000 persons in figure now increased by fifty per cent., and having an output of \$14,000,000. In machine products the capital employed was \$15,000,000, the workers numbered 6200, and the output was valued at \$15,500,000. In architectural and ornamental ironwork the output was \$6,111,000. Marble and stonework had an output of \$5,200,000, and the value of the masonry done was \$3,000,000. A dozen or more industries, such as are found in every large city, had outputs of more than \$1,000,000.

Pittsburgh, of course, is the second city in Pennsylvania in manufacturing rank, but within the confines of its territory and practically part of it are the third and fourth cities in rank, Allegheny and McKeesport. For example, McKeesport produced in 1899 \$15,800,000 of iron and steel. Allegheny made more than \$7,000,000 of the same product. Then there were the smaller places in the district, Braddock, Duquesne, Homestead, and a dozen others, all bringing the record of Greater Pittsburgh to a still higher figure, but not included directly in the census reports.

BUSINESS OF THE BANKS

These figures are cumulative, and all are emphasized in the Pittsburgh bank reports, giving the city exceptional rank in the matter of banking. In looking into the bank situation we find that in February last there

were in Pittsburgh thirty-five national banks, twenty-six State banks, and twenty-two trust companies, a total of eighty-three. In Allegheny, across the river, there were ten banks of various kinds, bringing the total up to ninety-three. Each of the smaller towns has its banks, so that the record runs beyond a hundred of these institutions.

Now for some more statistics in brief form. The capital of the national banks of Pittsburgh proper was more than \$20,000,000; State banks, which means savings-banks, \$4,500,000; trust companies, \$16,750,000. The capital of the Allegheny banks was \$3,225,000. The surplus and profits of the national banks amounted to \$28,500,000, of the savings-banks to \$6,000,000, of the trust companies to \$20,000,000. The deposits of the national banks of Pittsburgh reached \$133,600,000, of the savings-banks (here is where the American working-man comes in) \$72,900,000; of the trust companies, \$62,000,000, a total of about \$256,000,000. That amounts to nearly \$1000 for each inhabitant, a wonderfully high average, but, of course, the bank figures include the business of practically the entire territory, which would reduce the average to about \$400, using the figures \$30,000 for the population—still a wonderful average.

One of the interesting things in Pittsburgh banking is the keen competition to secure deposits. The business has become so profitable that the banks scarcely have sufficient daily balances to do business with and keep within the law's limit. The business is so securely founded that such things as bank runs are not feared, and the money goes out in investments almost as fast as it comes in. Many of the national banks pay two per cent. interest on daily deposits. The savings-banks, with one or two exceptions, pay four per cent. interest. Loans are made at six per cent. interest, and in the present state of prosperity of the town the security is of the best, and loaning money at a profit of from two to two and a half per cent. is profitable in the extreme. The stock of one of the trust companies, the Union, sold recently as high as \$3000 a share.

Another tendency in Pittsburgh banking is strongly toward consolidation. Within a few months in three cases one or more national banks have been united, each with a trust company and a savings-bank. Economy of administration, greater facility of arranging loans and of financing large operations are secured in this way. The financial authorities of the town desire that all these operations are safeguarded thoroughly, and that the consolidation reveals simply one of the tendencies of the times.

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BANKING BY MAIL.

But of the competition for depositors there has developed in Pittsburgh a new departure in savings-bank management. It is known as Banking by Mail. Most of the savings-banks are stock corporations, and the desire, of course, is to get the largest returns, consistent with safety and strict adherence to the State banking laws. The competition has led not only to the establishment of an unusually large number of savings-banks and trust companies, but has called out a large amount of advertising in the newspapers by the savings-banks.

It is felt by banking institutions in other communities that this plan of generous advertising for deposits is not what might be called "strictly professional," and to use a common phrase, "The Pittsburgh men point to the New York newspapers and those of other great cities, where the trust companies advertise regularly, and they go a step further. They say that making money by banking is just as legitimate as making money by selling dry goods or any other commodity. If they can increase their business and their profits in that way they say that fact justifies the modern business methods employed. They point to their returns as evidence of the wisdom of the plan.

Well, banking by Mail is the direct outcome of the advertising by savings-banks of Pittsburgh, a system that has just been adopted by a bank in Cleveland, and by two besides the one that started it in Pittsburgh. It simply consists of advertising that deposits will be received by mail, and that drafts on deposits will be honored by mail, just as if the functions of banking were attended to in person at the bank's office. The man in a suburban or distant place writes to the bank that has advertised, and says he has a certain sum to deposit. He is instructed by mail how to send it. A signature card is forwarded to him, which he fills up, and that is sent with the deposit. The card system of signatures is followed by the banks in Pittsburgh, and the card of the mail depositor is filed away with the cards of the personal depositors. Money may be drawn after it has been arranged for by correspondence and after the necessary blanks are filled up.

The bankers who have adopted this system of getting deposits from out of town say it is just as simple as eating for business brought into the bank in person. The returns from the advertisements were slow at first. Within three months, however, it was plain that it would be a success. Within another three months it had reached a profitable basis, and now those concerned assert that it is an established system. It has been found that the accounts average \$200. The deposits have been as high as \$10,000. To the leading bank in this work in Pittsburgh there have come deposits from every civilized nation on the globe. American missionaries in half-civilized lands have sent their money. American residents in foreign countries have responded liberally. From Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippines, Australia, China, India, the deposits have come. Every country in Europe and every State in the Union is represented in these deposits. Fully fifty inquiries a day are

received by the bank in question. The line of a special clerk is taken up wholly with answering queries and attending to the business that has come. The farmers in round-about towns, where the banks are small and where the sense of security is not so strong as in the case with banks in large cities, have responded liberally to the call for this kind of deposits, and the system is now attracting the widespread interest of bankers all over the country. It is looked upon as the newest form of profitable banking on sale lines.

Mr. E. E. Duff, one of the bankers actively concerned in this system, says of its operation:

"Previous to the development of the banking-by-mail system, it was necessary for a farmer or a resident of a country town to put his deposits in the country bank, or else make a long trip to the city, or keep his money in the house. There is no safety attached to keeping money in the house. Frequently a country bank does not inspire confidence, and it becomes necessary for the owner of the money to spend a day in traveling to the nearest large town or city where he can find a bank that inspires him with confidence. The banking-by-mail system does away with this inconvenience and insecurity."

Evidence has been made to the growth of the Stock Exchange in Pittsburgh as indicative of the town's business strength. The history of the exchange presents an interesting series of changes. It is the outgrowth of the Pittsburgh Petroleum Association which was established in 1866 to deal with speculation in oil-well shares. In a few years this institution was succeeded by the Pittsburgh Oil Exchange. In the early eighties this in turn was succeeded by the Petroleum, Stock, and Metal Exchange. This was succeeded on April 1, 1904, by the present Stock Exchange, which was not incorporated, however, until July 25, 1906.

The Stock Exchange started off with 100 members, and the price of seats, or membership, was \$100. In October, 1902, it was resolved to increase the membership by thirty. The price of seats had grown to \$10,000 each, and at private sales since they have gone much higher. This rise in value in less than ten years has been phenomenal. With the \$300,000 secured by the sale of new seats and with \$25,000 added, the Stock Exchange purchased the Mechanics National Bank building, a beautiful white marble structure of two stories, and has just moved into it. It stands, casually enough, on the site of the old United States Bank which felt the wrath of Andrew Jackson.

THE BANKING DISTRICT.

Pittsburgh has its financial district, as pronounced in its way as that of New York. It is so much localized as any business district in the metropolis. Fourth Avenue is the bankers' street, just as much as Fifth Avenue is the great shopping street. New York's banks, and the banks of any large city for that matter, are scattered well over town. Pittsburgh has banks here and there in its business district, but most of them are on Fourth Avenue, where they lie snug,

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one up against another, just as the whole-homes-in-the-dry-goods trade do in New York city.

For two or three blocks every business place on Fourth Avenue of any pretensions is a bank of some kind. It is really an amazing sight, and wonder flows itself upon the visitor, but the cars possibly be surprised. No such array of banks is to be found in close proximity in any other place in the country. Of course, the fact that they have banded together is due chiefly to the respective character of the business districts of the place. The banks are needed for the town, so prosperous has it been, and there was no other place for them to go than in a small district as close as possible to the chief business street of the place. From a financial point of view Fourth Avenue is the leading street of the town. It makes a brave show, and the presence of so many named institutions in one spot gives an appearance of aggressive solidity, such as cannot be found elsewhere in the United States. The banks of the Wall Street district of New York, scattered here and there, as they are, are not more impressive than the showing Pittsburgh makes in this field.

Since the beginning of the year record prices in the sale of real estate in the business part of Pittsburgh have been made in half a dozen cases. On Southfield Street, the second of the leading thoroughfares of the town, as high as \$2000 a front foot has been paid, a large figure for a town of less than 400,000 inhabitants. Out in the residence district, where there is a large amount of undeveloped property, a high as ever front foot has been paid this year for residential property. Isolated, real estate is soaring in every part of the town, and it is no wonder when one considers the magnitude of the business interests of the crowded city.

Besides the great railroad systems of the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Vanderbilt lines, the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, the Washaw line is now entering the congested business district, by tunneling through the Mount Washington hills, up which the inclined planes run, and then crossing the Monongahela close to what might be called the "battery" part of town. This means a great increase in the railroad activities of the place. It is difficult to see how Pittsburgh can be made more of a railroad center, because of the simple fact that there would seem to be no more room for tracks to enter the place. Every low hill and valley is already occupied by these corporations.

PITTSBURGH'S EXHIBITION CAR SERVICE

To illustrate further the extent of the business activity of Pittsburgh one should study the reports of the various car service associations of the United States. There are thirty-eight of these in the United States, but Pittsburgh's leads them all. It was at Pittsburgh that the greatest freight blockade of the country occurred in the fall of 1902 and the winter following. It occurred as if the cars of Pittsburgh could never be cleared. The lack of cars for its own industries seriously crippled the town. The trouble came from the fact that Eastern railroads could deliver cars to Pittsburgh for the West, but the West could not take them. "Take loaded cars from us, but do not send us any more," the officials of the roads west of Pittsburgh said. For miles and miles these cars were sidetracked, in an ever more festering mass. At one time, one might say, millions of dollars to shippers. Railroad officials hurried to the place. Employees of railroads worked overtime and would they were exhausted physically. Passengers and the crews of passenger trains were impressed into the service, and early in the year the traffic emerged from the woods, as it speak.

The car traffic associations of the country deal with the car situation after the same method has been delivered to shippers for unloading it in the business of these associations to keep track of the cars, and see that they are unloaded and loaded within specified time limits. Take the record of Pittsburgh for January of this year. In 1901 the Pittsburgh Association handled merely 129,532 cars. The next highest record was that of the New England Association, which, for the entire territory of New England, handled 133,043 cars. The Philadelphia Association

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came next with a record of 121,287 cars. The New York and New Jersey Association handled only 52,300 cars. Chicago's record was 119,215 cars.

The next year Pittsburgh's record was 147,204 cars. New England for that month of January handled 141,831 cars, Philadelphia handled 127,147 cars, and Chicago handled 121,039. In January of 1903 Pittsburgh handled, at the height of the freight blockade, 169,984 cars for the month. New England surpassed this record, handling 155,040 cars. The entire State of Illinois, excluding the Chicago district, made a still higher record, the figures being 219,131 cars. But the point is that no city in the country approached the record of Pittsburgh. The total number of cars handled by this association in 1902 was 1,892,777. Taking the standard length of a railroad-car as a basis, it is believed that more than 200,000 miles of freight cars were handled in one year on sidings of the town. Can anything be more impressive than that!

THE RIVER'S GREAT COMMENCE

Another set of figures, showing the commerce of the rivers of the city, will be sufficient to convince the reader of the vast importance of this commercial center of the United States. Six or eight miles below Pittsburgh on the Ohio River is the well-known Davis Island Dam. River boats are common in and near Pittsburgh. They are situated several miles apart, in most cases, and they lock the water up into deep lakes which are called pools. These pools often get crowded with many square miles of coal-beds waiting for high water, so as to carry their product down the Ohio and into the vast tributary district of the Mississippi and the Gulf.

The government records show that the tonnage of the rivers in Pittsburgh Harbor for the year 1901, the latest for which figures are available, was 10,910,489. The tonnage of the harbor of New York for that year was 16,795,790. The tonnage of the "Sun" sinks, the greatest in the world, was 30,000,000 tons. Using about the 1000-foot Davis

Island Dam, the tonnage was 3,340,000. Going up it was only 51,700 tons, showing what the coal-traffic shipments of Pittsburgh amount by water. The number of vessels approximately that passed the Davis Island Dam in the year was more than 15,000. The number of passengers carried was 817,500. On the Monongahela, right in Pittsburgh, as to speak, the tonnage of the river, as shown by the records of the nine locks, forming pools there, was 1,100,000, and the number of passengers carried was 181,000. The nearest record to that before was in the year 1899, when the freight tonnage was 6,854,000. Wonderful, indeed, is the business of Pittsburgh and its port.

USE OF NATURAL GAS

This subject of fuel in the Pittsburgh district should not be discussed without a word or two on the use of natural gas. In the late eighties and early nineties there was a prodigious waste of this product in Pittsburgh. It was in the ten years of this time that the coal industry received the only check in its growth in the district. Natural gas is still in general use in manufacturing and the heating of households of the city. Many of the fields have been exhausted, and the coal concerns have gas-making apparatus in their plants in case of a breakdown or a diminished supply from the gas fields. Natural gas is used in no less than 1100 manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, and although the production in 1900 was less than half of what it was in 1888, the State still ranks second in the production of this essential fuel. When it was in general use Pittsburgh was no longer the Smoky City. Now that soft coal is the chief fuel product of the town the city is smoky, but to no greater extent than any of the other large manufacturing cities west of the Alleghenies. Indeed, Chicago is probably more smoky to-day than Pittsburgh.

COAL, COKE, ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, AND GLASS

It is a common saying that iron and steel have made Pittsburgh. It is true enough, but it may be said also that the deposits of coal, and the abundance of water, may be secured from it in the Pittsburgh district, have made the iron and steel. Except for its adjacent deposits of fuel Pittsburgh would not be a great manufacturing city today. The coal mines and the rivers for transportation of coal are nature's great gifts in Pittsburgh. The rest of the industry is largely a result of these.

The bituminous coal district of Pittsburgh covers an area of 1,200 to 1,300 square miles, a territory 2000 miles larger than the entire coal field of Great Britain. Nearly 35,000,000 tons of it are produced each year by something like 50,000 miners. It has been estimated by experts that the supply of this district alone will last at the present rate of mining from 700 to 1000 years. The annual coal production of Pennsylvania is more than one-half of that of the United States, and of this the coal of the Pittsburgh district produced last year more than one-third of that grade mined in the entire country. Coal can be delivered by boat from Pittsburgh at New Orleans for \$1.50 a ton—in fact, as cheaply as it can be hauled by rail to the Atlantic coast for shipment. This fact is of tremendous significance to Pittsburgh. It has built up a great mining interest there. Pittsburgh itself probably uses more than one-third of the coal that comes by rail to the Atlantic coast for shipment. This fact is of tremendous significance to Pittsburgh. It has built up a great mining interest there. Pittsburgh itself probably uses more than one-third of the coal that comes by rail to the Atlantic coast for shipment. This fact is of tremendous significance to Pittsburgh. It has built up a great mining interest there. Pittsburgh itself probably uses more than one-third of the coal that comes by rail to the Atlantic coast for shipment.

There are whole towns given up exclusively to coal-mining. None but miners practically live there. The development of the mining system has been most progressive. A large quantity of machinery is used in the industry. Electric automatic coal-cutting machines are common, big plants are used to force fresh air into the mines constantly, automatic hoisting-machines are common, and great contrivances load the coal in large quantities are in use, a vast difference from the early days when the coal was taken from the pits and the miners hauled it up the hills on the river, and loaded in wicker by handbarrows pushed over gang-planks.

The Pittsburgh coal was first used by Colonel Rogers. But in 1782 the coal was first shipped down the river in boats in 1817. Previous to that time in 1811, the first steamboat was launched at Pittsburgh, having been built there. The first railroad shipment of coal from Pittsburgh occurred in 1851, and between 1817 and that year the shipments were entirely by water. At first the coal was carried by flat-bottomed boats about 75 feet long and 16 feet wide. A pair of these boats was lashed together, and then floated down the river, when the freshets came, by man power, a good deal like the rafts of lumber are floated to market. A crew of twenty-five men was for each pair of boats, and they hauled 25,000 bushels of coal were in the two boats.

It was a great sight in those days to watch the coal-boats leave. Men eagerly got up their ordinary work to make the trip down the river. There was a few towns in this primitive form of travel with the opportunity it afforded to see a little part of the great outside world.

Gradually the towing system came into use, and after a time the boats grew to a size of 170 feet long and 26 feet wide, and now it is common to see two towing machines deliver no less than 1,000,000 bushels of coal at New Orleans when in the early days of the trade 50,000 bushels were delivered by a pair of boats. The government's demand for coal, in its Mississippi operations in the civil war, gave a great impetus to the trade in the early sixties, and this led to the development of the towing system, which revolutionized the coal-carrying trade of the Pittsburgh district.

Then came the development of the locks with their locks, and the freedom of the trade from charges of leakage, and nowadays approximately 200,000,000 bushels of coal are water-borne in the Pittsburgh district each year. If it were not for this water sys-

tem of carriage of fuel the Pittsburgh industries could not exist. The railroads could not begin to carry the product. One of the coal companies of the place, formed from 120 separate concerns, has a capital of \$14,000,000 and has in its fields an estimated supply of 5,000,000,000 tons. It uses 6000 coal-cars, and it employs 30,000 men.

EXTENT OF THE COKE INDUSTRY

Coke is a product of bituminous coal from which the impurities have been burned, leaving a product of nearly pure carbon. It is indispensable in the making of steel. The best one in the world is made in the Connellsville district, near Pittsburgh. For twenty years the Connellsville region has produced a little more than one-half of the entire coke product of the country. In 1901 the value of the coke made in the district was \$25,000,000 in round numbers, more than 12,500,000 tons were produced. What this means to the railroad may be realized from the fact that the daily shipments of coke in the Connellsville region often run as high as 2000 cars, and that 50,000 cars a month is a common record. Nearly 22,000 flaring coke-ovens send out their flames and smoke into the region, making the nights picturesque and the days gloomy in the country around it.

The coke industry in this region, according to the 1900 census, increased 113 per cent. in ten years. It employs more than 20,000 wage-earners, and the subsidiary railroad that employs thousands more. In 1902 the records of the Car Service Association show that Pittsburgh took 3,279,421 tons of coke, an increase over the previous year of 251,000 tons. The West took 4,344 tons of coke passing through the Pittsburgh district in 1902, an increase over the previous year of 864,000 tons. The increase in the coke product, passing to or through Pittsburgh in 1902 over 1901, was more than 1,125,000 tons. It required 177,000 cars to haul Pittsburgh's share of the product, and for the Western traffic no less than 390,010 cars were used, making a total of 478,221 cars. This is a total of 25,000 cars more than were used the previous year. The number of cars would have been greater had not there been an increase in the size of the cars. The average car, up to 1900, carried eighteen tons of coke, it has since been increased to twenty-five tons a car. It was over the shipments of coke that the celebrated Pittsburgh car famine really began. Grain shipments from the West robbed the industry of its natural supply of cars, and as a result, the steel industry suffered seriously. The railroads are burying orders for new cars, and it is expected that little difficulty will be experienced in that direction hereafter.

ELECTRICAL MACHINERY MAKING

There are two places in the United States where electrical machinery manufacture has centered with enormous plants. One of them is in Pittsburgh. No story of the city of Pittsburgh and its growth is told by complete or adequate without the mention of George Westinghouse and his great success, not only in perfecting electrical and other devices, but in carrying on enormous business enterprises. The various Westinghouse companies, concerned in the making of air-brakes, engines of various kinds, electrical devices, and lamps, are capitalized to more than \$30,000,000, and employ more than 12,000 persons.

The name Westinghouse is synonymous in the electrical and machine-making world in Pittsburgh with that of Carnegie in the steel industry. He first attracted attention for his air-brake invention and its subsequent development. Then came his manufacture of various kinds of engines on a colossal scale. In the late eighties the use of electrical devices began to supplant to some extent the use of pneumatic power in signal machinery, and Mr. Westinghouse, who had been working for many years in the electrical field, went into that business on a large scale. He brought Kropfen's patents, and he studied out some of the most difficult problems that have been mastered in the great field of electrical work. The result is an enormous plant in East Pittsburgh, employing more than 7500 persons

and occupying fifty acres. A great machine-shop there nearly a quarter of a mile long is being duplicated. It has its own light and power plant. There is no more impressive factory in the country.

The use of the alternate current in electric wire is due chiefly to Mr. Westinghouse, who co-operated with Tesla in his experiments and the scores of electrical devices, from massive generators and transformers and motors of all kinds, down to the little things used in electrical work, reveal the magnitude of this great enterprise. There are more than 30,000 Westinghouse railway motors in operation to-day on the trolley-cars of the country. In every department of activity where electricity is used Mr. Westinghouse's products may be seen. He is still under sixty, has time for large real-estate operations, and numbers many foreign decorations among his trophies of mechanical skill.

Over in England there is a Westinghouse company that has a plant which occupies 130 acres in the Manchester. The British company is capitalizing at \$7,000,000 from this work the foreign market is supplied. The plant is practically as large as that at East Pittsburgh.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS

The State of Pennsylvania stands first in the country in the making of glass, and most of this comes from the Pittsburgh region. Nearly forty per cent. of the glass made in the United States comes from this district. The State is first in the manufacture of plate and window glass, tableware and fine blown-ware, and second in the making of fruit jars and bottles, and first in the making of lamp chimneys. It was due to the fact that Pennsylvania men "struck oil" in 1848 that the extensive making of lamp chimneys began in Pennsylvania.

The reason why the western part of the State is especially adapted to the making of glass is the fact that in Juniata and Fayette counties a supply of glass-sand is found equal to any in the world. The presence of cheap bituminous coal and of natural gas, especially abundant in the region where this supply of raw material is most accessible. The making of glass is a simple process, the details of which are known to all. It is still one of the best-paid industries in the country.

It would not be fitting to close an article on Pittsburgh without some reference to Andrew Carnegie's benefactions to the city. Although his home is now in New York, Mr. Carnegie has been and is the most conspicuous of the city's product of citizenship. Not only did he make his vast fortune in the town, but he has endeavored and has succeeded in introducing most of the refining industries that are necessary in the place. He gave \$820,000 for the great Carnegie Library that stands close to the entrance of Schenley Park, and he gave \$150,000 for the various branch libraries of this institution. He has also contributed to the welfare of the workmen that he once employed. He has given, in addition, \$5,000,000 for the extension of the Library Building and the upbuilding of the Carnegie Institute, where art and science may be developed in the town. In addition, he has given \$2,000,000 for the endowment of the Carnegie Institute. Moreover, he is about to give \$2,000,000 for the endowment and equipment of a School of Technology near the Carnegie Library and Institute, a school to be devoted largely to the most improved methods of manual training.

Looking back at what Mr. Carnegie has done for the steel industry and the consequent advancement of the prosperity of Pittsburgh, and then considering what he is doing still in the way of benefactions for the place, one may be tempted to say that in no other most of the human products of the city. After he is gone—and may the years be many before that comes—it would seem to be fitting that his statue should be placed at the entrance of the Carnegie Institute, where it would be the proper place for it, and one feels that his statue should be the only one to occupy that delightful spot.

Taking it all in all, Pittsburgh is a place for all Americans to be proud of justly.

Edward T. C. Slease & Co.

Enterprise is increasing its reputation for its financial institutions almost as rapidly as it has arrived at its supremacy in the industrial world. Its representative banking and brokerage houses are recognized factors all over the country, and prominent among them is the rising firm of Edward T. C. Slease & Co. This firm was organized three years ago by Edward T. C. Slease and H. E. Guthrie, founder of C. S. Guthrie, president of the American Steel Hoop Company, before it was merged into the great Steel Corporation. Mr. H. E. Guthrie, in August last, retired from the firm and moved to New York city. He purchased a seat in the New York Stock Exchange for \$67,000, and soon became a prominent financier in



Edward T. C. Slease

Wall Street. His partner, Mr. Edward T. C. Slease continued his business in Pittsburgh in the Arrott Building, and, although one of the youngest financial institutions of the great steel city, it is now recognized as one of the leaders. The business methods of the present firm are up to date, and at the same time conservative and safe. It has branch offices at Wheeling, West Virginia; Steubenville, Ohio; East Liverpool, Ohio; Youngstown, Ohio; and McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

There is a direct system of private wires, east and west, so that the firm can execute immediate orders with all the leading exchanges, and every department is controlled by a competent manager and financier. Mr. Edward T. C. Slease, the active head of the house, is the son of the well-known Methodist-Episcopal minister, the Rev. William D. Slease, D.D., and the grandson of James Crawford, the famous Ohio banker and capitalist. Mr. Slease is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

He married in 1896 Laura L., daughter of the late Captain Adam Jacobs, of Brownsville, who was one of the pioneer steamboat-builders of the Monongahela Valley. The family resides in a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Slease is decidedly fond of horses. He has some of the finest carriage and saddle horses in Pittsburgh, and he is noted for his handsome equipages. He is foremost in any work for the benefit and improvement of Pittsburgh, and he is a member of many clubs and social organizations, among them being the Huguenot, Monongahela, and Country clubs.

He is looked up to as one of the principal financial factors of the Pittsburgh money-market, and among the leaders of its great future, both commercially and financially.

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The Pittsburgh Coal Company

Among the many great industries which have helped to make Pittsburgh one of the greatest industrial centres of the world, a prominent and important organization is the Pittsburgh Coal Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey in August, 1899, and which was among the pioneers of the great movement for combination and consolidation which has in a few years revolutionized the industrial methods of Pittsburgh, and has made it the most marvellous and progressive city in the world. The company was formed to consolidate the business and acquire the properties of the largest producers and shippers of steam coal in Pittsburgh and its vicinity. The following companies are merged in this gigantic organization, and it includes D. M. Anderson, Frank Armstrong, Alexander Black Coal Company, Ritz Coal Company, Flower Hills Mining Company, Boyd Coal Company, N. H. Boyd, Bradford Brothers, J. W. Bower, J. D. Boyd, J. D. Boyd Coal Company, Bridgville Coal Company, C. V. Cook & Son, J. D. Cohan Gas Coal Company, Charlie Black Coal Company, Camonsburg Coal Company, J. E. Douglas, W. L. Dixon & Company, Alexander Dempster, Equitable Coal Company, Eason Company, Erie and Superior Coal and Iron Galley Mine, First Port Monongahela Gas Coal Company, Fidelity Coal Company, Hearlette Floorstein, Federal Coal Company, H. Floorstein, Forest Hill Mining Company, S. A. Gibson, D. R. Hanna, Hanna Brothers, Hartley & Marshall, Hurst & Company, Imperial Coal Company, L. S. Johns, Johnston Coal Mining Company, Keeling Coal Company, Laurel Hill Gas and Coal Company, Lehigh Superior Coal Company, A. W. Melton et al, Mingo Gas Coal Company, Midway Black Coal Company, M. McCreary & Company, J. A. McCready, Morgan, Moore, & Balme, Morris & Newell, The Pitts Coal Company, The Pitts Coal and Company, O. McClinck, W. L. McClinck, Estate of Washington McClinck, Miller's Run Mining Company, Nathaniel Holmes, National Coal Company, J. E. Newell, The Western Coal and Coke Company, Ridge Coal Company, Limited, Osborne Seeger & Company, Paahandle Coal Company, Pennsylvania Title and Trust Company, Pittsburgh Consolidated Coal Company, Pittsburgh, Fortport and Northwestern Dock Company, Pittsburgh and Chicago Gas Coal Company, Pittsburg Mining Company, Pittsburgh and Western Coal and Coke Company, E. W. Powers, Pittsburgh Black Coal Company, Port Royal Coal and Coke Company, Port Royal Dock Company, Pittsburgh and Monaca Run Railroad Company, Robbins Coal and Coke Company, Robbins Coal Mining Company, F. L. Robbins, Isaac I. Robinson, W. F. Reed, Jacob E. Ridgeway, Redstone Oil, Coal and Coke Company, Ridgeway-Bishop Coal Company, Hope Mine Coal Company, W. J. Stone, New Mill Run Coal Company, Saggler Gas Coal Company, Shick's Coal Company, S. J. Sibley, Sibley Coal Company, J. D. Saniers, Jesse H. Sanford, Waverly Coal and Coke Company, Warner Coal and Coke Company, J. H. White, White River Mining Company, D. K. Wick, Wick Hayes Suggs, J. H. Wick, K. Wick, C. R. Wick and Frank Morrison, Youngbuehry and Wick Haven Railroad Company, Webster Gas Coal Company, E. H. Wilkeson, Wick-Upstill Coal Company, Youngbuehry Mining Company, Youngbuehry and Lehigh Coal Company, Youngbuehry Gas Coal Company, Youngbuehry River Coal Company, and many others, comprising 80,000 acres of coal and 7,000 acres of surface land in Allegheny, Fayette, Washington, Westmoreland counties, with docks and plants in many counties and States.

It employs 20,000 people, and its net profit reaches 20,000,000 tons a year. It also owns undeveloped coal lands covering 50,000 acres, and it is generally known as the great "railroad coal combination" of the West. It runs over thirty miles of railroad, with 5000 cars and 100,000 locomotives, and its authorized capital is \$64,000,000.

It is now establishing a European market, and it is considered one of the most important coal combinations in the world. The chairman and president is Francis L. Robbins, and it includes in its management such well-known men as H. C. Frick, John A. Bell, D. E. Hanna, Henry W. Oliver, and Great B. Schley. The head office are at No. 232 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. The Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh is transfer agent, and the Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh is registrar of the stock.

Francis Le Baron Robbins and American Trust Company of Pittsburgh

The master mind and presiding genius who controls this gigantic organization is the chairman and president of the board of directors, Francis Le Baron Robbins. Mr. Robbins was born at Eliza, Wisconsin, September 3, 1835. He is the son of Thomas Burr and Alice (Herkoway) Robbins. The father was one of the largest coal operators in Western Pennsylvania, and the family have been prominent in the business for



Francis Le Baron Robbins

severely a century. The pioneer American ancestor was Oliver Robbins, who came from England in 1631, and settled at Charlestown, Massachusetts, afterwards removing to Cambridge. The Robbinses have been a prominent New England family for nearly three centuries. Francis Le Baron was educated in Allegheny, and from his youth was brought up in his father's business.

He has always taken a personal interest in the welfare of his great array of employees, and he is highly respected and honored by them. Wickling as he does great power by reason of his many interests he has always tried to use that power honestly and justly. He has been elected president of the Pittsburgh Operators' Association, and is considered a firm friend of the miners. He has been a director of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh for many years, and, in addition to his immense coal interests, he is president of the American Trust Company, which is capitalized at \$1,000,000. Mr. Robbins has lived at Allegheny all through his busy business life. He resides in a handsome residence, No. 808 Sherman Avenue, Allegheny, and has a large family.

He married in 1882 Miss Helen Gill,

who is also a scion of an old Connecticut family. The power of Mr. Robbins's great coal properties and the immense influence that he wields in the life of the people of Pittsburgh and Allegheny make him an important factor in the movements of his fellow-townsmen. He has always used his influence with economy and fairness, and he is looked up to and respected by his business associates and his thousands of employees.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH.

He is intimately connected with the great majority of financial institutions that help to make Pittsburgh the great commercial city that it is to-day, and among them is the American Trust Company, which is one of the youngest and at the same time one of the soundest trust companies in this city of great financial institutions. The American Trust Company commenced business in April, 1901. It was incorporated November 1, 1900, and its capital is \$1,000,000. The officers are Francis L. Robbins, president; John D. Nicholson, vice-president; F. H. Skelding, second vice-president; John A. Irwin, secretary and treasurer; and A. M. Nepper, solicitor. Although only two years old, the undoubted record of the company is \$103,879. The office are at No. 332 Fourth Avenue. According to the *Bankers' Magazine* of New York city the trust company of today is a confidential agent in manifold capacities.

It is a bank; it receives deposits; it allows interest on them, and it lends money. Its loans, however, being chiefly on quick collateral and for short periods, are more apt than those of banks to be of an active and liquidatable sort, and are more easy to be realized upon in times of panic or stringency. It is noteworthy that, even under pressure, there have been few, if any, trust companies failures, and it is regarded as still more remarkable that these institutions are so constituted that even if they should fail it would not necessarily in the least impair the trusts committed to their custody. As individual trustees are not permitted to invade or so invested as to be more or less dependent upon his own solvency, but a trust company segregates the funds of its respective trusts, and so invests them as to insure their value, irrespective of the company's fortunes.

Strict legal provisions also further safeguard all trust investments, and the character of the management of most of such institutions is high, for the people who constitute the bulk of their patrons, being of the most conservative classes in every community, demand this. The trust company, aside from its banking business, acts as executor, guardian, and trustee under wills; as a committee for insane persons, and depository under reorganizations; as register, agent, manager of real estate, trustee for various mortgagees, and in all other useful capacities and relations. It accepts deposits and the care of property under judicial direction.

It cares for the interests of widows and minor children and other dependent persons. It makes investments and collections for its clients, and, in fact, fitted and equipped to do any financial business that may be committed to it. When first constituted in the care of a trust company have been called for by the owners, the trustees have been able to produce them in every case. This was far from being true when it was an untried partner for individuals to reform the functions of executors, trustees, administrators, guardians, and surties.

Under such conditions and with such safeguards in the hands of a man with the character and solvency of Francis Le Baron Robbins it can hardly be surprising if an institution like the American Trust Company, young as it is, has a great future before it, and it is certain to be in every respect to be considered one of the richest and most substantial financial institutions of Pittsburgh.

William E. Corey

Among the number of young men in the Carnegie Steel Company that have risen from the ranks to positions of great responsibility and trust, in none has the advancement been more striking than in the case of William E. Corey, now the president of that great company. "It has been truly said of him, he is a master of details." Always an indefatigable worker, nothing was too difficult for him to undertake. Thirty-six years of age, he to-day stands at the helm as president of those of the largest



William E. Corey

of the great companies that go to make up the United States Steel Corporation, viz., the Carnegie Steel Company, National Steel Company, and the American Steel Hoop Company. Surely his career is an incentive to the young men of to-day. The son of a retired coal merchant of Bradford, Pennsylvania, he at the age of sixteen obtained a minor position in the laboratory of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, where his close attention and application to his work attracted to him the attention of his superiors; he was soon transferred in a more responsible position in the order department of the Homestead Steel Works, and in a comparatively short time was made the superintendent of the plate-mills and O. H. departments of this works. It was not long after his appointment to this position that the manufacture of armor plate for the government was begun at Homestead. A strong, capable man, being required for the superintendency of this department, Mr. Corey was chosen for the position. How well he filled the requirements of the position is well known. The armor-plate department under his management became world famous, the success in its manufacture being greatly due to the introduction by him of a new and valuable reheating process. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, at that time the general superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works, being called to the presidency of the Carnegie Steel Company, Mr. Corey succeeded him as general superintendent at Homestead, and at the same time was admitted to partnership in the Carnegie Steel Company. To the responsibilities of the management of the Homestead Steel Works, so small a task, was soon afterward added the superintendency of the Carrie Furnaces and also the Bessemer Axle Works, these combined forming the largest group of steel-plant under one head in the world. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that when Mr. Schwab was called to higher responsibilities, Mr. Corey was his logical successor. Truly a wonderful record. Mr. Corey married Miss Laura R. Cook of Bradford, Pennsylvania. They have one son, Alex. Thirteen years of age.

David M. Clemson

PROMINENT among the protégés of Andrew Carnegie, the men who have been made millionaires by him because of his implicit faith in their industry and loyalty to the United States Steel Corporation, stands David M. Clemson, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Clemson was born near Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, in 1855. He had a country-school education until he was nine years old; then he was put to work on a farm, and pursued his studies only in the winter-time. Finally he was apprenticed to a farmer, working night and day for his food and clothes, but no money. After a while he found that he could get a little money besides his board, and he entered the mechanical department of Carnegie's Scotia ore-mine. His industry and perseverance led to his advancement in the ore-mine, until he was given entire charge of the mine machinery. In 1882 the young worker was appointed superintendent of the Scotia mines, and soon after he was transferred to Pittsburgh to take charge of the gas and coke interests of Carnegie Brothers & Co., limited, at the same time retaining general supervision of the Scotia mines. Upon the organization of the Carnegie Natural Gas Company Mr. Clemson was elected president, and he was also president of the Pittsburgh Steamship Company, with full control of the fleet of 115 Lake vessels owned by the United



David M. Clemson

States Steel Corporation. These vessels transport the millions of tons of ore from the Lake Superior region to the different points on Erie, to supply the insatiable furnaces owned and controlled by the Steel Corporation. He now became an important factor in the working of the great corporation, and he was made a member on the boards of the different departments composing the Carnegie Company.

As president of the Carnegie Natural Gas Company, Mr. Clemson has under his personal direction the entire operations of the Carnegie interests in the gas-fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The company has under lease considerably more than 100,000 acres of gas territory in Allegheny, Armstrong, Washington, and Greene counties in Pennsylvania, and in Tyler, Wetzel, Doddridge, Monongahela, Marion, Ritchie, Marshall, Lewis, and Harrison counties in West Virginia, including 130 gas-producing wells with 400 miles of main and branch pipe lines. The company furnishes to the Carnegie plants over sixty million cubic feet of gas per diem, being more than is consumed by the entire city of Pittsburgh. Mr. Clemson is identified with a vast number of business enterprises throughout the country, and he is very generous and charitable.

The Late Capt. J. J. Vandergrift

THE late Captain Jacob J. Vandergrift, of Vandergrift, Pa., has left behind him a record which has helped to make the industrial history of Pittsburgh. Captain Vandergrift was born April 10th, 1827, at Manchester, now part of Allegheny City, Pa. He was the son of William K. and Sophia (Sarver) Vandergrift. His education began at Mrs. Pitman's School on Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, then at the Second Ward School conducted by J. B. D. Meeds, and at the age of fifteen years he became a cabin-boy on the steamer *Bradycroft*, finally becoming a river pilot. Captain Vandergrift's first important venture in crude oil was the purchase of 2000 barrels from the Maple Grove Oil Co. He formed one or two successful companies, and in 1855 established a pipe-line between Pitohole and "Shafer Farm," a distance of six miles. He started the Star Tank Line, and he founded the firm of Vandergrift & Foreman. This was the actual commencement of the great system now known as the "National Transit Co." A year later (in 1857) the firm laid another pipe-line from Fagnolia to the Warren and Franklin Railroad, which was first called the "Trunkerville," and afterwards the "Commonwealth Pipe Line." Then followed in succession the "Sandy Pipe Line," "Milton Pipe Line," "Western Pipe Line," "Franklin Pipe Line," "Fairview Pipe Line," "Raymont Pipe Line," and "Cleveland Pipe Line." All the competing systems were absorbed and incorporated as the "United Pipe Lines," of which Captain Vandergrift became president. The Imperial Refinery was established (possibly 2000 barrels per day). This was afterwards merged into the Standard Oil Company, of which Captain Vandergrift became a director. As early as 1873, Captain Vandergrift and his associates, Mr. John Pittsira, Jr., and Captain C. W. Batchelor, with others, under the name of the Natural



The Late Captain J. J. Vandergrift

Gas Company, limited, laid the first natural gas line connected with the gas wells near Saxenburg with the great iron mills of Spong, Dallant, & Co., and Graff, Bennett, & Co. He was president of the Pittsburgh Trust Co., the Butler County National Bank, and the First National Bank of Vandergrift. His other great foundations were the National Tube Company, the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, and the great model town of Vandergrift. The sale of liquor was made impossible. More more than ten thousand men find beautiful and profitable employment, and from a few farms hands in 1853 the town has grown to have a population of upwards of 10000. He entered into his rest "full of days, riches, and honors" on 26th December, 1899.

John H. Jones

PITTSBURGH is the pivot point of American thrift and enterprise. It is the nation's greatest workshop, and its people are tireless workers. To be an executive head of a large Pittsburgh corporation means a man is being a leader of men and a master mind in the great world of commerce and finance. Such a one is John H. Jones, the prominent coal operator, and a moving factor in the titanic coal trade and business world. Mr. Jones was born in Greensburg, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1864. He is president of the Pittsburgh and Buffalo Company, the Manufacturers and Consumers' Coal Company; treasurer of the Johnetta Coal Company, and one of the largest individual owners of coal land in the United States, representing a united interest of at least \$3,000,000. Mr. Jones is a thoroughly trained man in the coal business. He was educated in it, and, entering the mines when a mere boy, he has worked his way up through every grade until he is now one of the most experienced operators in the coal regions. He is connected in business with his father, James Jones, his brothers, Thomas P. Jones, William L. Jones, David G. Jones, and Harry P. Jones, the family together forming one of the strongest interests in the coal industry of the country at the present time. They own six of the largest coal mines in the country,—the Hazel Mine at Unionburg, Pennsylvania; the Johnetta Mines Nos. 1 and 2 at Johnetta, Pennsylvania; the Bertha Mines at Union, Pennsylvania; the Blanche Mines at Anderson, Pennsylvania; the Rachel Mines at Wilson, Pennsylvania; and others,—covering



John H. Jones

an acreage of 25,000 acres, including the best gas, steam, and cooking coals in the State. The Pittsburgh and Buffalo Company also manufactures sewer pipe, hollow brick, paving and building brick, and mine cars. The corporation owns thousands of the most modern steel and wooden cars in America, and is adding to them every day. The sewer-pipe and brick works are considered as the most complete plants in the mining regions, and they have made the town of Johnetta, thirty-three miles north of Pittsburgh, famous as an industrial centre and a model working-man's town. Besides his numerous interests, Mr. Jones is a director of the Federal National Bank of Pittsburgh, which is one of the strongest financial institutions in the State. He is also a member of the chambers of commerce of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and of the Duquesne and Union clubs of Pittsburgh. As an instance of the development of the coal lands under the energy and genius of Mr. Jones, it may be stated that in two years the capacity has reached 11,500 tons a day.

Henry Bruce Beatty

AMONG the Pittsburgh men of success and prominence is Henry Bruce Beatty, president of the Manufacturers' Light and Heat Company. He was born in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, and is the second son of Ebenezer S. Beatty, a pioneer in the oil business, in Oil City. The Beattys are descended from an old Scotch family who fled from Ireland during the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, and came to America, where Ebenezer, the great grandfather of Henry Bruce, was a mere child. He fought in the Colonial forces in the Revolutionary war, and his ancestors have fought for the



Henry Bruce Beatty

Union in every war since 1776. Mr. Beatty was educated in Oil City, and he started his business career in the oil-producing business and in his father's store at Oil Creek.

Afterwards he went with Strong & Gibson in the coal business. In 1879 he attempted to pipe burning well in Slippery Rock Township, Butler County, to New-castle, but the young man's ideas were in advance of the times, and he was unable to interest his fellow-townsmen in the scheme, and it was thought to be visionary. In 1881 he removed to the Herford oil-field, becoming a recognized leader in the oil and gas interests, and an expert authority on all subjects concerning gas. During 1884 and 1885 he was an active member of the Bradford Oil Exchange. In 1887 he returned to Oil City, and in connection with O. H. Strong he formed the Oakdale Firm and Gordon Company, starting out as a gas-grover, and he soon founded the largest exclusive gas-groving establishment in the United States.

He made such rapid progress that he became foremost among the barons of America, and was one of the founders of the American Florist Society, and an influential member of the American Florist and American Rose societies. He also continued to advance his oil interests, and in 1896 he owned valuable properties in McKean, Warren and Venango counties, was a member of the Manufacturers' Natural Gas Company of Pittsburgh, and, in 1901, a member of the board of directors. In 1906 he was elected president of the company, and has since succeeded, by purchase, merger, and consolidation, in acquiring nine important gas companies, which are now incorporated as the Manufacturers' Light and Heat Company, with a capital of \$6,000,000. Mr. Beatty now resides in Pittsburgh. He has one of the handsomest houses on the East End, his summer residence being Oakwood, Oil City, Pennsylvania. He is a student of literature, music, and art, and possesses a valuable library of rare books. He is a

member of the Duquesne Union, and Monongahela clubs of Pittsburgh, the Ivy Club, Oil City Boat Club, the American Florist Society, the American Rose Society, and is a prominent and enthusiastic Mason.

Murry Adolph Verner

PITTSBURGH has been well named the city of brains and brawn, and a typical representative of this progressive class of Americans is Murry Adolph Verner, president of the Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Railway Company, who has built more railroads than any other man in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Verner was born in Pittsburgh in 1853. He is the son of James Verner, who built the first street railroad west of the Alleghenies. He was educated at the public schools of Pittsburgh, and nearly all his life he has devoted himself to transportation and the building of railroads in many States. He built the Citizens Traction Company's cable road; built and was president of the Pittsburgh and Birmingham Traction Company, and electric roads in Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Indianapolis, and Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Verner devoted himself to politics early in life. He interested himself with T. S. Bigelow in the Citizens party movement of Pittsburgh, and in 1902 he succeeded in electing the reformer. He has always been especially active in any work that would be of advantage or benefit to the city of Pittsburgh, and he has always been an ardent Republican. The Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Railway Company, of



Murry Adolph Verner

which Mr. Verner is president, was incorporated May, 1902, under the laws of Pennsylvania. It extends up and down the Mahoning and Shenango valleys, a distance of nearly forty miles, and covers a population of 150,000. The capital stock is \$5,000,000, and the general offices are at Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Verner has always been very liberal in his donations to the good works and charities of his native city, but his gifts have always been kept from the public. He married Miss Barbara Bailey, a native of Pittsburgh, and he has a family of three children—Alice, Catherine, and James Park. He belongs to many clubs and social organizations, among them being the Duquesne Union, Monongahela, Country clubs of Pittsburgh, and the Union Club of Cleveland. Whenever a movement for the betterment of Pittsburgh has been started Mr. Verner is always found in the front ranks, and is ever ready and willing to spend his time and wealth for the benefit of his native city.

The National Tube Company

Among the many important corporations which have been merged into the consolidation of the great United States Steel Corporation, the National Tube Company stands very prominent. The United States Tube Company was incorporated in 1891 under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and it acquired the following corporations: The Allison Manufacturing Company's tube-mills, American Tube and Iron Company, Chester Pipe and Tube Company, Colomes Tube Works, Delaware Iron Company, Morris Tasker & Co., National Galvanizing Works, Ohio Tube Company, Oil City Tube Company, Oil Well Supply Company's Continental Tube Works, the Iron Works, Pennsylvania Tube Works, Riverside Iron Works, and the Syracuse Tube Company. The capitalization of the company in 1901 was placed at \$40,000,000, and it was so situated in 1901 when it became one of the constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation. The nature of the goods manufactured by the company is tubular products of every kind and description, including hot and lap-weld merchant pipe, black and galvanized, boiler tubes, oil-well tubing, casing, and line pipe, etc. The various plants are situated at McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Middletown, Chester, Philadelphia, Elwood City, and Oil City, Pennsylvania; Odessa and Syracuse, New York; Wheeling, West Virginia; Youngstown and Warren, Ohio; and Newcastle, Delaware. The annual capacity of the plants is, by coke-plant product, 300,000 tons; blast-furnaces, 600,000 tons; steel-works, 430,000 tons; rolling-mills, 600,000 tons; and pipe and tube mills, 500,000 tons;—aggregating the immense output every year of 2,750,000 tons.

The number of hands employed is 17,000, and the company reaches all the markets of the world. The incorporators of the company were William H. Chapman, Jr., Albert S. Ridley, and Francis H. Pollak, and the first board of directors consisted of F. C. Converse, president; Joshua Rhodes, chairman; F. A. Hearne, first vice-president; Horace Crosby, second vice-president; Francis L. Potts, third vice-president; A. S. Matheson, general manager; George F. Luke, treasurer; William H. Latsch, first assistant treasurer; and E. H. Osborne, secretary. The board of directors, Jonathan Rhodes, J. A. Venzgriff, Charles H. Carter, F. J. Hearne, Francis L. Potts, Daniel O'Day, A. S. Matheson, O. C. Barber, J. N. Vance, F. C. Converse, William S. Eaton, William B. Rhodes, F. B. Tuley, John Eaton, Jonathan Rhodes, Horace Crosby, John Dea, William Nelson Cresswell, Arthur F. Lutz, and Henry Aird. The present officers of the National Tube Company are William H. Schiller, president; Edward Worcester, first vice-president and general manager of sales; John B. Cuthbertson, second vice-president, treasurer and secretary; Taylor Alderdice, assistant in president; and H. C. Morse, assistant treasurer and secretary.

The company has also acquired many valuable patents, and owns factories, coke-plants, mills, and coal properties covering 1931 acres. It manufactures ninety per cent. of the capacity of the United States, and its capacity is four times the total annual output of the entire British mills.

The growth of the National Tube Company has been phenomenal in its rapidity. Its career has only covered about twenty years in Boston and Pittsburgh, and yet it is today capitalized at nearly \$100,000,000, and is the most important corporation which forms an integral part of the great Steel Corporation, and it is that company's richest and most valuable asset. It is the greatest wrought-iron pipe-works in the whole world, and it manufactures every variety of wrought-iron pipe for steam, gas, or water, for boiler tubes, and pipes used for aviation, salt, oil, or gas wells. It is the greatest producer of all the wrought-iron pipe made in this country is the product of this giant corporation. This colossal concern was first started in Boston, but it now has branches in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Chicago. The company was one of the first to use natural gas for fuel in the manufacture of iron.



The late William A. Herron

The late William A. Herron

WILLIAM A. HERRON was born in Pittsburgh, August 7, 1821. His grandfather, Major James Herron, was prominent in the Revolutionary war, and his maternal grandfather, Colonel James Anderson, was a personal friend of George Washington. He was a lease-founder, manufactured glass, and owned large tracts of coal land. The firm of Herron, Blackburn, & Co. became very prominent in Pittsburgh, and in 1840 W. A. Herron founded the German Bank. He also organized the Iron City Trust Company, which afterwards became the Second National Bank. He was the first president of the People's Savings Bank, a large real-estate holder, and head of the firm of William A. Herron & Sons.



Homer J. Lindsay

Homer J. Lindsay

THE Carnegie Steel Company and its allied interests have turned out many men who have made a name for themselves in the industrial world. In this great corporation, where only merit and ability are recognized for promotion, the man who would get to the top must necessarily be ever alert

to opportunities offered and take advantage of them.

Homer J. Lindsay, the subject of this sketch, was born in Pittsburgh, December 7, 1860. He is a son of Margaret A. and Samuel B. Lindsay, who was for many years a prominent glass manufacturer and retired from business.

Mr. Lindsay was educated in the public schools of Pittsburgh, and upon graduating his first occupation was as a clerk in the store of Joseph Horne & Co. In 1883, an opportunity presented itself for Mr. Lindsay to enter the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company as an operator. At that time there were nine operators employed. He was later on made special agent for the company, and was further advanced to the important position of assistant to the president under Charles M. Schwab, holding the same position under William K. Clegg, the president of the Carnegie Steel Company.

Mr. Lindsay is a member of the Inaugural Club, the Art Society, the American Club of Pittsburgh, the Transportation Club and "The Strollers," of New York. He was married to Miss Emma Knoedler, of Pittsburgh, June 23, 1890.

The American Steel & Wire Company

WIRE of every description is manufactured by the American Steel and Wire Company. This includes wire rope and electrical wire of all kinds, such as bare and insulated wires, trolley wires, telegraph wires, rail bonds for insulating tracks of electrical railways. Twisted wire and all the different varieties of piano steel wire constitute the great bulk of the tonnage of a wire-mill. It is in the finer wires that wonderful skill in wire-drawing is manifested. Some of the company's products are drawn down as fine as hair, and yet maintain considerable tensile strength. At first only the products of the whole world was awarded the company at the Paris Exposition for piano wire. This is one of the most carefully prepared of all the wires made. Piano wire must be perfectly round and consist of such proportions of metal as to be acoustically perfect. The other fine wire products are the elaborately finished wires for spiral goods, the ribbed wires for umbrellas, sheet-plate wires for curved steel, and all the intricate drawn shapes used in sewing-machines, automobiles, and other fine machinery.

Springs of every kind are manufactured, ranging from the fine hair-springs of a watch to the heavy springs for passenger and freight cars and carriages and upholstery of all kinds. Wave-wire framing is a great part of the industry, a product that is revolutionizing the system of division of fields, and which, because of the enormous tonnage manufactured, and improved processes of machinery, is rapidly superseding all other forms of staple framing.

In addition to the wire manufacturing the company's great horse-shoe plant in Pittsburgh—the famous Shoesheer works—is one of the latest types of the horse-shoe industry. This mill turns out the famous "Junata" horse-shoes.

Wire making differs from most other branches of the steel industry in that it is a process whereby the steel is manipulated cold. The last rolling of the steel in a hot state is done when the billet is made into a "rod." This brings the steel down to a size a little larger than a lead-pencil. From this on the steel is drawn cold through holes in steel dies until the desired sizes are obtained. For finer sizes and wires requiring the most careful work the holes are through rough diamonds.

Wire is not always round. It is in all kinds of shapes, hexagon, oval, solid shapes of all kinds, flat, square, and star-shaped, and any variety to conform to commercial uses.

In addition to the plants located in Pittsburgh and vicinity, the American Steel and Wire Company has plants at Cleveland and Saben, Ohio; Allentown, Pennsylvania; Worcester, Massachusetts; Anderson, Indiana; Adlet, De Kalb, and Waukegan, Illinois; and San Francisco, California.

The Jones & Laughlin Steel Company

The largest and one of the most important metal interests in Pittsburgh and the surrounding district is the great firm now known as Jones & Laughlin Steel Company. It is a limited partnership association formed under the laws of Pennsylvania for the manufacture of iron and steel products. It owns and operates the American Iron and Steel Works, the Elgin Furnaces, the Sobo Furnaces and Plate Mills. The capital is \$20,000,000, and it will soon be increased to \$30,000,000. The main office is in Pittsburgh, and the principal officers are: B. E. Jones, Jr., president; Will E. King, vice-president; Irwin B. Laughlin, treasurer; W. C. Morland, secretary; and William Larimer Jones, general manager. It is justly claimed that this gigantic united plant among the largest, best equipped, and most modern of any in the world. The two blast-furnace plants of the company have an annual capacity of 800,000 gross tons. The capacity of all the mines which completed will be 2,000,000 tons. The company also owns 1200 acres of coking coal land in Washington County; limestone deposits at Hollingsburg, and its own terminal railway and hot-metal bridge across the Monongahela River. The company has steel-works on the South Side and the Sobo plants are equipped with every modern improvement known to the metal world. The South Side works consist of three ten-Bessemer converters with an annual output of 750,000 tons, one twenty-five-ton acid-furnace, and six forty-ton basic furnaces, the capacity being 150,000 tons of ingots a year. There are also a 100,000-ton Talbot furnace, twenty-five ton converters, twenty-one trains of rolls, and three steam-hammers, and three blooming mills, with a daily capacity of 2500 tons. The Sobo department comprises four twenty-five-ton acid open-hearth furnaces, three casting rolls, one single and two double heating furnaces, and ten Siemens regenerating pit furnaces; the total annual capacity of the plant being 300,000 tons of ingots and blooms, and 500,000 tons of finished rolls. There are also a spike, rivet, and bolt factory with an annual capacity of 8000 tons, and structural-steel shops producing 100,000 tons a year, and a chain factory with an annual capacity of 10,000 tons. The cold-rolling and shearing plant is the largest in the country, with an output of 60,000 tons a year, and forge shops producing 3000 tons. The company owns and leases an immense number of iron-ore properties in the Lake Superior region, and it is now under consideration to build an independent railroad in Lake Erie, to facilitate the handling of the immense traffic. Its present iron-ore tonnage is estimated at 1,500,000 a year, and that will be increased to 2,000,000 tons within the year.

The general direction of this great company is in the hands of Mr. B. E. Jones, Jr., the son of the founder. He entered the sales department of the works in a minor capacity, after graduating from Princeton in 1891, and he became the treasurer of the firm in 1893, chairman in 1895, and president of the newly incorporated company in August, 1902. His father, the founder, still advises his son, although he is nearly eighty years old. He has witnessed the growth of the iron business for half a century, and has seen it rise from a capacity of forty tons a day to one of the greatest industries in the iron country, with a daily output of 2000 tons and an array of 10,000 men in its employ. He has witnessed the rise of Pittsburgh to be the greatest manufacturing city in the world, and it is to his grasp of business and wonderful industry that this marvelous result is, in a great measure, due. The personnel of this great industrial enterprise is composed of men in the prime of life, who have been trained for the work under the supervision of Mr. Jones, Sr., and who have succeeded themselves in its field, by every department of a great iron business. The great advance and success of the company proves that they are the right men.

Francis J. Torrance

A WELL-KNOWN Allegheny manufacturer and railroad man is Francis J. Torrance, who was born in Allegheny City, June 27, 1839. In 1873 he became a clerk in the Standard Manufacturing Company, of which his father was president, and finally became treasurer and general manager. In 1901 he was chairman of the executive committee, and when the corporation was merged into the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company he was made vice-president. The company manufactures plumbers' enamelled ironware, baths and bath-room appliances, brasswork, and sanitary plumbing supplies. It is the largest establishment of its kind in the world, with branch offices at Pittsburgh, New York City, Louisville, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, Montreal, Honolulu, Mexico City, London, Paris, Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Cape Town, Sydney, Havana, Ayres, and Havana. He represented his Congressional district at the nomination of Benjamin Harrison, and he was delegate-at-large to the convention in St. Louis, which nominated McKinley. He has been elected a citizen for nine years, and president of that body for seven years. As a commissioner he controls the Pennsylvania criminal and charitable institutions, and he is elected-at-large for prizes and medals. He is president of the Washington (Pennsylvania) Electric Street Railway Company, of the Indiana Railway Company, of the Standard Ice Company of Pittsburgh, of the Monongahela and Ohio Transportation Company; of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society, the Pittsburgh Nantorian Company, and the Iron City Brick and Stone Company, of Pittsburgh; the Third National Bank, Allegheny; the National Union Fire Insurance Company, Pittsburgh, and the New-Link Van-It-Used Company. Chairman of the United States Committee of the Mechanical Supply Associations, has been for two terms president of the American Republican Club, and chairman of the Republican city committee of Allegheny.

Joshua W. Rhodes & Co.

AMONG the more important firms of iron manufacturers and producers in the iron district a prominent one is that of Joshua W. Rhodes & Company. The corporation is the outgrowth of Vandervoort & Rhodes, which was organized early in 1865; the present organization was incorporated in 1882, and the present partners are Joshua W. Rhodes, Robert W. Fleeniken, and Edwin N. Oht. The original partner with Mr. Rhodes was Leddie W. Young, but he died October, 1901. It is a general iron and steel business in the way of buying and selling iron and steel products, and a large sales-agency business. The company owns the Cherry Valley Iron Company, with six furnaces at Leetonia, Ohio, and a large furnace at Middletown, Pennsylvania. It is also sales agent and owner of the Peun Coke Company, with seven mines in the Connellsville district. They lease from the McArthur Co. the Keystone Mills at Pittsburgh, employing over 500 men and producing 75,000 tons of finished material annually. The capacity of the two furnaces at Leetonia and Middletown is about 375 tons per day, and 250 men are employed. The firm also owns and operates about 1500 acres of coal land, yielding from 300 to 600 tons of coal per day. In fact, it is one of the most important working operations to the east of the Mississippi River. Contracts have been made recently at Leetonia and Middletown to precisely double the capacity.

Joshua W. Rhodes, the president, was born in 1872, and began his career in the fields of iron and steel Company. He has been with the present company since 1892. He has also been connected with the Dollar Savings Bank, of which his father is treasurer. Mr. E. N. Oht became associated with the firm shortly after the death of Mr. Young. He was previously with the Republic Iron and Steel Company, of which he is still a director.

The A. Garrison Foundry Company

AMONG the more important manufacturers of western Pennsylvania is the large foundry known as the A. Garrison Foundry Company of Pittsburgh. This important industry was established in 1863 for the manufacture of kettles, irons, stoves, rakes, etc. It has grown here in hand with the city of Pittsburgh, and is today manufacturing the heaviest description of rolling-mill machinery, and turning out the largest chill and sand rolls in the country. Abram Garrison, Esq., one of the earliest members of this firm, belonged to the well-known Garrison family of New York, the most prominent being the late Commodore Garrison, who was known East and West during the middle part of the last century. Mr. Garrison had as his partner Henry Hollman, and the business developed largely during the early sixties. John H. Ricketson succeeded Mr. Garrison in the management of the business, and when, in 1887, the business was incorporated, Mr. Ricketson was its first president, and retained that position until he died in 1900. The works and buildings of the company cover one hundred years' worth of Side of Pittsburgh. This is, in brief, the history of a business organization which has shared with the community, country, and government periods of prosperity and depression during over one hundred years, and through a quarter of wars. The company has at present a contract to build the largest plate-mill in the United States, and the management and stockholders in making their extensions feel that the country is just entered upon, in spite of the economic program made by the United States in recent years, will see a development far beyond even that which the past century teaches Americans to hope for. The present management of the company has increased its capital stock, and the location of the plant gives it exceptional shipping facilities and the best labor-market in the country to draw from.

The Hostetter Company

THE immense business conducted under the huge corporate name was established in 1853 by Dr. Jacob Hostetter, his son David, and George W. Smith. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters owes its origin to a recipe compounded by the senior member of the firm, who had tested its virtues in an extensive medical practice. It immediately gained popularity, and for fifty years it has maintained its high renown. As the old partners, one by one, departed this life, the interest was merged into the Hostetter Company, in 1880, which has since achieved even greater success.

Dr. David Hostetter, for many years its controlling spirit, was identified with many of the public enterprises of Pittsburgh, and labored unflinchingly in developing this line of industry.

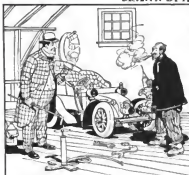
Retaining so long a place in public confidence surely vindicates the claims of Hostetter's as a standard Stomach Bitters remedy. It is also attested the business sagacity of those who shape its destiny.

Phillips Mine & Mill Supply Co.

THIS is one of the pioneer mining-equipment companies of Pittsburgh, and was established in 1863. It owns and controls a large number of patents on devices for dumping, screening, and handling coal, and on cars, car-hooks, etc. One of the most valuable inventions is the "Phillips patent automatic cross-over car dump," which has superseded all others by its merits. The facilities of this company have heretofore proved inadequate for its business, but it has now completed extensive additions, and its capacity has been doubled, making the output over one hundred cars, or wheelbarrows and mining carts, per day. It is now the largest concern of its kind in the United States and covers trade in America, Canada, and Mexico.

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The Enthusiast: "Not at all; however, a stop here and there, and we're off."



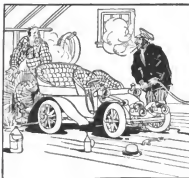
The Enthusiast: "Surprised how quick the tires fill with a big pump like that, eh?"



The Enthusiast: "Just hold that a second, until I see what ails this Auto."



The Enthusiast: "Turn a little later, old man, or you'll never get Air started."



The Enthusiast: "I say, just let me know when the water starts back there, will you?"



The Enthusiast: "Given, sure it?"
The Injured: "M or more so?"

A Naval Engagement Indoors

At a review held recently at the Thirtieth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn, the Second Battalion of the New York State naval militia took part in some curious and interesting maneuvers. The interior of the exhibition hall was arranged to represent a harbor commanded by defensive works on shore, and a mimic attack was made by the naval forces on the improvised fort. The attacking party operated in a boat which was a perfect model of the t-masted cutter used in the United States navy, so constructed as to rest on the floor at the water-line. The boat was mounted on three wheels, two forward and one aft, so placed as not to be visible from the outside. Oars of the usual kind were used, the boat being propelled by means of a mechanism connecting the oar-handles with the axles of the wheels; a rumpooler Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun mounted in the bow of the boat fired blank charges during the attack. A structure representing the bow of a war-ship and occupying a corner of the room commanding the fort, took an active part in the engagement.

Always in Mothers.—Mrs. W. H. BROWN'S BOTTLED BREAD is always in use for children feeding. It soothes the child, softens the gums, stops all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —[Advt.]

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If you want to know the time, "ask a policeman." If you want to know where to go for the summer, ask a New York Central ticket agent, or send a free card, stamp to Newark, toward Central Station, New York, for a copy of "America's Summer Resorts." —[Advt.]

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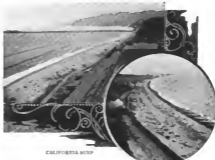
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Edison's Latest Invention

Some years ago Mr. Edison invented a process for extracting finely divided iron ore from the rocks of New Jersey. There are vast quantities of this iron ore in the rocks of the Atlantic seaboard, but it is so finely divided that it cannot be mined in the ordinary way. Edison's plan was to crush the ore under rocks and bring the resulting sand past the faces of powerful electromagnets. The iron was thereby separated or deflected from the sand, after which it was made up into briquettes and shipped to the smelters. Mechanically, the process was successful, but it did not prove commercially profitable. It was found impossible to compete with the mines of the Great Lake district, where the ore is so pure and soft that it can be dug out of the ground with steam shovels. Edison, undeterred by this drawback, laid aside his ore scheme for the time being and developed his crushing plant, with a view to producing especially fine cement sand. This developed into a fairly profitable business, but nothing like what was anticipated for the ore plant. So again the inventor began to re-visit his machinery, this time to the extraction of gold. He now has a process somewhat resembling his first scheme, except that the crushed gold ore is dropped, not past magnet faces, but through an ingenious blower which wafts the comparatively light sand to one side, and allows the heavier precious metal to fall straight down into a bin of its own.

A Valuable Life

It is said that, with the exception of King Edward VII., Mr. L. Rodman Wamsucker, the son of the great merchant, is the most highly insured person alive. The sum of his Majesty's policy is not stated, but Mr. Wamsucker's is reported to be \$2,000,000, which involves a tidy premium of \$30,000 a year. There are not many, we imagine, in Mr. Wamsucker's class; his father, John Wamsucker, values his life at \$1,500,000, and Mr. John M. Mack is insured for \$1,250,000. It would be interesting to know how much, if anything, the deaths of the various ladies and gentlemen of the Rockefeller, Astor, and Vanderbilt contingents would cost the insurance companies.

The Secret of Phosphorescence

SCIENTISTS in America are turning their attention towards the practical possibilities of phosphorescence. The researches of Professor McKissick of the Auburn (Alabama) Polytechnic Institute, Professor Hallowell of Columbia, and others, prove that darkness is, after all, only a relative term; that most, if not all, common substances store up sunlight during the day and emit it in the form of more or less powerful rays during the night. Professor McKissick has been able to discern the emission of rays from over a dozen well-known chemicals which had previously been exposed to sunlight, and from such common substances as chalk, glucose, and sugar; sugar of the common brown variety was found to yield the most light. Not only was Professor McKissick able to take photographs by means of this light, but its quality was so similar to that of the X-ray that it affected a sensitive plate through an intervening thickness of two and a half inches of wood. Professor Hallowell is of the opinion that some practical use might be made of the properties of phosphorescence, and points to the way in which nature lights the ocean depths, and to the light of the firefly, as examples of what can be done. He thinks that some practical utility might be gained from the universal use of luminous paints which could be spread in dark hallways and on the walls and ceilings of office buildings to help out the twilight. In fact, it would seem that we are near to the secret of phosphorescence. When such common substances as sugar, glucose, and chalk are found to absorb sunlight all day and to give it off in rays during the night, the discovery of some means for rendering those rays visible does not seem like a very far cry into the future.

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A Novel Kind of Buoy

A GERMAN inventor has contrived an electric buoy which is lighted by a current generated by the action of the waves. Wires connecting with a power-house on shore are dispensed with, and the motion of the waves is utilized to operate a small dynamo which feeds the current into a storage battery; by



The Electric Buoy in Operation

this means the supply for the lamp is kept uniform. Bells are also rung by the movement of the buoy, in order that ships may be warned, even in fog, of the nearness of the coast. Experiments to test the practical working of the invention are said to be in progress in German harbors.

A Successful Woman Composer

The recent production at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, of Miss Ethel M. Smyth's music-drama, "Der Wald," has awakened interest in the very few other women who have had operas publicly produced. The only woman who has succeeded to any notable degree in the field of operatic composition, Ingeborg von Bronsart, recently celebrated in Germany her fiftieth artistic jubilee. A pupil of Adolf Henselt, she studied later with Franz Liszt, at Weimar, where she met and married the pianist-composer Hans von Bronsart. Unlike Miss Smyth, she has succeeded in winning both popular success and critical commendation for her work. Her opera, "Jery and Bittely," has been produced in fourteen theatres, and her "Hilaine" is in vogue. Frau von Bronsart's most recent work is an opera in one act, entitled "Die Söhne." Besides her stage works, she has written a quantity of piano pieces, songs, and chamber music.

Artificial Food

Five years ago Sir William Crookes made the startling announcement that the world's wheat supply would fail to keep pace with the needs of civilization after the lapse of thirty-three years. He suggested, as a remedy, the extraction of nitrogen from the air for the purpose of fertilizing the worn-out soil; but we are much nearer the mark now than in 1898, and little progress has been made towards a practical mode of nitrogen manufacture. Other scientists have attacked the problem from a different standpoint; that is, the making of artificial foods. Some of these foods are already on the market, and we are assured that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to live upon the products of the test tubes. In the case of those artificial foods which are now commonly sold, however, the substance is an extract of foods already used and not a true substitute. Actual substitutes for the natural foods of the day have been made, chiefly from coal-tar. A German chemist named Fischer has accomplished wonderful results in the production of sugars from waste sources. Professor Lilienfeld of Vienna is reported to have made artificial albumen—a discovery which, if authentic, is of un-

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE

Part I. of A NEW NOVELETTE by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Mrs. Andrews is already well known to magazine readers through her humorous writings. In her latest story, "A Kidnapped Colony," which will be continued in the July number, she has devised a situation which is absolutely new and brilliantly daring in its humor, though nothing in it is absolutely beyond the range of possibility. A comedy of situations.

TRAVEL.—The June number is rich in travel. **Israel Zangwill** contributes "An Italian Fantasy," a brilliant picture of Italy of to-day, and **Julian Ralph's** article tells of "Our Appalachians," a vivid study of a little-known American type.

SCIENCE.—**Carl Snyder**, in "The World Beyond Our Senses," writes on the remarkable discoveries of science which reveal to us in Nature many things which are beyond the grasp of our natural senses.

NATURE.—**Dr. H. C. McCook**, in his article "The Queen Mother of the Ants," deals with ant-life in much the same picturesque way that Maeterlinck has treated the life of the bee.

HUMOR.—**Josephine Daskam** contributes a brilliant parody of some portions of the Rubaiyat, and **May Isobel Fisk** has written another amusing monologue.

SHORT STORIES.—There are eight short stories in this number. Among the authors are **Roy Koffe Gilson**, **Robert Shackleton**, **E. S. Martin**, **George Buchanan Fife**, and **Lizette Woodworth Reese**.

LITERATURE.—**Edmund Gosse** writes of "The Literary Patron of the Eighteenth Century," and **Norman Duncan** of "The Tenement Book and Reader"—an interesting article revealing a new side of the life of the East Side.

HISTORY.—**Collins Shackelford**, in "The Tragedy of a Map," tells the story of the last fatal voyage of the Russian explorer Bering, and of the causes which led to the loss of the expedition.

ARCHAEOLOGY.—**Professor Macalister** describes the work of unearthing the Biblical City of Gezer—where towns of four periods have been found, one built on top of the other.

ENGLISH.—**Alice Archer Stevens**, the well known educational writer, contributes an interesting paper embodying new theories in regard to children's reading and study.

PICTURES IN COLOR.—The pictures in color in the June number are particularly dainty. Among the artists represented are **Andre Castaigne**, **Louis Loeb**, and **Albert Stern**.

The Features of

THE JUNE BAZAR

include

JOSEPHINE DASKAM'S

THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY

Illustrated by F. Y. CORY.

(Part III.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF A YOUNG SOUL.)

FASHIONS

These are beautifully illustrated by the ROSES, of Paris, and Miss ELSA HAIN, of London.

THE REIGN OF LADY SUSAN

A Short Story by C. V. C. MATHEWS.

Illustrated by F. Y. CORY.

THE ULTIMATE MOMENT

Another instalment of the admirable serial by W. R. LIGHTON. Illustrated by A. I. KELLER.

A PLEA FOR THE KITCHEN—II.

By ELIZABETH ROBBINS PENNELL.

Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL.

A BRIDE'S DINNER

By JOSEPHINE GRENIER. Illustrated.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

IT will interest you to look at the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY on the news-stands. The explorer A. Henry Savage Landor is now in the Philippines for the WEEKLY. His first article, illustrated from photographs taken especially for this series by Mr. Landor, was published in the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 16. He will write a series of articles telling the exact conditions at the present time throughout our Philippine colonies. The articles will all be illustrated and will appear only in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Another special representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY is now in China reporting the progress of events there; another in Japan; another in Morocco. From every point on the globe where interesting things are happening come first-hand, authentic reports. You get the results of this in pictures and text when you get the WEEKLY.

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COMMENT

MAYOR Low's prospects for a re-nomination look more favorable to-day than they did a week ago. Senator Platt, who was supposed to be unfriendly, has made a reassuring statement, announcing that, while he thinks a re-nomination at this time would be premature, he has no objection to a preliminary conference between the machine Republicans and the Citizens' Union. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff and other Brooklyn Republicans are outspoken and resolute in their advocacy of Mayor Low. It also seems doubtful whether Mr. Herman Ridler could persuade the German-American Reform Union to oppose a fusion of the anti-Tammany forces. The Citizens' Union are doing a good work by setting forth the facts on which they base their denial that Mayor Low's administration has been a failure. It is only about sixteen months since the great city of New York escaped from the hands of Mayor Van Wyck, yet in four important particulars there has been an extraordinary improvement. We refer to the record made by the Police Department, the Health Department, the Public Charities Department, and the office of the Corporation Counsel. Whatever inefficiency may be imputed to Commissioner Partridge, it cannot be denied that General Greene, since he became head of the Police Department, has given a wonderful exhibition of energy. He has dismissed or driven to resign no fewer than four inspectors and fifteen captains. Never before have corrupt and incompetent members of the police force been so awe-stricken and terrorized.

If we turn to the Health Department, we find its merit attested by the fact that the death rate is the lowest ever known, and that the general sanitary condition of the city is admirable, the streets in the tenement districts being flushed daily, and maintained in the exemplary state of cleanliness upon which the late Colonel Waring insisted. It is the unanimous testimony of those who have inspected the city hospitals and other charitable institutions that aged, feeble-minded, infirm, and sick persons have at no time been better cared for. Nor is there any doubt that the funds of the Public Charities Department are now disbursed with scrupulous honesty. From this point of view a striking contrast is presented to the state of things under the Van Wyck administration. As for the Corporation Counsel's office, statistics show that within eight months the present administration collected more back taxes than had been collected in the previous four years. The truth seems to be that, so far as the

great body of non-office-seeking citizens are concerned, there is no ground for the charge that Mayor Low has disappointed reasonable expectations. No doubt, some of the office-seekers belonging to the Republican or anti-Tammany Democratic organizations complain because there are not offices enough to go round, and because, as a rule, intellectual competence and good character have been made conditions of appointment to office under the Low administration.

There is no abatement of the enthusiasm with which President Roosevelt has been received in his Western tour. He has been welcomed with as much ardor in California as in the States between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi. Whether he is quite as popular as Mr. McKinley was may be questioned, but there is no doubt that he is more popular than any other living Republican, and that his popularity, as we have repeatedly said, is one of the principal assets of his party. We now hear but little of a plan to organize opposition to him in the next Republican national convention by pledging State delegations to "favorite sons." Neither Senator Hanna, nor Senator Fairbanks, nor Senator Spooner is any longer mentioned as a possible candidate. That Mr. Roosevelt should have thus quickly and thus completely extinguished the hope of competition is of itself a remarkable achievement. As we have previously pointed out, no other President by accident has succeeded in persuading his party to nominate him for the term succeeding his own. It is true that Fillmore in 1856—about three years after he left the White House—was nominated by the Whigs, but at that time they constituted only a remnant of the organization which had made him Vice-President in 1848. Mr. Roosevelt's success in establishing a new precedent—we may look upon the precedent as already established—is the more remarkable because it is no secret that, as Governor of New York, he would have failed to secure a re-nomination for that office. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is a wiser man than he was four years ago. He has exhibited the very qualities which he was supposed to lack—sobriety, moderation, patience. The very men who imagined that, by forcing the Vice-Presidency upon him, they would effectually remove him from the political arena, and who might be expected to feel chagrined at the failure of their design, are now content to be classed among his supporters. The outcome, in short, of the situation, as it presents itself to-day, is that those conservative men who, having in mind the unconstitutional interposition in the anthracite-coal strike, regard Mr. Roosevelt with considerable distrust, have renounced the hope of beating him for the Republican nomination. If he is to be beaten at all, it must be done at the ballot-box by the candidates of the Democratic party. It is equally obvious that no Democrat of the Bryanite type would have any chance of defeating Mr. Roosevelt. The latter has outbid the Bryanites for the votes of labor-unionists, and we must look to another quarter for the forces to be arrayed against him with any prospect of victory. After all, the labor-union vote is but a fraction of the electorate, and can be dispensed with, not only throughout the South, but also in the pivotal States of the North.

We shall soon learn how much foundation there is for the report that President Roosevelt and Governor Cummins have agreed upon a tariff-revision plank which is to be embodied in the platform framed in June by the Iowa State convention, and also inserted, if the President has influence enough for the purpose, in the Republican national platform a year hence. It will be remembered that the so-called "Iowa idea," which, under the dictation of Governor Cummins, was set forth in the Iowa platforms of 1901 and 1902, favors such changes in the tariff from time to time as shall become

advisable through the progress of American industries, and through their changing relations to the commerce of the world. It accepts the policy of reciprocity as the natural complement of protection, and urges the application of it as necessary to the realization of our highest commercial possibilities. Finally, it advocates any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording a shelter for monopoly. It is said that the phrase *shelter for monopoly* will be dropped in June, but that otherwise the low idea will substantially be reaffirmed. We are told that the tariff-revision plank was drafted before Mr. Roosevelt reached Iowa, and that he accepted it during his Western trip, in the course of which he was cloistered during a whole day with Governor Cummins. We scarcely need point out that the insertion of a tariff-revision plank in the next Republican national platform may have a material effect on the ensuing Presidential campaign. By retaining within the party ranks a good many Republican voters dissatisfied with the Dingley tariff, it might just turn the scale in several doubtful States. It was just by their advocacy of a tariff-revision policy that the Democrats have snatched themselves to have a chance of winning at the ballot-box. It is true that a genuine revision of the tariff is much more likely to come from a Democratic than from a Republican administration, for, although there would be no doubt about Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity, and although a satisfactory bill might be pushed through the House of Representatives, such a measure would be almost certain to be defeated in the Senate. A mere promise of revision might suffice, nevertheless, to retain the States of the Central West in the Republican column, just as in 1896 Mr. McKinley's election was unquestionably promoted by the promise to try to bring about an agreement between the leading commercial nations by which the two precious metals might be maintained at parity. It will be remembered that a pretence of fulfilling the promise was made. To satisfy Republican bimetallics, a commission was sent to Europe on a fool's errand.

The dinner given on May 9 to Secretary Root at the Lotus Club, New York, directs attention to one of the chief causes of the success with which Mr. Roosevelt has avoided the fate of other accidental Presidents. Not long had Tyler, Fillmore, and Arthur occupied the offices for which they had not been intended, than they shouldered the trusted friends of their predecessors out of the cabinet. These men were forthwith converted into powerful, and, as it proved, irresistible enemies. Mr. Roosevelt has pursued a precisely opposite course. Incomparably the most important members of Mr. McKinley's cabinet were Secretary Hay and Secretary Root. Both of them have not only retained their places, but, so far as we can judge, are more influential than ever. It should be kept in mind that Secretary Root has not only borne the burdens incident to the War Office in time of war—for the insurrection in the Philippines has possessed the proportions of a war—but also has had to discharge, with relation to the nine million human beings in the Philippines, all the functions which in England belong to the Colonial Office. So far as our new empire in the East is concerned, Mr. Root has had thrust upon him a task the magnitude of which might well tax the resources of the broadest and the highest statesmanship. That the task has been well performed is recognized by the whole American people without distinction of party. It may even be doubted whether President Roosevelt himself has grown more in the national estimation than his Secretary Root.

If, now, we turn to the State Department, we cannot but see that the retention of Mr. Hay has been of signal service to his chief. The qualities imperative in need in that branch of our Federal government during the last eighteen months have been caution, reticence, discretion, self-control. Not only has Mr. Hay these qualities, but they are conjoined with a right perception of the dignity and destinies of the United States. Thanks largely to him, we have not lost ground in international opinion, but gained ground since our war with Spain. If we except a certain unreasonableness expressed in some quarters lest he should go too far in deference to England, Mr. Hay's conduct of the State Department is admitted to have strengthened the Roosevelt administration in public confidence. He is quick, almost as

quick as McKimley, to detect the drift of popular sentiment. For that reason he was careful to refrain from committing our government too far in approval of the coercion of Venezuela by the three blocking powers, and we doubt whether he would sanction a repetition of the experiment in the case of another Latin-American commonwealth. Not only, however, has the country reason to be grateful for the services of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War, but we should give the primary credit for their work to Mr. Roosevelt himself, who, had he been like other accidental Presidents, would not have persisted in keeping his predecessor's friends in office.

It looks as if Secretary Hay's discretion, already notably attested in the later phases of the Venezuela affair, might soon be subjected to a fresh strain. What is to prevent the creditors of the Dominican republic from applying to their debtor the precedent established in the case of Venezuela? The Dominican government owes to foreign capitalists a sum which, if compared with its resources, must be described as very large; it is in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars. During the commotion which preceded and attended the successful uprising against the Vasquez administration, no pretence was made of providing the interest and sinking-fund stipulated for the public debt. Nor is there any likelihood that payments will be resumed for a long time to come, if at all. Such a contingency was foreseen by the Belgian bondholders, who secured by treaty the right to take possession of all the Dominican custom-houses, and to sequester the duties collected therein until their debt should be paid, principal and interest. The German, British, and Italian bondholders, however, are unlikely to miss the opportunity of profiting by their Venezuelan experience, but, on the contrary, may be expected to demand that, after the Belgian claims have been satisfied, the Dominican custom-houses shall be administered by their own agents for their account. The demand, of course, could not be resisted, unless we should interpose.

In principle, the Venezuelan and Dominican cases are identical, but there is a great practical difference. All the claims against Venezuela can be paid off at no distant date from a third of the proceeds of two custom-houses, whereas all the revenue of all the Dominican custom-houses would be needed for an indefinite period, if not permanently, to provide interest on the debts due by the Dominican republic to foreign creditors. As hitherto the Dominican government has depended almost exclusively upon the customs revenue for its support, it would be driven to desperation by the loss of that income, and foreign collectors of customs could only be safeguarded by foreign garrisons and war-ships. The practical outcome of such a state of things would be that all the Dominican harbors, including Samana Bay, which commands the Mona Passage, would pass under the control of European powers. How could we prevent such a result? Having sanctioned coercion in the case of Venezuela, we cannot, with any show of consistency, forbid it in the case of Hispaniola. We should not now find ourselves in such a dilemma had our Senate consented to the annexation of the Dominican republic when President Baez urged it and the Grant administration approved of the request. We have no doubt that the Dominicans would gladly be annexed to-day, for they know that American capital would then flow into their country, which is, perhaps, the richest in the world, so far as natural resources are concerned. As for the European creditors, they would have no reason to complain, because, if we annexed the Spanish-speaking part of the island, we should assume its debts.

Yielding to the pressure of public opinion, Postmaster-General Payne has suspended General-Superintendent Machen, pending an investigation of the branch of the postal service under the latter's control. It is like drawing teeth, however, to secure prompt and effective measures calculated to bring about a drastic purgation of the department. We are reminded of the difficulty which certain men experienced in obtaining the punishment of the officials implicated in the Cuban postal frauds. The reluctance evinced by the department to bring the Havana embezzlers to justice was attributed to the fact that the guilty employees were protected by

very influential politicians. The same explanation is now given of the apparent unwillingness to take energetic measures against officials accused of corruption, and it is even asserted that the Republican party cannot afford to have the postal frauds exposed in all their ramifications. That is not a view of the situation which President Roosevelt is likely to take. He knows that the more sweeping and rigorous the inquiry is, and the more merciless the treatment of delinquents, the stronger will be the hold of the Republican party upon public confidence. There is no doubt that but for the ruthless exposure of the Star Route frauds during Arthur's administration the Republican party would have been beaten much worse than it was in 1864, when it lost the State of New York and the Presidency by less than 1200 plurality.

There is a man in the Post-office Department well qualified to purge it, if Mr. Roosevelt will give him a free hand. We refer, of course, to Fourth-Assistant-Postmaster-General Bristow. It was he, we understand, who demanded the suspension of Machen. It is quite possible that if Mr. Roosevelt should authorize Mr. Bristow to proceed without reference to the Postmaster-General, the latter official would resign. We opine, however, that the country would receive his resignation with a sigh of relief. Mr. Bristow is one of those men who deem it the duty of investigators to investigate. He is just the kind of official that Mr. Roosevelt would have eyed with approval when he was Police Commissioner. The fact that some of the accused employees in the Post-office Department are said to owe their appointments to certain influential Senators is not likely to deter the President from turning all rascals out. If Mr. Roosevelt is under any personal obligations to those Senators, they are not visible to the naked eye.

It seems to be settled that the Fifty-eighth Congress will be convoked in extra session early in November, immediately after the elections have been held. The primary purpose of the session is to secure the approval of the Cuban reciprocity treaty by the House of Representatives. We take the approval for granted, inasmuch as it can be secured by a majority of one, whereas ratification by the Senate needed a two-thirds vote. The treaty by which we are to acquire from Cuba two naval stations has not yet been concluded, but we believe it will be before our Congress meets. It would be imprudent for the Cubans to give the enemies of reciprocity any pretext for a revival of their opposition. We trust that, immediately after the approval of the reciprocity treaty, Congress will turn the extra session to account by giving the Philippines the relief of which they stand in urgent need. It is well known that the products of Porto Rico are now admitted to the United States duty free, and there is absolutely no ground on which we can withhold similar privileges from the Philippines.

Like Porto Rico, the Philippine archipelago produces tobacco and sugar, but, at present, its commodities are practically shut out from our markets, because they are compelled to pay 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates. This means that Manila cigars would have to pay a duty of \$3.37 per pound, and 19 per cent. of ad valorem. Before the civil war, cheroots and cigars imported from Manila were extensively smoked in the United States, being sold here at retail for a cent apiece. The tobacco grown in Luzon is of various qualities, but a part of it is of such high grade that all of the cigars made from it used to be looked upon as a prerogative by the Spanish Governor-Generals, and were sent by them to officials and personal friends at Madrid. There would be undoubtedly a large consumption of Manila cigars in the United States to-day if, like the cigars made in Porto Rico, they could be brought here duty free. What is true of tobacco is true, of course, of sugar. It is contrary to fundamental principles of justice and equity that sugar from Porto Rico and Hawaii should enter our ports free from duty, while sugar from the Philippines has to pay 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates. Why is it that the public conscience, which was so sensitive in the case of Porto Rico, seems benumbed where the Filipinos are concerned? It was well enough to give the

archipelago a sum of money for the purpose of making good the losses suffered through the destruction of water-buffaloes and horses by pestilence, but what the Filipinos really need is a chance to sell their products in the markets of the country to which they belong in the capacity of subjects, if not of citizens. What should we think of Great Britain if in her home ports she levied duties practically prohibitive on commodities produced in her dependencies?

The protocols agreed upon between Venezuela, on the one hand, and the three blockading powers on the other, having at last been signed, some interesting revelations have been made. It seems that, had the British and Italian ambassadors and the German *chargé d'affaires* at Washington been somewhat more deliberate, they could have secured from Mr. Bowen a preference for the claims of their respective governments over those of the non-blockading powers, and thus have avoided raising the very question which has required an appeal to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. When Mr. Bowen left Caracas he was provided by President Castro with two sets of powers, one document granting him full authority to effect a settlement with the representatives of all nations having claims against Venezuela, and a second letter of credence authorizing him to conduct negotiations exclusively with the representatives of the three blockading powers, and to make a separate settlement with them. When Mr. Bowen reached Washington, he, of course, first presented the former credentials, expecting them, however, to be rejected, and intending to fall back upon the latter. To his surprise, the broader credentials were accepted by the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy, who were thus estopped from demanding separate or preferential treatment for their governments.

When, at a later stage of the negotiations, they were instructed to put forward the demand, they could not, with any show of decency, reject the proposed reference of the question to The Hague, although there is reason to believe that not one of the blockading powers had any wish to recognize the international tribunal. Under the circumstances, the "trained diplomatists" of Europe, the paucity of whom in the United States is deplored by some foolish persons, seem to have been thoroughly outwitted by Mr. Bowen. They failed to get what their principals wanted, and found themselves constrained to acquiesce in something which their principals wished to avoid. The achievement was creditable, but not novel. With the exception of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the reciprocity treaty with Canada, astutely engineered by Lord Elgin, we know of no instance in which American amateurs in diplomacy have been outgeneraled by the Europeans against whom they have been pitted. The truth is that our Secretaries of State and ministers to foreign countries have usually been selected from members of the bench or bar. Nor is there any doubt that the attainment of eminence in the legal profession taxes the intellect far more severely than does the kind of work ordinarily done by diplomatists. It must have been child's play for a lawyer and statesman like Daniel Webster to deal with the type of man that, as a rule, used to be permitted to represent Great Britain in Washington, or even to occupy the British Foreign Office.

What deduction should be drawn from the announcement that the Colombian Congress has been convoked in special session at Bogota on June 20, or, in other words, a month before the date fixed by the Colombian Constitution for the opening of the regular session? We should naturally infer that President Marroquin, who has firmly supported the canal treaty negotiated at Washington by his representative, Dr. Herrán, had arrived at the conclusion that the treaty would now be confirmed. On the heels, however, of an announcement thus ostensibly favorable, comes the report that President Marroquin has been compelled to resign his office, and that he will be succeeded by General Raphael Reyes, Second Vice-President of Colombia. The bearing of this incident on the fate of the canal treaty is as yet unknown. As to the position hitherto taken by General Reyes, there are conflicting accounts. He was at one time named among the op-

ponents of the treaty, but the belief is now current in Washington that he has been won over. The Bogota politicians should be made to understand, once for all, that they will never obtain from the United States a dollar more than the lump sum and annual subsidy agreed upon. When this conviction is planted in their minds, they will arrange among themselves a division of the ten million dollars which we are to pay in cash, and if this sum falls short of their requirements, they will doubtless call upon the French Canal Company to surrender a part of the forty million dollars which we are to pay for its plant and franchises. At Panama a rumor is in circulation that such a demand has already been made, and that the French Company has been terrorized into promising to pay twelve million dollars. There will be a tremendous outcry among the bondholders and shareholders in France if any attempt is made to carry out such a bargain. In view of all the circumstances, we are not sanguine about the prompt confirmation of the treaty at Bogota. The difficulties to be surmounted are thoroughly understood in Panama, where the people are already beginning to talk about secession from Colombia should the treaty be rejected. There is no doubt that, ever since the Trans-Isthmian Railway was constructed, the state of Panama has been looked upon as a milk cow by the Bogota politicians. If that state had declared its independence half a century ago, and the revenue of its custom-houses and the purchase-money received for its railway and canal franchises had been spent at home, it would have long since become the most prosperous commonwealth in Latin America. It is not too late for Panama to cut herself loose from the octopus of Colombian corruption, and there is but little doubt that, if the United States maintained a strict neutrality, she could defy the repressive efforts of the Bogota *de facto* government.

Some regret has been expressed that Mr. Roosevelt should be absent from Washington at a time when the Manchurian question threatens to become acute. There has never been any likelihood, however, that any definite step would be taken by the State Department before the President's return. Much less would a discreet and cautious man like Secretary Hay venture, on his own responsibility, to involve us in a foreign entanglement by committing us to even an initial stage of co-operation with Great Britain and Japan. He knows that joint representations might lead to joint ultimatums, and these, again, to war. As to the question mooted in some quarters as to whether Mr. Roosevelt's official duty requires him to remain at the Federal capital when Congress is not in session, we may say at once that no such conception of the duty of a Chief Magistrate has been held by any of his predecessors, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, whose lot, we need not say, was cast in most exceptional circumstances.

The well-informed writer whose views upon the Manchurian war-scare are set forth on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY is an optimist in his consideration of Russia's intentions, and believes that all the recent uneasiness which has prevailed about them has been needless, and due to untruthful reports. It has been believed that Russia's immediate intentions in Manchuria have been modified by the attitude of our government towards them. If they were never objectionable they have not been modified. If they have been modified it will be disputed that they were ever objectionable. Some haze will continue to hang over Manchuria whatever the issue of immediate events there may be. Meanwhile our contributor's views are of interest, and are such as we should all prefer to share.

In view of all the talk of Japan's going to war with Russia, it is wholesome for us to look at the facts. We have recorded the launching of Japan's new naval programme, and its checkered career among the shoals and sand-banks of Japanese financial difficulties, with the various Parliamentary crises which arose therefrom. A partial compromise has now been reached between the various parties concerned, and chiefly the government of Count Katsura, on the one hand, and Marquis Ito and the Constitutional Political Association on the other; as a result of this compromise, the government has abandoned the plan of paying for the projected additions to the navy by a new tax on land, which was so persistently opposed by Marquis Ito, and agrees to pay the naval bill in an-

other way, namely, by raising \$3,000,000 by a new issue of bonds, to which is to be added \$2,350,000 from the railroad fund, and \$500,000 which is to be saved by administrative economies. This compromise has an *esoteric* side, which is as follows: the ordinary productivity of Japan, represented by the land tax, is incapable of bearing the cost of the new navy schemes; therefore Japan is reduced to two bad expedients—increasing her already considerable national debt, and stopping, or at least curtailing, certain valuable productive works; for the sum to be withdrawn from the railroad fund represents one-half of that fund,—a serious matter in a country with only four thousand miles of railroad for a population of forty-four thousand. The United States has fifty times as much for less than twice the population. This great sacrifice will continue for no less than eleven years, and in return Japan hopes to add to her fleet four battle-ships and six armored cruisers. During the same period she will have added \$35,000,000 to her debts, and curtailed her railroad schemes by one-half,—surely a heavy price to pay for opposition to Russia in Manchuria.

The Balfour cabinet continues to reign, while the Irish party continues to rule the British Empire; it must be added, ruling with great moderation, and giving general satisfaction to all the subject nations concerned. It is doubtful if the whole history of Parliamentary life could parallel the vote on the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase bill—443 yeas against 26 noes; that is a majority of over four hundred. Mr. Morley rightly asserted, in an excellent speech, that this bill marked a social revolution; he might have added that it also marked a moral revolution, a Parliamentary miracle. Nothing more improbable could have been conceived, as lately as six months ago, than that a purely Irish measure, and a pretty costly one at that, would unite all sections of English politicians in brotherly union and concert. The humorous possibilities of the situation are boundless. For instance, note the moralizing influence of the superior Gaelic race on the contentious and quarrelsome Saxons; and note the eagerness with which all English parties assert the financial trustworthiness of the Irish pennants, after treating the whole nation as scamps for half a dozen centuries. We especially commend the humor of the situation to Mr. Secretary Chamberlain and to Lord Rosebery, both of whom may thereby be led to look with more resignation on the visible dwindling of their chances of writing Prime Minister after their names in days to come. Every one can see that Mr. Wyndham has saved his party from imminent defeat, and has brought a new element of stability to the interior life of the empire, besides immensely strengthening the bonds between England and the United States; the Irish Secretary has thereby rendered services which can be recompensed in one way only: by the reversion of the Conservative Premiership, which thus slips finally through the fingers of the Secretary for the Colonies.

An amusing afterthought of King Edward's Parisian visit comes in the form of the following story: The King, whom limitless practice in the long years of his hair-aperment made an expert in speech-making, invariably composes his orations on the spot, and delivers them offhand. But mere reporters are not admitted to state banquets, such as that given at the Elysée to the King by the President of the French Republic. It followed that when the King was asked for the text of his speech for subsequent publication no text was forthcoming. His Majesty had finally to follow the course of lesser mortals and write out his speech himself. And exactly the same thing occurred at the Hôtel de Ville. In this case the dismaying telegram begging for the speech only reached his Majesty at Portsmouth, and he had there and then to set to and write it. One wonders what became of those two pieces of copy, and whether they will appear in the archives of the future.

A short time ago the record for a week's immigration into the United States was passed, and all former totals were thrown into the shade. We may realize what this means when we remember that the weekly average for 1902, taking bad months with good, was over twelve thousand, or a total for the year of about 650,000 immigrants. Secondary causes of the recent record may be found in the favorable time of year, the progressive opening of our country, especially the

great Southwest, and the improved facilities of transport. But the primary reason, the first cause, undoubtedly lies in the increasing pressure, the growing burden, on the populations of Europe, which compels them, sorely against their will, to leave home lands that are dear to them and launch their bark into the unknown. If we look back over the history of immigration to this country, we shall see this immediate relation between the Old World's periods of stress and our accession of new peoples. The first great tide began to flow in the forties, set in motion by the increasing poverty of Ireland, which had then a population of nearly nine millions, or just double what it has to-day. During the years that followed, culminating with the famine, a growing stream of Irish immigrants poured into this country, the total presently reaching something between three and four millions, for the most part the young, healthy, and energetic youths and girls just reaching marriageable age. This immense drain on the adolescent population has reduced the marriage and birth rate of Ireland to the lowest known in any civilized land; but, on the other hand, the Irish population in this country, being of pure blood, full of vigor and youth, and imbued with a religious horror of race suicide, was, from the early forties onward, among the most prolific in the world, doubling in ten years or less, as do the German colonies in South America, and the French colonies in Canada. Hence we probably have upwards of twenty million of Irish descent in the population of the United States.

The second great tide of immigration came from Germany, beginning about the time of the Franco-Prussian war, or shortly after, slowly increasing for a number of years; it was, doubtless, due to increasing population in the fatherland, and also to the increasing despotism and militarism of the Bismarckian epoch, which made Germany with difficulty habitable for persons of individuality and force. It will be seen that the tide from Ireland preceded the Teutonic tide by a full generation; and we may be sure that the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle did not fail to make good use of this long start. The German tide has long since begun to ebb, falling, toward the later nineties, to about eighteen thousand a year. Meanwhile the tide of influx from Italy was steadily and swiftly rising, and for the last two years has topped the list, amounting to something better than a quarter of the total immigration—that is, to about 180,000 last year. We need not remain long in the dark about the cause of this Italian influx. We have had testimony enough as to the misery of Italy, and especially of the poorest classes there, of recent years, with the tragic culmination of the bread riots in a dozen Italian provinces five years ago, and similar, though less extensive, outbreaks each subsequent year. When we remember that the population of Italy is very dense, a population nearly half that of the United States being crowded into an area equal to that of Nevada, so that over the whole of Italy there is an average of 500 to the square mile, mountainous and waste tracts included; that agriculture is primitive and uneconomic; that the population bears the triple burden of a feudal nobility, a large official class, and a costly army—we can only wonder that the Italians have been able to endure so long. It is impossible not to reflect on the result which this immense influx will have on the race type of this country. It is impossible, also, not to recognize that a large part of the tide which comes to our shores would probably flow into South America were there greater security there for the property and interests of foreigners.

There is no doubt that even steamships may be blown up with dynamite by means of a clockwork mechanism adjusted so as to explode the bomb at a fixed hour. There is a suspicion that some of the steamships which have mysteriously disappeared during the last half-century were destroyed in this way. There is no reason to believe, however, that there was any intention of blowing up the *Canard* steamship *Umbria*, which left New York on Saturday, May 9; for a warning was sent betimes to Police-Commissioner Greene, and it turned out, when the box containing the dynamite was inspected, that the mechanism had not been adjusted with a view to explosion. Apparently, the purpose of the manufacturers of this box was to deter passengers from taking the vessels of the *Canard* Company. The writer of the letter of warning, however, said that he had been originally instructed

to sink the *Oceanic*, which is a vessel of the White Star Line. The ships of that line still carry the British flag, but they belong to the International Company which was organized by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and in which American capital is very largely invested. It is not easy to see how the shipment of an infernal machine, like that found beside the *Umbria's* gangway, could be averted, unless every trunk and box were opened and scrutinized before being admitted on board a vessel. Such a precaution would be probably impracticable.

On May 11 the *New York World* commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the purchase of that newspaper by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. When we compare the pecuniary value of what Mr. Pulitzer bought in May, 1883, with the amount of capital which the *World* represents to-day, it would not be easy to exaggerate the magnitude of the achievement. Under Manton Marble and William Henry Hartford the *World* undoubtedly possessed a great deal of political influence, and it was highly respected for the literary merit of its editorial page and of its dramatic criticisms and book notices. On the other hand, it had what we should now regard as a very small circulation. At present we believe that its circulation is surpassed by none, or only one American daily newspaper; we leave out of view the *Petit Journal*. The credit for this remarkable performance must, of course, be attributed mainly to Mr. Pulitzer himself, but also, in some measure, to an opportunity which he was prompt to recognize and seize. The opportunity came in the Presidential campaign of 1884, when the *Sun*, which at that time was by far the most widely read newspaper in New York, so far as Democrats were concerned, decided to oppose Mr. Cleveland and to support Benjamin F. Butler. A titanic struggle followed, and the tremendous power of the *Sun* was demonstrated by the fact that Mr. Cleveland, who two years before had been chosen Governor by nearly 200,000 plurality, was now able to secure less than 1200 plurality for President. The extreme narrowness of their escape from defeat infuriated many Democrats against the newspaper which had been their favorite, and by tens of thousands they left the *Sun* for the *World*. It is well known that eventually the *Sun* weathered the storm by reason of its editor's great ability and unshakable hold upon cultivated readers; but, meanwhile, Mr. Pulitzer had made the most of his opportunity, and had launched the *World* on a career of triumph which, up to that period, was unparalleled.

On May 12 Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania approved the Grady-Salms libel bill, giving out a long statement justifying his action. This is the bill to which allusion has several times been made in the *WEEKLY*, and which it was hoped the Governor would not permit to become a law. It provides that civil actions may be brought against the owner, publisher, or managing editor of any newspaper—daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or monthly—published in Pennsylvania, for damages resulting from negligence in the ascertainment of facts, and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, and business of citizens. In actions so brought, if it shall be shown that the publication complained of resulted from negligence, "compensatory damages may be recovered for injuries to business and reputation resulting from such publication, as well as damages for the physical and mental suffering endured by the injured party or parties, and whenever in any such action it shall be shown that the matter complained of is libelous and that such libelous matter has been given special prominence by the use of pictures, cartoons, head-lines, displayed type, or any other matter calculated to specially attract attention, the jury shall have the right to award punitive damages against the defendant or defendants." The bill further provides for the publication in each issue of every paper, at the top of the editorial page, of the names of the owner and managing editor of the paper, under penalty of a fine of not less than \$500 or more than \$1000. The objections of the press of Pennsylvania to the bill are extremely vehement. The papers take the position that the libel laws already in effect give ample protection to citizens, and that the chief purpose of the new law is to suppress cartoons, to which the Governor is especially sensitive, and which the remarkable aggression of patriots who own and administer the State of Pennsylvania had highly incited to their personal comfort. The practical results of the new law will be awaited with much interest. The final judges of what newspapers

ought or ought not to print any neither legislatures nor courts, but the people. Unless this new pro-gag law in Pennsylvania is sustained at the polls its course will be soon run.

Rhode Island is decorously agitated over the proposition of Governor Garrin to place a statue of Thomas Wilson Dorr in the State-house. The theory of government in Rhode Island scarcely contemplates the choice of a Governor who is opposed to the dynasty of the reigning machine; but in view of the remote possibility of such an event, it has been cleverly devised that the Chief Executive's power is limited principally to the making of suggestions. Governor Garrin finds himself, therefore, in a position where his time is open and his mind is free to interest the people of his State with new ideas. This of the Dorr statue is one of them. Dorr was a man with a good purpose, and without the patience to work and to wait for its orderly adoption. He wanted to make the electoral franchise freer than it was in the thirties and forties, and he helped to get the State of Rhode Island into a condition where it had two rival Governors at once, he being one of them. Then came what is known in the history of the State as the "Dorr war," a series of turbulences having far less resemblance to real war than the riots which are now common as part of strikes. Dorr came out second in the contest, was convicted of high treason, spent a few years in jail, and was released on an act of amnesty, amid the applause of the people, to find in operation most of the reforms for which he had contended. He did not long after, with the talent of treason still upon him, but his name is one of those which are conspicuous in Rhode Island history, while the very estimable gentleman, Samuel W. King, who was his successful rival for the Governorship, is known only to the encyclopedias. For such reasons as these Governor Garrin wants a Dorr statue; to which it is responded that Dorr was a traitor, and that treason should not thus be made honorable. The controversy, fortunately, is not likely to reach even the proportions of the main Dorr rebellion, and it may confidently be predicted that Governor Garrin will not have his own way, as he mostly does not. Besides, it is not a violent presumption that if Dorr could take a peep at the existing condition of the suffrage in Rhode Island, he would advise the postponement of the statue until his idea of extending the right to vote is coupled with a wider sense of its seriousness.

Governor Bates of Massachusetts is in a fair way to hold the veto record for that State, if he keeps on as he is going. Seven or eight vetoes stand to his credit at the time of writing, with as many more prevented by the scurrying of legislators to withdraw bills which had advanced several stages, rather than expose them to his possible displeasure. The Governor has pursued a different course from that pursued by his predecessor. Mr. Crane was inclined to cause his objection to a bill to be made known in season to prevent his receiving it. Mr. Bates holds that it is not his business to influence legislation in the process, but to act when measures come to him in due course. The situation involves some humors, as, for example, when, after a bill has been passed without dissent, its return with a veto inspires liberal applause, after which the House proceeds to sustain the veto with unflinching promptitude. To put it in another way, bills which are enacted with unanimity are killed—after a veto—with alacrity, although far less than a unanimous vote would make the veto ineffectual. Some fear is expressed that the liberal use of the veto checks wholesome law-making; but the citizens of Massachusetts are satisfied. The situation amuses them; moreover, the laws which are allowed to live are so many that the slaughter of a few is not felt to be a serious deprivation.

In his opening address at the recent convention, in New Orleans, of the American Medical Association, Dr. Billings of Chicago, its president, advocated restriction in the output of physicians. There are too many doctors, he thought, and ascribed the oversupply to the excess of medical colleges. About 2500 medical graduates a year are enough, he considered, to supply the country, but we are getting ten or twelve thousand. He would have the medical schools reduced to twenty-five or thirty. Possibly that would be expedient if it

were practicable, for anything less than a first-rate medical school is of doubtful value, and to be first rate, a medical school must have abundant resources and certain advantages of situation which can never be common. But that the supply of new doctors should be so much restricted is at least debatable. Quality rather than numbers is to be desired in physicians. Enough doctors to go round is all that is needed, provided they are all good. But to a layman it would seem that there must be an advantage in having such an ample supply of medical graduates as to permit a sifting out of those of inferior talent or accomplishments. To the lay mind, too, it will seem desirable that there shall be enough carefully and fully educated medical men to insure such a reasonable competition as shall bring competent medical skill within the reach of comparatively imppecunious persons. If closing some of the schools would result in giving us better doctors, the public might take kindly to the idea, but mere reduction in number without assurance of any marked improvement in quality offers a much less engaging prospect.

If Archbishop Quigley was an officer of the army we might possibly have read that the War Department had inquired whether he was correctly reported as saying at Chicago, on May 4, that since looking over the Western parochial schools he had come suddenly to the unexpected conclusion that in fifty years, if things go on as they are going, "the Catholic Church will actually own the West." "And within twenty years," he is reported to have added, "this country is going to rule the world. . . . The West will dominate the country . . . and when the United States rules the world the Catholic Church will rule the world." Since the archbishop has not disavowed these prognostications, it is possible that he also said, as reported, that in fifty years Chicago will be exclusively Catholic, and that the same may be said of Greater New York and the chain of big cities stretching across the continent to Chicago. These views are too remarkable to be credited to an archbishop without fuller assurance than a newspaper paragraph can give, but if Dr. Quigley's inspection of his parochial schools seems to him to warrant conclusions at all like these, the parochial schools in his district must be marvellously efficient. The *World Almanac* says there are about 9,200,000 Roman Catholic communicants now in the country; about 4,500,000 Baptists; 5,900,000 Methodists, 1,700,000 Lutherans; 1,600,000 Presbyterians; 600,000 Congregationalists; 750,000 Episcopalians; 350,000 Reformed Dutch (including the President); 1,200,000 Disciples of Christ; and 1,500,000 other assorted Protestants. At present, therefore, the estimated strength of the Protestants in the United States is just about double that of the Roman Catholics. But no odds need daunt the zeal of an earnest prelate, and the odds stated are not necessarily too great to be overcome in fifty years by a single organization of supreme efficiency, working in competition with a dozen organizations much less efficient individually, and the rivals of each other besides.

Moreover, our present enormous immigration is very largely Roman Catholic, and our gain in population by immigration in the next half-century will be largely a Roman Catholic gain. Consider too that the Roman Catholic Church almost invariably gains a family when a Catholic marries a Protestant, and that it is much more infrequent than any Protestant Church in its discouragement of the phenomenon which we have come to know as race suicide. After all, Archbishop Quigley may have said what he is said to have said. It is not so unreasonable when one comes to think it all over. But if the Western parochial schools inspire such forecasts, how long will it be before the Protestant sects will think it expedient to undertake such a degree of consolidation as shall enable them to maintain a great system of Protestant schools in which religion, as well as other things, shall be taught? Unquestionably a Church that teaches its children seven days a week will beat the churches that make no effort to teach their children more than once a week. But the field is a fair field, and open to all comers who value the stakes. Certainly "if things go on as they are going" the Roman Catholic Church will deserve all the predominance it may win in America, even if it does so almost incredibly well as Archbishop Quigley expects.

Mr. Cleveland and the Presidency

SOME of the newspaper organs of the Republican party are exhibiting signs of nervousness at the increasing dimensions of the movement within the ranks of the Democratic party for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency in 1904. They exhibit their nervousness in divers ways. Some of them, for instance, have reprinted a story, started, we believe, by a correspondent of the Boston Globe, to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland had remarked to some visitor that she hoped Mr. Cleveland would not be renominated or elected, because she would dislike to return to the public life of the White House. When asked whether there was any foundation for the story, Mr. Cleveland answered: "I don't know anything about it. Neither Mr. Cleveland nor I remember any such conversation to have taken place at any time." Other newspapers have based an assertion that Mr. Cleveland is eager for the nomination on his answer to a letter from Mr. R. F. Holder, Jun., of Athens, Georgia. Mr. Holder, writing to Mr. Cleveland, put the following question: "Are you now considering, or would you consider, making the race for the Presidency next year on the Democratic ticket?" Mr. Cleveland's reply was: "I can say no more than to assure you that at no time since the close of my last administration have I been desirous of carrying the Democratic banner for the fourth time in a Presidential campaign. That is precisely the answer that Mr. Cleveland returned to similar interrogatories made during the winter of 1895-96. Having been thrice nominated for the Presidency, and twice elected, he said then, as he says now, that he had no desire to carry the Democratic banner for the fourth time in a Presidential campaign. He then refrained, as he now refrains, from saying that he would not accept a nomination if it were tendered to him, because he wished to avoid to refuse so great a proof of public confidence before it is offered. We have never admired General Sherman's assertion that he would decline a nomination for the Presidency if it were given to him, and that if, in spite of his declination, he were elected, he would refuse to serve. We do not admire it for two reasons: first, we should consider it a gross impertinence for any American citizen to decline a nomination for the Presidency after it had been actually made. Horatio Seymour was undoubtedly right in accepting the nomination in 1868, when, in spite of his earnest protest, it was conferred upon him by the convention over which he presided. In the second place, we do not believe that General Sherman, or any other American citizen, would refuse to serve after he had been elected President. When, therefore, Mr. Cleveland said the other day, as he said in 1895-96, that he had no desire to head the Democratic ticket for the fourth time in a Presidential year, he said all that a right-minded American citizen could be expected to say.

That Mr. Cleveland would decline a nomination, if it were tendered by a bare majority, we deem extremely probable. He might very properly refuse to become the leader of a faction in a Democratic national convention, however, there is no such thing as a nomination by a bare majority. The Democratic party, unlike the Whig or the Republican party, has from the outset prescribed a two-thirds vote as the sine qua non condition of nomination. The two-thirds rule was adopted by the very first Democratic convention, that, namely, of 1832, a convention called by the supporters of General Jackson for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Vice-Presi-

dency. The rule was enforced in 1836, but it was waived in 1840 for the only time in the party's history. It was revived in 1844, and has since been adhered to unwaveringly by the Democracy. It follows that, if the nomination comes to Mr. Cleveland at all, it will come from no faction and no section, but from at least two-thirds of the delegates assembled in the Democratic national convention. Made under such circumstances, the nomination would be not merely a compliment, but a peremptory mandate. It would mean that the party felt that it had need of Mr. Cleveland's services, and for him to turn a deaf ear to the summons, after having thrice been honored with the highest proof of confidence in the power of his fellow Democrats, would be an act of base ingratitude.

That the nomination may be tendered begins to look much more probable than it did some weeks ago. If we may judge from the recent drift of public sentiment in the South, we should not be surprised to see the delegations from almost every State south of the Potomac put forward Mr. Cleveland as their candidate in the next Democratic national convention. That the nomination would be taken by the delegations from New England, from Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, we deem almost certain. We have no doubt that the delegation from Missouri would be included in the list, if the candidate for Vice-President should be selected from that State. We admit that, with the approval of the delegations from Ohio and Illinois look doubtful, and the same thing may be said of the delegation from California. We admit, too, that Mr. Bryan's friends are likely to control the delegations from a good many of the Trans-Mississippi States, but we do not believe that, without the help of Ohio and Illinois, they will constitute a third of the convention. We must bear in mind that the unit rule obtains in Democratic conventions, where instructions have been given by State conventions; and that, consequently, it would do Mr. Bryan no good to have a few members of a delegation, the majority of which favored Mr. Cleveland. On the whole, then, we arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Bryan and his coadjutors, Mr. Tom L. Johnson and Mr. W. R. Hearst, would not be able to avert Mr. Cleveland's nomination.

Could Mr. Cleveland, if nominated, be elected? That he would regain every one of the Democratic votes cast for Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900 may be taken for granted. We also believe that he would receive the votes of a great many Republicans who never before have abandoned their party, but who are profoundly dissatisfied with the course pursued by Mr. Roosevelt in his effort to propitiate the Labor Unionists. Would these gains be offset by the losses incurred through the defection of Mr. Bryan and his personal following? Upon this point nobody is authorized to speak for Mr. Bryan, and we should find it extremely difficult to believe that he would sell upon his friends to halt the nomination of a Democratic national convention. Like every other Democrat, he is, of course, at liberty to oppose with the utmost energy the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland before and during the convention. Should a two-thirds vote, however, be recorded in Mr. Cleveland's favor, we do not see how Mr. Bryan could withhold obedience from the mandate, without repudiating the principle of regularity, on the strength of which in two Presidential elections he has claimed and received the suffrages of the mass of the Democracy. Attention has naturally been directed to his very latest utterance on the subject in the *Commoner*. In the last issue of that paper, he said: "While Cleveland would be right-

fully entitled to the nomination, if the re-organizers obtained control of the party, they will not obtain control." Whether the re-organizers will obtain control is, of course, a matter of opinion. But what, if they do, should be the course of all men professing to be Democrats, in such a matter of opinion, but of principle? With regard to this matter Mr. Bryan's position seems clear and firm. He practically says that, if Mr. Cleveland can get the two-thirds vote necessary for the nomination, he would be entitled to his (Mr. Bryan's) support. We do not see how any more distinct announcement of his intentions could be expected from the editor of the *Commoner*. Having twice been honored by the nomination of a Democratic national convention for the Presidency, it would be unmistakably his duty to support the next nominee of the party. Touching this question there can be no difference of opinion among honest men; and his word comes here never denied that Mr. Bryan is an honest man.

Recent Views of the Fifteenth Amendment

THAT the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama case would be viewed with satisfaction in the Southern States was to be expected. It is a more significant and, to some extent, a surprising fact that the decision also meets with approval in the North on the part, not only of many non-partisan newspapers, but also of some Republican organs of undisputed authority and wide influence. We purpose here bringing together from various quarters some of the more noteworthy expressions of public opinion on the subject.

On April 30 the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia described the Alabama-suffrage decision of the United States Supreme Court as one of those unusual rulings in which the nation's chief tribunal sometimes asserts its character as a fountain of equity. While the *Public Ledger* did not dispute the technical soundness of the dissenting opinion given by Justices Brewer and Brown, that the jurisdiction of United States courts over constitutional questions is undeniable, it declared the conviction that nothing could be more impressive than the practical wisdom of the judgment with which these judges disagreed. The *Public Ledger* went on to recognize that there has been awakened in the public consciousness a skepticism that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments may have been measures of uncerberian wisdom, added to the Constitution without due deliberation upon their consequences, and that it might have been better to leave the determination of the question treated in those amendments, the question, namely, of negro suffrage, to the several States. It says that, within very recent years, the most thoughtful citizens at the North have been tending to the conclusion that the South may and should be trusted to deal wisely and honorably with a problem which to them is far more momentous than it is to the rest of the republic. It is well said by the *Public Ledger* that the general prevalence of this conviction may be said to constitute a sort of unwritten amendment to the Federal Constitution, and that it was in accordance with this unwritten amendment that the Supreme Court declined to allow Federal tribunals to decide whether or no Alabama's suffrage laws are in conflict with the negro-suffrage amendment.

The *New York Sun*, whose qualifications to speak for the Republican party will scarcely be questioned by those who recall the part which it took in electing Mr. Mc-

Kinley President in 1896 and 1900, has repeatedly discussed the Fifteenth Amendment since the Alabama decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court. To the question why it is characterized as "hasty" the policy which insisted the emancipated males of African descent with the full right of suffrage, it has replied that the term "hasty" seemed to be the right word for the sudden and wholesale extension of the suffrage, less than four years after the end of the civil war, to millions of people whose capacity for the responsibilities of the ballot was then untried, was exceedingly problematical in view of the mere characteristics, and has since, by a generation's experience, been absolutely proved not to have existed. Requested to define what it had alleged to be the direful consequences of this error of national judgment, the *Ass* pointed to the horrible conditions which obtained in the prostrate ex-Confederate States in the early days of Reconstruction, conditions first adequately set forth in the case of South Carolina by a veteran Republican Abolitionist, an old *Frederick* writer, the Hon. James S. Pike, of Maine. The *Ass* went on to remind us how the destinies of men, women, and children of the white race had for years been placed at the mercy of ignorance and irresponsibility in those Commonwealths where the black vote was numerically preponderant; and how reaction-ary evils of lawlessness grew out of the last feeble efforts of the white race to protest itself at its risk against negro domination. And, finally, attention was directed to the resultant delay in the perfect reestablishment of a whole section of the restored union of States; to the political hatreds kept alive for decades by the North's misunderstanding of the necessity of the South's struggle for self-preservation; in brief, to the demoralizing effect of a condition of law, organic and statutory, suggestive of conditions with actual conditions of society. In another issue, the *Ass* deliberately advocated the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, pointing out that such a repeal would not necessarily involve an abridgment of the rights of citizenship, since white minors and white women are citizens, and as such entitled to the protection of the law as men of voting age. The belief was expressed that soon or late the American people would have to face squarely the question of the repeal of that amendment, and that the time cannot be distant when the nation's common sense will be ready to go fearlessly to the root of the matter. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that these expressions of opinion on the part of a Republican newspaper have been reproduced and annotated all over the Southern States.

We turn to the judgments of onlookers, who, according to the proverb, see more of the game than the players. First among these should be placed Professor Goldwin Smith, whose political history of the United States deserves to be ranked with Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. During the last quarter of a century Mr. Goldwin Smith has watched the outcome of the Fifteenth Amendment, and he is convinced that if, at the close of the war, something like Federal tutelage could have been established for the protection of the negro in the Southern States, the result might have been better. In other words, he thinks the problem is more wisely solved in Jamaica, where the blacks no longer possess the suffrage, the present government being that of a Crown colony, wherein the legislature is not elective, but appointive. Mr. A. R. Cushman arrives at virtually the same opinion in the last number of the *North American Review*. For he reminds us that Jamaica in the days of negro suffrage was almost an dismal failure as is Haiti or

Liberia; but that, since he was placed under the Crown—that is to say, under a government at once paternal and liberal—the Jamaican negro has developed into one of the most orderly, industrious, and exemplary specimens of his race.

The truth is that the decision of the Supreme Court in the insular cases, and our consequent recognition of the fact that we can constitutionally give to great masses of adult male human beings all the civil rights of citizens without also giving them the suffrage, has revolutionized the attitude of many thoughtful men at the North with regard to the negro, and reconceiving the expediency of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is, in truth, preposterous that we should give to black men in the United States a franchise that we withhold from brown men in the Philippines, and even from white men in Porto Rico. It is clear, indeed, that, after the war with Spain, we were confronted in the islands, which were the prize of victory, with a sociological problem identical with that which we encountered by our fathers in the Reconstruction period. Thanks to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases, we have solved it far more wisely.

We bring to a close this rapid survey of a sweeping and momentous change in American public opinion, by marking what Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York, had to say on the negro question at Atlanta, Georgia. Speaking on May 10, he did not hesitate to pronounce the enfranchisement of the colored people a mistake. In that feature of the Reconstruction legislation he can discern no foresight and no statesmanship. The authors of the Fifteenth Amendment assumed that altering the colored man's political status would alter the colored man's intellectual and moral nature. They might as well have assumed, said Dr. Parkhurst, that substituting coat and trousers for a bathing-cloth would make of an infant a man, or that letting a wolf out of a cage would forthwith domesticate the animal.

The Influence of American Wealth on Divorce

THE typical "Intelligent foreigner" visiting Washington has always something to say upon the effect of great fortunes on politics, and the effect of "combustion" upon great fortunes. And if he were to visit Newport (supposing that resort still to lie in the way of the Intelligent foreigner) he might well have something to say upon the effect of great fortunes upon marital felicity, and, incidentally, upon divorce. Goldkin, in one of his essays, pointed out the demoralizing effect of the money—that is, of portable wealth without property responsibility—upon morals; though the thought would perhaps have been traced back to Dr. Watts, had he written his little *Acacia* to do. But it has only been very recently that great fortunes, huge incomes, have generally existed without the sobering influence of the duties and cares of a landed proprietor, or the tests and training to character that result from the direct management of the toiling masses that create the wealth enjoyed. Hence, on the one side, frivolous expenditure; on the other, the growth—increasingly audible—of a socialist protestant. Even the absence landlord—whose sins, of commission and of omission, have been proverbial—had at least his roots in the soil, somewhere. But the absentee stockholder, his (or her) very coupons cut for him, by some patient at torney, floats like an orchid, rootless and

fruitless, above the golden air of Wall Street.

Now is it only that our millionaires, their millions once acquired, fit it from a mighty iron-master, cotton-spinner, sugar-baker, a lucky prospector, or a speculative parent), and daily funded, have now no care to make their wealth, no care in keeping it, no care for those who earn the income on it. They have no fewer will Associates. Our intelligent foreigner in Newport cannot have failed to note how curiously caustic are many of the persons, the younger persons, born and bred there. American young ladies of the Middle West are said to look to our "smart" set, as copiously reported in the Sunday newspapers, for their model—we remember even a young gentleman, of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's, who carried the portrait of one such well-advertised young lady, quite unknown to him, within his waistcase—but the members of that set never look at America. Its women, most of them, have quite as little knowledge of the people at large as the French marquis of 1780. Society is not humanity. It is—particularly in America, where they had no political position—is not a real world. To all but the silliest of the vain, it soon fails to interest. It is insufferably dull.

And that is not all. The bulk of those who spend (not necessarily who make) huge incomes here have but a shallow emotional soil to work upon. Their souls seem undeveloped, their minds are incredibly unutilized. A real "Intelligent foreigner"—it may have been Mr. James Bryce, or it may have been Matthew Arnold—after a round of fashionable home-parties, once threw himself into our easy-chair with a sigh of relief, and delivered himself of what our Whittman would have termed a yawp—though a cultivated one. He had been from palaces to palaces—Ivan Trisovic to Georgian residences, from copies of Clonowech to imitations of the Hergeas—his mind, as he (did swear) that in all that time he had not seen the outside of a book or a man who talked as if he had seen the inside of one. Wonderful tapestries there were, and great pictures, and even beautiful gardens, and fountains and ornamental fountains, and the women wore exquisite frocks. But, even the men who errate our fortunes seem occasionally to have sunk the higher powers of their mind in a fixed capital with the other assets of the trust—they have no mind left for circulation in society. And it is easier to be a connoisseur in bric-a-brac and pictures, or to understand the points of horses, than to buy and understand good books.

Hence their minds are shallow. And, to our mind, this shallowness of their training is the cheapest sin. Humanity—though it may not dare proclaim it—has some respect for an eternal brother, though an ill-fitted, for even an unrepentable passion, though wrecking lives. But for adultery, ever careful of the forces of law, a Frenchess who turns up smiling with her Paul at the next dinner party, a Lovelace who waits for the last husband's settlements, a Helen who goes to Paris with her husband—it has nothing but contempt. Passions which do not wreck lives are simply nasty.

This is why, as it seems to us, the spending of great fortunes, without responsibility and without intelligence, by persons without a mind for the higher enjoyments of life, is in great part a cause of our numerous divorces. The newly rich, the idle spenders, are like a shallow soil too quickly fertilized, too suddenly exposed in the forcing-house of prosperity. Shallowness of nature brings ruin of life. And that is why (as we hold) our public opinion—and our religious opinion—should have the thoughtfulness of a world that sins in play than with those who sin in truth.

Fashionable Chicago

The Chicago that is worth while pursue its own way and follows its own fashions, or, at any rate, obtrudes its own contempt of conventions in that insistent American way which so often distracts the self-respect of those who are prone to do as others do. In other words, Chicago, like many other American cities and towns, has its groups who make their own conventions, somewhat more vulgar, louder, uglier, than the conventions of what we call, or what calls itself, the fashionable world. These conventional groups declare themselves to be emancipated individualities. Usually it is economy and bad taste combined which are the inspiring source of these conventions of independence, which are, in truth, not independence at all, for we suspect that the aggressive road left hat and the Tam o'Shanter top held on by one long and wicked pin, are as sternly demanded at the picnic of the shoaled free citizens as are the top-hat and the picture-hat at an English or Newport garden-party.

This is American, perhaps, rather than Chicagoan, but whatever is American is intensified in Chicago. It is the fact that the great city draws out the American that it is so fresh and active and brilliant, and, as Mr. Howells writes in the latest *York American Review*, makes it the place where literature has the peculiar flavor of the country, and is therefore good.

The other day an unpleasant phase of Chicago life presented itself for a moment to the public gaze. Everybody knows that phosphorescence is produced both by dead fish and by otherwise inconspicuous worms. Health cannot be without its contrary, or we would not be aware of health; we would have nothing to compare it with. It is a sad fact, but it is essential. The abnormal Americanism of Chicago must be accompanied, at least for purposes of illustration, by unwholesome Americanism. No one who reads the society news, the divorce-court reports, and the police items of the daily paper can deny that one of the penalties of our large progress and of our general elevation is the possession of some of the most obnoxious human beasts of the planet. If we have contests we must have them violent. If we have the best that is in us, we must have the worst likewise. If we have the genuine, we are bound to have also the imitation. The American inventor finds walking in his shadow the American exploiter, and the American builder of great enterprises has only to look behind him to see the American wrecker dogging his footsteps. So when we find Chicago full of hobnobbing, true, and beautiful American life, we are not surprised to find in its company Americans who imitate the bad job lot to be found the world over, and who mingle in any who are tolerated in what is called good, or, at least, fashionable, society.

The other day a young man was arrested in Chicago for driving his automobile at a speed greater than that permitted by law. The arrest was made conspicuous for a moment by the young man's remark that it was fashionable to be arrested, that various members of more or less grandfathers families were arrested at Newport from time to time for the same offence, and, therefore, it was a point of honor for those who belong to the same set to violate the law, and thereby to secure fashionable inconspicuity. The remark is one that we may pass by as we usually pass by the words of the valet mind, or we may moralize a trifle on it. The world has always had its gilded youth, and they who believe that everything which happens is ordered with divine intent may regard the shining and worthless

company as instituted for a warning of our close neighborhood to the beasts that perish. In the eye of that philosophy, the crisis may be easily completed, and civilization may pass back through gilded portals to barbarism. The vacuous son of a sterling parentage may quickly sink into the great aristocratic army of tramps which, the world over, is useless to humanity except as those of the tramps who have money may do some good by passing it on to wretched men who work. In our country, a peculiar vice of the kind of man who is insistently fashionable, even if fashion carries him to a self, is that it is imitative. The Newport jailbird of fashion copies his Londoner, and the Chicago criminal his Newporter. There is nothing original in the crowd, although the imitations of vaudiville artists sometimes appear original, always when they are most gruesome.

It seems that it is fashionable to disobey the law of the land and to secure arrest. It is very doubtful if this is imitation of London of to-day. So far as we have been able to gather from the police reports published in the *London Times*, the views of English society are of the kind not committed in the city's streets or on the King's highway. When that section of the English lower classes which is tilted gets into the clutches of the law, as our grandfathers used to say when they spoke of felons, it is not to the reports of the police courts that we are accustomed to go for the story of their intimate lives. The violations of law which led the manacled to the watch-house, where they were happily insensible of beating or killing the watch, died out soon after George IV. ceased to be King, and they flourished most vigorously through the eighteenth century, the time of the placid sea, the smiling verse, of drunken rowdies, and of scotch-coated highwaymen. In those old days young bloods violated the police laws of their country, and were heard in glow with his prize-fighters and his more romantic malefactors. It was a bad day, and the bloods were not among the best of the worst social element. These are the people, these old door-knocker thieves, these assassins of the ineptest old watchmen, these stealers of lanterns, these murderous assassins whom Thackeray describes so well in his paper on Steele—these are the lower crew who are imitated by our own youth who find it fashionable to be arrested.

The subject is worth moralizing on, not so much for what good may be done to those who seek social pre-eminence by becoming minor criminals, as for others. No farce could be broader than an attempt to induce these gentry to reflect on anything outside the range of betting, but it may be worth while simply to point out the significance of such an attitude as that of the law-breaker in such a society that is so generally imitable. No man is a good citizen of a republic who does not obey the law. But suppose that the law is bad? It is very seldom that any law rejoins an act which any one can say is immoral or un-conscientious. If such a law exist, the man who is offended may do society a great service by suffering for disobedience. As a rule, however, laws may be uncomfortable, as foolish, or unscientific, but these are the very laws which the good citizen will take pains to observe. Wise and good laws he obeys spontaneously, as to the other laws, obedience to them against his inclination is a good example to the weaker elements of the community. He is, indeed, merely doing what is essential to the preservation of the republic's theory; he is recognizing that the supremacy of law, the sovereignty of which over king, as well as over lazar, church, and common, is the essential blessing of

Magna Charta. This respect for the law which is characteristic of the best and of the greatest men is one of the most impressive features of our democratic civilization. It is essential in small as in great things. It is the barrier against anarchy. It is the defense of society against turbulence. The minute police regulations to be obeyed so implicitly as the law against crime, for it is through the interests made in the fabric of the law by corruption or contempt of laws for the protection of society against petty offenders that the whole fabric is threatened. The gilded youth who thinks it fashionable to court arrest by leaving his automobile is an encourager of the disorderly, the mischief-maker, the criminal. He is a contemner of our sovereignty, the law, and either his empty head or his corruption makes him a bad citizen. Of such Americans as this one Chicago and the rest of the country would be well rid. In a democracy like our own there is no place for *Hier Mouta* or *Kenna Goldmans* or the light-headed young man who finds it fashionable to be arrested.

The Artistic Temperament

The charm of variety is one thing, the love of distinction is another, and the ambition to be excellent is still another. There are eccentricities and vanities and lofty aspirations, and all these are human, and these are temperaments. Sometimes these temperaments are inseparable from the prevailing, the abrious, the aggressive, and characteristic attitude of the individual. An eccentric person, however, may be possessed of a stolid (lymphatic) temperament, or of an abnormally active temperament, or as the world judges, of a crank temperament. The eccentricity may show itself in a passion for purloining things of value, kleptomaniac man then pronounce it, or things of little or no value, mischievousness we call it in its turn. Eccentricity may display and avow itself in inordinant vanity—in long hair, in large-checked trousers, or in wild parti-colored waistcoats flowing over an abdomen so abundant that it ought to seek the modest seclusion of sad brown vests. It may aim higher and seek the renown of intellectual power without any love for the power itself, or for the work which develops it, or for anything but the place which the power bestows. Every generation knows students who will loaf about the college campus all day in the company of the idlers, and who will study all night with fervid disregard of health, and often to the shortening of life, having the foolish desire to secure scholastic honors without seeming to work for them. Here is the man of shrewd temperament pretending the lymphatic. Assured temperament is a subject of the artist—the man with a passion for learning and a tenacity of purpose which keeps him at his work until he literally drops in his tracks, thinks that he adds a glory to his halo by lazing with the lazy, and earning his reputation. Occasionally, a lymphatic person will raise himself in an effort to take his place among the red-haired sanguine company who dress projects which they do not carry out. Once in a while, a bilious-looking man or woman, black of hair and of eye, with set square jaw, and stubby fingers, will pretend to the possession of a delicate, nervous temperament which usually invites sympathy and toleration, and aspires to vapors. Human life is full of people who want to be different. The song-and-dance man would play *Hamlet*, and the successful railroad president very often turns to finger jewels and pictures and bric-a-brac as an expert amateur. The love of the

beautiful, assumed or real, may cover a multitude of rapacities. It is a charming world in which we live, full of variety, born or acquired, full of eccentricities worthy of the asylum, or to be laughed at, or to be met with wrath and visited with penalties.

In a certain layer of society, the most exasperating of all the assumed temperaments is the artistic temperament. When the true man or the true woman is afflicted with it, we say nothing and enjoy the agreeable fruits of his or her appreciation of joy and beauty, and of the skill which carries as near as to the heart of our nature those we could have gone of our unaided selves. We know what the extravagance of this temperament indicates. We know that real genius cuts its hair and lives the life of the world about it without pretence and in perfectly commonplace sanity. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe, the few human beings whose greatness in unquested looked out of the eyes of the soul upon the common daily wisdom and whose healthy movement was their own. What the world was doing was what their fellows did, and they were of their fellows. Their inmost thoughts and inspirations were for things above, or at least out of, the daily life, and, therefore, did not sit with them at table in the company of ordinary mankind, nor haggle obstinately with the sewer and the draper, or the butcher and the baker. Even on the lower ranges the greater men and women play their parts in life without asking odds of their comrades of the highway, and without offering excuses for their sins and frailties.

Now, however, we come to lower ranges still, and here there comes that balance of intellectual powers which makes for sanity. None or some to the little people whose will and judgment and reflective powers are so ill developed in relation to their sense of number, of color, of form, that they remain undeveloped children all their lives. They breathe the atmosphere of art, and when the wry man or woman of the rational world wants to enjoy the things of art, the stirring of the emotions, he likes the company of these afflicted ones, his duller sensibilities being warmed and stimulated into awakened, and therefore pleasant, activity by the inspiration and touch of their warmer and more spiritual natures. Not when the sane are busy with the real work of the world, how queer these creatures be! They wear their hair long because they are avid of notice. They are insolent to those who would praise them because they must have it understood that they are above the comprehension of persons who are coarse enough for the daily and material tasks of the race. They shudder at the noises of the industry which has put an end to human slavery, which has lifted up the downtrodden, and which has brought the lofty into subjection to the low, for those noises rasp their delicate nerves. They must smell rose-water, and bathe their bodies, usually frail, in cedar. The contact of the world is unbearable. May an artistic temperament leads his unhappy possessor abroad, out of the beaten paths of that ancient morality upon which is built our modern civilization, into regions where society forbids. The laws that have been found good for common humanity are not for such as these. A different regimen of moral law, and even of criminal law, must be allowed for them by a society which is spiritually beneath them. So we find the small musical wonder pilfering from his playmates, and wondering that, in consequence, his patrons turn their backs upon him. So we find those whose promise is rich, or nearly so, in song, or with an instrument of music, or in painting, or in sculpture, taking what the generous give as if it were their

right, and, when the time arrives, demanding power with all the spirit of the medieval baron of the Rhine as he held up the traders who were laying the foundations of European civilization. The great artists, like all the great, possess temperaments which are wholesome resultants of the various forces of their natures. We find reflection, judgment, and will dominating them in mundane affairs. Shakespeare saw the world wisely because he saw it sympathetically, because he too had its commonplace virtues, knew the value of property, appreciated the virtue of propriety, comprehended the art of the mechanic, and the high place in God's universe of the man who does. He did not shrink from contact with grosser men and common duties, because he had that divinity in his soul which made him largely tolerant and highly appreciative. The frail being whose artistic temperament is so dominating that the patient is a bundle of nerves, finding life difficult for its ordinary and menial duties, is a poor thing in its sum total, although it may be interesting and instructive from time to time, according to the mood and leisure of the listener. But the commonplace world is harsh, and it does not always meet with patience the plea of the artistic temperament. It does not forgive breaches of the moral law. It does not overlook offences against the normal law of virtue because those who commit them sing divinely, as the birds do. It refuses to excuse dishonesty because those who do not pay their bills to the "coarse tradespeople" paint and carve with exquisite skill.

Nothing in this world is so *so* a spiritual mosquito as the violently aggressive artistic temperament, for, usually, it is the assumption of those afflicted by it that arise of the nerves, eccentric conduct, and ethereal and social immaterialities are to be pardoned by the merely wise and prudent, because the victims of the temperament, like the habitual drunkard, cannot help it. This assumption exasperates the most of men, and while it may amuse the larger-minded, it often gives them trouble. The truth is, artistic temperaments to the contrary notwithstanding, that men and women who think straight are fairer and nobler than people who try to feel loosely, and that a well-balanced mind is better than an abnormal emotion.

The Church and Its Status

There has been some utterance recently respecting the Christian Church as a whole which have been notable, and which compel thought. Thus Professor Josiah Royce, Harvard's eminent teacher of philosophy and an author of profound philosophical works, has recently expressed his gratification that the conditions are as they are to-day, making it possible for a teacher of philosophy to avoid all connection with any sect or form of the visible Church. A philosopher, he thinks, "gains by avoidance of relation to the visible Church just as a judge gains by declining to be a party man." If philosophy were necessary this counsel of perfection from Harvard might militate against the Church. They are not, hence other reasons for the alleged decline in attendance and prestige must be sought.

Possibly Yale's most eminent teacher of philosophy has the needed diagnosis. Professor G. T. Ladd addressed the recent New York State Conference of Religions on "The Present Crisis in Morals in the Churches." It is the aversion of the members of the Church to-day, "their passionate pursuit of wealth, the exaggerated appreciation of the value of possessions, and the detraction of the individual and of the community to the gaining of wealth"—in short, a spirit of cov-

etousness—which are keeping the Church from its rightful place as a moral force in the community. By agreement Professor Ladd.

More recently, our most eminent authority on naval history, a man with an international reputation as a profound writer on the philosophy of history, Captain A. T. Mahan, who also is an ardent lay member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has given his weighty judgment on a matter which, while not strictly within his conceded realm of expert testimony, nevertheless is one on which it is well to have the opinion of a man trained to consideration of matters in the large. Captain Mahan is quite certain that there is marked decline in spiritual tone within the Christian Church, showing itself pre-eminently in the falling off in the number of candidates for the ministry, in the defensive rather than offensive attitude of the Church in its dealing with the world at large, and in the elevation of altruism to a higher plane than adoration and love of God.

In short, Captain Mahan's indictment is this: that personal religion, mystic communion between believer and his God, is fast passing away. Captain Mahan admits that the methods of the old Evangelists need to employ to compass personal religion were not always wise, but he denies that they were selfishly individualistic—which is sometimes said to have been the case—and he contends that they preached the whole Gospel, without which society must perish. Restoration of the old concept of the direct relation of the soul to God to its place of primacy, and relegation of acts of charity and the like to a subordinate place—is in the prescription of Captain Mahan for the Church.

Yet another standpoint is interesting—that of Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, an eminent Baptist theologian with a varied career in Chicago, Boston, and New York, who holds that the Church in meeting with most strenuous opposition from the saloon, the theatre, and an influx of alien immigration, and who claims that though the Church never formerly gave so much of its wealth to correct social evils, as it is giving now, never were there so many of her beneficiaries who refused to attend its services of the Church, and never was there such general disposition to hold the Church liable for evils which she has not created.

So far from the decline in the number of men who are entering the ministry worrying Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, pastor of the renowned Plymouth Church, he seems to count it fortunate that so few are entering it. He argues that the coming generation will not need half the preachers that there are to-day; that through the power and influence of the laity an end of sectarian rivalry is soon to be brought to pass, by which duplicate (theological) seminaries and churches are to be consolidated, and thus hundreds of the inefficient and uninspired clergy will be relegated to other callings. He argues that the eight Protestant theological seminaries of Chicago, with their six hundred students, consolidate. "Why should there be eight theological plants, with only one for making United States steel?" he asks, so firmly has the "trust" idea, as applied to industry, taken possession of him. He believes that about half the young men who are now in theological seminaries "front a transition—changes so striking in the Church, that if they do not adjust themselves they will, during the next twenty years, have their hearts broken." This is most suggestive, coming from one who stands in such a historic pulpit.

Over against these expressions of opinion as to the altered status of the Christian Church, in the life of the average community of to-day, there are some facts to be placed which are not without weight.

A recent Church census of New York city shows a such disparity between population and attendance as the census ever being taken in London by the *Daily News* does. Never was there so much money spent for erection of new church edifices and all the apparatus of a modern church as was given last year by the church members of this country. Schemes are now under way by which it is planned to add \$40,000,000 to the working capital of the several sects of the country. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans are especially vigorous in their plans for enriching the treasuries of their mission boards, colleges, and various denominational agencies. A fair share of the increase of wealth of the people of the country is going into the work of the Church. Whether it is as large a proportion as was given in former days, under like conditions of renewed national prosperity, it is difficult to say. It is a noticeable fact that in most of the denominations the proportion of money which is given to home expenditures is relatively larger than it used to be, and the proportion given to work abroad is less. Interest in foreign missions is diminishing among the lay groups, though on the side of volunteers for service from the college men and women of the country, and on the side of intelligent preparation for the work, it must be said that there never were so many ready to go nor were the volunteers ever so well equipped.

Whatever may be the facts as in diminishing church attendance, there is agreement that never were those who are found in churches there for such pure motives. Compulsion to attend not only has ceased to be of the priestly sort; it is fast ceasing to be of the social sort. That is to say, reasons that formerly compelled the attendance of some persons lest they lose caste no longer are influential. Respectability is not gauged as much by church attendance now, at least in the larger centers of population, hence it follows that to-day those in church usually represent unalloyed interest in the service or in the sermon.

The criticism of the Church, voiced by Professor Ladd, is one that is often heard among the wage-earners and artisans of the towns, who, to a degree unknown in the earlier history of this country, absent themselves from worship in the churches, and, broadly speaking, are hostile to the Church, though not to the Church's founder. It is an indictment that the Church invariably has to face in its development within any nation as that nation emerges into an era of marked financial prosperity and expanded political power. Just as the tide of spiritual power and degree of self-sacrifice in any given local church is never so great as in its first years of common struggle to gain a foothold and build for itself a home, so it is with the Church at large. The Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, could enforce a discipline in its pioneer stages in this country which it is quite futile for it to try to enforce now.

It is doubtful whether Captain Mahan's prescription will cure the ailment he detects. For better or for worse, the world has entered on an era of enlarged functions for society at large; and the individual in industry, in politics, in literature, counts for less than formerly. Not that individuality wanes, but individualism does. And religion cannot escape the drift. The older Evangelicalism unquestionably was individualistic, and the dominant creed of the Christian world for many centuries unquestionably was one that made for the benefit of the few rather than for the many. Mysticism, such as Oliver Cromwell, John Bunyan, and many of the old Puritan leaders had, is not without its adherents to-day, and is a permanent phase of religion. But along with a

larger conception of Christianity as a force renewing society by shaping social as well as personal or individual history has come a scientific spirit which tempers and restrains the mystic temper and rectifies its aberrations. To plead for a return of Puritanism in either England or New England is a waste of breath.

The Manchurian War-Scar

By Charica Johnson, B.C.S. (retired)

For the second time in three weeks, a Manchurian cyclone has swept over the world's press, causing great devastation in certain quarters. Evening papers, with War and Slaughter printed large on the front page, succeeded each other with frenzied swiftness; and even cool and judicious persons, such as Mr. Secretary Hay, began to grow nervous and apprehensive. We were told, with most circumstantial assurance, that Russia, her lips still warm with the promises of a fortnight ago, had once more descended to perjury; that far from leaving Manchuria according to her pledged faith, she had once more occupied Newchwang, begun to build forts along the Yalu River, and meant to confront the world in arms. To meet this perjury, we were assured, a new Drebund had been formed between England, Japan, and the United States, and, as a first step in the war, our Department of State would proceed to send an ultimatum. The President had already been communicated with, and he stood solidly behind his Secretary of State. So far this admirably constructed tale. Then, in the cool of the morning, came the prosaic truth. There were, indeed, Russian troops in the port of Newchwang; but they were not there to stay. In fact, they were the former garrison of Mukden, just evacuated according to promise, and were on their way home by sea. Russia was fulfilling her promises to the letter, and the whole war-scare was a skillfully concocted yarn; or, in the words of First Harte, the tale was "a 'wring,' not to call it a lie!"

Russia is evacuating Manchuria on the installment plan, in three moves half a year apart. The first was carried out last fall. The second, which affected the central Manchurian province of Mukden, was scheduled for April or May. Since the convention between Russia and China was signed, certain new points have arisen, and before reaching central Manchuria and Mukden, Russia found that she had certain points to raise, looking to the security of her railroad and different investments. The arrangement of these points was the fact around which imaginative persons wove so much fiction. So far from "definitely and finally refusing all Russia's demands," as certain of our not over-informed writers asserted, the Chinese Foreign Office has agreed with Russia in every particular, and Mukden has been evacuated according to agreement. There is no doubt that the third and most northerly of the three Manchurian districts will in like manner be evacuated in the fall, Russia adhering strictly to the letter of the convention.

We shall best realize Russia's position towards Manchuria if we think of our own situation as regards the Panama Canal. We have, in the Canal Treaty, stipulated for a lease for ninety-nine years of a certain strip of territory, which cuts the United States of Colombia, as well as the western continent, in two. We have further stipulated that the said lease shall be renewable on the same terms. We have thus practically bargained for a strip of territory, in a position of the utmost strategic and commer-

cial value, in perpetuity. But we have done this on the distinct understanding that we should not impair Colombia's rights of sovereignty over the isthmus; and this although we are to police and fortify the canal strip, and have bound Colombia not to alienate contiguous territory to any rival nation. Put Manchurian Railroad for Panama Canal, and China for Colombia, and we have the situation exactly reproduced on the other side of the world. Russia has, by treaty with China, and in return for a most substantial service in preventing Japan from annexing a part of the Chinese mainland, obtained a strip of Manchuria, just as we seek to obtain a canal strip across Panama. She has built her railroad, and has fortified its terminus at Port Arthur, just as we expect to build our Isthmian canal, and to fortify its terminus at Panama and Colon. Russia also polices her strip, and puts down robbery within a reasonable distance on both sides of it, just as we shall do along the isthmus; but just as the sovereignty of Colombia is unimpaired by the canal, so is China's sovereignty preserved in Manchuria.

Very exemplary and reassuring, through the black hours of this last war-scare, was the attitude of the British Foreign Office and the English press, generally speaking. In England it was frankly asserted that the whole thing was bunk, and all attempts to stir the old Russophobia into flame were met with a most discouraging dampness of enthusiasm. It will, of course, be remembered that Premier Balfour years ago asserted fully, and without reservations, the proposition that Russia needed, and was entitled to, an ice-free port on the Pacific; and this being once granted, it follows that all the steps hitherto taken by Russia, to join her territory to the said port by a railroad, to protect that railroad adequately, and to establish order in the territory it passes through, were inevitable, and wholly justifiable. The great truth for all of us, including Mr. Hay, now to get into our heads, is that, if Russia, having built her Manchurian railroad, is under the necessity of making it pay; to do this she must carry passenger and freight; and to get freight she must encourage commerce, and keep the door of trade wide open, especially welcoming the commerce of the United States, as being the nearest geographically of the great productive countries, and therefore the one most likely to bring freight rapidly and abundantly. This is a simple business proposition, and should appeal to a businesslike action.

Here is another simple business proposition: the one country which could seriously compete with the United States in obtaining the trade of Manchuria is Japan. What Japanese energy and enterprise mean, and how facile and adaptable are Japanese business methods, we already know. The question is, does the interest of the United States, as a purely business proposition, lie with Japan, our rival, against Russia; or, does the country, does our interest lie in forming the closest possible relations with Russia, and, if possible, getting from Russia such terms as will admit our trade to Manchuria, while not particularly encouraging Japan to acquire markets there? Russia is particularly desirous that we and no other country should reap the benefits of her work in opening up Manchuria to trade, because we alone have no political axe to grind, no designs against her influence in Asia. We are particularly anxious to keep the Manchurian door open,—to admit our own goods. It is to be supposed, and not out of mere philanthropy to make markets for Japan. Here is a sound and practical point of view, which should commend itself to the understanding of a practical people, and should see and for all put a stop to the

seasonal rumors, so incessantly put forward in recent months, that the United States will join with Japan in fighting Russia. Nothing would suit Japan better. Nothing could suit this country and our solid interests less. And we should take action in this direction at once, securing from Russia such preferential treatment in Manchuria as she may be inclined to give us, and realizing once for all in which direction our business interests lie.

Latin America in a New Light

By Marston Wilcox

Es! á la obra! andando! obrando!
Procto el pecho á todo mar;
Y arrobando, y no parando,
Y aprendiendo así á esperar.

Rafael Pombo.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE sympathetic translation of "A Psalm of Life," the last stanza of which is prefixed to this article, occurs in a little volume entitled *Traducciones Poéticas de Longfellow*, a collection formed by the Colombian civil engineer and poet, Señor Torres Marín, and offered, the brief Spanish preface tells us, "as an indication of fraternity and affectionate homage to the people of the United States." Nearly a score of the literary men of Latin America figure here as authors of Spanish versions of the great New-Englander's most characteristic poems, though one, writing at Bogotá, has successfully reproduced "The Village Blacksmith" and the "Blind Bartimaeus" in Latin. The admulations of "The Old Clock on the Stair" is rendered by Señor Amy:

¡ Por siempre, —siempre!

¡ Nunca, —por siempre!

To Señor Marínque the same vein seems less exuberant; it says, more simply,

Siempre, Nunca,
Nunca, Siempre.

The exquisite Spanish susceptibility to the charm of childhood is expressed in "Los Niños," the version of Longfellow's poem "Children," contributed by Señor Caro, who was Vice-President of the Republic of Colombia at the time the "engineer and poet" was prompted to undertake his agreeable task. What could be more adequate than the following lines?

Puro me abeto gentil ventana,
Y á la luz de la mañana
Miro el agua cristalina
Y la inquieti golombina.

A much more favorable apprehension of the character of our Latin-American neighbors seems to be at least suggested by this shy and graceful offering of "affectionate language." Such works are never produced in communities which are not responsive to the themes chosen for artistic elaboration. We are therefore at liberty to reckon with the people of Latin-American communities as with those who can appreciate very noble ideals—who have made "A Psalm of Life" one of their favorite poems. It is scarcely necessary to say that our government's attitude toward the Latin-American republics during three-quarters of a century has been based upon the assumption that their people would eventually achieve and pursue, labor and wait; but our dealings with them have been principally commercial hitherto, and our information in respect to them has been chiefly furnished by business men, eager for gain, naturally impatient of Latin-American business methods, and consequent-

ly taking the people on their worst side. Thus we find ourselves in a strange position. Our policy as a nation has been considerate, hopeful, helpful, while the impressions which a large number of our citizens have received in regard to the persons chiefly affected by that policy have been derived from the discouraging reports made by individuals whose aims may, without offence, be called sordid, inasmuch as their view-point is avowedly that of the counting-room. Life is more than commerce, and character more than concavision.

Central and South America and the West Indies constitute the most interesting intellectual frontier of the United States. And this for the very reason that their territory is inviolable. It is easy to see now how great in the past have been the contributions to the zest and variety of our national life made by the frontiersmen along the western boundary of the United States. In the future a vast southern frontier—beyond which the permanent and unshakable evolution of the Latin republics is secure, if the pledges of our government can make it so—should be as stimulating to the intellectual life of our nation, as fruitful of gains for the vigor, fitness, and depth of the artistic perceptions of our people, as the western frontier has been for material progress and physical development.

We are speaking now not of the old familiar things—not of the river systems of South America that dwarf our Mississippi; not of the mines and fertile plains and lakes above the clouds; not of the Falls of Y-guard, larger and more beautiful than Niagara; not even of the careers of the liberators San Martín and Bolívar, or the matchless tragedy of Paraguay, the republic which lost more than three-fourths of its entire population in the war of 1865-70. A splendid background all this is for any story or study. But we refer at present to a thing of to-day and to-morrow: to the general intellect, a weakening that is now and must follow such efforts as are being made in the direction of popular education in the more advanced republics.

Let us choose for brief examination the Argentine Republic, in South America. In Argentine education is gratuitous and compulsory for children between the ages of six and fourteen; and though for older children it is optional, courses in the schools of higher grade and the universities are indispensable if one is to enter a profession or take a prominent position in the government of the country. There are nearly 500,000 children in the public schools alone; the leading university had 3562 students in 1901. The city of Buenos Ayres expended \$10,000,000 for the construction of school-houses in six years (1882-88). There are about twenty national colleges, in which the higher education is carried on, the course of studies covering six years and preparing the pupils to enter one of the national universities, where another course of six years is required before graduation. About one thousand new books are published yearly in Buenos Ayres, and the same city has more than two hundred reviews and newspapers, some of which are admirable. There are also several important literary associations in the republic.

Consider what results will probably be secured by such educational influences in a country whose population, already about 5,000,000, increases at the rate of forty per cent. in a decade, or twice as rapidly as that of the United States. Argentina has an area about one-third as large as our own; it has a good climate; and its advantages for agriculture and pastoral farming are such that very respectable observers have been led to say, "The day will come when the Argentine farmers will have control of

the world's food markets." A few years ago Argentina imported wheat. Now it exports 100,000,000 bushels annually. There are already 30,000,000 head of fine cattle on its plains, and of sheep there are twice so many as in the United States. Since the opening of the new docks at Buenos Ayres the registered tonnage of vessels arriving and departing at that port has increased more than one hundred per cent.

The Monroe Doctrine places no restraint upon courteous literary conquest beyond our southern boundary. Let us be content at present with the suggestion that the field is open, instead of asserting or showing that the interest inspired by these two republics may be inspired in equal degree by some of the others.

Richard Henry Stoddard

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, poet and man of letters, died in New York on the morning of May 12. The son of a sea captain, he was born nearly seventy-eight years ago in Hingham, Massachusetts. Before he was ten years old his father was lost at sea, and his mother brought him to New York. He went to school here in the thirties, but while he was still a lad it became necessary for him to earn his living, and he went to work in a foundry. But he already had a turn for verse-making and a passion for reading, of neither of which he let go. Little by little he began to contribute to the papers, and when he was twenty-three, his health being impaired by his labors, he left the foundry, and sought to turn his literary talent to practical account. His verses being good, he got them published in the periodicals of that day, and they made him known to the writers of the time, and especially to Bayard Taylor, who became his intimate friend. His first collected poems, *Footprints*, were privately printed in 1849, and a later volume, *Golden Rule*, in 1855, brought him into relation with the Knickerbocker Magazine, and fairly started him at the trade of writer. In that year he married. In 1853 he found it expedient to supplement his writer's earnings by the salary of a custom-house clerkship, which he is said to have obtained through the influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne. This custom-house place he kept until 1870, when he became private secretary to General McClellan, then Commissioner of Docks in New York. In 1874 he became City Librarian, but after 1875 he held no public office, but lived by the trade of letters. He was literary reviewer of the *World* in the days between 1860 and 1870, when Maston Marble was its editor, and beginning in 1890 he did, for the rest of his life, a like service for the *Mail and Express*. His poems include "Songs of Summer" (1854), "The King's Bell" (1863), "The Book of the East" (1871), and "Later Poems" (1890). In these his reputation rests, though he was the author or editor of many other books. In his last years he became nearly blind, and to the infirmities of age were added affliction in the death of his wife and only son, but almost to the end he kept up his newspaper work, and until very lately he was seen from time to time in public. The esteem in which his literary brethren held him was attested by the dinner given in his honor on March 25, 1907, by the Author's Club, at which his lifelong friend and fellow-poet, Mr. E. C. Stedman, presided. He was a link that connected the present generation of New York writers with the notable group, including Bayard Taylor, Fitz James O'Brien, Charles G. Leland, and others who flourished "before the war," when Fifth Avenue on Broadway was still a temple of the Muses.

The British Army Officer

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, MAY 2, 1902.

OVER here we are still living in the somewhat heated atmosphere of army reform. No one who takes himself seriously—and what Englishman does not!—but has his own pet scheme of military reorganization. The "man in the street" talks as familiarly of "decentralizing the War Office" as of the weather. He has views on the strengthening of the yeomanry, on the neglect of the volunteers, on Mr. Brodrick's precious Six Army Corps, and will launch out into a monologue on these and all their derivative topics on the least provocation, often without say at all. The *Treasury Table* is a forum of military argument. The hold of the "army expert" on the daily papers seems to be unshakable. Fleet Street shows Mr. Brodrick a new way of running his business every morning. The club bore of the moment is the military man with a grievance on the provi for a sympathetic audience; even private dinner parties require the deft handling to be kept off the disastrous topic. The House of Commons for the last two years has been engaged in it; and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a Parliament in himself, has even gone so far as to publish in book form his speeches against Mr. Brodrick's scheme, and to supply all his brother members, most of his constituents, and all the leading editors of the country with free copies. Indeed, so comprehensive has been the onrush of this extremely confident young gentleman that the inevitable Disraelian formula has had to be resurrected to meet it. Mr. Churchill is by now in puzzled possession of at least a score of letters acknowledging his kindly attention, and adding, "I will certainly lose no time in reading it." But it all helps to keep the military ball rolling. So engrossing is the interest, both Parliamentary and national, in the state of the army that a new party has "come into being in the House of Commons with the sole object of overthrowing Mr. Brodrick and all his works. It is still an open question whether the new Fourth Party, as it is called, may not eventually carry its point. It is made up of young, clever, really capable Unionists who are convinced—as, indeed, is the country as a whole—that Mr. Brodrick's scheme is far larger than the national necessities require, is wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient. Mr. Brodrick, though, is a difficult man to tackle. He has a genius for obliquity, and at present he is sitting extremely tight. But it is worth noting, in the talk of the lobbies public and his distant retirement. Not, of course, his retirement into private obscurity. That is not the English way of doing things. A man who has failed in one office is always given the chance of falling in another and better one. If it is decided to throw Mr. Brodrick overboard, one may be sure that a life-preserver in the shape of some glided, highly decorative office—say, the Viceroyalty of India—will be thrown after him.

But for the present it is not with Mr. Brodrick's fate nor with the larger aspects of his plan of reform that the country is concerned, but with the specific points of the training, status, and mode of life of the British officer. Within the last year two Parliamentary committees have sat upon the English army officer, the first to inquire into his education, the second to report on whether army commissions might not be brought within reach of men of moderate means. The latter of these reports has just been presented to Parliament, and, taken altogether, the two form an immensely instructive picture of the English officer and

his shortcomings. Those shortcomings are no doubt serious enough, but not so serious as they have been made out to be. During the Boer war the full fury of popular criticism, even of popular abuse, fell on the British army officer. It came to be the popular impression that an immense body of men, most of them idlers by instinct and all of them stupid, had by some roundabout means, probably through the medium of petulant diplomacy, social influence, or wealth, found their way to the command of the British army. The "man in the street" was particularly indignant on the "stupidity" of the average officer. All this, of course, was ludicrously overdrawn. Captain Grant, who is better known under his pseudonym of "Lionsman," answered it with brilliant effectiveness. The British officer, he said, "has been called 'stupid'; as well call a starving man greedy! He has been sneered at as 'idle'; you say, if it amuses you, so call the head of a newly installed cruiser before it has been crumpled with engines! He is neither stupid nor idle, but a man whose application would probably be as great as his professional parts would certainly be. Would some skilled hand but show us how to mould the magnificent clay of which he is compact." That, I believe, to be the precise truth. The British army officer is drawn from exactly the same class as the British naval officer. No one thinks of the latter of stupidity; so one thinks of him as falling even an inch below the top notch of efficiency. Working on the same material one system produces the British naval, the other the British army officer. Clearly it is not the material, but the system which is at fault, if the results obtained in the one profession are so infinitely less satisfactory than those obtained in the other. One gets down to bed-rock with the first by grasping that it is not the British officer, but his training, that needs reform.

What that training is may be learned from the committee's reports. To begin with, a boy who aims at a commission must be the son of well-to-do parents. In seven cases out of ten he will be a member of one of the great English schools like Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and so on. In each of these schools there is an "army class." These "army classes" were started by the schools in self-defence. It was found that the average boy without some such special instruction could not qualify for admission into Woolwich or Sandhurst; that the "examinee" were, in consequence, entering them away from the schools, and threatened to become the sole purveyors of army candidates. Now the English schools, whatever else they may be, are excellent technical grounds for future officers. They teach boys the habit of obedience and the habit of command, and they instill into them a rough-and-ready code of menliness. It has therefore been an object with the directors of military education to preserve the schools as much as possible as feeders to the army; and to do this they have virtually allowed the head masters to dictate the general lines on which the entrance examinations should run. The result is that the examinations have been framed to make things easy for the head master and not to supply adequate tests for the would-be officer. Here is one grave defect. Another is that the "army classes" are just as much cramming establishments as those owned and run by professional "examinees." Boys work not to acquire knowledge, but to get marks, to "pass." In the subject are they thoroughly grounded. They present themselves for the examinations full of facts and formulae and all the little "tips" that long experience has taught the directors of the "army class" as likely to pay. This sort of training is, of course, the negation of real education. It

gives a boy a mental twist from which he rarely recovers. It makes him disdainful of knowledge, of everything in the way of book-learning that cannot be turned into "marks," and even of this it gives him but a temporary hold. Witness after witness, all fresh from South Africa, came before the committee to testify to "the lamentable ignorance shown by young officers when called on to write and dictate orders to their men and to compose reports for the information of their senior officers in the field."

With Woolwich the committee professed themselves "on the whole satisfied," but Sandhurst, which Englishmen have hitherto believed in as Americans believe in West Point, they found to be a reproduction on a bigger scale of all the vices of the "army class." "As an illustration of the system pursued," says the committee, "it appears that the cadets are required to pipe-cy their own buff waist-belts, but that their rifles are cleaned for them. This is remarkable, for while a cadet might acquire a familiarity with the mechanism of the rifle from being required to clean it, the educational value of pipe-cy-acting a belt is extremely slight." One of the witnesses owned that there was "not an officer at the college at the present moment who is fit to drill a squad." The committee reported "a lamentable lack of supervision both of the indoor studies and of the outdoor work of the cadets." Cramming they found to be the order of the day—and cramming of the worst sort. The heads of the cadets are filled with "unimportant details." They have rarely any knowledge of "principles," they are "taught to regard with horror any deviation from a sealed pattern." No encouragement is given to originality of mind, and no attempt made to exercise them in the practical application of the theories with which they are stuffed. The cadet, in consequence, is utterly bored by his studies, works at them just hard enough to get his commission, and once in the army, throws all books joyfully aside. Sandhurst is as West Point was before Thayer reformed it. Luckily in Major Kitson, the present commandant of Sandhurst, and up to a year or so ago the British military attaché at Washington, the English have discovered a second Thayer.

Inside the army it is just the same. "The idea of young officers," testified Sir Len Hamillon, "is to do as little as they possibly can." How can it be otherwise! The commanding officers do no instructional work. So long as their juniors are punctual on parade, correct in the mechanical performance of their duties, and do nothing or at least not too much, that is "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The colonel and the major are quite content to let things alone. Initiative is not only discouraged, but made impossible; promotion goes to seniority, and so amount of study, no brilliancy, will get them their "step." The whole spirit of the service is against hard work. Speed and amusement, on the other hand, are always with us. There are the regimental pack of hounds, the regimental polo team, the coaches and brakers, the balls and horse-races, the endless claims of society. Moreover, there is the atmosphere of wealth all around. An infantry officer needs a private income of at least \$1000 a year to hold his own comfortably. In a cavalry regiment not less than \$2500 is the lowest margin an officer should have to fall back on. It is absurd to suppose that the average boy of twenty will resist these seductions and spend laborious days that lead to no outward reward. The English officer is an excellent fellow in almost every way; but he has to learn his soldiering on the battle-field.

Books and Bookmen

ALTHOUGH the date of this week's issue is the centenary of Emerson's birthday, the event has already been widely celebrated in the literary journals and magazines. With several exceptions, the attempt has been somewhat disappointing and inadequate, and lends force to the plea for native literary criticism. Mr. Mahie, in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, has sounded a noble plea, that is national as well as literary in its significance, of the Concord sage, whose still small voice was "heard round the world"; whose quest was for truth:

Give me truth;
For I am weary of the artifices,
And die of insatiation.

and whose epitaph is found in his own line,
He serves all who dare be true.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, writing from the British point of view, contributes one of the most scholarly and adequate criticisms of Emerson that have appeared in the *North American Review*. "It gave the first distinctively American impulse in literature," says Dr. Nicoll; "he exercised an extraordinary influence in stimulating without maddening, and the force he exerted has so far proved abiding." What Emerson declared of Milton was pre-eminently true of himself: "It is the prerogative of this great man to stand foremost of all men in the power to imagine." For Emerson was more than an intellectual leader. "He was, and is," says Dr. Nicoll, "the spiritual guide of many thousands." This essential truth is also recognized in an article on "The Modern Emerson," by Miss Edith Baker Brown, in the *Critic*. "At this centenary of Emerson's birth," she says, "his lovers may congratulate themselves upon the vitality of a genius which a new generation of thinkers is seeking for its own. Nature justifies the children through whom she speaks, and year by year is revealing the profoundly creative inspiration of his work." And no truer word, no surer affirmation of Emerson's message has been spoken than this: "Curiously enough, that other sense of him as a writer who makes astonishing claims on our spiritual credulity is dying out. To Arnold's generation Emerson was more or less the impossible optimist. To-day the poet in him which burned the world of physical forces that he recognized as a thing of beauty—dear, habitable to the moral imagination—is becoming strangely justified. The spirituality which has insensibly made its way in scientific thought has turned, in many cases, the agnostic into the mystic; and Emerson's mysticism looks, like his optimism, natural and plausible. It is Mr. Chapman, I believe, who has described the unity of the *cosmos* as a unity of spiritual insight. Emerson's profound perception of cause makes their spiritual impression single, however various the moods that crowd them. At their heart is a co-constructive energy, a power of intellectual and spiritual will—such as we miss in the subtle Anselm—that defies time, and is of a part with those forces of nature that recreate the world. "When a faithful thinker," says Emerson, "resolute to detach every object from personal relations and see it in the light of thought, shall at the same time kinde science with the fire of holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the Creation." It is this resolution of his to detach every object from personal relations which offends some, and is to others the pledge of his good faith."

There has been no time since the *Essays* of Emerson found their way into England

that they have failed to act on an intellectual stimulus on the minds of the young thinker and student. Especially is this true of the North, where, as Stevenson wrote: "About the very cradle of the West there grows the hum of metaphysical divinity." "I can testify to the mighty force," writes Dr. Nicoll, "with which he acted on the minds of young men in Scotland early in the sixties. The absence of a copyright convention between America and Great Britain had some good effects. Many in the old country who could not afford to buy the new books of Carlyle and Tennyson were able to purchase the innumerable cheap reprints of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stone, and others. Young men, now in middle life, knew these authors from cover to cover, and lived by them." It was the same in the seventies and eighties, as the writer can testify. A memory comes back from those stirring intellectual times in a gray old Scottish city. It is of a man dead who is reading "Self-Reliance" for the first time. The hour is late, but what cares youth for the cradle speaks. His door is open, will not keep, and he hurries for slippers across the city from east to west to share his sudden joy with a comrade. Then the incommunicable delight of the hours that followed; hours that made a debt an time and lived forever after in the romance of youth. "How small a thing creates an immortality!" Emerson is no less a force in Great Britain to-day. Only recently a shilling edition of his *Essays* was published in England, and twenty thousand copies were sold at once.

Dr. Nicoll comments on the difference between Carlyle and Emerson. In the course of the day, he says, it was a difference of first principles. "Carlyle was so deeply imbued with a belief in the depravity of the human race that he ceased to have hope. Emerson never weakened in his optimism, neither was he discouraged by the appearance of many false Messiahs." No correspondence between men of equal intellectual rank shows so little intellectual sympathy. Emerson saw all that Carlyle saw, but he saw deeper and further." Between Emerson and Ruskin there was no affinity, rather antagonism. When they met at Oxford Ruskin wrote to a friend: "Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible." Emerson reported that he had seen Ruskin at Oxford, had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room, but in talking with him at his rooms had found himself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. "I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a dependency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their exclaiming hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong." "Children are right with their exclaiming hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

Surely it saves of intellectual loneliness and insularity on the part of an English editor to annotate and edit *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* for British readers as we notice it has been done by E. H. Blakney, A. A. To a new edition of the *Autocrat*, just published in London, Mr. Blakney contributes an introduction and

fifty pages of notes, which are in the nature of a "superfluous superfluity." For example, when Dr. Holmes speaks in his drill way of the formation of Societies for Mutual Admiration, Mr. Blakney gravely adds a note—"of, Wordworth's line, 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.' Words like 'spavined,' 'carazomary,' 'phelotomized,' are defined as though dictionaries did not exist. Dates are furnished, and personal experiences annotated with such unilluminating allusions as "Raspail, the French naturalist." Mr. Blakney's industrious erudition is not only void of humor, it is frequently erroneous and misleading, as when he writes: "Frankenstein, according to the old German romance, was a mortal who created a being in the form of a man, and was ever afterward tormented by the creature of his own imagination." We had always accepted Frankenstein as the work of Mary Shelley—Shelley; in fact, the "old German romance" was published in 1818.

Mr. Blakney betrays ignorance also when he refers to the Transcendentalist movement in America as beginning "early in the nineteenth century." His scholarship is strangely at fault, too, when he expounds, "*ex pede Hercules*—viz, you may judge of the sample from the whole"; any student would tell him that it is just the other way about. A lapse from the mole-cryd notation and *ad nauseam* triviality is curiously illustrated in "Benjamin Franklin: consult any biographical dictionary." This comes with a shock from an editor who has already been busy in giving particulars of Leibnitz, Sydney Smith, Hobbage, and others. But one of the most amazing instances of gross stupidity is a note to the Wonderful One-Horse Shag; "'Halsom's Kerridge' is surely an anachronism. The patent for 'Hansom cabs' was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date, 1810, given here." Of course all that Dr. Holmes meant in plain English was "handsome carriage." What a howling delight E. H. Blakney, M. A., could make of the *Essex Papers!*

The School Investigation in Washington

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:
SIR—In your editorial section for May 9, in the course of some remarks on an investigation of school conditions in this city, it is asserted that the district commissioners proposed to destroy the records to the case. As I am credited with blocking this purpose, it would be unjust to the commissioners if I should allow this to go without both correction and explanation. The unqualified statement that the commissioners had destroyed these records was made by the vice-president of the Board of Education, to four members of the Board who had assembled at his request. Upon this statement being reported to Commissioner Macfarland he denied it.

Subsequently, the president of the Board deposited with its secretary copies of such portions of the record as had come into his possession, and notified the Board of the filing of these voluminous documents. At the next meeting a resolution was presented declaring the case closed and providing for destroying the documents. As you say, I thereupon called attention to the statute making the destruction of papers filed in a public office a felony, and that branch of the case was dropped.

I am, sir,
M. V. BORTON.

Finance

The situation has not undergone any change of sufficient importance to exert any influence upon stock values. What held good a fortnight ago holds good to-day. The strong interests of the Street believe that there is no sound reason to doubt that the tide of the national prosperity is still flowing strongly, and that security prices should not decline, but rather rise, at all events, in those issues which are selling below the basis of real value. But they are not sufficiently aggressive in their belief to lend a campaign for the rise at the moment. The public shares in this belief that the country's general business continues good. But it lacks inducements to divert its funds from its legitimate business into Wall Street. At the same time, it does not sell stocks. Lacking both buying and selling "power," the stock-market, left to the professional trader, fluctuates but little, and the price changes lack significance. This and the shrinkage in the volume of transactions lead to the loud harangues of the commission brokers and the dealers in securities, which have again given rise to the popular belief that Wall Street is the only blue spot in the country. In point of fact, if Wall Street is blue at all, it is because it is idle rather than because it is pessimistic. The majority of the dealers of the financial district are distinctly hopeful. That the situation technically is such a matter as that it is self-evident. The liquidation, during which prices of stocks fell from 15 to 25 points, was through. The mercurial syndicates, underwriters, cliques, pools, and individual operators sold what was vendible in order to be able to carry the stuff they could not sell. This forced liquidation from the lesser speculators on margin. In other words, everybody who had to sell has done so, and with easing money, remarkable railroad earnings, with every prospect of continued industrial and commercial activity, and reason to hope for currency-reform legislation before the end of the year, it would seem as though the next definite movement in prices would be upward. The process of absorption meanwhile goes on, very slowly, it is true, but progressing, and the vast mass of "undigested securities" somehow no longer frightens the timid and the bold alike.

The epidemic of strikes has been a disturbing influence on many minds. It is not, of course, the demand for higher wages which must give pause to the thoughtful, but the development of certain tendencies on the part of labor generally. There is no opposition to labor unions as such, but there is fear of union tyranny. "Unreasonableness and excess of unionism can lead but to one thing. Not, indeed, to a stuporous conflict between capital and labor, but to a curtailment of industrial activity. When the cost of production rises above a certain figure production ceases to be profitable, and it halts. It is certain that, lacking work, labor will come to its senses. This will be good in that it will check anarchy and "bloody revolutions," but the remedy will hurt business, and that will hurt security prices. Just now the buying power of the laboring masses, owing to their increased wages, is enormous. It is all a ring within a ring, but in the case of railroad earnings we are beginning to see the increased operating expenses beginning to be offset by the increased rates for merchandise.

The engagement of \$1,500,000 gold for export did not demoralize sentiment. The enormous over-subscription of the Transvaal loan in England, showing the amount of money awaiting investment, was more important than the shipment of gold which cost money rates so low. The government crop report showed some damage, but not enough materially to hurt the splendid promise of winter wheat.

Correspondence

THE CLASHING HOUR FOR SALOONS

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 14, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—An item in an April number of your issue encourages me to bring in your notice a phase of the liquor question that may have been discussed exhaustively herebefore. It may be a phase of the question you (meaning the press generally) do not care to have aired. Again, my way of stating the question may not meet with your approval, and hours may be unavailable. Be this as it may, if you care to take the cue and produce results, satisfaction will have been gained for the benefit of those who have the power to rectify the error, but through business do not assert themselves. I live in a State where the lower court has absolute jurisdiction over the granting of retail liquor license—from whose decision there is no appeal.

The law specifically states at what hour a saloon must close, but makes no provision as to when it may open, except Sundays. Mark the result. Cities and certain sections of this State have bars open continuously from Monday, 12:01 A.M., until Sunday, 11:59 P.M. In other sections of the State saloons are obliged to close every eight anywhere from 9 P.M. until 12, and not open until the following day, at hours varying from 4 until 6 A.M., according to the town or the court.

The point I raise does not, nor is it meant to, raise any question as to the integrity of the various judges presiding over said license courts. The vital point, which seems to be ignored by those who take an active part in the temperance movement, is to get a rational method of controlling the dispensation of liquor.

Of those who advocate absolute prohibition I have nothing to say, as that is a form of fanaticism which has done questionable good.

Take a city, for instance, where the bars are compelled to close before midnight—closed because the court wants the applicant to do so, the applicant knowing full

well that if he fails to carry out the orders of the court he will be refused a license when he comes up at the next term of license court. The court further orders the licensed bars not to open before five or six the following morning, as the case may be. The result aimed at is to force men to go home. Does it accomplish that?

In investigating that subject, I find that instead of driving them home, in a great many cases they are driven to questionable resorts, where they not only spend more money, but remain a much longer time than they otherwise would, and often to their own detriment. I presented this side of the question to a man of pronounced prohibition proclivities. His answer was, "Then we must close such resorts."

And when I pointed out to him that he was shifting that evil to a greater one, namely, our homes, he declined further to discuss the subject. Now if a man (or woman) is going to drink, my observation is that he is going to get it, and if those people who are sincere in their advocacy of temperance and the welfare of mankind generally, especially young men, would take the trouble to formulate and urge legislation aimed to eliminate the particular feature hinted at in the foregoing, it seems to me more good would be accomplished. If a judge in our district had the moral courage to refuse every applicant for liquor license against whose a remonstrance was filed—this year, at least—there would not have been a licensed saloon in our county. But I have no doubt that a special session of the Legislature would have been called to enact a better law. A careful course of the "resorts" referred to brought out the fact that the proprietors had only a choice of two houses from which they could purchase beer; the sold houses handling the beer brewed exclusively by one brewing company, considerable stock of which is distributed among twenty or thirty industrial citizens of this particular section.

It seems to me that there is some food here for thought, even if the matter is crudely presented.

I am, sir,

C. E. MACREY.

APROPOS of the 250th Anniversary of New York City, HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week will contain an article, fully illustrated, showing the growth and development of the city to the present time.

In the "Imperialismo Yankee in Brazil," Mr. Joseph J. Lee, who was sent out as the representative of the New York Syndicate to take possession of the Acre Rubber-fields in Bolivia, gives an account of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes among the Brazilian natives. It is a story of actual experience that reads like a romance.

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GEORGE A. TREADWELL
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The
Love of
Monsieur

By **GEORGE GIBBS**

Author of "In Search of Mademoiselle"

Not an historical novel, but a romance in the best sense of the word. The hero is a dashing young Frenchman of the court of Louis XIV., who, for reasons of his own, is visiting England incognito. The heroine is a proud and perverse English girl who believes him to be a mere brawling gamester. The real character of the hero is disclosed in a series of romantic adventures on land and sea, which finally lead to the "taming of the shrew" and the winning of her love.

Frontispiece by the Author
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	- - - - -	\$12,745,166.56
Bonds	- - - - -	776,029.74
Banking House	- - - - -	545,796.93
Due from Banks	- - - - -	835,827.50
Cash and Checks on other Banks	- - - - -	8,297,126.00
		\$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
\$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED
DIRECTORS

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY

MAY
30
1903
PRICE
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HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

HARPERS NEW PUBLICATIONS

Questionable Shapes

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Kentons," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," etc.

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The Love of Monsieur

By GEORGE GIBBS

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Not an historical novel, but a romance in the best sense of the word. The hero is a dashing young Frenchman of the court of Louis XIV., who, for reasons of his own, is visiting England incognito. The heroine is a proud and perverse English girl who believes him to be a mere brawling gamester. The real character of the hero is disclosed in a series of romantic adventures on land and sea, which finally lead to the "taming of the shrew" and the winning of her love.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVII.

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No. 2011

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THE OUTRAGES IN THE BALKANS

The recent riots in Salonic, the capital of the province of that name in European Turkey, culminated a short time ago in the use of dynamite. The most serious damage was done when the Bulgarians undermined the government bank, and blew it up, wrecking the bank itself and the near-by houses. The photograph was taken immediately after the explosion by our special photographer in the Balkans



See opposite page

Drawn by Henry McClinton

" Her Buildings march o'er God's clean Arch, toothed like a cross-cut Saw "

MANHATTAN AFTER 250 YEARS

The City squats on gridironed lots, gaunt, gray and grim and raw,
Bathing her feet where waters meet bringing food to her maw;
Her buildings march o'er God's clean arch, toothed like a cross-cut saw.

The City calls to Fate's dark halls where brazen tablets lie
Graven and limned with words undimmed, surcharged with Destiny—
The Law God made ere cities laid their sores beneath His sky.

Hear ye the City's cry:

THY mercy, Lord, both sweet and good,
Full humbly would I crave!
Give me Thy sign to show that mine
Is not Gomorrah's grave;
Show me, I pray, the narrow way
Thine ancient peoples trod,
That I may win from out my sin
Or comes Thy Judgment, God!

My head so high is held that I
Gaze full-eyed on the sun;
These feet of mine are slopped with slime—
With crime my kennels run;
My outstretched arms drag from far farms
The young and pregnant great
To win a ride on that damned tide
Of souls I macerate!

Sin and Despair, that bawdy pair,
Have fructified my womb,
But labor's pain I bear in vain—
I am a living tomb
Where, side by side, Lust and False Pride
Nestle ere their still birth.
The spawn I get nor yet, nor yet
May cumber Thy green earth.

Show me, I pray, that straitened way
Thine ancient peoples trod,
That I may win from out mine sin
Or comes Thy Judgment, God!
My head is bowed before the cloud
That veils Thy face adored:
Give me Thy sign to show that mine
Is mercy, mercy, Lord!

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.





The Cup Yachts and the Season's Problems

By George C. Pease



THE history of yachting in America is largely the history of the New York Yacht Club and its contests for the famous old America's cup. Not that racing in the other classes is not keen and interesting, but the International races give a stimulus to yachting all along the line, and no matter how enthusiastic a man may be over his own particular craft, the preparations for the big "cup race" overshadow all other phases of the sport. For the last six months the beautiful clubhouse of the New York Yacht Club, in West Forty-fourth Street, has been as much a hot-bed of speculation as party headquarters in a national political campaign.

The only known factor on which to base conclusions or attempt a prediction is the *Columbia*. Her performances in various conditions are pretty well known, and from her work will be determined much of *Constitution's* and *Reliance's*. The *Shamrock III*, notwithstanding her favorable showing against *Shamrock I*, is an unknown quantity by reason of the comparatively little that is absolutely known about *Shamrock I*. We know that *Shamrock III* is one of the fairest, most beautiful models ever turned out anywhere in a ninety-footer, and we know she is fast. But how fast? Is she a boat of low or high power? What is her actual water-line length; her sail area; and will she allow or be allowed time? And, above all, will she prove fast on a reach? That is, will she be fast with the wind free?

It must not be lost sight of, in following the big yachts, that the cup race is a reaching race. For example, it will be the best three out of five races. The first, third, and fifth will be fifteen miles to windward or leeward and back. The second and fourth will be over a triangle of ten miles to a leg, the first, if possible, to windward. If the wind should hold absolutely true on every race, there would be sailed sixty-five miles to windward, forty-five down before the wind, and forty miles with the wind on the quarter. But the wind rarely does hold true, and the shifts are in favor of a reach. And on this point of sailing, merely judging from her

model, the *Reliance* ought to be especially strong. With her flat sheer and long sides, she should show great actual speed through smooth water; but how about to windward in a piping south-easter off Sandy Hook? One can only answer this question through his blind faith in Mr. Herreshoff until it is answered by the test of racing in such conditions.

But where is all this development of the machine to end, if, indeed, it ever does end? Is the cry of most yachting men. We feel we have about reached the limit of lightness in construction, but is there no limit to the advantageous use of canvas or the drawing out of the ends? A glance at the photographs reproduced here will show how the hulls of these yachts have been drawn out to get longer sides to sail on, and give such lines as will let the water pass underneath the yacht, instead of around her sides as formerly. Such an enormous rig as *Reliance* carries—nearly sixteen thousand square feet of canvas—means something like a hundred tons of lead on her keel and great displacement to carry it.

Can our yacht designers go much further on ninety feet water-line length and still hold their spars and win reefs? Or shall we see yachts of less displacement, small sail-spread, and a more pronounced fin-keel type? It will be borne in mind that the *Reliance* is the only ninety-foot sharp Mr. Herreshoff has designed which seems to foretell the out-and-out fin keel. In smaller boats he has, I believe, been the leader in showing the speed of the canoe keel with its lump of lead hanging down, as it were, from the middle. But in the matter the *Reliance* is the first Herreshoff boat to show the tendency which has been carried to such an extreme in the smaller classes. The Boston boats, *Jahire*, *Pilgrim*, and *Independence*, were of the fin-keel family, but they were unsuccessful, and it may be that this type of boat has its limit of size. Still, the fact remains that the *Reliance* is with us and sailing very fast, and should she finally defend the cup successfully it would mean death to a more rational type of boat in this class as in the smaller ones.

Columbia



Constitution

Reliance



Shamrock I.



Shamrock II.



Shamrock III.



IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

⊕ ⊗ ⊕ THE CLUB

WOMAN BY MRS DORE LYON

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CITY FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS



Mrs. Dore Lyon

THE ideals of club life for women are far-reaching. They scatter unexpectedly in so many directions, based on so many missions, that it is difficult to trace them individually. It seems as though we women are destined sometimes, by accident of marriage or family ties, to find our lines narrowed almost to the verge of hysteria. The society woman has found a club life an outlet for all the squeezed-up originality of her nature. The mere exchange of ideas, the conflict of wits, the emancipation from conventional chatter about the weather, the games, and the parties, is a tonic. Women understand each other thoroughly; they are not under the reserves men put upon them, in their club living, and they can revel in delights of conversation frequently more brilliant than they would enjoy in social intercourse with men.

Everything that permits intellectual abandonment, that lets free the corked-up feelings and ideas in women, is a solace and a development of her ideals.

Club-women do an enormous good for each other; they help one another professionally and socially more than men have any idea of. The notion men have that club life scatters a woman's devotion to her home life is erroneous. Good women never forsake the deep-rooted ideals of their home duties, and the exchange of ideas in their clubs refreshes and inspires them to think beneath the surface of things. Out of this association of women with women many latent talents are developed in the club-rooms that no one suspected. The home life in a normal woman is never destroyed by her club work. There, again, club-women become attached to each other; their realities that need to be directed for the admiration of men are now encouraged for their own mutual gratification. I believe that women wear exquisite gowns to-day to be admired by women far more than to attract the admiration of men.

The power of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs is political and social ideals is going to be very great, and will make its impression upon municipal affairs as time goes on.

The most valuable ideal to be encountered in the club life of women is a mutual tendency among them all to help each other in the problems, great or small, they have to cope with in their daily lives.

I receive constantly most serious letters from women who, through death or domestic disaster, have lost their stronghold in some relative or friend, asking me to enroll them in the membership of some woman's club. They feel the possible distraction in club life that is not open to them in any other agreeable manner. We women are never restricted in our opportunities for worldly knowledge; thus men. It seems as though we are educated to realize each individual destiny in life—marriage—and that if we evade

this destiny we are doing something quite out of our line. A man of forty-five, for instance, can easily outshine a boy of twenty, not because his academic knowledge is greater, it may be much less, but his experience of life, his active conflict with men and facts, has given him pause and intuitive perceptions that lead to effective judgment. Women are not supposed to acquire these qualities by the same method as men; and yet how else are they attainable? Development of character is not kindly understood in the training of women, and I believe that club life is a very important and successful agent in this degree for women.

Women's clubs are in themselves a fine discipline, for as soon as a woman enters a club, and begins her active work in the meetings, her eccentricities of personality, her sharpness of tongue or her tendency to idle gossip, are swept aside in the general current of united interests. As we all know, women are given to talking all at once where men are gathered together, but our club meetings are conducted under strict parliamentary law, and many a woman has found herself sharply rebuked by the chairman for interfering, and quietly learned to hold her tongue where no other woman would serve. Then also, club life develops kindness and universal politeness, through fares of necessity, for every woman in club life values distinction of office, which is as jealously contested as elevations among men. There are many types among club-women, but rarely any woman member of the smart set in New York joins a club. There are obvious reasons for this, which I need not enter into here, but the great majority of club-women are cultured, clever, and ambitious. Birth is theirs from a long line of distinguished ancestry, and ladies are theirs through the requirements of their newness and initiation. The New York City Federation is a power which men are unanimously recognizing. There is hardly a metropolitan improvement suggested that does not in some way reach the club women for their support and united energy. The possibilities that are within the reach of the club-woman, both for her own advancement and the general benefit to governmental conditions, are endless.





The Faith of His Fathers

A Complete Short Story by

Hamlin Garland

MOECHAS was a most trusted policeman among the Sharens. He was not large, but he was resolute and sagacious. Next to Tomioneva he was Captain Curtil's favorite man. He belonged to the camp of Hahency, but he had built a little log house near the agency, and there lived with his young wife and his only child, a little girl of five or six years of age.

This child's name was Waska, which means "good woman," but the school-teacher here called her Luella, while the clerks spoke of her as "Singing-Bird's kid." She was a pretty little creature, shy as a quail, and quite as silent. She was always nicely dressed in clean calico, with her hair neatly braided, and her well-washed feet were so shining that every white woman who saw her cried out in admiration, "Oh, the dear!"

It was to be expected that her mother should be proud of her, but Moechas himself liked nothing better than to take his daughter by the hand and walk past the agency down to the school, this pride in her was so frank that the Captain called the attention of his sister to it, and she thereafter gave special attention to the little one.

Sometimes at an evening the Captain and his sister strolled out to visit the homes of the employees, and lingered a long time at the house of Moechas, for when once Waska became acquainted with them, she grew very affectionate. She always met them merrily, crying, "Good-morning, Cap'n Curtil," as she had been taught, no matter what time of day it might be, and her little face shone with pride of her new-found words. Her mother proudly beamed also, while the father, with a shy look, would say, "My poppaw's smart; catch us white tongue quick."

But during the hot dry months a nervousness wanting fever seized upon Waska, and she took to her bed, never to rise again. The agency doctor did his best for her, but his skill availed little; she grew steadily worse, and at last the native doctors came with their roots and their herbs, and as a final resort the mighty men of magic were called in, but they too could do nothing. The suffering parents sat all day long in their lodge staring at the ground with hot dry eyes, hearing their helplessness, helpless to alleviate her pain.

One day, when the doctor said the little one was about to die, Father Malone, the Catholic missionary, came to Moechas, and said, gently,

"You must let me baptize your child."

"No, no," replied the miserable father. "I don't want any magic put on my child's head. I don't like that business."

"If you don't she'll go to hell and burn and suffer forever. You don't want that, do you? You love your child too much for that. If I put magic water on her head she will go at once to Mary's bosom—she will fly straight to the heavenly place—there to have good clothes and plenty to eat. She will play among flowers all day long, and never be cold or hungry any more. Wouldn't you like that?"

Moechas listened anxiously to the persuasive voice of the zealous priest. "Yes, we would like that," he replied. "But I don't want my baby baptized. My wife don't want it, either. We don't believe in that magic."

"Well, you think it over," said the priest on leaving. "Tell your wife what I say. If I baptize Waska she will go to heaven—if I don't she will go to hell and suffer forever. I will come again in the morning."

That night, as the pulse of their child's life sank lower, Moechas told his wife what the father had said, and the poor mother, with eyes on the ground, and fingers picking at a blanket fringe, at last nodded her head, and said: "Let him come—maybe he will do us good. Maybe the white magic is strong."

The priest came early next day, and was deeply pleased to know that they had consented. He baptized the little one with deep solemnity and much feeling, for he too loved her, and turning to those who mourned, he said: "You must not go forth to cry on the hills as is your custom. Your little one is now safe from all cold or hunger. She will go where there is no more cold nor darkness—where the roses always bloom and the fruit never withers. Be comforted. You must not bury the little baby in the old fashion. Go get a pretty box and put her in it, and bury her as the white people bury their dead. You must not hide her in the rocks. Will you do this?"

The broken-hearted father nodded, and when the little one died he secured a box of the agency carpenter—a nice cream box—and one of the Curtil's students painted it white and lined it with white cloth, and in this box the little Waska was carried away to a hilltop, and there buried deep in the earth as white folks bury their dead.



She was a pretty little creature, shy as a quail

After the priest had put the little baby away with suitable words, he turned to the parents and solemnly said:

"Now you must not destroy your little daughter's nice things. You must give them away to her playmates. She has gone to the happy land; she will not need them any more."

But the mother was unable to get away the thought that her little one might be cold and hungry on the way to the magic land, so she stealthily placed food and drink near the grave, and burned the toys and necessities, for it was torture to see anything which reminded her of her darling, and every night she and Meechaw sat together, very sadly, for fear the white men would hear and snuff it there. The mother severely moved her dates. Of what use was the sun and the grass? Clothed in mourning-rags, she sat with drooping head, the tears ceaselessly running down over her cheeks. All night she moaned, and at times she cried out to Meechaw: "Do you not hear her? Listen; that is her voice! She is singing softly. Don't you hear her little feet! She is coming back to us."

She refused to sleep in the new house where the child had died, and so Meechaw repaired the old one, letting the new one stand empty, and this was a source of wonder to his white neighbors.

During all these days doubt tortured him. "Maybe we have done wrong to bury our dead to the white men do. Maybe the priest led to us."

At last his wife said: "My heart too is so weary. I dreamed that our baby was lost on a cold dark road with no one to help her. Maybe she has wandered among cruel white people. My heart is

very sore; I wish we had not allowed the priest to put his hands on her head. We should have followed the ways of our fathers."

"The priest is a good man," Meechaw replied. "He told us our child was safe. His tongue is not forked."

"I know he said so, but I do not trust him. How does he know? Let us go and see. He said our baby would surely go straight to the happy land. Let us see."

Meechaw was of a mind with his wife, but for a time he refused. He dreaded to go to the grave; but at last he consented, and early one morning, long before the whites were astir, the two went fitfully and set forth to visit the bleak hill where little Washa lay in her last sleep.

An hour later the priest, sitting at coffee, heard faintly a whil wailing chant—the song of a heart-broken mother mourning above the body of her child.

Meechaw burst in upon the agent, swift, menacing, and stern. "My friend the white priest is a liar. He told me if he put his hands on my child's head she would not pass away in the earth. He told me to put her in a box and bury her like the white people do, and she would go straight to a happy land. This morning my heart got uneasy, and I went to where she lay. I opened the box, and my baby was there. She had not gone to the happy land. The white priest lied to us. He is like all the white people. Their magic is false. I will walk henceforth the ways of my fathers, and then I will have no fear."

The Bounds of the Universe

By Louis Bell

THE contemplation of infinity has always been the pastime of philosophers, and the mind is small and self-fettered that does not sometimes leap from the petty interests of here and to-day to the realms of Space and Time. Therefore a certain controversy now in progress touching these mighty subjects has more than a mere technical interest. Alfred Innes Wallace, who shares with Darwin the foundation of the doctrine of evolution, began in a few weeks ago in the columns of the *Fortnightly Review*, and the game he there down was promptly picked up by Turner, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and others hardly less notable. Briefly, the argument of the venerable naturalist was as follows: Modern cosmic astronomy teaches that our sun is in the midst of a group of stars which lie itself centrally within the vast shimmering belt of stars that we call the Galaxy. This is attested by the fact that the Galaxy lies in a great circle of the celestial sphere and seems throughout of fairly uniform brightness, so that, on the whole, the stars that compose it are equidistant along all radii of the circle. Of this visible universe of stars we see therefore the centre. And beyond the Galaxy lies, as the next step in his argument, not an indefinite stretch of star clouds, but the blackness of infinite starless space. For in the Milky Way are rifts beyond which lies the dark groundwork of chaos. Black rifts they are, and unless they are infinitely long tunnels through the Galaxy they must open into space beyond. The first alternative is barred by the fact that if starry space stretched infinitely without bounds the sky would be an ineffable blaze of glory from the endless sources of light. So far from this being the case, there are fewer very faint stars than would appear if there were anything like a uniform distribution of same in space, so that we actually can see to the farthest bounds of star space. Hence Wallace draws an ingenious argument that, being in the centre of the universe, and the conditions for the development of organized life being very narrow and demanding enormous continuity in time, the world—if worlds there are—where the conditions of the universe would be unfitted to develop life, and on this planet of ours lies the fruition of the created universe, the growth of the soul of man.

It is certainly inspiring to be thus exclusive, but Professor Turner begs to differ. He points out that if we are indeed in a finite universe near or beyond the bounds of which it were the obliteration of all life in space, then has Professor Wallace no adequate time left for his evolution. For our sun is drifting through space five hundred million miles a year, if it is central now, it was once beyond the pale, and will again pass without it in a time which, geologically speaking, is not very long. Moreover, he disputes on no lack of evidence our truly central present position, and the limits set on the starry universe. Unless one limits time as well as space more stars have grown dark and cold than are now shining. As Sir Robert Hall once remarked, one might as well number the stars by the visible ones in the horse-

shoes in England by those that choose to be red hot. Hence there may well be dark matter enough in space to veil the brightness of the more distant starry hosts. One might suppose, as did Wallace, that if this were so the face of the constellations would be constantly changing, but the argument is not valid unless an enormous swarm of dark stars lies between us and the brighter visible stars. As a matter of fact, there is only a single recorded instance of two visible stars drifting so nearly into line as to be indistinguishable, while there are dozens of instances of stars mysteriously dimmed for a time or bursting into flame from a celestial collision.

And quite aside from the question of dark stars, the study of the changes in the remarkable star that appeared two years ago in the constellation Perseus has rendered it highly probable that in its neighborhood lie huge masses of dark matter which become light-giving directly or indirectly through the tremendous catastrophe that caused the new star. A nebula that can give light can certainly stop it. Beyond even this there is excellent reason to believe that space is not wholly void, but is scattered with cosmic dust driven off from the larger masses of matter. It has been shown, following a remarkable prediction of James Clerk Maxwell, that light exercises a pressure on the particles of matter upon which it falls. Since this pressure depends on their surface while gravitation depends on their mass, a fineness of grain is eventually reached at which the particles, almost infinitesimally small, perhaps only a quarter-millionth of an inch in diameter, are driven off to drift through space.

Now such dust, reviving energy from light, can stop light, and in the vast distances of interstellar space can stop a great deal of it. If there were but a single such microscopic particle in each cubic mile of space, it would be sufficient to blot out completely stars near the present limit of telescopic visibility, and yet the total amount of matter would be so small that the earth in its annual course would sweep up only a few ounces, not enough to change the year's length by more than a minute fraction of a second in a million years. In such a cosmic mist the visible universe of stars must always seem limited and roughly spherical. A million years hence the face of the heavens will have changed, the Galaxy will probably no longer be a great circle, and new constellations will have emerged from the veil, but the universe will still appear as limited as now. In the face of known dark bodies, dark nebulae, and the infinite dust clouds for which a valid case now appears, the arguments for a really limited universe lose their force, and the theory of light extinction advanced by Struve half a century since becomes a natural inference from the veil, but the universe will still appear as limited as now. The fundamental fact assumed by Wallace pretty thoroughly undermined. The great naturalist is yet to be heard in rebuttal, but up to the present the Oxford astronomer has rather the best of the argument. It is a debate in *extremis* with a vengeance, and we probably have not heard the end.



The American Soldier: An Improved Fighter

By Franklin Matthews



A BRIGADIER-GENERAL who had seen service in the civil war, in fighting Indians in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in China, stood on a knoll near headquarters at Fort Riley, Kansas, in the early part of last October, peering through his binoculars at a great cloud of dust made by a regiment of cavalry as it dashed furiously across the plain in one of the sham battles by the regulars in the ten days maneuvers there. The freerack rattle of the guns of six regiments of infantry, followed by their swift rushes across the plain and their plunges to the ground, the roar of half a dozen batteries of field-guns, throwing imaginary shells and hurling defiance at one another, came as music to his ears.

The gray and wind-tanned brigadier could repress his enthusiasm no longer, and he turned to a friend, who had left the army at the close of the civil war and who was his guest at the maneuvers, and said:

"Best soldiers in the world, Colonel?"

"Hardly that, General," replied the colonel. "There were no better soldiers, and there never will be better soldiers, than the men in the army in the last two years of the civil war."

"Quite right, of course. But who I meant was that the American private soldier, equipped and trained as he is to-day, is the best fighting-machine known, and that he can do one hundred per cent. more work—is one hundred per cent. more efficient—than he could when we were fighting in the South. He shoots farther, he sees farther, he hears farther—yes, he smashes further and endures more than when we were youngsters winning our first shoulder-straps. I'll prove it to you. The worst is one hundred per cent. improved over the old days."

His Weapons Then and Now

For a week the active man of military service and the active man of business who had come back to smell powder and renew the martial spirit of his youth went into every detail of the maneuvers. They took a Krag-Jorgensen rifle and had a private hit a tree more than a mile away. The Springfield of a dozen years ago couldn't shoot more than 1500 yards, or three-quarters of the distance the Krag shot. Then the general told of the new Springfield which have been adopted by the army to supplant the Krags, and his eyes snapped as he did so. One in the Philippines and in China he told how scores of the men, as they warmed to their work and grew excited, were found "shooting air." Instead of cartridges out of their guns. In the excitement they forgot to recharge the magazines.

All that is gone now. The brand-new Springfield is entirely enclosed in wood, and the soldier can handle it in comfort at all times. It is lighter than the Krag and weighs only seven and one-half pounds. But most important of all, when the soldier has fired all of the cartridges in his clip, he is unable to go through the motions of shooting the weapon again—that is, he can't shoot air—until he has recharged the gun. The barrel has also been shortened to the length of the carbine, and hereafter the infantry and cavalry will carry the same weapon. Whether the soldier is a mounted infantryman or a dismounted cavalryman, or just a plain infantryman or cavalryman, his gun will be the same, and only one kind of ammunition needs to be supplied.

Then, too, the private soldier of to-day, it was seen at a glance, is more than one hundred times as efficient as a shooter, when it is realized that he carries with him in his compact belt 500 cartridges where he used to carry only fifty. Right there is the secret of his ability to march farther and to go on long "hikes," where his range of action formerly was limited to the necessity of keeping closer in touch with his ammunition supply.

Electric Work in the Field

Soon there came along the Signal Corps with their telegraphic instruments and their wires and their flags and other paraphernalia. In the midst of a rush across the country a regiment was stopped suddenly; the order was given to wheel and to rush to a distant part of the field. There was no side-wheeling up and dashing back to the general in command. The Signal Corps had received word that more men were demanded in a weak spot in the line. The general at once telegraphed to stop the regiment that was seeking Broadway in forced marches, with open spaces between the men, to retrace its steps and to strengthen a fire line that had been outflanked.

"That's the kind of work we did in China," shouted the brigadier. With a whoop and a cloud of dust the men disappeared. In less than a half hour there was more signaling and telegraphing

and back the regiment charged. It was difficult to see them most of the time, and the opposing force was practically out of sight.

"How did they know they were needed just then?" asked the colonel. "Their glasses in the old days were not able to detect their movements, that have just been so promptly checked."

The brigadier handed over his binoculars and said:

"You observe, we see three times as far as we used to see in the old times. That telegraph we used constantly in the march to Peking. Every one of the camps was equipped, especially at night. It was the wonder of the other forces. And now they say that they are perfecting a system of photographing twenty miles away by electricity. We'll have that too. Fancy the advantage it would have been to take a picture over a mountain twenty miles away in fighting Indians in the time of Vader and Uruk. Lawton might have got old Hieronimo sooner if he could have taken his picture several times as he was fleeing into the mountains of Mexico. When the wireless telegraphy is perfected we'll have that in operation. To some extent we'll use the telephone."

The Hospital Corps passed by. The general stopped them.

"Show me some men you operate with those First Aid-to-the-Injured packages you carry," he said. One of the men dropped to the ground. He was supposed to be wounded in the leg. Out came the bandages and the appliances for stopping the flow of blood. In a few minutes he was bound up and ready to be put in the stretcher to be carried off. "Pity we didn't have such things in the old days," said the colonel. "Many a life would have been saved."

The sharp rattle, deepening into a roar, of the half a dozen field-guns was heard from the top of a bluff in the distance. The general pointed out how these guns were lighter, stronger, and fully four times as effective as the field-guns in the same old times, shooting ammunition and scattering bullets right and left in a way that the old "grape" guns could never do. A train of mules with mountain-guns, taken apart and strapped to their backs, illustrated the latest development in campaigning, especially in mountainous territory.

"There's a pack train for you," he said. "The like of which we never saw even in later days on the plains."

At the close of the day a squadron of cavalry stopped to water the horses on the way to camp. The colonel's eyes lighted up as he examined their equipment. "Ah," he said, "here's one thing you haven't improved upon. You still use the old McCallum saddle." "Yes," was the response, "nothing better than that has been found for cavalry, but you will notice the saddle is better finished than formerly. It is stuffed so it never was before, and if you look close, you will see that its endurance is strengthened by the way oil is worked into it. It is fifty per cent. stronger than the old saddle used to be, and because of that it lasts longer and it is far more comfortable."

The So-Called Babbling

Then the colonel plunged up courage to tell the brigadier that the general opinion of officers of other armies was that the men in the United States army were "bathed" too much. A sort of disapproval, amounting to half rage, was the first answer. "Other people don't see why we make our men as comfortable as possible in ordinary routine army work," he said. "And then he told why one finds the American private soldier with mappins, good boots, good ration, and even confections, such as chocolate, provided for him.

"The best at all times," is the creed of our army," he said. "When the men are in barracks or camp, why not make these comfortable? They know that it may be their another story. Time and again they are likely to go half starved. But what's of importance is the fact that they know the officers will be half starved with them. There'll be no favoritism when the fighting is on. No food is too good for the American private soldier at such times, and he knows he'll get just as good things to eat as his superior in rank if he gets anything. He's willing to give up his machine and his sweets, just as he is willing to go without his clean linen and cravat-ties and well-brushed coat, when time for business comes around.

"Yes, we do 'bath' the men in the sense that we care for them all we can, in the march to Peking we had distilled water for them. We made it ourselves from our own plants, as we went along. Our commissary and quartermaster arrangements were the wonder of the troops of the other nations in that march. We had 'em hot. That was one result of our desire to make our fighting machine as strong as possible. 'Bathing 'em, they call it, eh.' Well, I call it making strong men of 'em."



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS "JULIET"

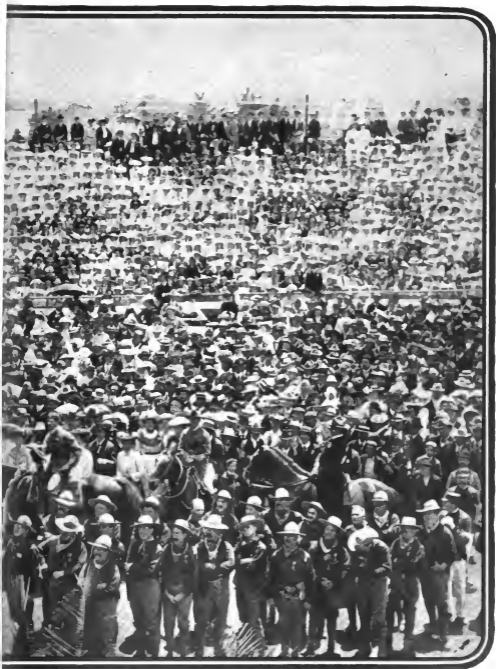
"Romeo and Juliet" is being given this week at the Knickerbocker Theatre with an all-star cast. Miss Robson and Cyril Delevanti play the lovers; Edwin Arden as the "Paris," Eben Plumptre the "Mercutio," W. H. Thompson the "Friar Laurence," and Forrest Robinson the "Balthasar." This is one of the most important of the Shakespearean revivals given during the closing weeks of the New York theatrical season.



THE CHILDREN OF THE W

One of the prettiest features of the President's Western trip was an episode that took place at
upon this sat upwards of a thousand children,

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ST GREET THE PRESIDENT

s, California. A large grand stand backed the crowd that came to hear Mr. Roosevelt speak, and
in white, who sang choruses of welcome to him.

The MAGICAL, MAGICAL TEA!

A Hash-ish Tale Of Sir Timmis, The Cup, And The Golden Crown
By Albert Levering



Once upon a time a man named Sir Timmis Lipton brewed himself an enormous portion of magnificent glorious tea, drank it, and then found himself slipping, slipping, away . . .



...he found himself before a large structure, from which presently came a small fat boy, who cried and cried. And what was that fat boy crying for? He wanted a ship that would sail to the land of "WEE-AR-EE-PEOPLE," and bring back the lost cup, with which to replace the worn teacup in the Royal Yacht Club.



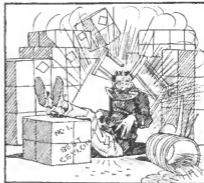
Well, after careful enquiry as to how some folks build boats, he built the little boat for the small fat boy, and he sailed it away, and, I tell you, he and the small fat boy looked mighty anxious for a long while.



Finally they saw an old mariner rise up on the other side of the sea and he blew the ship back to shore, and in it was the long-pined cup, come back to its own owner.



And the little boy was that pleased, he took the golden crown from off his head and placed it on Sir Timmis's own golden crown. But just as he was about to thank him -



- with a bang!

The Auto-Trolley

It seems certain that the near future will see the familiar trolley system of London superseded by the trackless or auto trolley which has already been successfully tried in Germany. A system of trackless trolleys is in active use in the Biela Valley, near Dresden, carrying both passengers and freight. The trolley is so contrived as to allow a train consisting of motor cars and trailers to turn aside in passing vehicles on the road—an excellent plan for obviating the vexatious delays so frequent in ordinary trolley travel. The train is steered by the front wheels on the first car, and is equipped with a sliding contact. A speed of twelve kilometers an hour is said to have been maintained over good roads. It is claimed that the road can be equipped and operated at considerably less expense than is necessary in the case of the system now in common use.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY SAYS it will always be used for children's clothing. It makes the child, unless the mother, change all their clothes, wash and dry, in the best ready for distribution. —(Ad.)

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.

which mother's enemy, both in Boston's EARLY BREAD CONCENTRATED MILK. It is a new milk, adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight. —(Ad.)

If you want to know the time, "ask a policeman." If you want to know where to go for the nearest, ask a New York Central ticket agent, or send a free card stating to Bureau, General Central Station, New York, for a copy of "America's Business Directory." —(Ad.)

The nearest Service in the immediate future seems of non-competition. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from 21st St. New York Telephone No. 111 Day Street, 111 West 20th Street, 120 West 12th Street. —(Ad.)

Visits of relief and strength of body are attended upon the use of America's Greatest Anesthetic Bitters. The great improvement. At druggists and grocers. —(Ad.)

When you are in Boston, ask at the Boston and America, either. They are the best—Cook's IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CIGAR CROWN. —(Ad.)

The BROWN Compound Sorethroat DROPS FOR THE THROAT. 25 cents a jar. —(Ad.)

Take Piso's Cure for Constipation. It will cure your cough, 25 cents. By all druggists. —(Ad.)

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's, no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

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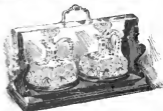


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Lady Rose's Daughter
By Mrs. Humphry Ward

The Washington Post says:
"Mrs. Ward has eclipsed all her previous successes. She has given us a flesh and blood heroine—her charm is wonderful and bewildering."

The Milwaukee Free Press says:
"Julie Le Breton has the mysterious gift of the emotions, her stormy, impulsive nature sets the nerves of others vibrating."

The Brooklyn Eagle says:
"Neither religious problems, nor politics, nor social contests occupy Julie Le Breton's mind. She is wrapped in an o'er-mastering passion of love."

The Boston Transcript says:
"The story is the combat between two powers of a brilliant woman's nature. Sometimes you are sure the lawless, the vagabond, the intriguing side will win. But it doesn't."

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Mr. Kury

The President

Governor Bruce of Arizona

President McKim, Superintendent of Reclamation

President Butler, Lieutenant Governor

The President and his Party in the Grand Canyon, Arizona



Addressing the People of Hollands, California



Mr. Roosevelt starting on an Engine Ride from Santa Fe, New Mexico

THE PRESIDENT IN THE WEST

Some Anecdotes of R. H. Stoddard

By E. E. Eaton

EVERETT FIELD has told, in his poem "The Stoddards," how he and the veteran poet who has just died—both of whom could remember the very birth of American poetry—would sit for hours

... prating without restraint the ones that ain't.

The people who are thoroughbred, and rousing the "Dean's" likes and dislikes were strong.

Six weeks ago I told Mr. Stoddard the best anecdote I had ever heard about him. It was credited to his family physician and long-time friend, Dr. Daniel M. Stinson, and was to the effect that the poet, while endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after Mrs. Stoddard and the servants had retired, found a box of snuff. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a satirical-catch-all objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above.



Richard Henry Stoddard

"What are you doing?" she called down, "opening a can of snuff."

"With what?"

"A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet. "What did you think I was opening it with?"

"Well, dear," she said, dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer!"

Mr. Stoddard laughed heartily, and declared that the story was a loose fabrication, but it is so characteristic in all its details that I am confident his recollection and not the story was at fault.

Mr. Stoddard's first book, *Footprints*, published in 1848, so little satisfied him that he burnt all but a few copies. "And I see," he added, after describing the incident, "that some dashed fool paid 903 for one of them the other day!"

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In the United States Mint at Philadelphia—Counting the new Money for the Philippine Islands

Making the New Filipino Money

A FEW weeks ago one of the workmen at the Philadelphia Mint laid on the desk of the chief clerk a disk of oak saw twelve inches wide, across which the following legend was roughly stencilled:

FROM THE
MINT OF THE UNITED STATES
FOR TREASURY DEPT., MANILA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
2500 Pesos

Five hundred disks, each containing 5000 pesos, were to be covered with stencilled heads, of which this was a model, and shipped by way of New York and the Suez Canal to Manila.

Filipino money to the amount of \$75,000,000 is now being coined at the United States Mint. The making of American dollars being for the time intermitted, 100,000 of the new pesos for the Philippine Islands pour forth daily in their stead.

The laws regulating the coinage of a new currency for the Filipino people, contained in the Acts of Congress of July 1, 1902, and March 2, 1903, were called into being by the urgent necessity for a new and stable medium which should replace the worn, depreciated silver money in circulation in the Philippines at the time of their acquisition by the United States. Following out the policy of giving the people of the islands as large a share as practicable in the direction of their own affairs, a Filipino named Figueroa was chosen as the designer of the new coins. His accepted

design shows on the reverse of the coin the demarcation of the pier, together with the figure of a woman who holds a hammer resting on an anvil, a smoking volcano in the distance. The obverse bears the shield of the United States, the eagle with outstretched wings hovering above it; the legend reads, "U. S. of America."

The unit of the new coinage is fixed at 125 grains of gold, one-tenth alloy. The American dollar contains 23.2 grains, just twice as much. The silver peso, 416 grains, also nine-tenths fine, is to be coined upon an exchange which is par with the gold unit, and worth half a dollar. The half-peso, or fifty-centavo piece, weighs 208 grains. The twenty-centavo piece weighs 83.1 grains, a little less than one-fifth of the peso; the ten-centavo is of 41.55 grains. A nickel five-centavo, together with one and half centavo pieces of bronze, is also provided for. The urgent demand has made it essential that two million pesos be made in a single month. The coins are shipped, as fast as they can be completed, to the War Department at Washington, which has the responsibility for their distribution in the islands.

A visitor seeing the operation of the coining-press for the first time will remark its resemblance to a giant chain link, set on end. The upper half of the stamp carries one die, the lower half another. After a swift, inflexible thrust from the two, out comes the Philippine peso, ready to go in the War Department, and thence to the Philippines, carrying stable confidence, and hence a promise of orderly trade to the millions of those far-away islands who have never yet known what such things mean.

How to Get Rid of Mosquitoes

By Professor John B. Smith

THERE is a difference in mosquitoes, as there is in man, concerning the places in which they like best to live. A few are really domestic, in the sense that they live by preference with man and about his habitations; but many

are strictly sylvan, and do not molest him unless he runs deliberately into their way. A very few have never been known to bite under any provocation, while others and no urging whatever, and appear to be literally bloodthirsty. Most of them are *house* breeds, straying little or not at all from the immediate surroundings of the point where they first reached the adult stage, while others travel many miles, and supply regions where none are native. This argues quite a variety of mosquitoes, and, as a matter of fact, it is a poor locality that cannot turn out twenty or more species of the pest. It is in the failure to realize this point—the tendency to consider that all mosquitoes are alike and equally pestiferous—that is responsible for unsatisfactory results among mosquito crusades. What benefit can be expected

from local work when the dominant mosquito breeds twenty or more miles away, and what good does it do in oil ponds and streams unless we know that mosquitoes breed in them?

We may say with certainty that no mosquito thus far known can develop without water enough to breed in; but we cannot say that in all waters mosquitoes will thrive. In fact, we are now learning that there are many swamp areas, once supposed to be prolific producers of the insects, in which practically none at all develop. We have also learnt that the ugly-looking ponds and ponds covered with green duckweed are always "safe," because no larva can exist where it cannot freely come to the surface; and we know that the great areas covered by "cut-tails" are also harmless from the mosquito standpoint, though the reasons for this are not yet clear.

We have thus narrowed the problem materially, and can say that, in general, mosquitoes either breed close to the places where they occur in numbers, or that they come in like a thief in the night



Collecting Specimens from a common Type of Breeding Place—Stagnant Ponds like this should be drained or covered with Duck Oil

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Possesses "Peculiar Power as a Nerve Tonic and Exhilarant," and "Decided and Permanent Benefit" Results from Its Use in Acid Dyspepsia, Nervous Indigestion and Neurasthenia. "An Efficient Remedy in a Wide Range of Nervous Disorders."

Dr. J. Allison Hodges, Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.:

"**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** possesses decided nerve tonic and restorative properties, and is an efficient remedy in a wide range of Nervous Disorders. In all of the many cases of Nervous Indigestion and Neurasthenia in which I have prescribed it, it has proved highly beneficial. I would especially mention the case of a sufferer from Nervous Indigestion who, after visiting most of the noted health resorts, both in this country and Europe, without material benefit from any, received decided and permanent benefit from this Water."

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd, Baltimore, President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children at the Baltimore Medical College, formerly Prof. of Practical Medicine, etc. "It is an admirable general tonic and restorative, increasing the appetite, promoting digestion, and invigorating the general health. It is powerfully anti-acid and especially efficacious in Acid Dyspepsia. It is strongly commended to a very large class of sufferers by a peculiar power as a nerve tonic and exhilarant, which makes it exceedingly valuable, where there is nothing to contra-indicate its use, in all cases where nervous depression is a symptom."

Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D., late President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., and Ex-President American Medical Association, says: "It has a very marked adaptation to diseases of the digestive organs. In that condition especially known as Nervous Dyspepsia, frequently caused by overmental labor, and in those cases also where there is an excess of acid, in the process of nutrition, it will be found highly efficacious."

The experience of the medical profession with this water in the treatment of Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Gout, Rheumatism, Renal Calculi, Inflammation of the Bladder and All Uric Acid Troubles has been highly satisfactory. Volun-tarism medical testimony on request.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

REDUCED RATES TO ASHVILLE.

Transylvania Railroad will sell around the Meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, at Asheville, N. C. June 9th to 21th, excursion tickets from New York to Asheville at the rate of \$25.00 for the round trip, tickets to be sold good going June 9th, 10th, and 21st, with final return limit on June 25th, inclusive.

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BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers.

Louisville, Ky.

Sir Henry Irving's Wit

THAT Sir Henry Irving is quite capable of maintaining his dignity under somewhat trying circumstances is shown by the following anecdote which is told of the tragedian by Mr. C. R. Kennedy of the "Everyman" company:

On one occasion Irving's company, having been called on the theatre for rehearsal, found upon their arrival that they were considerably ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his dramatization, a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium:

"Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

THE SECRETY COURTROOMS

Another story from the same source reveals Sir Henry as an efficient hand at repartee:

A brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future.

"I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such and such a part; and after that I shall appear as Hamlet."

"Oh! Hamlet," drawled Irving. "As, — eh, — Hamlet, did you say?"

The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once.

"Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?"

"Oh no," rejoined Irving, blandly; "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

Breaking Him In

By Albert Levering



Gurpik "He seems afraid of unknown beds."



Gurpik "I guess this will tub the extra nerve out of him, eh?"

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE BLACK LION INN

(Imprint of R. H. RUSSELL)

Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce a new book by Alfred Henry Lewis. Mr. Lewis is the author of "Wolfville," and has had the greatest success of any writer of Western stories since Bret Harte. In his new book, "The Black Lion Inn," he brings together a number of true Western types. They meet at the Black Lion Inn, and the tales they tell there are full of life, vigor, and the easy humor of the American plains. Frederic Remington has made sixteen striking illustrations for these stories.

THE REDFIELDS SUCCESSION

Another recent publication is a new book by the authors of "East-over Court House." In "The Redfields Succession" Henry B. Boone and Kenneth Brown, the authors, have told another remarkably readable tale of the life in the South as it is to-day. There is a mystery, an exciting contest over a lost will, and a love story that keeps the interest piqued from start to finish. For those who love horses and who like to read about them the book will hold an especial charm.

THE POEMS AND VERSES OF CHARLES DICKENS

This is the final, complete collection of the poems of Charles Dickens. It makes possible at last a complete set of Dickens. The material has been gathered from public and private sources—old prints, books, letters, scrap-books—and includes practically all of Charles Dickens's poems. F. G. Kitton, the greatest living authority on Dickens, has made the collection, and has edited the book with copious bibliographical notes. The volume is suitably bound, with leather back, gilt top, uncut edges. There is a frontispiece drawing by Maclise, R. A., showing Dickens, his wife, and her sisters.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE

Part I. of A NEW NOVELETTE

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Mrs. Andrews is already well known to magazine readers through her humorous writings. In her latest story, "A Kidnapped Colony," which will be continued in the July number, she has devised a situation which is absolutely new and brilliantly daring in its humor, though nothing in it is absolutely beyond the range of possibility. A comedy of situations.

TRAVEL

The June number is rich in travel. **Israel Zangwill** contributes "An Italian Fantasy," a brilliant pen-picture of Italy of to-day, and **Julian Ralph's** article tells of "Our Appalachians," a vivid study of a little-known American type.

SCIENCE

Carl Snyder in "The World Beyond Our Senses," writes on the remarkable discoveries of science which reveal to us in Nature many things which are beyond the grasp of our natural senses.

NATURE

Dr. H. C. McCook, in his article "The Queen Mother of the Ants," deals with ant-life in much the same picturesque way that Maeterlinck has treated the life of the bee.

HUMOR

Josephine Daskam contributes a brilliant parody of some portions of the *Kubaiyat*, and **May Isabel Fisk** has written another amusing monologue.

SHORT STORIES

There are eight short stories in this number. Among the authors are **Roy Rolfe Gilson**, **Robert Shackleton**, **E. S. Martin**, **George Buchanan Fife**, and **Lizette Woodworth Reese**.

LITERATURE

Edmund Gosse writes of "The Literary Patron of the Eighteenth Century," and **Norman Duncan** of "The Tenement Book and Reader"—an interesting article, revealing a new side of the life of the East Side.

HISTORY

Collins Shackelford, in "The Tragedy of a Map," tells the story of the last fatal voyage of the Russian explorer Bering, and of the causes which led to the loss of the expedition.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Professor **Macalister** describes the work of unearthing the Biblical city of Gezer—where towns of four periods have been found, one built on top of the other.

ENGLISH

Alice Archer Stevens, the well-known educational writer, contributes an interesting paper embodying new theories in regard to children's reading and study.

PICTURES IN COLOR

The pictures in color in the June number are particularly dainty. Among the artists represented are **Andre Castaigne**, **Louis Loeb**, and **Albert Sterner**.

Says Broncho Pete to Buster Jim—
 "Put up that gun, Galoot;
 Life more depends on what you drink
 Than on how well you shoot.
 Just leave off drinkin' poison, Pard,
 And real good whiskey try,
 Or I'll just up and plug you hard—
 Now order RED TOP RYE."



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending May 30, 1903

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second class matter

COMMENT

Did Colonel W. J. Bryan make a mistake when he undertook to edit the *Commoner*? It is evident that the assumption of the editorial function brought with it a strong temptation to discuss not only public questions, but also conspicuous politicians, especially those who might be put forward as candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. For the most self-controlled and sober-minded man it would have been difficult to resist that temptation. For a man of Mr. Bryan's ardent temperament, it has proved impossible. Instead of confining himself strictly to the advocacy of the political and politico-economic ideas, the triumph of which he deems essential to the welfare of the country, he has devoted much of his space, and most of his energy, to a more or less acrid criticism of individuals. The result of this course has been that his influence, which, even after the failure of his second attempt to gain the Presidency, was still considerable in some sections of the republic, has undergone an astonishing shrinkage, and is threatened with entire eclipse. In many quarters where he was regarded three years ago as a kind of prophet, he is now beginning to be denounced as a dog in the manger and a common scold.

So far as other Democratic candidates for the Presidency are concerned, he looks from Dan to Beersheba and finds all barren. Thus the Democrats of New England would like to see Mr. Olney made the nominee of the party in 1904; but Mr. Olney is unacceptable to the editor of the *Commoner*, because he voted against Mr. Bryan in 1896, and did not sufficiently atone for the defection by rallying in 1900 to the support of the standard-bearer named at Kansas City. Maryland is a State that, under certain conditions, might easily be restored to the Democratic column; but Senator Gorman, the favorite of Maryland Democrats, is eyed with disapproval by Mr. Bryan. Nobody has denied, we believe, that Mr. Gorman voted for the nominee of his party in 1896 and 1900, but he seems not to have been sufficiently outspoken and enthusiastic on those occasions to satisfy the editor of the *Commoner*. Indiana is a State that the Democrats carried in 1876, 1884, and 1892, and, under auspicious circumstances, they might hope to carry it again. Most of the Democratic leaders in Indiana, however, were inflexibly opposed to free silver in 1896, and thereby, in Mr. Bryan's opinion, put themselves beyond the pale of recognition. The electoral vote of New York is indispensable to Democratic success in a general election; nevertheless, Mr. Bryan repudiates both of the men, Judge Parker and ex-Governor Hill, who have been mentioned

as most likely to be named by the New York delegation in the Democratic national convention. The State of New Jersey would undoubtedly be carried by Mr. Cleveland. But he, too, is barred out by the *Commoner*.

Now Mr. Bryan misconceives his relation to the Democratic party. If, instead of twice leading his party to defeat, he had twice led it to victory, like Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, or, like Jackson and Cleveland, he would have remained in the end invested with great, if not pre-eminent, influence, and would undoubtedly have been consulted by his fellow-Democrats at critical conjunctures. By Jefferson at Monticello, by Madison at Montpelier, by Jackson at the Hermitage, and by Cleveland at Princeton, advice was not withheld when it was earnestly requested; but it was not persistently, much less vociferously, intruded. Those recipients of the highest honor in the gift of the American people felt that a dignified reticence became them in their retirement to private life. They had no grudges to wrack, no enemies to punish; they held themselves austere aloof from the dust and din of the political arena. Their counsel, like that of an oracle, came to be valued in proportion to its rarity, and because it was never voluntarily tendered. At a memorable crisis, both Jefferson and Madison, writing from their country seats, recommended the enunciation of the policy which has since been inseparably associated with the name of Monroe. This advice, however, was privately given in response to urgent letters from the anxious occupant of the White House. Under like circumstances, Andrew Jackson did not withhold the illuminating help of his long experience in public affairs. It should, indeed, be recognized by ex-Presidents as a duty to express their opinions when these are solicited by men high in authority, and when the national interests require an immediate and a correct solution of a momentous problem.

A juriscamult, however, is one thing; a husbudy, another. From this point of view Mr. Cleveland's attitude has presented an impressive contrast to Mr. Bryan's. Since he left the White House on March 4, 1897, Mr. Cleveland has never given public expression to an opinion concerning even abstract questions of public policy unless earnestly requested so to do by representative men possessed of a moral right to command his services. About individual aspirants for office he has never uttered a word. When his second term of the Presidency ended, the account with his political enemies, if he had any, was definitely closed. He carried no resentments with him into his retirement. With the influence inseparable from a long tenure of the Chief Magistracy he unquestionably retained the power to buffet and to injure, but never has the power been exercised. The forbearance, the self-control, the reticence, and the simple dignity with which he has borne himself in his seclusion have endeared him to not a few who opposed him in his day of power, and have given him an unshakable hold upon the public confidence. Well might it have been for Mr. Bryan had his temperament permitted him to maintain a similar attitude.

A recent English contributor to the *North American Review* has strangely misapprehended the position taken by Mr. Cleveland in the Venezuela affair, and the view of that position adopted by the American people. Sir A. E. Miller, the contributor of an interesting article, makes a mistake which ought to be corrected, because we have observed it to be current among many intelligent Englishmen. He takes for granted that Mr. Cleveland in his Venezuela message and in his subsequent appointment of a commission to ascertain for our

It is well known that, under the treaties with the tribes occupying Indian Territory, lands are held in common. For an allotment of the lands in severalty at least six years will be required, and it is generally admitted that in justice to the Indians this agrarian problem should be solved by the Federal government, and not relegated to a State Legislature in which white land-grabbers would be certain to preponderate. Nobody denies that Oklahoma, taken by itself, is entitled to Statehood, as regards both the number and the quality of its population. We are told that even Senator Beveridge, who, in the last Congress, opposed so persistently the Three States bill, is himself willing to vote for the admission of Oklahoma. On the other hand, the opposition to the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate States seems to be inflexible. Each of those Territories is thinly peopled, and the character of their population is by no means unobjectionable. In neither case is there reason to expect that the number of inhabitants will rapidly increase until extensive schemes of irrigation have been carried out at the cost of the Federal government. The assumption that because we created one rotten borough in Nevada we are bound to follow a bad precedent, is, on the face of it, absurd. Well-informed persons know, moreover, that Nevada was admitted to the Union for the sole purpose of assuring the adoption of a reconstruction amendment to the Federal Constitution which might fail, it was apprehended, to be endorsed by the prescribed number of States. When such a constitutional exigency recurs, it will be pertinent to cite the Nevada precedent, but not till then. While we hold, however, that neither Arizona nor New Mexico should enter the Union separately, we acknowledge that there is much less objection to their admission as one State. There are signs that the advocates of Statehood in both Territories may accept this alternative, and we presume that in that event they would have a fair prospect of success. During Mr. Roosevelt's tour through New Mexico a concerted effort was made to elicit from him an expression of approval of that Territory's claim to separate Statehood, but the President declined to indicate his opinion of the project. On the whole, it looks as if the outcome of the Statehood agitation would be the addition of four Senators to the upper branch of the Federal Legislature.

It is the indignation expressed throughout the United States at the massacres of the Jews at Kishinef to have no practical result! We are told that international law affords no ground on which our State Department can interfere with the internal government of an independent power by requesting it to administer condign punishment to the authors and abettors of the massacres and to take adequate precautions against the repetition of such atrocities. We are also told that, even if we had a *locus standi* in diplomacy for the utterance of such a remonstrance, we should refrain from using it because we are indebted to Russia for the friendship evinced toward us during our civil war. Whatever may be said of the former assertion, the latter is unfounded. We do not forget the service rendered to us by Russia at a critical conjuncture, and we hold that it requires a proof of friendship in return. Faithful as the wounds of a friend, and Russia will listen to us when she might turn a deaf ear to others. It is our duty to tell the St. Petersburg government that its hold upon the respect and sympathy, not only of the United States, but of the civilized world, will be irreparably weakened unless it quickly purges itself of responsibility for the shameful outbreak in Bessarabia. It can purge itself in one way only, and the sooner and the more sternly the guilt of gross or wilful negligence or of malicious complicity is brought home to the Governor of Kishinef or to his official superior, the Minister of the Interior, the better it will be for Russia in the end.

The true friends of Russia, who in 1877 acclaimed her determination to rescue the Bulgarians from hideous maltreatment at the hands of the Turks, have been already somewhat chilled by the apathy with which she witnessed the Armenian massacres, and they will be utterly estranged if the horrible outrages to which Jews have been subjected within her borders shall be allowed to go unavenged or shall be but nominally punished. Russia must be made to understand that Christendom will repudiate a champion that comes forward fresh from the butchery of the race to which Christ belonged. Between the Turkish shambles in Macedonia and the Rus-

sian shambles at Kishinef the Christian world will decline to cchose. Russia may as well renounce forever the rôle of savior in southeastern Europe unless with the utmost promptitude she clears her skirts of Semitic blood. These are the words of a friend, and the Czar's government will do well to heed them. We add that if one result of the horrors witnessed at Kishinef shall be the wholesale emigration of Jews from Bessarabia and adjoining Russian provinces to the United States, our State Department will acquire precisely the same *locus standi* for remonstrance which it possessed in the case of Roumania. An opportunity will thus be given, and the American people will expect it to be used.

It should be remembered, however, in Russia's behalf, that the guilty parties in these atrocious outbreaks are not all Russians, any more than the inhabitants of Arizona are all Yankees. Up till the last Russo-Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, Kishinef was a Turkish city; and Bessarabia, of which it is the chief town, was a Turkish province. At the present day the population is exactly what it was twenty-five years ago, a medley of Orientals, Roumanians, Levantines, and the numberless tribes that for ages have gathered about the mouth of the Danube, coming from all parts of western Asia and southern Europe. Between Bessarabia, which is still socially a Turkish province, and Russia there is the whole province, once an independent commonwealth, of Little Russia, politically joined to Moscow two centuries and a half ago, though still widely separated from Great Russia in language, traditions, spirit, and national character. The genuinely Russian inhabitants of Kishinef are counted by tens, and are an infinitesimal fraction of the whole population. The police and local authorities are, of course, largely drawn from the indigenuous inhabitants, and are, therefore, much of the same type as the semi-Turkish, semi-Oriental hordes which revelled in cruelty during the anti-Semitic riots. The distant Russian authorities, as soon as they could bring their forces to bear, seem to have acted with severity in suppressing and punishing violence. It may be salutary for us to remember that the same paper which gave an account of the Kishinef riots also contained this brief note: "Laurel, Mississippi, Saturday. A bitter race war is raging near Burns. The whites are whipping and killing negroes indiscriminately. War began Tuesday." In general, it is the fact that the most violent anti-Semitic outbreaks in Russia for generations past have occurred only in the southern provinces, which are non-Russian in population, and not greatly different socially from towns of the Balkans or the Levant.

Conditions in France are becoming more tranquil, and it is evident that the more violent forces on both sides are working themselves out. The pronouncement of the Pope to M. Méline, at a recent interview, that the extreme Clerical party in France met with his disapproval and was acting in defiance of his advice, has done much to weaken the agitation against the government of Premier Combes. And this brings up one cause of contention which is generally lost sight of: It is not primarily as religious or Christian bodies that the clerical associations are attacked, nor even wholly because they persist in meddling in politics and allying themselves with the royalist parties who aim at destroying the republic. They are also attacked as industrial bodies which compete with French workmen, while paying no taxes to the government. The large commercial interests suggested by the words Benedictine and Chartreuse are only a picturesque example of a condition of things which is universal, and there are dozens of industries—for instance, certain manufactures of clothes—which consider themselves the victims of the privileged competition of the nominally religious houses. It is said that many so-called orphanages are really sweat-shops, run on purely commercial lines, just as the great liquor manufacture is avowedly purely commercial. It is interesting to note, in contrast with the action of the French government in suppressing the unregistered associations, the genuine religious fervor with which the family of President Loubet recently took part in the first communion of his youngest son.

Secretary Chamberlain has at last broken the silence which has enveloped him since his return from South Africa, and announced the gospel of the new Imperialism. He says that England should and must form a Pan-Britannic Zollverein, a

customs union with her great colonies, like Australia, Canada, and South Africa, by laying import duties on all commodities, coming from other lands, which compete with colonial products. The colonies have already given preferential rates to English merchandise; England must make return in kind, and impose duties on the merchandise of all other lands entering her ports. This issue, he says, of protection for the colonies and their products must be the one issue at the next election, whenever the next election may be held. Sir Robert Giffen, some time ago, subjected this plan to a penetrating criticism, and summed up his conclusion by saying that Mr. Chamberlain was inviting England to jeopardize a trade of three hundred millions sterling, in order to affect a trade of thirty millions. Sir Robert got the ratio right, but understated the amounts. Last year, England imported from the colonies concerned about fifty-two millions sterling worth of goods, while from the rest of the world she imported five hundred and twenty millions sterling in commodities. So that, not even to gain one-tenth, but simply to slightly favor the tenth already secured, Secretary Chamberlain invites her to tax, if not to jeopardize, the remaining nine-tenths. For it must be remembered that, the moment England began to give preferential rates to her colonies, other countries would be justified in putting in force against her the favored-nation clauses in their commercial treaties, and putting her in the position of a least-favored nation. If it be dangerous for us, as we are told, to meddle with the tariff in this country, how much more dangerous would it be for Great Britain to disturb the commercial relations under which she easily leads in the whole world's trade. Moreover, the assertion that England is bound in honor to pay her colonies with favors for favors, is misleading; for these favors England already confers. She admits duty free Canadian products which have to pay very considerable imports on entering Germany or France or the United States; and this holds equally good of Australia and South Africa.

The government's victory at Preston makes it more than doubtful whether Secretary Chamberlain's new policy will commend itself to any one except its author. The defeat of Mr. Balfour's candidates at Woolwich and Rye was believed to be due to high taxes, and, most of all, to the highly unpopular tax on bread. No sooner does Mr. C. T. Ritchie publish his budget proposals, with their reduction of fence on the income tax, which delights the great middle class, and their abolition of the corn duties which were odious to the people, than the Conservative party begins once more to win elections. This does not look like a popular endorsement of Mr. Chamberlain's imperial Zollverein, with its taxes on all but colonial products. And this is the more striking because this very corn duty was hailed as the first step towards the Chamberlain Zollverein, not only by his direct adherents, but by many Canadian and Australian politicians and merchants. If we read between the lines of Premier Balfour's speech, delivered only two or three hours before the Birmingham oration, we can see that Mr. Chamberlain has been urging his colleagues to make the corn duties the thin end of the protection wedge; and that this suggestion has been indignantly repudiated by them, not only in the privileged secrecy of cabinet councils, but on the platform, by the Premier himself. Mr. Balfour says that there must be no smuggling in of protection under the pretext of war taxes or any like strategic move; if England is to adopt protection, this must be done openly and in full daylight, with the intellect and the conscience of the nation to support it.

The Deutsche Bank and the promoters of the Bagdad-Basra railroad have not lost all hope of building their line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, but they have clearly abandoned the hope of building it as a predominantly German line. The bonds of the projected railroad have been peddled around all Europe, to no purpose, and have as unsuccessfully been offered for sale in this country. The first to warn the public was Minister Wittö, who pointed out to the Russian financiers, when they were given the first refusal of the bonds, that the line was a very doubtful speculation, besides being evidently inimical to Russia. This lead was, after some delay and hesitation, followed by Lord Lansdowne, and immediately afterwards by France, with a resulting proposal to make the line an international undertaking. This new plan can hardly succeed except with the support of Russia, which is more than

doubtful. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Sutherland, the president of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, with which, of course, the new line would compete for the carriage of the Indian mails, tells us first that all estimates of the time gained by the Bagdad overland route are compared, not with the fastest or even the average time taken by steamships to and from Bombay, but with the maximum time allowed by contract, which will gradually be greatly bettered. He further tells us that the hope of the railroad to entry passengers overland to India is vain. Who that has had experience of the three days' run from Calcutta to Bombay would desire to prolong the trip through the scorching deserts of Mesopotamia? He tells us that even now it is next to impossible to induce travellers to India to go overland from England as far as Brindisi, as they all prefer the shorter route to Marseilles, and look forward to the sea trip as a pleasure and a giver of health. Many even prefer the all-sea route through the Bay of Biscay and the Straits of Gibraltar, and would seafar at the idea of a ten days' run across Europe and Asia Minor. In all of which there is much sound sense.

It is evident that conditions in Macedonia are gradually becoming less acute, and that Albania is already being brought to a comparatively orderly condition. The outrage at Salonica, which visibly endangered the lives of thousands of innocent people, and the dynamic policy generally, have gone far towards entraining the sympathy of the civilized world from the Bulgarian Committee, which are responsible for much of the Macedonia disorder; and there is a growing disposition to believe that the Sultan is acting in good faith, or at least in genuine alarm and apprehension of consequences, in his efforts to carry out the Lamondorf-Goluchowski programme. A new form of revolutionary enterprise resulted in the blowing up and burning of the steamship *Guadalquivir* of the French Messageries Maritimes Line, by a Bulgarian agitator, who introduced explosives and inflammable materials into the hold. The wicked folly of this type of political propaganda has been brought home to us by the attempted bomb outrage a few days ago, in New York; and it is clear that popular sympathy is likely to incline to Turkey rather than to the Macedonian revolutionaries, if they continue to adopt the methods of Nihilists and anarchists.

A despatch to a New York paper, dated May 18, reads: "Mrs. Hadley, the hotel chambermaid who refused to make Booker T. Washington's bed, received more than \$1000 to-day from New Orleans and other points South." The despatch tells all of the story that need be recorded. Mrs. Hadley, elsewhere mentioned in the public prints as Miss Louise Hadley, seems to have awakened one morning, and found herself famous. The details of her story have not been much diffused in this part of the land. It appears that her reluctance cost her her situation, but that loss has been simply made up to her in encomiums, and now in cash. The disabilities of sex will operate against her being considered for "a place on the ticket," but any Presidential platform on which she might stand could get along without any social-inequality plank. She perfectly expresses the idea which is just now nearest the hearts of several millions of white Americans.

The representatives of the labor-unions would have made a mistake had they declined to take part in the public debate at Yonkers, New York, to which they have been invited by Mr. John C. Havemeyer, and it is satisfactory to learn that they have accepted the invitation. Mr. Havemeyer has not yet published the questions which he intends to propound, nor is he likely to do so until they have been submitted to the labor-unions. It is evident, however, from a letter addressed by him to a New York newspaper, that he desires to learn from the labor-unionists, first, whether in theory they concede or repudiate what has hitherto been deemed the inalienable right of an American citizen to work wherever and whenever he can get employment; and, secondly, whether, in case they deny the existence of such a right, they think it proper to prevent the exercise of it by violence. These, obviously, are questions in which the whole American community is deeply interested, and it is time that unequivocal and authoritative answers should be given by the labor-unions. Upon those answers will

depend the position which the community will take hereafter with regard to strikes.

Experience has shown that without the moral support of public sympathy strikes are apt to fail. Had not popular sentiment been arrayed on the side of the strikers in the anthracite coal region, it is most improbable that President Roosevelt would have interposed between the mine-owners and their employees. It will be remembered that, at the time, the unionist leaders protested that they did not countenance the use of violence to deter non-unionist miners from accepting employment in the mines. They asserted that such acts of violence as did indisputably occur were sporadic and exceptional, and were committed in the teeth of explicit orders issued by the unionist leaders. A like disavowal has been made on similar occasions. We can, therefore, anticipate the answer which will be given to the first of Mr. Havemeyer's queries. The representatives of labor unions will say that, theoretically, they concede the right of every American citizen to take work where and when he can get it. They may also be expected to allege that a resort to force in order to shut out non-unionists from the places vacated by union workers has never been sanctioned by a labor union. If Mr. Havemeyer's inquiries are to stop there, the public debate for which he is arranging will be futile. What the American people want to know is whether the labor unions have taken any steps to prove the sincerity of their professions. Are they accustomed to expel, or in any way to discipline, those members who are known to have committed acts of violence? Do they applaud or condemn those unionists who, as members of the national guard, have taken part in the protection of non-unionists and in the enforcement of order? These are the crucial questions, and if they are omitted the discussion at Yonkers will prove a farce.

The information about Bellairs, the former correspondent of the *Associated Press*, which we owe to the researches of the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*, has been valuable, and painful as its nature has been, especially to Bellairs, its diffusion must be considered a public service. Bellairs has occupied places of so much public importance, and his opinions had influenced, and were likely to influence, public opinion so considerably in matters of great public importance, that it was highly proper that the public should be informed as to his past character. Nothing, however, that has come to our notice connects Bellairs with misconduct since he was pardoned out of the penitentiary in Florida not long before the breaking out of the war with Spain, and the energy with which he has been pursued for misdeeds long past and duly atoned for may seem to have been excessive. There has never been any doubt that this energy was due to a desire to make his close relations with General Wood redound to the discredit of that officer and injure his standing. That part of the business has certainly been overdone. General Wood now appears not so much as a fellow-conspirator with Bellairs against Taft as himself the object of something like a conspiracy. The *Post*, which accused Wood of inspiring an article in the *North American Review* in which General Brooke was criticised has found itself mistaken in that charge, and has withdrawn it. Any other charge of improper conduct that may be brought against him now is sure to be critically considered as coming from a source of demonstrated hostility. The impression at first made by the disclosure of his intimacy with Bellairs has been weakened by the very zeal that has been used to deepen it.

Mr. Carnegie's recent remarks in London about the pre-eminence of America in industry, and about the single particular in which England is superior, are curiously illustrative both of the strength and the defects of his intelligence. He said, apparently, that the United States had distanced the United Kingdom in every way but one. Our manufactures he estimated to be three times more valuable than hers, our exports are greater, our natural resources are enormously more vast, our territory will support an immensely greater population. He disparaged England's colonial possibilities. Australia seemed to him a mere rind around an empty interior. South Africa was not a white man's country, and Canada's only chance for a future lay in union with the Americans. "But as the land of the spirit," he said, "the land of Shakespeare and Milton, we all do homage to you. There your supremacy will always remain. When we come here we feel in

this gentle, quiet atmosphere that it is this and not America that produced Shakespeare, our common king. Shakespeare has been more to me than my Bible. The birthplace of Shakespeare is to me the most sacred spot in the world, more sacred than the Holy Sepulchre itself. Shakespeare taught me more than all other books put together. I have dreamed of that birthplace all my life."

If Mr. Carnegie sees in Shakespeare the world's greatest prophet, it is evident that he does not know religion. If Stratford is to him the most sacred spot on earth, it is evident that he has not learned all that Shakespeare knew, nor got out of Shakespeare's writings all that there is in them. It is a curious limitation of an exceedingly acute and potent intelligence, yet not one that need excite surprise. In conversation about something or other a short time ago Mr. Carnegie let fall the information that for many years he had not found occasion to bring any of his personal needs to the attention of Providence. He is a great little man, mentally grown up, but spiritually still in pinafores. That accounts for a great deal that is noticeable in his relations with his fellows. As a disburser of millions he has had no equal in modern times. It has been computed that he has given away more than eighty-five million dollars, and he has given it wisely, too—to technical education \$13,000,000, to general education and research \$20,000,000, for miscellaneous objects divers other millions besides his prodigious expenditure for libraries. And yet much as his gifts have been appreciated, much as he is respected, when it comes to "drawing all men unto him" he doesn't do it. He is a great friend of peace, a great friend of learning, but he is regarded without emotion, except that he makes some persons swear. After all, it is not learning, nor libraries, that makes the world go round, but love. Shakespeare knew that. Mr. Carnegie, somehow, seems not to have observed it.

A Chicago wight, named Watt, said to be principal of an important school, is not of Mr. Carnegie's mind about Shakespeare, but regards him as a deleterious influence, and wants him to be boycotted. He has made two addresses on the subject, which have had a great deal of notice because of the novelty of the sentiments they disclosed. Watt finds much of Shakespeare's language obsolete, and for that reason unsuitable to be brought to the notice of the public. He finds his jests to be licentious, his history bigoted, and his plays loaded with gratuitous insults to the French, Dutch, Scotch, and other peoples, especially the Irish. It surprises Mr. Watt that Shakespeare's writings should be tolerated in the public schools of this liberal-minded and cosmopolitan country. All great towns harbor persons of eccentric views, and it is to be expected that Chicago should harbor many such persons. But whereas in most towns such persons sputter somewhat obscurely, in Chicago their deliverances seem to get more notice and more advertisement than those of persons who talk sense. Chicago is still queer in some particulars. It was a Chicago judge, as may be recalled, who decided that Rostand's "Cyrano" was a plagiarism of a Chicago man's play.

In New York State, according to a recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, pedestrians have a right to cross the street at any point, and drivers must be watchful at all points. There is no place in the street where the law authorizes any driver to run over any pedestrian. Drivers of all vehicles should know and remember that the law, as interpreted by Justice Laughlin, expects the pedestrian to exercise ordinary care for his own safety, and to show due regard to the rights of those travelling by vehicles, but it recognizes his right to cross the street wherever he chooses, and if he is run down by a vehicle proceeding in disregard of his rights, he is not guilty of contributory negligence, and the owner of the vehicle is held responsible for the damages. The law may not specifically declare it, but every good driver knows that his carelessness not to injure pedestrians must be regulated by his opinion of the capacity of each individual pedestrian to keep out of danger. Pedestrians whose looks and movements show that they know what they are about make no trouble for drivers, nor drivers for them. Wobbly and inconstant pedestrians make good drivers extra careful, small children ahead make them slacken speed, and a baby in the street rears a full stop.

The United States and Canada

The political future of the Canadian Dominion will unquestionably be shaped by the solution given to its fundamental economic problem. Where shall it find customers for the surplus of its food products, a surplus which is already large, and which, with the development of its Northwest possessions, will, under propitious circumstances, be likely to become enormous. It has been hitherto supposed in Canada that of this problem two solutions were possible. On the one hand, under certain conditions, political or commercial, free access might be gained for Canadian products to the markets of the United States. On the other hand, Great Britain might be prevailed upon to adopt a protectionist policy, and thus be able to give Canadian food staples such a preference in the British market as would impart a powerful stimulus to the growing of grain in the Northwest. Is the latter solution attainable?

That the question should be answered in the affirmative has of recent years been taken for granted by a large majority of Canadians. The Conservatives have always maintained that the mother country and the Dominion ought to enter into a commercial union, under which reciprocal advantages would be granted similar to those which are enjoyed in inter-State commerce by the States of the American Union. The Liberals also, although at one time they seemed desirous of forming intimate trade relations with their American neighbors, have since their return to power under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, turned their eyes across the Atlantic, and sought the coveted outlet for their surplus commodities in the market of the parent state. They have not haggled about the matter, but have begun with an act of spontaneous generosity, in the hope, doubtless, that a sense of gratitude would eventually lead British statesmen to offer an equivalent. Without exacting any immediate return, the Ottawa government remodelled its tariff so as to grant a preference of 25 per cent. to British manufacturers, a preference subsequently raised to 33 1-3 per cent. The Canadian Conservatives, annoyed to see political opponents steal their thunder, insisted from the outset that one-sided liberality was not business, and that no preference should have been conceded to British imports, except upon an explicit promise of a *quid pro quo*. The Liberals on their part tried to reassure their countrymen by expressing confidence that the seed had not been cast upon stony ground, and by pointing to signs of the wished-for harvest in the action of the British government. They drew a favorable augury from the reimposition by the Balfour cabinet of the old registration duty on imported grain and flour. It is true that the duty thus levied was an onerous one, if, as is generally held, it affected the price of bread in the British Isles, and, as it was levied equally upon colonial and foreign imports, it afforded not the slightest encouragement to Canadian farmers. Nevertheless, the Canadian Liberals acclaimed it as a step in the protectionist path, and they took for granted that the British government, having once set its face in the right direction, would not look back. The hope was entertained that the next move would be the imposition of so considerable a duty upon breadstuffs as would permit a decided discrimination in favor of the colonies, and thus put Canada in the way of becoming, in the course of a short time, the principal food-purveyer of Great Britain. The fervent expressions of this hope in Canada were ultimately accompanied by distinct intimations on the part of some representative Liberals that ingratitude would not be brooked, and that,

unless their fiscal concessions were promptly repaid in kind, they might be discontinued.

In the last few weeks the hope has vanished, and left not a wrack behind. One of the cardinal features of the budget submitted by Mr. Ritchie, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the abolition of the registration duty on grain and flour. Thus, far from reviving the protectionist faith, the Unionist government made haste to retract the short step that it had taken. Was the retrocession irrevocable? That question was raised on Friday, May 15, when a large deputation of imperialists and land-owners, headed by Mr. Chaplain, formerly president of the Board of Agriculture, waited upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ritchie, and urged them to reconsider the repeal of the grain duty. They received not the least encouragement from the Premier, and departed with the dismal conviction that the die was cast. They were informed that the revival of the registration fee on grain and flour had never been intended to be a protectionist measure. Never, said Mr. Balfour, would he consent to the introduction of protectionist measures, as if by accident, and without a broad public endorsement of such a change in the national policy. No such endorsement could be secured unless the Unionist government should dissolve Parliament and go to the country with the frank avowal that, if returned, they should revert to the protectionist system abandoned since the days of Sir Robert Peel.

Evidently no such avowal will be made, and no such issue will be presented to the British constituents by the Unionists so long as Mr. Balfour is Premier. Suppose, however, that Mr. Balfour should be superseded in the leadership of the Unionist government by Mr. Chamberlain. It is now certain that Mr. Chamberlain, were he invested with the power of framing the programme of the Unionist party, would advocate the imposition of a considerable duty upon grain, for the sole purpose of making possible a substantial preference in colonial food products. Not that he detests protection less, but that he loves the colonies more. His personal views were boldly expressed to his Birmingham constituents during the evening of the very day on which the imperialists and agriculturist protesters against the repeal of the grain duty were confuted by the Prime Minister. Mr. Chamberlain also did not propose to reintroduce protection by means of indirectness, but he squarely advocated the establishment of a preferential tariff between the colonies and Great Britain. Recalling the fact that Canada already had given to British manufacturers a preference of 33 1-3 per cent., he said that she was now willing to go farther, provided Great Britain, on her part, would consent to give her a drawback of a shilling per quarter on grain, or, in other words, to impose upon grain coming from the United States and other foreign countries a duty higher by one shilling per quarter than that levied on grain brought from Canada. Mr. Chamberlain made it perfectly clear that, so far as he was personally concerned, he would grant the drawback desired, and he held that foreign countries could not reasonably complain of the preference. Great Britain, he said, had no much right to a trade preference to her colonies as she had to defend them. Moreover, the mother country, in his judgment, had much to lose by refusing to meet her colonies half-way in the path of reciprocity. Not only would she forfeit the advantage of the further reduction of duty which Canada is now ready to offer, but even the preference already conceded, because, as the Canadian Minister of Finance told the Ottawa Parliament the other day, if Canadians are informed definitely that the parent state will do nothing

for them in the way of reciprocity, they may reconsider the preference already granted. Nor is this all. If Great Britain repels the proposal of reciprocal trade relations, with what face can she appeal hereafter for colonial aid in upholding the honor and sustaining the burdens of the British Empire?

There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is wide awake to the unpleasant alternative that confronts Great Britain. She must bribe the colonies by a trade preference, or she will lose them. The bribe will never be offered, however, and Mr. Chamberlain would be defeated, should he succeed Mr. Balfour, and go to the country on the question. A large majority of the British voters live, and must continue to live, upon imported grain and flour. A duty of any importance would inevitably raise the price of bread, and to that the British operative, the British miner, and the British shopkeeper will not submit.

The President on the Pacific Slope

It is not surprising that when, in the course of his tour through the Far West, Mr. Roosevelt reached San Francisco, he was received with enthusiasm and became enthusiastic himself. Whether viewed by instructed or by uneducated eyes, the vast stretch of territory sloping from the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific is a surprise and a delight. For the geologist, for the botanist, for the student of natural history, and for the anthropologist it is invested with the mysterious charm pertaining to the survivor of an earlier geological era than that in which the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic coast were formed. The vine-clad hills, the speroidal valleys where a subtropical vegetation flourishes side by side with that of the temperate zone, where from orchards of pear-trees, peach-trees, and plum-trees you can quickly go to groves of the orange and the lemon, of the olive and the almond, are surveyed with bewilderment and joy by the traveller hitherto familiar with the landscape of the Eastern States and fresh from the trackless desolation of the great American desert. While the land is one of marvels to the scientist and the agriculturist, the people that inhabit it are of a type and temperament fraught with a singular interest, due, in part, to their physical environment, and in part to the peculiar circumstances under which their community arose. Their history is a romance, and they represent the survival of the fittest. The pioneers of California were physically the best men that the older States could produce. There were wealths, no doubt, among the gold-seekers, but only those of exceptional fortitude and vigor were qualified to withstand the toils and privations of the early days. The children of the Argonauts are physically worthy of their sires. As far foreseen by physiologists half a century ago, the conjunction of racial, climatological, economical, and social conditions has produced remarkable results. Nature has the human plant undergo a more luxuriant development, thanks to the interplay of natural selection and preeminently genial surroundings. What Mr. Roosevelt held in California was a product of the strenuous life in a land exceptionally responsive to human energy.

Blurred by the sight of such a country, and by the ardent welcome of a warm-hearted and hospitable people, it is not to be wondered at that the President shared the well-warranted relation with which he ordinarily regards the past, and the high hope and dauntless confidence with which

they survey the future. He is not to be chided if, gazing westward from the Golden Gate, he yielded to the spirit of the scene, and spoke in accents less measured and direct than those in which a ruler is expected by statesmen and diplomats to express his thoughts and wishes. Marking the inestimable gains of vantage already gained, he pointed his audices to the far more commanding position which, as he was moved to believe, our nation is destined to occupy in the Pacific. This, he said, the greatest of all oceans, must, during the century now opening, pass under American influence. Had such a declaration been made by any European sovereign, it would have given Foreign Affairs a shock, and would have been cited as a reason for increasing the military and naval forces of the powers concerned in the Far East. Nor can it be denied that Europeans have some basis for the indignation with which they repudiate the claim thus put forward to American ascendancy in the Pacific, in the teeth of pretensions older and, at first sight, better grounded, than our own. It may be said that even Holland, in Java, Sumatra, and her other East-Indian dependencies, controls a population very much larger than that which names itself American, and which inhabits the region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. France is firmly established in Farther India, and even Germany, in a part of New Guinea and the Carolines, possesses footholds in the great South Seas. As for England, she was thought at one time to have pre-empted the Pacific, having planted her flag on both its borders; in British North America on the one side, and in New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, and Hong-kong on the other. After Russia, however, had pushed her frontier beyond the Amur River, and southward, first to Vladivostok, and then to Port Arthur and Dairen, it was recognized that a new aspirant, more formidable than any European competitor, had come forward to grasp preponderance on the shores of the Pacific. We say more formidable because, of the European contestants for the prize, Russia alone has had communication from her centres of production and energy to her Pacific entrepôts and fortresses.

If, now, the situation be reviewed, it will be acknowledged that the very reason which makes Russia's appearance on the Pacific coast of Asia a source of jealousy to other maritime powers, tells incomparably more strongly in favor of the United States. Port Arthur and Dairen, the only ice-free harbors of Russia in the Far East, are now, and always will be, very much farther by rail from Moscow, the focus of Russian industry and storehouse of her warlike resources, than are San Francisco, Tacoma, and Seattle from New York. From Chicago, indeed, the three ports last mentioned are only some four days distant. Moreover, the opening of the Panama Canal will place our navy and our mercantile marine, hitherto principally based on the Atlantic, within quick and easy reach of our Pacific harbors. Then, again, while Russia owns not a single naval station in the centre of the Pacific or on its eastern edge, we have acquired in Hawaii and the Philippines strategic points of incalculable value. From this point of view, indeed, it may be questioned whether even Great Britain is not better equipped than Russia for success in the future struggle for predominance, notwithstanding the latter country's possession of land communication with her outposts on the Yellow Sea. In Great Britain, however, we are much more likely to find an ally than a foe, for with every million added to her already crowded population, the chance of a quarrel with her principal food-purveyor draws

nearer to the vanishing-point. That France or Germany, even though the latter power should one day absorb Holland's East-Indian dominions, should seriously try to dispute with us preponderance in the Pacific is inconceivable to those alive to the conditions of naval warfare. Of European competitors there remains, then, only Russia, and Russia, though she maintains a considerable navy for self-defence, can hardly be regarded as a maritime power, because of manufactures she is not an exporter but an importer, while even of raw products she has in former years scarcely any surplus available for export.

It was no wild outcry, then, of a reckless expansionist which was uttered by Mr. Roosevelt when he bade Californians look forward to our national control of the Pacific. No well-informed and thoughtful man can doubt that Seaman's prophecy is in process of quick fulfilment. When that statesman bought Alaska, the acquisition of Hawaii and the construction of the Panama Canal were remote, and the conquest of the Philippines was undreamed of. If events should shape themselves as rapidly as they have during the last five years, the day may be near when San Francisco, instead of being what it was in '40, the *alfalfa* *Thale* of American enterprise, will regard herself as near the heart of a wide-reaching American empire. But that as it may, the facts above set forth at least demonstrate that, as a matter of economic and strategic valuation, Mr. Roosevelt was justified in asserting that, within the next hundred years, the greatest of all the oceans must pass under American influence.

Dominant Envy

ENVY wears a good many masks, and is as old as the world. There was never a Norseman chief who did not, as he rode abroad, look out for his treacherous rival; there was never a Haken unsest by the sons of Erik Bloodaxe. The curious are with us in all the walks of life, but those with whom we are especially concerned in this short dissertation are the people of whom Thomas H. Reed once spoke slightly, although in a somewhat narrow and partisan way. Said he, in substance: "When I walk down Fifth Avenue, I find myself disturbed and distressed by the magnificence of the buildings of the rich. I seem to protest virtuously against the practices of mankind which create so great a difference between the owners of these palaces and me; but when I analyze this feeling, I find that I am moved simply by plain, old-fashioned envy: our Democratic friends call it political economy." This is not the language of Mr. Reed. Probably it is repeated here to his loss as to force, but in substance it is what Mr. Reed said. He intended to wipe out the virtues of tariff reform by putting it in the list of human frailties. It is easy to prove that Mr. Reed was meeting a real question with the indolent wit which declines discussion, and depends upon its agility to escape with a jest—a jest which always convinces the dull and sometimes confuses the judicious. Mr. Reed was a master in intellectual ambushes and surprises, and was sometimes not ready for an intellectual combat. We say this, not wishing to be committed, by what is to follow, to an acceptance of Mr. Reed's application of a sound philosophy, the induction of a keen observer.

Mr. Reed's philosophy, as we have said, was sound. Envy is dominant in many human minds, and is often the fester of so-called political or economic or social principles which those who entertain them re-

gard as genuine. It is impossible to express adequately the depths of baseness into which envy will conduct its victims, or the gross depravities which it will practice. We begin young, and nurse our vice well on to the roof of life: if we grow very old, and even to the very end if we die in the fullness of our mental vigor. Often the feeling of neighborly or fellowship approval, which at first we judiciously practice to be lovable, so fine is the expression of the achievement which has called it forth, begins to crumble before the welcomed suggestion of a doubt, and ends in a self-complacent belief that, under like circumstances or with the same luck, we ourselves would have said something more eloquent or would have done a trifle better. It is well for the contentment of small minds, whose activity, at the best, may be of little consequence to the world, that such a conclusion is so frequently reached, but the prevalence of the feeling, which is also due to "plain, old-fashioned envy," does not aid the program of the world, either materially or morally.

Automobiles furnish a homely illustration. A good many of us are quite conscious that the automobile is a demagogue device invented by Satan for the purpose of putting an end to pleasure driving. We do not like its noise, or its odors, or its speed, or the grotesque garments and goggles with which those who drive them and who ride in them cease and conceal their beauty. Moreover, we are sure that the machines are imperfect, and therefore we say to ourselves,—occasionally one of us says it to a friend,—that we would not commit the folly of buying one even if there were no other considerations in the way. Among those other considerations by which we are deterred from incurring a trifling expense of one or two or three thousand dollars, is our natural disinclination to commit murder and suicide. We do not wish to frighten our neighbors' horses, to run over dead women, or to fly over ledges or bridges in one of these machines of the nether world still asserting its fires. We would not willingly be malefactor by breaking the laws and by-laws of speed. We would not be petroleum nuisance, and go sooting oily smells up to the nostrils of people who court the fresh air on their piazzas and the scent of the roses beneath. We would not put the horse, noble animal, out of commission. We would not do a thousand things that we conjure up by our imagination, awakened perhaps into abnormal activity by a passing automobile which has scared us at its approach, thrown dust upon us, trembling in a side ditch as it passes, and annoyed us with its overpowering smell as it rushes on. It is passing strange how many of these moral musings come from those who have wrought them out of pure nothing; how many complaints of automobiles come from those who own them; how much sympathy is expressed for the horse by those who have never owned a horse, or by people whose sad experiences with hired horses cause them to accept the dictum that every horse is a mad fool with whom no rational being trusts himself. There is a good deal of "plain, old-fashioned envy" at the bottom of this strong popular sentiment which has endorsed unbecomingly the automobile, and which has now placed a law upon the statute-book of New York requiring speed conditions of these horseless cars which make them kin to hearse on their way to the grave. In one place within our knowledge—it is on the island of Mt. Desert—this bitterness to the automobile has been carried to an extreme, but we are sure that envy does not dominate there. The luckless summer habitant who brought his automobile to this pleasant country soon found himself hemmed in by weakable academic restraints. The

town could not forbid the vehicle, but it adopted rules which kept it safely in its barn. It was forbidden to run about between sunrise and sunset, or to travel on certain streets of the town, one of which was that on which his owner lived. The result is obvious. There was no envy here, for they who did the forbidding were intellectual capitalists, while the victim only had money. Envy has a good deal to do with the speed of automobiles, it is true, but not on the island of Mt. Desert, where the intellectual giants are simply scornful of wealth and its devices, and where the backboard still tries its reign.

Envy is often on the side of a sound principle but it is a useless ally, and descends the good cause at the first opportunity. How much is there of envy at the base of the popular fury against the "cool heroes," the "captains of industry," and the "trusts"? Before we commit ourselves to the side of a war against capital, would we not better examine our own hearts? There is no doubt that envy often dominates our taste, and that we are conscious of an offense against our aesthetic and artistic sense when a neighbor, surpassing us in money, paints his house a color which perhaps we would have chosen for our own dwelling had we the money, but which now offends us on the eleventh or twelfth of our wealthier friend. We pretend that we rejoice in his prosperity but deplore his taste, and occasionally we deride ourselves by the presence. Our wives and daughters know that if we had the money possessed, thanks merely to his luck and not at all to his talents and industry, by the men across the street, they would not duck themselves in such hideous gowns as are worn by his wife and daughters.

So at last we come to the great uprising against the capitalist, the trust, the monopolist. We who make so little out of the world's opportunities that the two ends meet with difficulty, are sure that this great accumulation of wealth is the result of an organic economic disease. We are sure that the captains of industry are manufacturers, or that they are misanthropes, and we cannot commend their enterprises. We see with sorrow, shake our heads in sadness, and "view with alarm" the "increasing distance between the rich and the poor." When some one points out to us that we are better off than were people in like positions of the last generation, and that the wage-earner has more than held his relative place in the world, we reply by insisting on that awful distance. We want to correct the economic and financial evils of the modern industrial system. We would protect the speculator against the deceptions of the capitalist. We would protect the capitalist himself against paying too much for the properties that go to the making of his combination. We have not been very successful ourselves, but we are students of economics, especially of that modern school which denounce so many of its principles from the simple theory that every man who has made a million is a knave, and, unless the state intervenes, will be an oppressor; that all the rich are determined to make and impoverish mankind for their profit; and that the capitalist, despite experience and example, continues to believe that his prosperity will increase by reason of the impoverishment and distress of the rest of the community. We not only believe that the captain of industry is lurching his own mind while he is engaged in the effort to govern the world and oppress his fellows with his wealth, but we know that, while he collects pictures, he has no knowledge of art and no feeling for it; while he patronizes museums, he is deaf to its charms; while he endows schools, he is ignorant; while he builds churches, he is

blasphemous. His house is a monument of bad taste, and, in short, we "do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Now to return to our text: would it not be well if we should all ask ourselves how much of this feeling is due in opinion based on thorough information and clear thinking, and how much is the outgrowth—unconscious, but to be sure—of "plain, old-fashioned envy"?

Why Should Amateurs Imitate Professionals?

In the days of thirty years ago, perhaps even later, very few, if any, of the young men of the country played baseball, or ran, or vaulted, or leaped, for money. Probably there were men who rowed for the pecuniary gains of victory, or for gate-money, coming into money their sunnies, their breath, and their knowledge of the ways of tides and of men. Other and more brutal men pumched each other's faces into a bloody pulp, also for money. But these were then gentlemen's sports into which the conception of gain did not enter, and into which entered the students of our colleges—universities were then a dream—and other amateurs. In baseball we had the Athletics and the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, great champions; the Union of Harlem, the Knickerbockers of Albany, the Haymakers of Lansingburg, and a club in New York city the title of which escapes us, the championship being as rare a victor to the metropolis as it is in these latter days of professionalism.

Money has changed it. It is largely to the lure of professionalism that we owe the change, and it has not been for the better. Let us not be understood as saying aught against the occupation of the professional. Baseball is a good trade for those who have no better, and is no more prone to intemperance and idleness than, say, stevedoring or then stringing, although stevedoring may, in the end, be more useful to the world than baseball-playing. The latter is as fiftly a vocation, too, as any other scrounging, while the dirt ploughed up by the slider of bases is more easily got rid of than is the black of the minstrel's business. It is also a much better occupation than the "bunching" of balloons on election day used to be. It is respectable, but not noble, while it is easily seen by the clear of mind that baseball-playing is not among the great arts by which the world advances. It is a pity, then, that the professional player of games should set the fashion for amateurs, and it is especially to be regretted that the spirit of professionalism has invaded the colleges, whose athletics should be not only secondary, but an expression of the joy of life, certainly not of its sordid side. In England the amateur still rules, and his spirit is still manifest. A defeat in a game is not an event in his life, any more than the stubbing of his toe or the tearing of his coat on a horbed wire is something to be recollected throughout the life of any one. Defeat in sport is not important to those who make their living by sport, for defeat impairs the market value of those who suffer it.

On this side of the water, where professionalism is both more important and more influential than it is in England, the amateur manner is different. The defeated student has been known to burst into sobe and to tear up the grass in his agony of mind, while the tall and muscular modern girl and the sympathetic and exultant spectator have lavished excess and eagerness upon the distressed hero, and have pointed to his agony as an illustration of his nobility. One would think, to hear and read

these, that the football captain, beaten by his rival and believing over it like a child, is the modern type of the dying gladiator mourning over his fatherless children in ferocious Dalmatian—an attention addressed to amateurs exclusively. There is no heroism in tears, or in howlings, or in hysterics of any description, and there is no excuse whatever for aggressive depression over defeat except on the part of those whose market value is depreciated by failure. In other words, excessive grief of this character is professional, and one who witnesses it and who gauges it accurately must wonder how a mind which admits such a sentiment can possibly totter through the courses required for the A.B. degree.

The other respect in which the American professional influences the American amateur is essentially in the matter of manners, although it is true in baseball, as in other affairs of life, that manners at least indicate the man. It ought not to be true that those who maintain the old national sport for love of it should imitate the conduct and speech of those who pursue the game for a living. There is, after all, a difference between sport and business, and there must always be a standard to which a gentleman should look up. This standard in sport will not govern the conduct of men who are in the business of sport. Just as the student who exhibits himself in a paroxysm of grief because he has lost the game is afflicted by professional morality, so the student who tries to talk his opponent out of a game of ball in the language of the Bowery, and, worse, drops the manners of a gentleman for those of a man who walks on a far lower social range. Yet the power of rattling speech are cultivated on the baseball field, and the student who can annoy the opponent is almost as valuable as he who can field or bat. On the benches, the body of young men whose fathers are manfully endeavoring to buy them an education follow a conductor, or a brace, or a trin, or a quartet of conductors. These conductors determine when the "student body" shall cheer, or sing, or burst into ironic laughter, or make any noise which may disturb the other side or encourage their own. Noise, disturbing, disheartening, decomposing, and always unparliamentary, is an accompaniment of the modern game of baseball. As winning or losing is a great event in a professional life, any means of winning are held legitimate. So the noise of the "student body," and of the outsiders who sympathize with them, is a feature of the thoroughly business-like enterprise, because the method has been adopted by professionals. This is not sport, and the men who indulge in it are not sportsmen. When the student gets out into the world, and enters once more, or enters anyway, into the sporting habits of gentlemen, he will learn, perhaps from yachtsmen, that a true sportsman plays his game, whatever it may be, with all his might, and also if he can; with what he wants, above all else, is that the best man shall win at the very game, without any extraneous aids or tricks. When the game is finished, and the other man, or the other side, has gained a victory, he has a hearty cheer for the conqueror, and forgets the fleeting episode in the green end pleasures of his good-fellowship and his hospitality. To a real sportsman the slavish imitations of professionals by amateurs cause genuine and intelligible grief, for it means not only the loss of the true spirit of sport, but the loss of the moral perspective of the relative place of sport in this generally serious world of ours. The proceedings of a ball game cause a shudder to the man who feels, and justly feels, that politeness is the mark of a gentleman in sport as in the parlor. He is established at

the tongue volubility of the man who stands in the coach's square and slaps his adversary, to the end that the pitcher may throw wildly or the catcher drop the ball, or that the thrower may go to pieces before the runner reaches the base. He would wonder that a gentleman could hurt such language at an opponent, or that the wit and humor of the position and of the street corner could be illustrated so glibly by men who bear the name of students. He would be inclined to say that the game once played by gentlemen is now the occupation of "gents," professional and amateur, and that the "gents" who ought to be gentlemen permit those from whom little in manners is to be expected to set the fashion for them. So long as there are both amateurs and professionals in baseball, let it be a sport for the first and a business, if they like, for the others; and, at any rate, let the amateurs exercise their right and set the fashions for the game.

An Embarrassing Situation

As the higher journalist sat musing sadly on the paucity of social topics in the multiplicity of human events a personable stranger of exasperated mien hurried in and said abruptly, "I wish you would take up my case."

"What is your case?" the higher journalist asked, guardedly, but, with the sense that here was possibly material, on the whole, politely, "and who are you? Won't you sit down?" The lower journalist, who finds copy in every human event, never asks a stranger to sit down, because he is too busy.

The stranger sat down, with a little surprise, apparently, and began, "I am a divorced man."

"Oh!" the higher journalist murmured, and all the scruples and reservations which he had taught himself to believe that he ought to have concerning a man of that sort betrayed themselves in his manner.

"Now, don't take that tone!" the divorced man exclaimed. "I can't stand it. I have not come here to get you to marry me; there is no lady waiting outside the door, and there is no Post hanging round the corner to push in and scandalize your readers. I have simply come to appeal to you in the name of our common humanity. You will at least allow that I am human?"

"Very human, I am afraid," the higher journalist assented, with a disposition to smile at his joke.

The divorced man would not have it. "No more human than yourself, if you please! No more human than anybody! Simply an average human being. And I am not an outlaw. With all my social wrongs I stand strictly within my legal rights. I did not seek the divorce. She got it—for incompatibility. That is a cause for divorce in our State, and I pleaded to make no defence, if she would not seek it in the shadow jurisdictions where you have to establish a factitious residence. It was granted in our own native county court of common pleas, which annually grants an average of one divorce for every seven and a half marriages; I don't know how the fraction is arrived at, but I have seen the figures. The whole transaction was thoroughly amicable, and I am on friendly terms with her and her second husband, though I have never courted their society. I have no resentments; I did not see why Martha wanted the divorce at the time, and though I have had my conjectures since, I have not borne a grudge; perhaps I should have been no better off—if I had seen one more to my taste. But I did not meet the lady I

now wish to marry till three years after the event."

"Then there is now a lady!" the higher journalist subtly commented.

"Not immediately outside the door, as I said; but there is certainly a lady."

"A divorced one?"

"Well, yes, the divorced man reluctantly admitted. "You may say divorced. But not for incompatibility. For non-support. She got tired of paying the bills of a loafer who was tired of everything else. That was just cause for divorce in her State, and I don't understand that her divorce constituted her an outlaw. She is strictly within her legal rights, as I am. Our respective State laws do not forbid us to remarry, and we wish to marry each other. Do you see any harm in that?"

The higher journalist would not say; he felt that the interests of civilization were at stake, and as he did not know what they were, he remained silent.

The divorced man went on. "We are honestly attached to each other. We know our lives are broken, and that we mustn't marry without the sense that we are only saving the pieces. But why not save the pieces? What is to be gained by throwing the pieces away? Why should we, the other night, have been turned from the doors of half a dozen ministers, who refused to marry us when I told them we had been divorced?"

The higher journalist started forward. "Ah-h-h-h! Then you are the couple—"

"No! Not that couple, but a couple like it. But unless they knew something illegal in the status of that couple, I hold that those ministers had no right to refuse to marry these unions, unless they were ministers of the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, with the Catholic prohibition of all divorce and the Anglican prohibition of all divorce save for one cause, constraining them to refusal. I don't understand that the couple in question went to any such ministers. They went to the ministers of the churches which in all Protestant countries allow divorce for several causes, and which have the right to perform marriages; these ministers had the duty to perform them."

The higher journalist thought proper to interpose the question, "Do you think ministers have no right to discriminate?"

"They are officers of the law in this matter. A justice of the peace has no right to discriminate."

"Then why didn't you go to a justice of the peace?"

"Oh, you know what women are! They want the sanctions and the legal sanctions don't satisfy them. We didn't go to a Catholic or an Anglican clergyman; we went to the ministers of the Protestant churches which consent to divorce for several causes besides the one cause given by—you know who. They have their reasons, their explanations, which satisfied such a Protestant as John Milton, when he wrote four tracts in favor of divorce inspired by his wife's desertion. The law which gives the ministers of such churches the right to perform marriages implies their duty to do so. They have nothing to do with the causes of divorce which have brought a couple before them for remarriage. But I can—"

"Nobly, softly!" the higher journalist pleaded. "Aren't you allowing yourself to be swayed by personal feeling?"

"Not at all! I can account for a tender conscience even in a minister who suffers himself to be interviewed for the purposes of an exemplary publicity, but I say that if he has such a conscience he had better—Or no! The law ought to be that marriages should be valid only when performed, as in Catholic countries like France and Italy, before the mayor, or some other magistrate."

"And if women, in the weakness of their hearts, would bear the sanctions of the church besides?"

"Ah, there will always be a difficulty with the women! Life would be so simple without them, every way. But here, I must allow, they are directly involved. They never could be persuaded that marriage was simply a civil contract and not a sacrament. But suppose that, as in my case, the woman was willing to take the chances of coming under the condemnation of his awful words, 'And if a woman shall put away her husband and be married to another, she—' You know the rest; and suppose she came to a minister whose church had explained those words away, what right would he have to refuse to marry her? Either his church should reform its discipline, or he should put his private conscience in his pocket."

"My dear sir, my dear sir," the higher journalist entreated, "you are certainly carried away by your personal feelings. You cannot look at this matter impartially, public-spiritedly—"

"No, it's terribly personal. Either I, and that good woman—she is good—are outlaws, and therefore rightfully social outcasts—"

"Not outcasts exactly. But you must allow that if you and she were married, you would not help giving, well, the creeps, say, to people when they knew it. Why? Not look at your difficulty in getting married as a mysterious providence, and let it go at that? Your status would be much more respectable. People could say you were divorced, but that you had got added the other sin to your disobedience."

"But people of the churches which allow divorce for more than one cause have no right to condemn us, or to regard our marriage as disodorous?"

"Well, what do you expect?" the higher journalist demanded. "Do you want us to undertake your defence? I haven't refused to marry you! Come!"

"No! I can make my own defence. What I want of those conscientious clergymen is consistency. Let them do the duty which their right implies, or let me give up the right. Let us have civil marriage as the only legal marriage, and then we divorced people who have been married without the rites of the church will feel no worse than the parties to the mixed marriages which the church refuses to sanction in the countries where civil marriage is the only legal marriage. Two divorced persons marrying here are no more outcasts than a Protestant married to a Catholic in France or Italy."

"But would you be parting with a bad conscience in sharing it with others?"

"Oh, who is talking of a bad conscience? I am talking of our social status where our legal status is perfect. I object to having to beat about the bush—to having it insinuated that only some minister tempted by money would marry me to the woman whom I wish to marry. Was the socialistic clergyman who married a divorced rich man in London, the other day, under a license granted, perhaps compulsorily, granted by his bishop, bribed by the bridegroom?"

"Well, you can't deny that he was socialistic. Doesn't that include all the suppositions? But what a curious irony of fate! A grandson of such a politician, a son of a society, obliged to seek religious sanction for his marriage at the hands of a socialist! This seems to me a much more interesting fact than the fact that a dozen conscientious ministers have refused to marry you. It is of the most significant implications. Where—your little case—"

"Ah!" the divorced man said, getting up and going out, "this is what journalism has come to! It is only the signal instances that you care for. You are yellow, too."

250 Years of New York City

By Edward Cary

It was not much of a city that was recognized two hundred and fifty years ago by the proclamation of stiff old Peter Stuyvesant, and there was not much of substance or value in the city government he so reluctantly accepted. Estimates of the population at that time differ, but the most

usual of the only then practicable route across the mountain barrier, and determined that marvellous development with which we are all more or less familiar. What we may fairly call Old New York was a city such as no longer exists on this continent, the life of which it is interesting,

nationalities, but all were urgently invited. So soon as it began to prosper, Hollanders, Walloons, Huguenot French, settled within its borders, and after the invasion to England in 1664 the English, Scotch-Irish, and Germans arrived in increasing numbers. Governor Dongan reported in 1667 that eighteen different languages were spoken familiarly in the crooked streets of the town. And besides this motley population of whites there were a large number of negroes and mulattoes—at one time nearly one-half the total—ranging from the well-treated house servants of the wealthy to the brutal laborers freshly imported from the Guinea coast. The assortment of religions was hardly less varied, the Dutch rulers being tolerant on principle, and the English, long in a minority, from prudence. In the big, bare church within the fort services of the Church of England were held in the morning, those of the Huguenots in the middle of the day, those of the Dutch Reformed Church in the afternoon, and the Catholics had their little chapel near by. The variety of classes and conditions was still greater. There was, until near the middle of the last century, a distinct and very proud aristocracy of patroons, and lords of manors, and wealthy merchants; there was a middle class of smaller freeholders, mostly traders and shipmasters; there was an unusually large number of workmen, many of them bond-servants; there was the floating population from the sea; and there were, as noted, many slaves. Throughout the community there was little of the unity or simplicity prevailing in New England or in the South. A Boston visiting clergyman described the city as "the Devil's children," and so it will may have appeared.

It may be said, though it seems paradoxical, that there was more wealth than industry in Old New York. 'Till well into the nineteenth century there were few kinds of



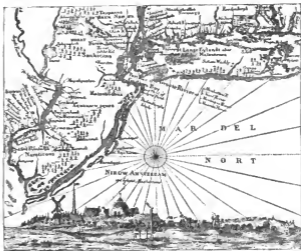
A View of New Amsterdam, from the Harbor, 1656

flattering does not put the number higher than 1200; probably 1000 is more nearly correct. So that all the men, women, and children of New Netherlands, ranged in single file, might have stood between the pig-waded fort at the battery and the stockade "wall," built to keep the Yankees out and the cattle in, which has given its name to Wall Street. "Dirckx" Stuyvesant had promised to care for the people "as a father does for his children," and he kept his promise by selecting to suit himself the school, the scheppen, and the burgoonasters the home authorities had permitted the people to elect. The concession was slight, but it was a beginning, and, like most beginnings of popular government, it had been won as the condition of money payments for war purposes. A dozen years before, Kieft's appeal for means to strengthen the fortifications against an attack threatened by an English ship had been met by a demand for a share in the government through a "Committee of Twelve Men" chosen among the freeholders; from that seed sprang the mighty growth which is now the greatest strictly democratic municipality in the world. New York does well to celebrate the first stage in its "long history," as his Honor Mayor Low calls it, and Stuyvesant's grudging act is as good a point to date from as any.

The dividing line between Old New York and the New York that most of us know, or think we know, runs roughly through the third decade of the last century, the period in which the Erie Canal, begun in 1817 and completed in 1825, was built. In 1820 the city had some 125,000 inhabitants, and had just passed Philadelphia and Boston in its growth. It was entering on its wonderful career as the gateway through which the commerce of the rapidly extending communities beyond the Alleghenies was to pour, and through which the tide of foreign trade and immigration was to find its course. The hazy imagination and the stubborn energy of De Witt Clinton made it the ter-

on the occasion of the formal celebration, briefly to examine.

The most striking fact in the history of the city is that as it is not now decisively American, so it was not Dutch under the rule of the Hollander, or English under that of the Duke of York and Albany or his successors. From the very start its population has been curiously mixed. Not only was the first "plantation" of the Dutch West India Company open to all classes and all



Map of New Netherlands, with a View of New Amsterdam (now New York), A. D. 1656
Copied from A. Vander Donck's map for D. F. Valerius's "Manuel," 1824

Federal Constitution that the first and last slave-trader was punished in New York, we can understand its hold on the rough and tough society of the earlier days. Its effect was bad, not only on those who took part in importing slaves, but on those who bought and sold or hired them in the old slave-market in Wall Street, and on the entire community. The city lived in dread of insurrection. In 1712 and again in 1781 attempts, real or imaginary, were bloodily repressed, at the later date fourteen negroes being burned at the stake.

Thus it will be seen that New York has always been—as it is yet—a city in which government, and especially self-government, encountered difficulties. It was slacked that strong and continuous moral fibre that runs through the constitution of most of our older and even of our newer towns. The surprising fact is, however, that its government, and particularly its self-government, has, on the whole, been so good. Keeping in mind the forces opposing it, the degree of order, intelligence, efficiency, and progress attained is something to give to us all the heart of hope. One thing we may note with cheer. That is the steady tendency of these forces, opposing or promoting good government, to work out a resultant slowly but constantly approaching a higher ideal. With all its drawbacks, New York is to-day not only, as has been said, the greatest strictly democratic municipality in the world, but it is essentially a noble one. The standard of business honor, of social order, of education, and of that sense of mutual obligation which expresses itself in religion and beneficence, is as high as in any other great city—is, in truth, probably higher.

The needs of our present growth were sown in the strenuously striving, still more strenuously bled, social elements of Old New York. They have germinated and risen to the power and splendor and quality of our time because the constant element in the vast operation was freedom. The "long history" of New York warrants us in believing that the most refractory population, dwelling continuously in the progressive recognition of the equal rights of all, and such, will stand slowly but surely to live rightly. What brighter lesson does any history teach us?

Trial of an American Syndicate in South America

By Joseph Jenkins Lee

THE Brazilian syndicate was formed in New York, and comprised among the underwriters some of the leading financiers of America, the members of two of the principal international banking houses, as well as the largest and most successful trust companies, and others of influence in legal and financial circles. It was organized to take over the rubber interests in the territory of Acre, 80,000 square miles in extent. This territory was, until a few years, a "No Man's Land."

Ever since the Spanish-American war and the consequent occupation of Cuba and annexation of the Philippines and Porto Rico, there has been growing from year to year, step by step with the prosperity of the United States, a great and groundless fear of "Imperialismo Yankee." In the north of Brazil this idea has assumed such proportions as to become almost an obsession. Consequently, when, on November 2, 1902, I arrived at the Brazilian city of Para, as the representative of the syndicate to take possession of the territory, I found myself in a very delicate situation. The expedition or commission was very small—purposely—out of consideration for the Brazil-

ian feeling upon the subject. But notwithstanding its small numbers and the studied unobtrusiveness of its members—the public in Para had been fully advised, before our arrival, of all our previous movements during the time we left London, old Lisbon and Madeira—the Brazilians refused to believe that our mission was purely a commercial one; they were convinced that we were simply scouts sent in advance, and to be followed by a large force of American soldiers disguised as workmen.

The Brazilian press, always excitable, became furious. Cartoons, editorials, letters to the editors, skits, and jokes were as thick as leaves in Valdemora. Then the opposition to our progress up-river took on a more practical phase. We were detained in Para six weeks before we could arrange transportation. In the mean time almost every owner of a steamer trading in or near the Acre district was approached. The passage to the Acre costs usually £10 for each person, but things came to such a pass that I offered one well-known boat-owner the sum of £100 in cash for three passages. He consulted his lawyers, and informed me next morning that he refused under advice, for fear of compromising himself.

Porto Alonzo, on the Acre River, 2800 miles up the Amazon River, was the seat of the Bolivian government in the territory; this was our objective point, and there the Bolivian officials were to hand over the territory to me under the terms of the concession. For several months previous to the arrival of our party at Para, a number of Brazilian citizens, secretly assisted by the Brazilian government, under the leadership of one Placido de Carvalho, had formed themselves into an army some 2500 strong. They had crossed the Bolivian border into Acre, and were attempting to drive out the Bolivian garrison at Porto Alonzo, and thus prevent the fulfillment of the concession. When we arrived at the mouth of the Amazon, reports said that the town in question had already been in a state of siege for some weeks. News was received also that General Fandó, President of Bolivia, had set out from La Paz, at the head of 3000 men, to rescue the Bolivians besieged at Porto Alonzo.

Such was the situation and the state of public feeling during the six weeks we were detained at Para.

At last the manager of a certain Anglo-Brazilian steamship company was persuaded that he could not refuse us passage as private individuals, and after buying requisite supplies we sailed up the Amazon on board the steamer *Pais de Corvothé*, at midnight, December 15, 1902. Even at the last moment we were visited by foreign residents of Para, who endeavored to dissuade us from what they called "an extremely reckless and dangerous undertaking."

It was a blessed relief to be away from Para and at last started on our journey. The *Pais de Corvothé* is a little snub-nosed, Clyde-built steamer burning coal.

Amidships on the upper deck are two rows of cabins, but they are used only as dressing-rooms and for the storage of luggage. The passengers sleep in the usual and universal hammock. After all, there could be no more comfortable bed for a tropical country than one of these deep, wide, close-woven hammocks of cotton and linen. The finest come from Ceará, and cost as much as \$100 apiece. At each side there are deep fringes of open-work which form a capital protection from the attacks of insects.

Day by day the river-banks became higher, and on December 25 we reached Manaus. It is a raw, new South American town of glaring pink, green, yellow, and blue stucco houses roofed with red tiles. A huge, hideous theatre, with mosquito-net dome of glazed

tiles, rises from the centre of the city, and the asphalted streets stop squarely on the edge of the raw jungle. Manaus is the turning-point for steamers from Europe and New York, and betwixt 1000 miles farther up-river and nearer the base of rubber production, it is slowly sucking the life-blood from the older city of Para. There a good trolley system here, American built, but after having purchased it outright from the American company the Brazilians were obliged to hire the Americans to return and operate it. We had been warned that the feeling against us in this place was exceedingly intense, and that we might be stoned in the streets by the exiled people, who had the prevailing impression that we were but the forerunners of a permanent occupation by the United States of the Acre rubber region, and, gradually, of the whole Amazon Valley. This is the capital of the state of Amazonas, and the residence of Governor Silveira Nery, who had been secretly assisting the revolutionists in Acre. The town is full of military police, who are under the orders of the governor, and there exists a strong secret organization called "Capangas," which is very convenient in quietly removing in a thorough and unobtrusive manner any individual who is objectionable to those in power. Manaus is situated near the junction of the Rio Negro and the Amazon. Where the dark water of the former meets the yellow stream of the latter, the line of demarcation is as clearly defined as if drawn with a rule. It is exceedingly hot here, a heat more oppressive than that of Singapore or Colombo. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor I was visited on board by two Bolivians, who endeavored, in whispers, to dissuade us from going ashore. But as the boat was to remain in the harbor until the 27th such a plan did not meet my views. However, I agreed to sleep on board each night. We went ashore early for breakfast and for dinner, except that black looks and mutterings as we passed along the streets no attempts were made to interfere with us in the town. Wild rumors were flying about—to the effect that we were being watched for the purpose of doing away with us, and that certain men had been heard to say this and that in regard to colting our throats either there or after we left Manaus to resume our journey through the wilderness. On the night of the 23d of December I returned aboard the *Pais de Corvothé*, after dinner at ten o'clock. I turned into my hammock, and was asleep in half an hour. My hammock was slung on the starboard side of the upper deck, forward, near the low rail. I woke to find myself struggling in the waters of the Rio Negro, fifteen feet below, between the side of the ship and an iron-banded whaleback lighter which lay alongside to receive cargo. The space between the lighter and the steamer was not more than four feet. The current is strong, and the water 100 feet deep. With great difficulty I managed to haul myself on to the lighter and there aboard the steamer through a cargo port which, luckily for me, had been left open. Apparently no one had seen or heard me fall. When I climbed, dripping, aboard the ship two men scuttled off like rats over the piles of coal on the lower deck. When I reached the upper deck no one was in sight, and Mr. Horne was still sound asleep in his hammock slung on the port side. It was evidently the intention of the persons unknown that I should fall upon the iron-lighter, be knocked senseless, and drift down-stream, but in falling I had struck my right hand and arm upon its curved deck, and so had dropped into the water, and this saved my life. For ten days I was obliged to carry my right arm in a sling.

Next morning I went ashore as usual,

and I could not fail to notice the effect made upon the people by my injured arm. I heard in the course of the day that the man who slung me overboard out of my hammock was known, but I had no proof, and in the delicate position in which we were, because of our mission, redress was impossible, so there was nothing to do but to grin and bear it. Such are the methods of Amazonia.

On Christmas day we dined with Mr. Henry Sandford, the United States consular agent, and his charming wife, and at midnight on the 27th we strolled out of the harbor of Manaus, again up the Amazon, to the mouth of the River Purus, which leads into the Acre territory. Among our fellow-passengers were Colonel Lorenzo M— and his wife. He owns forty-five miles of land bordering upon the Purus, two days' journey from Manaus. He was one of the few Brazilians who were far-sighted enough to appreciate the great advantages which would be brought about by the introduction of capital for the development of the resources of the Amazon Valley.

When we reached his place he gave a great breakfast in our honor, and the steamer was tied up to the shore for a whole day.

His estate, producing cocoa, rubber, and castanhas (Brazil nuts), is the best regulated and most profitable that I have seen in Brazil. After viewing the usual slothful methods, it was most satisfactory to see this paradise in the wilderness. The breakfast was very successful, although the amount of liqueur drunk in the tropics is astonishing. Long before the meal, cashass, the native rum, flowed freely. Then the breakfast, the table groaning, literally, under the weight of turtle, iguana, game, ducks, chickens, fish, arandillos roasted in their shells, rice, and the inevitable "farinha." This was washed down with untold quantities of rough Portuguese wine, Scotch whiskey, and sweet French champagne. Horse and I sat at the host's right; the women of the household were all together at the farther end of the table, and in between all the passengers and officers of the *Povo de Corralho*. Speeches waxed fast and furious, for no Brazilian least is complete unless each man fully expresses himself.

It took so little maneuvering, however, to keep the Acre subject in the background, for, on such an occasion as this, the *veritas* in the vino was very likely to crop out. But everything went merrily and smoothly, except a diversion caused by one old protestant who would insist upon searching around the table, declaring, in a loud voice, that he was a savage Indian of Brazil, and manners were sought to him.

As we proceeded farther up the Purus the news became worse. The report that Porto Alonso would fall into the hands of the revolutionists at any moment was repeated to us at each place where we stopped, and most of the scarce inhabitants believed thoroughly the absurd rumor that we had 150 United States soldiers stowed away below-deck; consequently, their arrogance and delirium of us were curbed by a healthy fear of the possible accomplisments of these hundred mythical soldiers.

On January 12 we arrived at the mouth of the Acre River. There is but one house there—a large barnlike structure on stilts. Underneath, pigs roared in plentiful mud, and the stench is unbearable.

Hence the news was seriously unfavorable. The revolutionary forces had completely closed in upon the Bolivian garrison at Porto Alonso. The besieged were reduced to the last extremity through lack of food and fever, and that dread mysterious disease called beriberi, which produces a paralysis of the leg muscles, and is incurable.

No new information was given us, excepting that if we attempted to push

on to the besieged town we should be captured by the revolutionists, and that our throats would be cut in short order. This warning had been given to us many times before. It is eight days from here to the nearest seat of government, and each man in the wilderness is a law unto himself; he looks to his rifle and pistol to settle all quarrels, and no questions are asked.

Owing to the intensely bitter feeling against the syndicate, and the absurd idea that it was simply a cloak for territorial aggression by the United States, and because of the totally distorted view of the Monroe Doctrine, which is understood to read, "All America for the North-Americans," our position, especially during this part of our journey in the wilderness, was most unpleasant. We proceeded up the Acre River to the town of Antimary, which is only thirty miles from Porto Alonso. Here we learned that news of the fall of the latter place was expected hourly. As my party was only

in headquarters. As it was the breakfast hour and the restaurant was crowded, "we departed amidst great excitement. Meanwhile I had managed secretly to send a message to Mr. Sandford, the United States consular agent, and after we had been detained for about an hour Mr. Sandford appeared. Immediately there was a change of front, a rush to the telephone, a hurried consultation behind closed doors. Presently an orderly dashed up in a carriage and we received sweet apologies. It was explained to me that the whole affair was a mistake, owing to a misapprehension of orders. This kind of mistake is very prevalent in the valley of the Amazon.

We left our river boat here, and took passage on an ocean-going steamer for Para.

I now received the first authentic news from the outside world for forty-five days. The Baron Elie Branco, Brazil's Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared, in an official note dated February 6, that the territory of Acre



Facsimile of a Map of the Acre District and the Route of the Bolivian Syndicate Expedition
Drawn by Mr. J. L. Lee, representation of the syndicate

two in number, and as there was no possibility of our taking possession of the Acre territory under existing circumstances, I decided to return to Manaus on the same steamer, and then to Para, to report by cable to my principals.

On January 24 the town of Porto Alonso capitulated. The Bolivians, civil and military, marched out, and the Brazilian revolutionists entered, glowing with patriotic zeal, and took possession.

We reached Manaus on the 27th of January. As Brazil, under the cloak of the Acrean revolution, had stripped us, and as we had been obliged to retire without taking possession, we believed that our troubles were over, but we were disappointed.

On the 28th, while breakfasting saunter at the Hotel *Casinha* with a party of friends, in celebration of our return unharmed from our journey in the wilderness, we were approached by four agents of the chief of police, who insisted that we should proceed at once to police headquarters. Their plea was that we must submit to an interrogation concerning what we had seen and done while up-river. I objected decidedly to this unwarranted proceeding, but to no avail. I then dutifully refused to walk, and after much wrangling two carriages were ordered, and we drove with the police agents

was a district in litigation, and that no such concession could be valid.

War-ships of the Brazilian navy were under way from Rio de Janeiro, and regiments of federal troops were being placed upon transports and moved up the Amazon to occupy the Acre territory. Battalions of volunteers were being raised, the newspapers overflowed with fiery articles. War seemed inevitable between Brazil and Bolivia.

Carnival was just beginning, and the Biceps of that season contributed to the general excitement about the Acre question.

The Bolivian syndicate was entertained on many occasions, and at one fancy ball—at the "Club Entente"—a man got up as the secretary of the syndicate, distributed typewritten prospectuses in Portuguese, of which the following is a translation:

BOLIVIAN SYNDICATE.

Sir,
of the organization of the Bolivian Syndicate, with headquarters at Porto Alonso, Acre-Territory. . .

1 A.
The Capital will be \$900,000.00, American gold (not the rotten paper money of Brazil), divided into shares of 30 cents each. The subscribers are obliged to keep whatever quantity of shares they receive.

2A.

The profits of the Company will be divided among the organizers of the Company, less 10 per cent, which will be distributed among the shareholders.

2B.

The Bolivian Syndicate is founded for the purpose of exploiting the rubber business and for gradually obtaining complete possession of Bolivian Acre, then Brazilian Acre, and little by little the whole Amazon Valley, in accordance with the wise Monroe Doctrine.

4A.

Later, when they are in possession of the territories above described, they will organize a Republic of Acre, under the protection of the United States.

5A.

Every three months there will be lynchings of 10 per cent. of the existing negroes in Acre, in order to extinguish the black race, so as quickly to follow the idea of the future actual President of Acre—Colonel Roosevelt.

6A.

All the inhabitants of Acre shall be considered Yankee citizens under the Stars and Stripes.

(Signed)

JOSEPH OF GINGEMBRE, Pres't.

WILLIAM OF MONEY, Treas'r.

Puerto Alland, Jan. 31, 1903.

This suit was freely distributed, and shows still further the holding of the Brazilians against the concession of Acre, although a Bolivian possession, to an Anglo-American syndicate, and their distorted view and deep and unfounded suspicion of the intentions of the United States.

Because of the prebent progress of the two men representing the Bolivian syndicate, and owing to the machinations of native agitators, excitement and distrust rose to such a pitch that the Brazilian government paid to the syndicate on the 10th of March, 1903, a large sum of money in cash, for the relinquishment of all claims upon the Acre territory. The offer was made by Brazil, and, in the face of existing conditions, was accepted by the Bolivian syndicate.

Finance

It is not surprising, given human nature, that sentiment in speculative circles should be somewhat depressed. Since the last sharp slump, which came at the end of a reaction during which quoted values on the Stock Exchange sank to a level 20 to 30 points below that of the "Western crowd," even in the summer, the average observer of the financial situation has more or less vehemently proclaimed his belief that prices were low enough for any investor or speculator to buy and not suffer from insomnia because of the purchase. The balance sheet, as it were, of value-making and value-reducing conditions, showed more strongly in favor of higher quotations than of still lower prices. The balance was accounted for on the ground that there existed a large mass of "undigested securities"—a state of affairs, incidentally, which was well known for months. After the first spasm of fear, the speculative community began to talk of the steady, if not very lively, absorption of such securities, and to pay more attention to what then seemed inevitable: an improving stock market. It was pointed out to investors that, with earnings steadily showing remarkable increases, and with every likelihood of their continuation, St. Paul at 160 was a very different proposition from St. Paul at 120; that New York Central at 131 was not so dear as the same stock 30 points higher, and so through the list of the dividend-paying shares. But the investor,

if he bought, did not buy enough to split prices or clear the bargain counters of Wall Street. Similarly, outside speculators—that is, the public that gambles, did not neglect its legitimate business to study the stock ticker. There were many good reasons why stocks should have risen. Instead, they have declined, and the professional "traders," warried with their unavailing efforts to create an advance, show discouragement, which in turn is reflected by the fluctuations of prices. There should have been a moderate bull market in May—some expected a boom—but at this writing it looks as though, in spite of occasional "rallies" caused by aversive-commitments on the short side of the account, the "swing" is downward.

To be sure, the speculative community, always seeking the "reason" for stock movements, has found what really amount to bad excuses, in sundry "developments" lately. But the fact remains, that acute and impartial observers of financial affairs have been "wrong on the market" these many weeks. Of itself, the realization of that error was disturbing to their peace of mind, but far more important would be to learn why their proposals has not been borne out. The public at large, staid investors, and reckless speculators alike, have developed no desire to purchase stocks even at the reduced prices. To be sure, some expected a boom, for it was obvious that there was not enough money to sustain one, given the requirements of trade and the amounts still tied up in promotions and underwriting schemes; but the May "rally" also failed to make its appearance. The apathy of the public has been shown to be profound. But, then, the public never buys stocks when they are dull, and the great manipulators and distributors

have done nothing to show that they thought it worth while to try to awaken the speculative spirit of the mob. And they are shrewd men and keen students of human nature in general and of the psychology of stock speculation in particular. The unwillingness of both the big insiders and the little outsiders to buck their convictions of higher prices by actual purchases of stocks has aroused the suspicions of professional Wall Street that perhaps their convictions were at no time very strong.

At this moment the main depressing influences are: The resumption of gold exports. It is a hopeless task, to endeavor to prove that such shipments contain nothing disturbing, that they are natural, logical, senseable, and that it is better to pay Europe what we owe now when the local money-market is easy than later on, when money will not be easy. Since the old Cleveland days when the words "gold exports" had a sound of disaster, sentiment has continued unflinchingly to be depressed by them. The persistent strength of the foreign-exchange market, despite the exportations of gold, is far more interesting, since it would show a security of bills of exchange explicable only on the ground that the wild speculation in cotton has restricted exports of that staple. Apart from its bearing on our foreign trade, the wild rise in raw cotton has created uneasiness for other reasons. It must interfere with the production and sale of cotton goods, and the profits of the mills. The fear that a crash must take place sooner or later, carrying with it disaster which must hurt away, to some extent affected sentiment among professional stock speculators, always ready to hang their theories on any peg.

Interesting Features for Next Week

IN the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY (out June 3) will appear the third of the series of articles on "Ideals of American Womanhood." Mary Garrett Hay, Organizer of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, writes on "American Women in Politics"; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, of Columbia University, tells how science is helping us to live past the allotted threescore years and ten; there will be a short article on Professor Goodspeed's new discovery in photography, with the first pictures ever taken by the light of the human body. These are only a few of the features in what will be an exceptionally interesting and readable number.

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Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ts on other Banks .	9,386,664.23
	\$30,565,818.54

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JUNE, 1903

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England's Colonial Secretary	The Rt. Hon. LORD COLERIDGE
The Northern Securities Decision	CARMAN F. RANDOLPH
Tennyson: A New Estimate	FREDERIC HARRISON
Notes on the Irish Land Bill	T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVII.

New York, Saturday, June 6, 1903—Illustrated Section

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E. D. Morgan

C. Oliver Iselin

S. Nicholson Kane

DISCUSSING THE YACHT RACES

During the yacht trials and races there are occasional meetings in the Model Room of the New York Yacht Club, where groups of men prominent in the yachting world get together and talk over the outlook for the season's racing. In the drawing our artist has pictured a meeting between E. D. Morgan, manager of "Columbia"; C. Oliver Iselin, manager of "Reliance"; and S. Nicholson Kane, chairman of the regatta committee.

Drawn for Harper's Weekly by E. M. Ashe

DEFENDING THE PANAMA CANAL

BY
Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, R.N.

THE problem of how best to defend the Panama canal, since the proposed waterway passes exclusively under the control of the United States without hindrance to defence,—is one that in receiving the close attention of military engineers. So far, the consideration of the subject is largely in the speculative phase, but enough study has been expended to evolve a fair estimate of what a defence of the canal would imply.

As a first rendition, it is necessary that the fortifications guarding the canal approaches be superior in offensive power to the naval force likely to be brought against them, and, in addition, the canal throughout its entire length must be afforded immunity from attack on the part of troops capable of being isolated on the coast at points to the northward or southward of the canal systems. The considerations of the defence of any point is largely a geographical one, and is based, mainly, on an estimate of the distance from a probable enemy's base. If the distance be great, certain limitations are imposed upon the attack, and these limitations materially affect the requirements for defence. Now, knowing the general maximum positions of a probable attacking force, and estimating those positions for the immediate future, it is possible to arrive at a fairly accurate knowledge of the least number and character of the guns needed for a successful defence. Naturally the question of economy has to be met, and because of economical reasons the maximum number of guns is greatly reduced. The placing of shore batteries, and the character of them, is affected by the nature of the ground and also by the general trend of the channel approaches. Nowadays the tendency seems to be towards the placement of guns placed at considerable distances apart and concealed as much as possible from the view of the enemy. When the point to be attacked is a city or a canal-entrance lock, it is desirable to advance the works as far as possible to seaward, placing the guns on spits of land or on shoals, in order that the scheme of defence may hold good. If the defences were located close to a town, long-range guns might be able to inflict damage in the place, despite the fortifications. Knowing the number and character of guns required to hold a given place, the engineers next take up the consideration of mounting these pieces, and this mounting must be effected to the very best advantage. If expense were no consideration, an armoured turret or Grison turret would probably afford the maximum protection, but in the United States coast defence the policy followed has favored a compromise in the shape of the disappearing-gun system, supplemented by concealed mortar batteries. The disappearing-gun system, while not affording the well-known impregnable features of the Grison turret, at least provides a fair amount of protection for the gunnery who serve the piece. In this system we have merely a hole in the ground with a gun and its carriage set therein. The gun is loaded in the pit, and when ready for firing is raised to the level of the parapet by means of a powerful arm actuated by a piston working in a cylinder, the power being either hydraulic or pneumatic, according to the system. The gun remains in view above the level of the parapet but for an instant or so when it is fired, and the act of firing causes it to settle down on its bed again, which it does without shock or jar.

To defend the canal entrance, guns of sufficiently large calibre must be mounted to offset the fighting efficiency of the heaviest ship that can be brought against the entrance port. As the canal will have a depth capable of floating the largest vessels, it would be possible—assuming that the channels had been countermined—to assess a large war-ship to within close range, provided always that the ship could not be kept at a respectable distance by the fire of defending guns. The heaviest gun which will heretofore be mounted on any ship of the United States navy will be a 12-inch rifle throwing a shell weighing 320 pounds. As this gun is deemed sufficiently powerful to attack the heaviest armoured plate carried to-day, it is safe to say that the canal defence batteries will not contain guns of larger calibre.

The advantages and disadvantages of the various types of coast defences are purely technical in all but the Grison turret. While it is generally conceded that the Grison turret embodies the most complete defence system possible for any gun, its great cost is an objection. The plates of the Grison turret are made of chilled cast iron, a secret process controlled by the Krupp of Germany. Balls are not used in the construction of these plates. The plates are first shaped or smoothed, and then fitted in place; the interstices are filled in with molten white metal, which, on hardening, unites the whole into a solid mass. The thickness of one of these plates varies from two and a half to four feet, and the turrets have withstood the shock of very heavy artillery fire. Owing to

their great weight, their use is precluded on board ship. It has been estimated that an emplacement such as is demanded by a Grison turret, particularly if the emplacement were built on some outlying shoal, would bring the total cost of a single Grison turret defence up to \$1,000,000. Still, even this great expense may be warranted if protection is assured.

Despite the introduction of modern high-powered ordnance on ships-of-war, experience shows that the advantage, to-day, is largely with the coast battery, assuming that the latter is built in accordance with good military principles.

On June 22, 1898, the United States steamer *Texas*, Captain John Philip, engaged Socapa battery, a work guarding the entrance to Santiago Harbor. Socapa battery was practically an open-faced work. It contained only a couple of guns which were really efficient. These pieces were 4.2-inch Howitzers rifles taken from the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes*. In the rear of the guns the Spaniards had constructed a rude bomb-proof consisting of a deep ditch, covered over with logs, and the whole covered over with dirt. In this ditch the Spanish gunners could take refuge when the fire from the American fleet became too hot for them.

The *Texas* reserved her fire until she had reached a point distant about 4000 yards, when fire was opened with her port 12-inch gun, throwing a projectile weighing 850 pounds. The first shot being a range one fell a trifle short. An interval of about four minutes elapsed before the *Texas* fired again, and this time her shot was seen to strike the battery full in the face. The *Texas* had got the range, and from that time on what followed was probably as fine an exhibition of gunnery as has ever been witnessed. The *Texas* planted her shots apparently where it suited her, her intention being to mow the work down from end to end. It was the bombardment which Admiral Cervera of the Spanish fleet observed from a point of vantage on shore, and he is reported afterwards to have declared that had he not seen that day with his own eyes the work of the *Texas*, he never would have believed it possible for any ship-of-war to deliver such accurate fire. Very early in the action the Spanish gunners were compelled to take refuge in their bomb-proof; but now and then the *Texas*, owing to the great quantity of smoke that had accumulated—one of the disadvantages arising from not using smokeless powder—was compelled to cease her fire in order that the smoke might dissipate. During these intervals the Spanish gunners would rush out from their bomb-proof and load and fire some gun which still remained intact, and it was an intermittent shot of this sort which struck the *Texas* on the port bow, killing one man and wounding several. The bombardment lasted in all about two hours and five minutes, and for fully forty-five minutes the Spaniards had not fired a shot in reply. Apparently the battery was silenced. The *Texas*, in obedience now to an order to cease firing and withdraw, put her helm over and steered slowly out to sea. She had not gone more than 400 yards when a puff of smoke was seen to curl over the Spanish parapet, and a little later a shot struck the water a few hundred yards astern of the *Texas*. It was an announcement that the battery still existed, and that at least one gun was in serviceable condition.

In this attack at Socapa battery we had a simply constructed parapet work exposed to an armoured ship. The gunnery of the *Texas* was practically perfect, and yet it is seen that after two hours' bombardment, the Spaniards were able to fire the last shot. The experience of that day would seem to indicate the futility of trying to destroy a coast work from a ship-of-war, and, conversely, it is seen also that a vessel of the Grison type could remain with impunity in front of an open-faced work. So long as the *Texas* maintained her fire, she was practically able to keep the garrison away from the guns. If, on the other hand, the Spanish gunners had been protected throughout the bombardment in a Grison turret, they could have resisted the fire of the *Texas* gun for gun, and doubtless would have inflicted considerable damage.

Without going into detail, it seems to be recognized that the entrance to the Panama Canal can be securely held by guns mounted on *casernes*, and on the disappearing system, supplemented possibly by a few pneumatic gun employing high-explosive shells, and by an effective torpedo defence. The work of policing would naturally devolve on gun-vessels—handy craft mounting rapid-fire batteries. The guarding of the canal against land attack will devolve on a land force, and an estimate for this work calls for a brigade of infantry, a few squadrons of cavalry, and two or three light batteries. The seaward works will be expected to maintain garrisons at all times, but for climatic reasons there will necessarily have to be frequent shifts, the details coming from the main force positioned on the high ground in the interior.



The Black Sea Problem.—Russia seeks a Black Sea Port in order to get an Outlet into the Mediterranean

The Fight for an Open Port

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

FOR some time past it has been evident that most of our foreign news was of Russian origin. The events recorded, whether in eastern Europe, in Asia Minor, in Persia, or on the distant Pacific, are all symptoms of the presence of a single coherent force.

Russia's struggle with the Turks was but a part of the much greater struggle which white Christendom for centuries waged against the brown or yellow Moslems of Asia. The part which Russia played, as barrier between Europe and the Mongolian hordes, is one of the great heroic stories of history: a story hardly yet grasped by the western world. The last scenes of the age-long struggle are now being enacted in the Balkan peninsula; and those who see the hand of Russia in all these events have discerned a fact of deep significance. The Turks, as we saw, built their Mahometan and Asian empire on the ruins of two Christian and Slavonic powers, Old Serbia and Old Bulgaria, whose religious metropolis was Constantinople. The great cathedral of Saint Sophia, desecrated and given over to the Mussulmans, stands as a symbol of what was destroyed by the Asian hordes. For Russia, as well as for Bulgaria and Serbia, Constantinople is the fountain of faith; and Russia is the more closely wrapped up in the Balkan struggle, because Christianity came to her through Bulgaria, and her church language is Old Bulgarian. Yet another bond is the early history of the Bulgars or Volgars within Russia's own dominion on the Volga, whence they migrated southward, to open up new lands along the Danube.

The Black Sea and the Balkans

Russia's struggle against the Turks is a part of her life tradition, religious and historic alike. The fight carried forward so successfully under Catherine the Great was renewed in 1806, and again in the events which led to the Crimean war. Russia's ideal, from the inception of this struggle, was to restore the Slavonic power in the Balkan peninsula, and to make the great mosque by the Bosporus once more a Christian shrine. Again and again she has found Turkey strengthened against her by various west-European powers, jealous of Russia's growth,

and fearing her future might. The Swedes, the French, the English have at different periods thus strengthened the hands of the Turkish invaders and retarded the restoration of Christian and Slavonic power in the Balkan peninsula. But neither Turkey nor her open or occult allies have been able to withstand the steadily growing life of the Slavonic race. Inevitably has been as profitable to Russia as victory in this age-long contest. The Crimean war, in which France and England took sides with the Mahometans, left Russia with greater territory than before, though she was nominally vanquished by the allies.

The last Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, was a popular crusade, rather than a calculated scheme of imperial policy; and in this war also Russia found Turkey supported by the powers of western Europe. It is now on all hands recognized that to this action of the western powers, expressed through the Berlin treaty, all the miseries of the Christian subjects of Turkey for a generation are due, whether we take the abominable Armenia massacres, the tyranny over the Christians in Crete, or the outrages and insurrections which year after year convulse the vilayets of European Turkey. Yet in a certain sense, Russia's virtual defeat by the Berlin treaty has turned to victory. The newly-created countries of Serbia and Bulgaria, which Teutonic influences turned against Russia immediately after the war of liberation, are now Russia's firm friends. And a victory of far greater consequence is the winning of Austria, without whose co-operation the Balkan problem can never be solved.

It must be remembered that the Austrian Empire is a great Slavonic power, the greatest after Russia herself. Austria, Poland is, of course, Slavonic, as are Moravia and Bohemia, all speaking similar tongues, closely allied to the Russian. Nor does this exhaust the Slav element in Austria; Croatia and Slavonia are of pure Slav race, as are large parts of her southwestern duchies, about Laybakh, Gorizia, and the Balkanias coast. Again, the population of Hungary is largely Slavonic, in spite of Magyar dominance and Magyar speech. The nominally Turkish districts of Bosnia and Herzegovina must be added; and it becomes evident that in race Austria is predominantly a Slavonic



The Yellow Sea Problem.—Russia grasps at Manchuria to protect her open Harbor at Port Arthur



The Persian Gulf Problem.—Russia desires a Railroad across Persia and a Port in the Persian Gulf

power. At the present moment, the Magyars rule the empire, though they only number six or seven millions, and the Austrian provinces feel their tyranny keenly. If they could rally the Slavs to their aid against the Magyars, a new balance of power would be gained, which would give fresh stability and life to the whole empire.

For these reasons, Austria is inevitably drawn to Russia's side. The one discordant note is the attitude of Germany, here as elsewhere at variance with the efforts and ideals of the rest of the civilized powers. Germany, as is well known, has strengthened and trained the Turkish army, as a weapon against Russia; and the arms and ammunition of the Turkish troops that harass Macedonia are bought in Germany, with the willing assent of the German government.

Germany is, therefore, the great barrier to a general settlement of the Balkan question, the other signatories of the Berlin treaty having repented and made amends. It would evidently serve the purposes of Germany, if Russia were drawn into a new Turkish war, which could not fail to bring a ruinous cost in men and treasure, thus setting Russia back a generation, and giving Germany a clear field for her own ambitions. This is the best reason for believing that there will be no war in the Balkans, as Russia clearly understands the position, and the nature of the forces, open and covert, arrayed against her. She trusts to steady

pressure and gradual reform; and, as far as can yet be seen, her hopes will be fulfilled.

Russia and Persia.

Russia's relations with Persia form only a part of her general advance eastward and southward through Asia. That advance began more than three centuries ago, and a century and a quarter later Russia came into direct contact with Persia in the Caucasus and along the Caspian Sea. This Russian advance was only the return tide of the Moslem invasion of Russia, in the earlier centuries of the Golden Horde.

In the days of Peter the Great, Russia gained her first foothold in the vicinity of Persia. From that time onward, Persia and Russia were almost constantly at war, with intervals of peace in 1726 and again in 1813. As a result, the whole of the Caspian, except its southwest corner, is Russian territory, and the pressure of Russia on Persia is steadily continued. As this means the influence of a strong, civilized, and enlightened nation on a country backward, reactionary, semi-barbarous, and incapable of any initiative or independent activity and growth, it is for the advantage of the world that Russia should strengthen and extend her influence at Teheran and southward, towards the Persian Gulf.

This rivalry exists with two nations: first Germany, which has so recently proposed to reach the Persian Gulf by the Bagdad-Basra railroad, which was to run wholly through Turkish territory, reaching the Persian Gulf at Kuwait. First Russia, and later England and France refused to be drawn into this scheme, and, if carried out at all, it will not have an exclusively German character. It is evident that this German railroad through Turkey in Asia is of a piece with her anti-Russian activity from Finland to the Balkans: the idea is, to hem in Russia behind a chain of German strongholds, beginning with Finland and ending with Kuwait on the Persian Gulf. If successful, this policy would drive Russia off again from the Baltic and the Black Sea, and bar her progress towards the Indian Ocean. It is impossible not to see the impossibility of such a plan: it is impossible also not to see that it is foredoomed to failure.

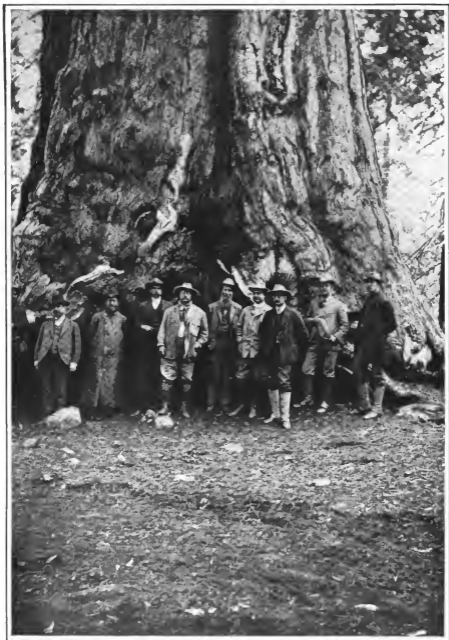
Russia's advance towards the Persian Gulf brings her nearer to British India, and therefore arouses England's apprehensions for the security of her great and exceedingly valuable Asian Empire. The situation between Russia and England in Persia is this: for the first half of the nineteenth century, England was easily paramount at the court of Teheran. Recently, Russia has prevailed, being now dominant, especially, politically, and, in the Persian Caspian, possessing the only possible fighting body in the Persian dominions. About a year ago Russia lent a considerable loan to the spendthrift Shah, and in return obtained a concession giving her the right to build the first railroad in Persia, which will run from Tiflis to Teheran, and thence to the Persian Gulf, probably at Basra or Abbas.

On the other hand, England has a concession for a north-Persian railroad, which will run from the Persian Gulf through Babolistan, to British India. England, however, cannot build her railroad until Russia has finished hers. Russia is not eager to see the English railroad begun, and therefore is delaying the construction of her own line. Ultimately, the two powers will come to an amicable understanding, as they have recently done in the case of Manchuria. It appears probable that Lord Lansdowne's recent pronouncement against naval stations on the Persian Gulf was aimed at Germany and Kuwait and not at Russia and Basra or Abbas. It seems a somewhat useless act, however, as Germany is steadily absorbing the trade of India, without any naval station, but simply by superior commercial enterprise.

Russia in Manchuria.

At the time of the last Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, the population of Russia was a hundred millions, preponderantly of homogeneous white race. It is now over one hundred and thirty millions, and the Slav element is steadily gaining on all others, and crowding out the other elements. Russia has already a population which has been maintained for three centuries already, Russia will, in twenty-seven years, have a population of two hundred millions. At the end of the twentieth century Russia will have a white population of more than four hundred million souls.

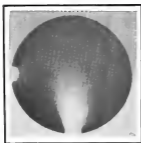
This is the problem which her far-seeing statesmen have been facing for the last ten years, with Minister Witte at their head. This is the mainspring of the Siberian, and later, of the Manchurian railroads. Already the Siberian line is carrying two hundred thousand colonists annually in the fertile wheat lands of Siberia, and the number will rapidly increase. Russia has already a territory of six million square miles in Asia, which will thus gradually fill up with the excess of her European population. For this vast territory, twice the size of the United States, she needs an outlet to the sea, which shall be free of ice at all seasons. England has formally recognized and acquiesced in this necessity, she cannot but grant it, and to grant it is not only reasonable but inevitable, and Russia's policy in Manchuria must be accepted as logical and necessary. If she has her port, she must have a railroad to it. If she has a railroad, she must protect it, just as we shall protect the Isthmian Canal. Questions of sovereignty must be subordinated to the great question of necessity, in Manchuria as in Panama. But, on the other hand, having her railroad, Russia must make it pay. Minister Witte is a former railroad manager, and a master in practical affairs. He desires to carry the maximum of freight on the Manchurian railroad; he would gladly prefer to carry American freight, rather than introduce Japanese or English or German goods, with a political string tied to them. It remains for us, as a practical people, to send Minister Witte half way, and to accept the opening he offers us.



THE PRESIDENT IN THE WEST

One of the incidents of the President's trip through California was the meeting of a distinguished party at the foot of the "Grizzly Giant," the biggest tree in California. The party included the President, Governor Pardee, President Butler of Columbia University, President Wheeler of California University, Mr. Barnes, secretary to the President, Dr. Risley, and Mr. Mowly, Secretary of the Navy

Photographing by the Light of the Human Body



Photograph obtained by throwing Rays from a Human Hand through a slit in an upright Copper Tube



Diagram of Apparatus used by Professor Goodspeed

A-Box containing X-ray apparatus BB-Lead plates C-Photographic plate used in envelope DUD-Object to be photographed E-Operator's hand



Photograph of a Copper Cent, a Gold Ring, and a Piece of Aluminum, taken by the aid of Human Light

THAT the human body emits rays by means of which photographs can be taken has been demonstrated by experiments recently made by Professor Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania. In making photographs by the light emanating from the human hand, Professor Goodspeed uses a method which is the reverse of that employed in X-ray work. In photographing by means of the Hinton ray the object to be placed between the photographic plate and the apparatus. In the method used by Professor Goodspeed, the plate is placed between the apparatus and the thing to be photographed.

The results are prepared as follows: The ordinary X-ray apparatus is put inside a box made of wood, and impervious to ordinary light rays. On top of the box are placed a number of lead plates, in order to shut off the ordinary Hinton ray, which has not the power to penetrate dense metals. This precaution, according to previous practice, would prevent the making of any

impression whatever upon an object placed outside of the box. On top of the mass of lead plates is laid the photographic plate that is to be affected. It is enclosed in a light-proof envelope or box so as not to be changed by the ordinary rays of sunlight which are visible to the human senses. On the photographic plate may be placed coins, metals, or any other object which is to be desired to photograph.

The Crookes tube is then placed in operation, and from its cathode come forth the X-rays. The photographic plate, resting on top of the box, screened off by lead plates, is entirely unaffected by them. But let a human being put his hand in the field beside the plate for a few minutes, and afterward develop the plate. He will see that the emanations from his hand have affected it, and that there are dark spots where the normal object lay upon it; so that the photograph, exposed in a dark room at night, has been taken by the light of a human hand.

"John Henry" on the Stage

THE impressively comely Mr. Dan Daly appeared last week at the Herald Square Theatre in a dramatization of George V. Hobart's "John Henry" sketches. Mr. Daly has distinguished himself with the dropping mistake and capital number which he depicted in the days of "The Hundred," and now is smooth-shaven and frankly jocular.

Mr. Hobart and Mr. Edward E. Ross have contrived a wildly absurd but amusing farce for the use of Mr. Daly and his very capable company. We come upon the imperturbable John Henry in the ornate foyer of the Hotel Gotham, New York. He is deeply in love, we learn, with a young woman whose doting uncle has promised her to John Henry if that gentleman can manage to provide a country house for her. John encounters his friend "Bunch" Jefferson, a real-estate broker, who, he finds, has just succeeded in selling a desirable villa at Ruralden to a wealthy Italian countess. John's sweetheart and her gossamer uncle arrive at a suspicious moment, and are made to believe, through a complication of circumstances, that Dove's Nest Villa, of which the ingenious John shows them a tempting photograph, is to be the home of his prospective bride. Matters are further entangled through the fact



A Scene from "John Henry," Act III.
Dan Daly as "John Henry," "I do this for cooness"

that the uncle of a girl with whom John's chum "Bunch" is in love, has been told that John and his supposed villa, are pledged to his niece, this being an expedient of the resourceful John to prevent Uncle No. 2 from carrying Bunch's beloved off to Egypt.

When both uncles begin reading gifts of furniture, in mixed baby language and red, to Dove's Nest Villa, and when its rightful owner, the Countess, arrives on the scene to take possession of her property, John Henry finds himself the centre of a human whirlpool in very uncomfortable commotion. The fun is at times a trifle laborious, and much of Mr. Hobart's slang sounds stale and forced when it is spoken rather than read. Mr. Daly and his companions work hard with the piece, however, and carry it successfully over some pretty barren places.

Mr. Daly himself plays John Henry with uncommon animation and humor—his despairing comment on the threatening conflict of circumstances in which he has involved himself: "No for the Messing!" is very effective. George Backus, as John Henry's chum "Bunch," does not make as much of the part as he could, but Mr. Marlow and Mr. Heria, as the two uncles, are highly diverting, and Miss Florence Rockwell plays Puckles with much vivacity.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE POLITICAL WOMAN by MARY GARRETT HAY

ORGANIZER OF THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION



Mary Garrett Hay

IT seems to me that it should be every woman's ideal to be equally independent with her brother man in all practical competition. So far, she is not permitted to encourage this ideal.

Surely the government of the State is no less important to her than the government of her own house, and as she has the controlling voice in the management of her house, why not a political voice in the government of the State and nation? Those women who do interest themselves in the political life of the country certainly idealize political conditions, because ambition to hold office, or influential honors, are not alarming considerations of these women. When the American woman in her political endeavors strives to establish ideals of citizenship, she does so without the purpose of gratifying personal ambition. Furthermore, the political woman is not so particular in her activities as a man, because she aims at political equality with him, to bring about better conditions in that which is to her but a larger home of principles—the State and national government.

All practical ideals are being influenced and brought about in America life to-day by the examination of women. She has lessened the chains of conventional prejudice against her activity, and in social, educational, and commercial matters meets men on an equal footing. All this is, of course, contributing to her ultimate success in achieving this last important scheme of idealization, her recognition in the State and national government.

This is the last state of her emancipation to be secured. There are good and sufficient reasons why a woman should be deeply interested in the political life of the country.

Who is more vitally affected by the local municipal government of a town and city than the woman? Isn't her own particular government of the home dependent upon the broader details of the municipality? Are not the life and health of her home dependent upon a good water-supply, for instance, good police service, efficient transportation facilities, and numerous other daily obligations?

To carry this argument into State politics, who else but the woman is most affected by legislation in regard to the liquor laws,

for example—in legislation governing the State penit and charitable institutions, in all laws affecting small children, the secret-ship system, and so forth?

In national politics who is more interested than the woman in the laws made by Congress? Is she not concerned in the question of polygamy? And, another problem, as personal in its influence upon her as this, is she not interested in the political complications that bring upon her the penalties of war?

Is there any single phase of political life that a woman's ideals could not improve? It seems to me that the study of politics furnishes women with the highest ideals obtainable. I believe that the germ of this political ideal is instinctively in every woman, for she is the mother, and she it is who instills into both her boys and her girls the ideals of citizenship.

Isn't it the woman who in the schoolroom prepares the boys and girls to go out into the world and become useful citizens? And yet, when the boy becomes a man, he turns away from his mother and his teacher, and seeks political advice from his father or some other man. Why does he do this? Because the man is part of the body politic and the woman is not. Still, that her eyes to his mother and teacher his good or bad tendency in citizenship.

So long as women are ruled out of the body politic, morality will never be fully represented. Since women can offer a higher percent of morality and certainly an equal amount of intelligence with men, it shows that women will help to make the world better and more ideal.





TO LIVE PAST THREE SCORE AND TEN

By
T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN M.D.

THE scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten as the term of human life would be reasonably accurate provided the body got a fair start, enjoyed a favorable environment, suffered no mechanical accidents, and was not misused by its owner.

In fact, however, as we all know, the cost of the housecoat at birth is in most cases far less encouraging. The body is often handicapped by inherited defects. The complex chemical processes through which, hour by hour, from food and water and air it builds its delicate machinery and stores the energy that drives it go often and in mysterious ways awry. Excesses in food, in drink, in exercise, in work or rest or play, frequently lay the foundations of ill health and premature decay.

A quarter of a century ago we learned that some of the most serious of those disturbances of function which we call disease are induced by tiny microbes securing a foothold in the body, feeding upon our cells, and setting free a host of subtle poisons in the blood. With the knowledge of the microbial origin of the infectious maladies the last stronghold of mysticism in disease was swept away, and the field was clear for the advancement of science.

We know today just what the minute organisms are which induce tuberculosis, diphtheria, cholera, plague, pneumonia, typhoid fever, malaria, and a few other lesser members of this sinister band. We know the conditions under which these germs flourish, we know their lurking places within and without their victims, how they are transmitted from the sick to the well, how they gain a foothold, and the ways in which they work havoc in the bodies of susceptible persons. These are no longer things to exercise and chafe away; there is no field here for about-treatment. These new things which we can cultivate in our laboratories as we can roses and carnations in our gardens and stocks in our fields, we do not like to have them about and care to take the necessary pains.

Among the most interesting problems into which our later studies of infection have led us are those relating to the immunity which species, races, and individuals naturally enjoy or may acquire after a successfully weathered attack of an infectious disease. It has been learned that the cells of the body possess a marvellous power of adapting themselves to new and diverse conditions by the use to new specific ends of those capacities through which their normal processes are carried on. And so when a man recovers from an attack of smallpox and is henceforth immune, we know that his available state marks an adaptation of his cells to a new environment, environment, it is true, but analogous with those adaptations by which in the slow processes of evolution new traits have fostered, no plants and animals slowly rose to higher types.

But we have gone farther than this, for we have learned that we can secure this artificial cell adaptation by proxy in the horse, and through the medium of the fermisole by his proxy for the ox, and render immunity upon the well and even restore the already stricken. Thus has diphtheria antitoxin saved countless lives already, and this has the way been opened which seems full of promise for the prevention and cure of other infectious maladies. If now from the immune ground this plane of achievement and drift in medicine to-day we look out upon the fields which seem ripe for new harvests, it is easy to mark some lines along which we may reasonably expect to add fresh increments to our sadly shortened span of threescore years and ten.

The prospects seem bright for the discovery of new and effective forms of antitoxic or bacterium-destroying sera. The sugar serum for the still unknown infectious microbes of smallpox, scarletina, syphilis, and other diseases of their kind may be at any moment crowned with success.

The cause and mode of tumors involve problems of extraordinary difficulty, and it is by no means clear as yet how these may be most wisely approached. Important endorsements for the study of cancer have been recently established in various lands, and many trained observers are already at work.

We are far from a thorough understanding of many of the delicate and complex chemical processes through which we convert the multitudinous stuff that we devour into good blood and tissue, and we may look with confidence to such new discoveries here as shall make us less helpless in the face of many nutritional disorders to which, under various causes and names, we are, especially in the earlier years of life, are destined to succumb.

Studies in mental pathology have of late taken a much wider range than was formerly conceivable, and while we may not hope soon, if ever, to reduce mental phenomena to such simple terms as may suffice for the expression of the purely physical, there is

much reason to believe that here also the better insight of to-morrow will be helpful to the sorrowful victims of mental disorder.

In truth, the field of medical research is full of far-reaching and alluring problems, and, happily, there is no dearth of devotees. In quiet corners of our laboratories, in the wards of the hospitals, and in the byways where the stethoscope lingers under the ministrations of their physicians, most earnest attention is turned to every phase of perverted function which may promise light upon the urgent problems of the hour.

The intelligent and liberal endowment of medical research such as is exemplified in the newly established Rockefeller Institute in New York, permitting the co-ordination of various lines of investigation and the concentration of the powers of groups of trained observers upon special problems, is in harmony with the wider horizons to which the science of medicine looks to-day, and full of the promise of practical beneficence.

While thus the outlook is bright for new achievements in the field of technical medical research, the most direct and far-reaching promise of practical benefit to the individual who may aspire to his legitimate allotment of health and life lies in a humbler but a wider field—the field of preventive medicine.

We have long known that by attention to personal hygiene and to sanitation one may be spared many common ailments, and secure the best physical conditions for the enjoyment and prolongation of life. It was not, however, until we had learned the micro-organic origin of infectious diseases, and discovered how they are transmitted from the sick to the well, and how simple are the means by which the infectious agents may be rendered harmless, that it began to dawn upon us that the vast mortality from those communicable maladies and the incalculable suffering which they cause are largely preventable. Thus the term preventive medicine has come to be most frequently, though not exclusively, applied to those practical applications of medical lore by which the communicable infectious diseases may be restricted.

Two factors are necessary in the occurrence of disease: first, the individual with his various and varying susceptibilities; and, second, the inviting conditions or agents.

Without dwelling upon the first of these factors we may assume that those persons who maintain themselves in the best physical condition are, in general, the least susceptible to the incursions of disease-producing microbes, if by ill chance these should gain access to their bodies. Thus, personal hygiene and sanitation have assumed greater significance in the light of our new knowledge of the cause of infectious diseases, and form an important section in the newly formulated discipline of preventive medicine.

If we breathe unclean air, which, in public conveyances, assembly rooms, offices, and homes, is almost universal (if in place of plain nutritious food we stuff our bodies with many strange convolutions; if we will not rest and play enough or will rest and play too much; if fret and worry eat the peace in our daily tasks, we may not hope to resist the strain when the hand of disease shall fall upon us.

So one of the most urgent necessities of the coming years is education in personal hygiene. This knowledge of the ways of healthful living must be systematically and intelligently imparted in the schools. And it should not be perfect, an in any instances it is to-day, to serve the worthy but narrow aims of anti-natalism or anti-tobacco crusade. No college curriculum should be considered adequate which does not secure to the graduate a knowledge of himself and of the plain requirements of sanitation so shall fit him to maintain an fully so may be a healthful physical condition. The first step, then, if we are to enter upon the new promise of preventive medicine is to adopt healthful modes of life and secure healthful plans to live in.

If now we turn to the other of preventive medicine which relates directly to infectious germs, we come upon a curious condition of affairs. Civilized communities have ceased to fear Asiatic cholera very much, because we have learned that it is easily suppressed by proper sanitation. The traditional terrors of the plague are possible only among the filthy in persons and surroundings. Smallpox we do not now seriously dread, because immunity can be secured by a scratch upon the skin. Diphtheria has largely lost its terrors since the discovery of the life-saving antitoxin. Hydrophobia is fully within our control.

But here is it with some of the less dramatic germ diseases which we have always with us, although we have known for many years how they can be largely prevented.

Malaria ravages huge districts because we do not drain the ponds and will not harden our hearts against the mosquito. Typhoid fever claims its victims singly and in whole-sale—more

then thirty thousand die every year in the United States—chiefly because we are not yet ready to see that our sewage is disposed of elsewhere than in our drinking waters.

Tuberculosis, the king of the evils in this danger of death, ends a lingering illness in fully one hundred and fifty thousand persons annually in this country alone. And these multitudes perish prematurely because we do not insist upon the most rigorous requirements of personal hygiene and the simplest details of public and private sanitation.

In fact, our science is far ahead of our practice, and it now rests largely with the people and the health officials whom they select to guard their interests to say whether or not in the next decade we shall enter into our birthright.

It is not difficult to suggest broadly the things which must be done if we are to profit as we may by the promise of preventive medicine. Honest hygiene must be taught in schools and colleges. Public health officers must know more about sanitation than about politics, and there must be educational institutions where their special duties can be learned. An enlightened public sentiment must sustain them in their efforts to promote the general welfare, even though the individual may now and then be inconvenienced.

But when efficiency shall have been secured in the public health administration, a large responsibility will still rest upon the citizen.

He can get clean food, pure water, and unpolluted air by asking for them and insisting that he have them. But he must insist, and he must be vigilant.

It is from human waste that the larger part of the infective dust comes which we should avoid, and it is, most of all, in floating dust that this passes from one to another. If we could gradually wear ourselves, in public places at least, from the carpet, that storehouse of floating filth, sending up unceasing, with every foot-fall, its clouds of often infectious dust to irritate the delicate receptors of our lungs; if we might venture to suggest to the well-meaning but usually wholly uninterested or woefully misinstructed delegates of Hygieia in our cars, offices, theatres, schools, churches, and homes, that dust is to be got rid of, not simply set astir by the feather duster, we could largely reduce those affections of the respiratory organs which are a most serious and a growing menace to our modern life in to-day's society.

In fact, the household régime need be neither complex nor burdensome which amply fulfils the conditions of cleanliness. But the cleanliness which modern sanitation requires cannot be secured without the exercise of informed intelligence.

Finally, it is a little to be deplored that the altruism of to-day does not sanction the maintenance of medieval nobilities into which the splinter in unevenly placed, the trailer of her skirts upon the streets, the ministers in public upon our sidewalks in the private exigencies of their dogs, might all be quietly dropped together.



Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge



Washington and Baron Steuben walking through the Camps at Valley Forge



General Huntingdon's Headquarters

The Saving of

ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, on the eighteenth day of June, the Continental army under General George Washington evacuated its winter camp at Valley Forge, and set forth to begin the career of victories that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

To mark this anniversary, a celebration has been arranged to take place this month on Washington's old camping-ground. Committees composed of leading men and women of the eastern section of Pennsylvania have been appointed to arrange all the details, military and civic, and President Roosevelt and the Governors of the thirteen original States have been invited to take part in the ceremonies.

During the past decade there has been a determined effort on the part of Pennsylvania to atone for the neglect of years, and preserve Valley Forge for the American people as a State or national park. The first step in that direction to produce tangible results was taken in 1878, the one-hundredth anniversary of the evacuation, when a committee of men and women living near Valley Forge, aided by certain patriots, succeeded in raising sufficient

Valley Forge

money to buy and care for the old Buitt mansion, which was used by General Washington as his headquarters. With the headquarters was also secured a small plot of surrounding ground, and this was the beginning of the present park idea. In 1882 the Historical Society of Pennsylvania adopted a resolution, which was presented to Congress the following year, urging that some action be taken to preserve and mark the historic place.

Ten years later, in 1892, through the efforts of Francis M. Breckin, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania created the Valley Forge Commission, and in two sessions the Legislature appropriated \$33,000 to enable the commission to buy land at Valley Forge for a State park. Over two hundred acres were acquired on Mount Joy, comprising that part of the camp on which are still visible the lesser line of intrenchments and the earthworks known as Forts Washington and Huntingdon. This spring the Pennsylvania Legislature appropriated \$74,500 to be used in extending the present park limits, with a view to covering as much as possible of historical ground.



Panoramic View of the Valley Forge Camp as it is to-day. The Camp extended over the Valley from the extreme Right to the extreme Left of this Picture. In the Distance is Joy Mountain





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Dress by James Montgomery Flagg

WHAT SHE DIDN'T DECLARE

The FABLE of The RUSSIAN BEAR

Relating the story of the imprisoned member of the world menagerie who wanted to join the other animals.

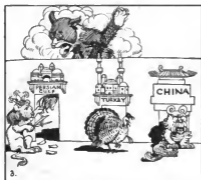
By Albert Levering.



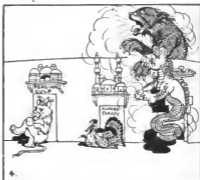
1. This is Peter—yes, Peter the Great. A long while ago he found a bear cub, instead of according to his own principles; but—look! Peter that he may—he put a wall around it in the menagerie, and now the old bear can only get out to lounge in the summer.



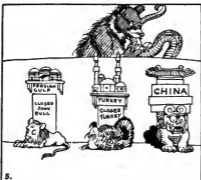
2. Growing hungry, he smelt the first opening offered, which happened to be guarded by an ill-tempered old turkey-peddler. Well, the soldier wasn't glibbed, and the bear got severely pinched. Foolish bear!



3. Gathering hunger drove it to another small opening which it had discovered, through which it cautiously slid a prodigious paw, and drew it back separated from its numerous claws by a very watchful lion. Still the foolish bear.



4. By this time its hunger knew no bounds, and it touched a third opening filled by a dragon. And the dragon did a mighty lot of clawing and biting of everyone, as you may believe, and particularly of the foolish bear.



5. After considerable reflection, for he had grown weary with so many rebuffs, he suddenly began, at the head of the dragon, to devour him, and so the time he was here—



—continued—

Young Women who have done Things

A **SWEEP** paper in an educational journal calls attention to the number of comparatively youthful women who have achieved notable things in their different callings. A class of Arc at nineteen led the array of victorious Financiers; Patti sang in public before she had entered her teens—how many years ago it was that she made her first great triumph it is not for us to say. At twenty Ursu Melaine De Staël accomplished an essay on Rousseau; Jane Austen had completed her lifework at forty-two; and all of the Brontë sisters died before they were forty. When *Franklin* Young's *Robin* appeared, Harriet Beecher Stowe was only thirty-nine, and George Eliot gave Adam Bede to the world at thirty-eight. Miss Grace Lathrop Collins and Thomas Watson, two of the most successful of contemporary novelists, are both considerably under thirty.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCARLET WARMER should always be used for children. It soothes the child, softens the gums, clears the bowels, and is the best remedy for all ailments.—[Advt.]

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If you want to know the time, "ask a policeman." If you want to know where to go for the moment, ask a New York Central Ticket Agent, or send a two-cent stamp in Dublin, Grand Central Station, New York, for a copy of America's Business Receipts.—[Advt.]

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The **Four Track News** for June is fast and of the best number yet issued of its admirable standard of style and education. It costs 5 cents by subscription.—[Advt.]

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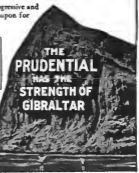
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THE ESCAPE

By
JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

Drawing by George Gibbs



HE paused a moment at the foot of the hill, panting and weak, and aware that his pursuers had come in sight, and the interval was precious for rest. Yet he did not feel his exhaustion fully, until he looked about and a trembling figure against a rock, when every bone and muscle began to ache, and the hot breath, coming in irregular puffs, rasped and burnt like steam drawn through his throat. He strove against the growing weakness, and was sorry that he had paused, merely to give the creeping langueur a chance to overwhelm him; yet he flattered, the strained heart and dizzy brain alike crying out against more exertion; then his sight grew dim, the sunlight suddenly darkened, and he shook in a nervous palpitation as if a chill had seized him. But he was not afraid; he did not feel fear as the ordinary human type would have felt; his emotions were physical, not mental, and with dull anger he roared under his breath the weakness that was overpowering him.

There had been many hazards in the life of Morgan, but never before had he been pressed so hard. If he was not a good and paid-for parson, and now he knew that only kind chance or his fleetness of foot could save him the life that he enjoyed like a strong animal or the primitive man.

He leaped more heavily against the rock and his breath grew a little longer, though the painful opening and shutting of the blood valves was like the thrust of a knife. His clothing was torn into many rags by the briars and bushes through which he had rushed, and red scratches were left by the thorns across his face. One scarlet line led into his mustache, from the black point of which the blood fell slowly, drop by drop, upon his chest.

A little strength returned, and with a certain coolness Morgan began to calculate his chances. He decided that they were much against him, but he had no thought save to carry the race to the final issue. He looked up at the treacherous air, the copper sun, the bleak mountain-side with its silveteen rocks and bushes, and then rising, stretched his sore muscles again. As he did so he saw the tops of the bushes on the far side of the brook quivering, and he knew that if he lagged now it would be at the risk of immediate death. He paused no longer, but bending slightly over in the customary attitude of one who runs for life, and drawing his breath in deep gasps, dashed along the mountain-side. A single shout, a long yell, half a cry, half a hunting call, came from the men behind him, and all the blood flew to Morgan's head. He knew that the Jaegers, with whom the Morgans had been so long at feud, would never cease their pursuit, when chance seemingly had delivered to them the best rifeman of their enemies. The opportunity his, he would not have spared one of them, and he did not expect mercy for himself.

He heard another shout behind him, half a cry of triumph, half a hunting call, and his heart swelled again with the sense of shame, felt before, when he was reminded so forcibly that now he was the hunted, and not, as usual, the hunter. He looked back and saw their heads appearing above the bushes, a dozen men, strong, brown, and wild like himself, nothing modern about them save the repeating rifle of latest pattern which each carried. He perceived clearly that they were gaining upon him. In a few more minutes they would be within range. How he cursed his ill fortune in being surprised without his own rifle, and he felt that perhaps he deserved this mischance for such carelessness!

The men spread out like a fan in order to prevent his turning from a direct course, and recognizing now the futility of such an attempt by him, Morgan kept straight on, drawing his breath with pain, and gasping often as his feet struck against a stone. The shouting of his pursuers ceased, and presently he heard a sharp report like the cracking of a heavy whip, which, taken up by the mountain, echoed through every gully and ravine, until it died away upon the horizon. There was a faint whistling sound, like the buzz of a bee, just his ears, and Morgan knew that the first bullet had missed him only a few inches.

He resorted to a plan of which he had heard many speak, but

which he had never thought himself to use. He began to wheel from right to left and from left to right, following a zig-zag line in order to confuse the aim of his pursuers and avoid the many bullets which he knew would be fired the first. The rifles cracked rapidly and he heard the whizzing of the lead around him, but he was untouched, and, thankful for his agility and presence of mind, he raced on.

His attention was suddenly drawn by the familiar aspect of the ground, and he remembered now that just beyond the little slope stood the cabin of Aaron Jasper himself, the leader of the Jaegers; his sight was taking him directly towards the home of his chief enemy, but he could not turn aside now, and he plunged on up the slope, three or four rifle bullets singing around and near him, telling him for the twentieth time that it was not well to linger.

He reached the crest of the slope, and three before him in the clearing on the other side stood the log cabin of Aaron Jasper—a log broken, only leaning, with its clapnet roof and shattered windows, a light roll of smoke rising from the mud chimney.

At the sight of the cabin a fierce joy drove the despair out of Morgan's heart. The door stood wide open, and in a field a woman, who must be Jasper's wife, was working. What a triumph to see Jasper's own home, at the last moment, as a defence against him! He turned his head and sent to his pursuers a cry of defiance, a shout in which he gave them back their own taunts. Then he dashed straight for the open door, with their bullets pattering around him.

Morgan slammed the door and drew into place the heavy bar that fastened it; then he fell upon the floor and drew his breath in gasps as terrible as a sob. The momentary strength poured into his brain by the reaction from death to life was gone, and the exhausted heart contracted more painfully than ever. For a moment he was blind with weakness and lay prone, his limp fingers fluttering like the fins of a dying fish. Then as his breath came back, and his will with it, he struggled to his feet and looked about him. Over the fireplace, on its accustomed hooks, lay the rifle which he expected. He took it down, his malignant joy swelling when he remembered that he was using not only Jasper's own horse against him, but a rifle of his, too, with plenty of cartridges to supply it, ready on the mantel. Everything—the horse, the rifle, the ammunition—seemed to have been arranged for his benefit, and he was duly and wickedly grateful.

Then he hastened to the single window that the room contained, and, opening the heavy shutter slightly, looked out at his enemies. They had stopped in the edge of a little wood beyond the brook and seemed to be talking. Then he closed the shutter, and, fastening it, looked about him again at the little fortress which had come so opportunely in his way, rejoicing in its strength and its completeness for defence. It was in its construction only an ordinary mountain cabin of stout logs, too thick to be penetrated by any rifle bullet, but the room showed some signs of neatness, though all the articles of furniture were rude and common. He knew that this household order and cleanliness were due to Aaron Jasper's wife. A sun-bonnet of bers hung in a corner, and some prints from illustrated papers were tacked on the walls.

The house, like most of the mountain cabins, had but the single room, but in one corner a small door led to a place that seemed to Morgan to be an alcove or a large closet. He would examine it soon, but for the present he confined himself to the room. He went to the cupboard and found cold meat and bread, which he ate with a appetite increased by the knowledge that he ate food furnished him by his enemy. Then he drank from the water-pail, and shook himself like a great animal as the strength poured back into all his veins and muscles.

The bar that held the door was strong, but far further precautionary he dashed the board against it, and tacked some strips from a quilt, put a double fastening on the window. Then he

(Continued on page 342.)

A Greek Theatre in America

The new operatic theater of the University of California, in which President Roosevelt spoke on May 12 to a large audience of scholars, students, and distinguished citizens of California, is the only structure of the kind in America. It is an interesting fact that the theater is almost exactly similar in its proportions to the famous Theater of Dionysius. As was the custom among the old Greeks, the building stands in a grove of fine trees. Its extreme dimensions are, exclusive of the colonnade, 255 feet in breadth by 194 feet in depth, the stage being thirty-five by one hundred and fifty-four feet in size. The material is concrete, and eight thousand persons can be seated comfortably on the benches. The roof will be of tiles, and the stage will be colored, in accordance with the classic tradition.

Railroad Travel Fifty Years Ago

The recent sesquicentennial of the incorporation of the New York Central Railroad has called forth an interesting letter of reminiscences from a citizen of Lockport, New York, describing railroad travel in the Empire State half a century ago. The writer says:

"We took the cars on State Street, in Albany; these cars were drawn to the city line by horses, for locomotives were not then allowed in the city. The cars were of the ancient pattern, entered by doors on the side, with seats across the car, the passengers facing each other, as in the old-fashioned stage coaches. The speed was tremendous—about twelve miles an hour. Arrived on the ridge opposite Schenectady, our cars were let down an inclined plane, secured to a large rope cable, the other end being attached to flat cars weighted with stone, which were drawn up on a parallel track as we went down. At Schenectady we changed cars and travelled west to Utica, reaching there in the afternoon. That was then the end of railroad travel. A rental-packet was heurled which landed us in Syracuse next morning. There another packet was taken for Rochester, which we reached early the following day. A third packet brought us from Rochester to Lockport in sixteen hours. The time consumed in coming from New York city in Lockport was nearly four days, being on the move all the time, except the night spent at Albany. Not long after, the roads built from Albany westward and from Buffalo eastward met, and a continuous line was formed, but with many changes of cars and other inconveniences. Then the Hudson River Road was opened, and Buffalo and New York became neighbors."

Reclaiming the West

By J. D. Whelpley

To furnish an adequate water-supply to one million acres of fertile land in the arid region of the United States means that an outlet has been provided for at least one million people to seek new homes, create new wealth, to build new towns, to increase the transportation facilities of the country, and to otherwise add to the aggregate strength of the nation.

This is what the United States government has just decided to do. Within a year past a law was enacted by Congress creating an arid-land reclamation fund from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands in the arid States. This fund now amounts to about ten million dollars. For many months past the field parties of the Geological Survey have been actively engaged in all sections of the West, from the British line to the Rio Grande, examining possible sites for great irrigation works. The information these engineers have secured has been brought to Washington, and finally passed upon by Dr. Watson, Chief of the Geological Survey, and Frederick Haynes Newell, the chief engineer of the reclamation bureau.

At the request of the Secretary of the Interior the Geological Survey submitted five enterprises for approval. Reclaiming his im-

(Continued on page 213.)

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(Continued from page 216.)

opened the door of the alcove, passing until his eyes could penetrate the dusk. As the half darkness thinned and he saw, Morgan moved slightly in surprise. Varying emotions expressed themselves on his face, but presently he shut the door softly and went over to the bed. There he lay down, placing the rifle by his side, and laughed long and with extensive enjoyment, a kind of deep, silent laughter, interval, but expressive of the keenest delight.

He rose in a few minutes, and opening the window for the third time, he looked out at his enemies, whom he saw yet under the distant trees. His eyes caught the flutter of a woman's dress, and he supposed that Martha Jasper had joined her husband and his men. If he wanted revenge on her as well as her husband, certainly he could have it. She must be half insane at that moment, and he wondered why she did not cry out and shriek to him for mercy.

He ate a little more of the red food that he had found in the cupboard, drank some water from the pail, and his nerves felt stronger.

He was about to walk to the alcove again, but when half a way across he stopped quite still, every nerve tingling and the blood leaping in his veins.

He heard distinctly a continuous shuffle and rustle like the tread of many feet, and the scrape of an object against the walls. The noise increased.

They seemed to be leaping something against the house. Presently he heard a faint crackle, and a belief, incredible at first, formed itself and gained strength in his mind.

The crackling increased, submerging other sounds, and he knew that the warning of his fears was true.

Jasper and his men had set the house on fire. He was sure of it, he could hear the blaze eating into the wood, and crackling in delight as it leaped from one log to another. He was as helpless as the baby that lay outstretched in its sleep in the alcove. Surely it

was not Martha Jasper whom he had seen in the fields, and perhaps Aaron Jasper did not know!

Yet of three things there could be no doubt—the house was on fire, he was inside it, and so was the child. If he should open the door and rush out, the men waiting under the trees would fire upon him at once, with an aim too good to miss. His sense of utter helplessness made him cry out, and he threw upon the bed the rifle which now seemed so useless.

The fire was increasing fast, and the rush of the flames made a roar that he heard distinctly. Shards of smoke, creeping through invisible crevices between the logs, began to enter the room, and a livid spark coming in with the smoke lay for a moment upon the floor, and then died.

A faint cry from the alcove drew Morgan's attention. He opened the door and looked in. The baby, a boy of two years,

was sitting up, and gazing at him with wide and frightened eyes. Morgan regarded the boy with a kind of malignant triumph, and found a certain pleasure in seeking a resemblance to Aaron Jasper. But as he looked more closely, he saw only the likeness of an child to his mother. She had been a pretty girl. He had never forgotten that. Morgan became troubled.

The flames reached the roof, he could hear the boards crackling, and smoke and sparks were coming down the chimney. The fright of the child increased, and he cried loudly. The smoke, entering the room gathered in the alcove as if something drew it to that corner. A thrill of sympathy passed through the heart of Morgan. He did not like to see one so small suffer; he had been

slightly mistaken in his estimate of himself. He raised the child and took him out of the alcove into an atmosphere which was a little clearer.

The boy cried more loudly, the wild figure of a man adding to his fright, but ceased in a few minutes, and began to show a friendliness that embarrassed and offended Morgan.

He did not want any child of Aaron Jasper's to be making a fuss over him. The boy was holding him by the collar in an attitude that was almost an embrace; he put one of the hands, but the boy seemed not to notice the hostile nature of the act, and put them back.

Morgan did not think it worth while to take so much trouble about a small matter, and let the hands remain.

The smoke crept into the child's eyes and mouth and he began to cough. Morgan found a little water in the pail and made him drink it. The heat in the room was growing intense, and

Morgan wiped the moisture from his face with his coat sleeve. The little boy had become quite pale and his lips were dry; he did not cry again, but, baby though he was, gazed at Morgan with a look so full of appeal and confidence that every

muscle in the wild mountaineer responded. The child must not die; his own life had become a petty thing, and he was ready to sacrifice it for the little form that clung so confidently to him.

He drew his coat over the boy's face and figure, covering him completely, while he hid him in place with his left arm. The flames were running across the roof now, and burning boards fell upon the floor. He lifted the bar and threw the door wide open. A blaze of sunlight, cool, glorious, and dazzling, flashed into his face; then he saw a group of men standing under the trees, with rifles in their hands. Closing the little boy securely in his arms, he ran towards the group, a wild and frightful figure.

Some one levelled a rifle at him, and some one else, who saw the burden in his arms, struck it down. Then he fell fainting at the feet of Aaron Jasper.

But the mount boy, pushing aside the coat, looked up and smiled.



Shards of smoke, creeping through invisible crevices between the logs, began to enter the room.



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ects about which sufficient had already been determined by the Geological Survey to indicate their feasibility. This plan was followed, although the government met serious difficulty in securing a sufficient number of competent engineers familiar with irrigation work.

The five projects selected therefore do not merely represent the investigation of the most few projects, but are projects such the hydrographical bureau of the Geological Survey has had in mind for many years, and the reclamation law is now getting the benefit of work which has been carried on by another branch of the government for many years past in investigating the water-supplies of the United States.

The five projects recommended are considered by the Secretary of the Interior to have reached that point where bids can be called for and other steps can be taken to dispose of preliminary matters. In the mean time all of the public lands which it is proposed to irrigate from these great government constructions have been withdrawn from settlement, and will be reopened only after the water is ready to be used for agricultural purposes, and only under the terms and conditions of the law through which or by which the work is authorized.

The Work to be Done

In Wyoming, the Sweetwater project, as it is called, is one which has attracted attention for many years in the amount of water which can be stored and the amount of land which can consequently be irrigated at a low cost. This Wyoming enterprise involves the construction of a reservoir in the central part of the State on the Sweetwater River, a tributary of the North Platte. This dam will cost about half a million dollars, and the water which can be stored behind it will irrigate about one hundred thousand acres of government land. In Montana it has been decided to build what is known as the St. Mary canal, one of the most interesting irrigation enterprises in the country, owing to the fact that it proposes to divert the waters of one watershed, and turn them through the divide upon another watershed, so that they flow into the Missouri, and eventually into the Gulf of Mexico, instead of pursuing their way northward into the British possessions.

In Montana

The Montana project contemplates the reclamation of land along Milk River, a tributary of the Missouri, by storing the flood waters of that stream, and increasing the water-supply in Milk River by means of the St. Mary Reservoir, which now finds their outlet in the St. Mary River, and flows northward into Canada. This enterprise, if carried out to its ultimate size, will cost perhaps \$2,000,000, and will in time place under cultivation two hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land. This enterprise is unique in the fact that it consists of a chain of canals, leading from river to river, thus concentrating the waters of a very large area of the country into one stream, instead of allowing them to go to waste in numerous rivulets which now dry up at the critical season of the irrigation year.

The Scheme for Nevada

The Nevada project involves the construction of reservoirs lying in whole or in part in the State of California; also the diversion of the waters in the lower courses of the Truckee and Carson rivers upon the broad areas of desert land adjacent to the lakes or sinks of the Carson and Humboldt valleys. The key of the situation is in Lake Tahoe, one of the largest mountain lakes in the United States. Here water can be stored at trifling cost. The bringing of the water through the Truckee River and a high-line canal to the irrigable land involves large expenditures, however, and there is still some doubt as to the best route for their construction. The surveys have progressed sufficiently, however, to determine this project as one of the best which has been under consideration by the government.

The Colorado Project

The Colorado project involves the construction of a tunnel from the Gunnison

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THERE has been of late a lull in the discussion of candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The most recent interchanges upon the subject are those of Colonel Henry Watterson, who has come eastward from Louisville to deliver an address on Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mr. Norman E. Mack, who has been conspicuously associated with the Bryanite wing of the Democratic party in the State of New York. Colonel Watterson still refuses to consider Mr. Cleveland as a possible candidate, and opines that the Democratic nominee will be some one whose name has not yet been mentioned. The veteran editor nodded, however, when he said that the Presidential nomination usually came as a surprise. This was unquestionably true in the case of Hayes, of Garfield, and, we might add, of Harrison in 1888. It was true also of Seymour in 1868, of Hancock in 1880, and of Bryan in 1896. It certainly was not true of Grant, nor of Blaine, nor of Harrison in 1892, nor of McKinley in 1896. Neither was it true of Greeley, nor of Tilden, for both of them were put forward as candidates for more than a year before their nomination. Neither was it true of Cleveland, even in 1884, for he had been recognized as the most available nominee of the Democracy from the moment that he obtained a phenomenal majority for Governor in New York in November, 1882. For our own part, we deem it exceedingly improbable that the Democratic nomination will go to any one whose name has not been a good deal discussed. That is to say, it now looks as if the nominee of the Democratic party would be taken from the short list which includes Cleveland, Olney, Gorman, Judge Parker, and Judge Gray. Mr. Norman E. Mack, in his long published letter, makes it perfectly plain that, if he is qualified to speak for the friends of Mr. Bryan in the State of New York—and his qualification so to speak has not been hitherto denied—they are willing to sacrifice their personal preferences for the sake of party harmony, and would support a conservative Democrat. Mr. Mack does not even insist that the nominee of the party in 1904 must have voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. He recognizes that such a demand might have the effect of excluding some of the most desirable candidates. Mr. Bryan himself would not oppose the re-admission of those who have strayed from the party fold, but he thinks that they ought to sit on the stool of repentance for a while, and content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the Democratic table. Mr. Mack, on the contrary, would regale them with the fatted calf. Our own impression is that

it would be unwise and impracticable to attempt to relegate to back seats many of the men who felt constrained temporarily to leave the Democratic party in 1896 and 1900. Of some of them, at least, it may be said that where Macgregor sits is the head of the table.

The attention of politicians has been fixed on the Republican State convention of Ohio. Would that body follow the example of Republican conventions in some other States and pledge to Mr. Roosevelt Ohio's delegation in the next Republican national convention? Senator Hanna thought that the question should be answered in the negative, and assigned some plausible reasons for his opinion. He pointed out that this year the Ohio convention is convoked for the sole purpose of nominating a State ticket, and that it ought not to assume the prerogative of the convention which is to be chosen in 1904, and the specific function of which will be to express the preference of the State for a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Hanna denied that, in arriving at this conclusion, he has been influenced in the slightest degree by any ambition of his own, having declared both privately and publicly that he himself is not and will not be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It could not be taken for granted, however, he said, that Mr. Roosevelt would be the only candidate before the national convention of his party, and Mr. Hanna should not be forced to give offense to Mr. Roosevelt's rivals by committing Ohio to the support of the President a year in advance. As Chairman of the Republican national committee, it was Mr. Hanna's duty, we were told, to maintain an impartial attitude toward the several candidates, and he had strong personal reasons for conciliating every element in his party, because the Legislature to be chosen this autumn would exercise some influence on Mr. Hanna's re-election to the Senate. All this is true enough, and if the expediency of endorsing Mr. Roosevelt had not been mooted and widely discussed, not much significance might have been attached to Ohio's failure to go beyond a perfunctory approval of the present Administration. As it was, however, Senator Foraker having proclaimed a determination to secure an unequivocal endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, Mr. Hanna found himself unable to oppose that determination without taking a more decided stand in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt than he cared to assume. On May 26 he gave out this statement: "I am in receipt of a telegram from President Roosevelt which indicates to me his desire to have the endorsement of the Ohio Republican State convention of his Administration and candidacy. In view of this I shall not oppose such action by the convention, and I have telegraphed the President to that effect."

The prospect that the endorsement of his candidacy for a second term of the Presidency would be opposed in the Ohio Republican convention elicited two interesting statements from Mr. Roosevelt. He disclaimed having had anything to do with raising the question of his endorsement, but he recognized that, sooner or later, it was bound to arise. Inasmuch as it has now arisen, those who favor his Administration and his nomination will, of course, he says, endorse, and those who do not favor him will oppose such an endorsement. It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt thus to take the bull by the horns. He also seems to have forced the fighting at a dinner in Tacoma, when a number of United States Senators betrayed a disposition to criticize the independence of Senatorial wishes exhibited in the distribution of Executive patronage. Far from intimating in a conciliatory way that there might be a chance in that particular, the President is reported to have said that, while he would like to be President again, he would far rather be a whole President for three years than half of a President for seven years. That is the true Jacksonian spirit, and

nothing is more certain to delight the voting rank and file; but whether it will commend itself to the engineers of the machine by which delegates are selected is a different question. Scarcely had this intimation been reported when a well-informed New York newspaper announced that at least twenty New York delegates to the next Republican national convention would oppose Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. It is admitted that Mr. Roosevelt will get the rest of the delegates from his native State, provided Senator Platt and Senator Quay, who are expected to co-operate in the convention, shall maintain their present attitude of friendliness toward the President. These two Senators combined in 1900 to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency, in order to prevent him from becoming a candidate for the Governorship of New York. They were vehemently opposed at the time by their old coadjutor Senator Hanna, and they never would have taken the course they did had they supposed it possible that Mr. Roosevelt would become President. If these are the men on whom Mr. Roosevelt mainly relies for success in the next Republican national convention, he may find himself leaning on broken reeds. The truth is that, with the exception of the two Senators just named, all of the veteran wire-pullers are believed to be opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. For the moment, it seems probable, however, that he will win in spite of them.

Complete failure has attended the attempts of Postmaster-General Payne to stifle the scandals which have been exposed in the Post-office Department and in the Washington city post-office. He has, to be sure, secured what seems to be a technical defence to some of the charges made by Mr. Seymour Tulloch, former cashier of the local post-office in Washington. Mr. Trecewell, Comptroller of the Treasury, says that Mr. Tulloch is mistaken in asserting that any conversation took place between them, and Auditor Castle points out that, as a mere accounting officer, he was obliged to trust to the scrutiny of department officials, and could not possibly know in each case whether service was actually performed or not. Nobody has charged Auditor Castle with personal responsibility for the enrolment of men and women who performed no services. The fact that men and women were placed upon the pay-roll with the understanding that they should give no services is not denied. There is reason to believe that all the important allegations of corruption made by Mr. Tulloch will be confirmed by the report which Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow—the name is of good augury—is expected soon to make. It is believed that Mr. Bristow will bring home to Machen, Beavers, Tyner, and their accomplices the guilt of running the Post-office Department for the benefit of those directly in charge of the free-delivery service, and of those members of Congress who were willing to make unheeded appropriations for this branch of the Post-office Department.

Thanks to the independent press, it has proved impossible to carry out the original intention, which was to shield the guilty parties, and to deny the existence of any corruption in the postal service. Tyner, the Attorney-General for the department, has been summarily removed, Beavers has been allowed to resign, Machen has been suspended, and a fourth official, Daniel V. Miller, has been arrested for accepting a bribe. There is a rumor that, when President Roosevelt returns to Washington, an effort will be made by Postmaster-General Payne to secure the removal of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, First Assistant Postmaster-General, on the ground that the latter has not erined the proper *esprit de corps*, and has given information to newspaper men who have desired to learn the inside facts about the management of the Post-office Department. It is not rebuke, but sympathy and support, that Mr. Wynne deserves, if he believes it to be the duty of the Federal government to punish embezzlement and to "turn the rascals out." Mr. Roosevelt did well to retain in office the good men appointed by Mr. McKinley; but he would not honor his predecessor's memory by shielding the unfit. He should treat them as Mr. McKinley would have done—relegate them promptly to private life, if not to the penitentiary. If a choice must be made between Postmaster-General Payne and First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne, we opine that the latter will not be the first to go.

The dismissal of General von Raaben, the governor of Bessarabia, for failing to use the force at his command to avert

the massacre of the Jews in Kishinef may be followed by the removal of Mr. W. K. von Plehwe from the Ministry of the Interior. That is what should be done if the published letter said to have been addressed by Mr. von Plehwe to General von Raaben is authentic. A more flagrant example of the disingenuousness "Don't put him under the pump" injunction has been seldom seen. In this letter, the authenticity of which has not been contradicted, the Minister tells the governor that anti-Semitic movements are apprehended in the latter's province, and that he should endeavor to discourage them by exhortation, refraining, however, from the use of physical force. That is precisely what the governor did. He issued some perfunctory proclamations, but, although he had troops enough at his disposal to stifle the riot in the germ, he allowed the massacre to continue for three days. Under the circumstances the dismissal of Mr. von Plehwe would seem unavoidable if the Czar desires wholly to absolve himself from responsibility for a crime against civilization. Hitherto Nicholas II. has been regarded as a man altogether too enlightened and high-minded to share the anti-Semitic prejudices exhibited by many of his subjects. It was a Jew, we should remember, who led the Czar to convolve the Peace Conference, by convincing him that the existing colossal armaments would ultimately cause economic ruin.

In view of the severe rebuke administered by the Russian government to the governor of Bessarabia, and of the dismissal which may be impending over the Minister of the Interior, sobriety and foresight were evinced in the circular signed by President Leo N. Levi, and issued by the executive committee of the Jewish Society of B'nai B'rith. This circular points out that it is neither fair nor wise to execrate the government of Russia because of the murderous brutality of a frenzied mob, and suggests that an appeal for justice should not be coupled with denunciations. Let us say nothing, says Mr. Levi, that will cut us off from the right to make a dignified and manly appeal in the name of humanity to the dignity and manhood of the Czar. There is reason to believe that an appeal couched in such a spirit would receive the earnest endorsement of our State Department, because there is ground for expecting that the massacre at Kishinef will cause a large emigration of Jews from Bessarabia to the United States, and thus supply us with the technical ground for reconstruction of which we availed ourselves, not only in the case of Rumania, but also in the case of Russia herself, when a ukase was issued confining the Jews within specific boundaries in the western section of the empire. Russia has hitherto had our friendship because she earned it in our civil war. If she desires to keep it, however, she must requitate by deeds as well as words responsibility for the atrocities of which the Jews have been victims.

According to the latest news from Washington, the negotiations at Peking for a treaty of commerce between the United States and China have been resumed, the opposition attributed to the Russian *chargé d'affaires* having been, to a considerable extent, abated. It now appears that our commissioner was originally instructed to ask, not for two, but for three additional treaty ports in Manchuria. We shall have to content ourselves, it is said, with our besides Newchwang, and, according to a report from Washington, our choice is to fall on a port at the mouth of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. Mr. McCormick, our ambassador at St. Petersburg, who is on his way home for a vacation, has been interviewed in London, and expressed the utmost confidence in the sincerity of Russia's promise to maintain the open door throughout Manchuria. That is to say, the manufacturers of the United States will have free access through Newchwang, Dulny, and the new treaty port on the Yalu River, and, of course, whatever concession is made to us will be enjoyed by other countries the treaties of which with China contain the most-favored-nation clause. We have previously expressed the opinion that, when Mr. Loser, the Czar's minister at Peking, should return from St. Petersburg, it would be found that Russia has had no intention of interfering with our treaty rights in Manchuria.

We learn from Ambassador McCormick that Mr. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, is a firm advocate of the open door, recognizing that for the Siberian Railway

to be a success, it must get freight in large quantities which Russia herself cannot supply. The attempt made in certain quarters to precipitate us into an anti-Russian combination with Great Britain and Japan was foredoomed to failure, because we have a man of common sense at the head of our State Department. Before we renounce our traditional policy of avoiding foreign complications, we shall have to see our national interests threatened in a more vital point than they are ever likely to be by Russia in the Far East. Our manufacturers of cotton cloths can depend upon finding a much wider market for their products in the three provinces that compose Manchuria, so long as order is maintained by the Czar's soldiers on the principal trade routes than they have found amid the state of anarchy which inevitably would have followed the expulsion of the Russians. On this point Secretary Hay seems to have had no doubt from the outset, and he has, therefore, paid no heed to the clamor of certain newspapers, which, on the pretext that our trade was in danger, strove to drive him into the arms of Japan. We quite understand why the Japanese would like to see the Russians driven from Manchuria, but our interests are by no means identical with theirs.

The success of the fusion candidate for Mayor of New York city continues to seem more probable than it did some months ago. On the one hand, William S. Devory, of malodorous reputation, has decided to be a candidate for the Mayoralty, and has thus introduced a serio-comic element in the situation. To the onlooker the incident is a comic one, but for Tammany Hall it is not devoid of seriousness, for Devory is likely to get a good many votes in his own district which, but for his interposition, would fall to the Tammany nominee. On the other hand, a great many German-American associations in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn have pledged themselves to support the Fusion candidate, whoever he may be, and it is due, doubtless to these demonstrations that Mr. Herman Kilder, of the G. A. R. U., or German-American Reform Union, has abated somewhat his opposition to a renomination of Mayor Low. A similar change of feeling on the part of native-Americans is indicated by the sermon preached on Sunday, May 24, by Dr. Parkhurst, who did not hesitate some time ago to criticize the Low administration with a good deal of acerbity. He now recants, and deprecates the existing indifference to the outcome of the next Mayoralty campaign, an indifference which he attributes to an exaggerated appreciation of what the present administration has failed to do, and the greatly inadequate appreciation of what it has accomplished. He admits it to be outrageously unfair that a single shortcoming on the part of an administration should bulk larger in the popular mind than the ninety-nine good things that it performs.

Dr. Parkhurst found a great deal to praise in the work of the city departments. He pointed out, for instance, that the Tammany Health Commissioner paid five cents a pound for slum which the present commissioner pays for two cents a pound. Recalling the fact that in 1901 the meat furnished the Department of Charities cost the city \$35,000 more than it would had the contract been given to the lowest instead of the highest bidder, he showed that Tammany charged more for treating paupers like cattle than the Low administration charges for treating them like human beings. He reminded his auditors that prostitution has to a large extent been banished from tenement-houses, and that in the present Tenement-House Commission, tenants have found a stronghold of protection and a trusted court of appeals. He admitted that the regeneration of the police force could scarcely be said to have begun before the opening of the present year, but he insisted that under General Greene, it had been prosecuted with amazing energy. He denounced the majority of the higher police officials, from inspectors down, as irredeemable, and he regarded the dismissal of four inspectors and thirty-eight captains within less than five months as a record to be proud of. In view of what has been already accomplished, and what might be confidently hoped for if Tammany could be kept out of power for two or four years more, Dr. Parkhurst earnestly urged the friends of honest municipal government to rely to the support of the Fusion candidate next November.

The numerous lockouts that have recently occurred and the rapidly increasing tendency of manufacturers to combine for mutual protection against the demands of labor are phe-

nomens of grave significance. The refusal of labor-unionists to recognize a community of interest between employers and employed, and the incessant exaction of higher wages without reference to the prices obtainable in the market for the commodities produced, have provoked counter measures on the part of capitalists engaged in manufacturing, who foresee the necessity of preparing betimes for a period of industrial depression. According to the statistics collected by the commercial agencies, the market values of textiles have suffered a material shrinkage during the last few months, and, in despite of the large purchases of pig-iron which continue to be made for the United States Steel Corporation, the price of that commodity is lower by \$3 50 per ton than it was a short time ago. Suppose the price of pig-iron should drop to the level at which it stood about a decade since—\$10 50 per ton—would it be possible for the manufacturers of that product to pay their workmen the same wages that the latter have been receiving during the last year? Every reasonable onlooker would answer the question in the negative, yet, as experience has shown, nothing is more certain than that the iron-workers would strike at the first attempt to reduce their wages. Under the circumstances, manufacturers of pig-iron could not be blamed if they entered upon a concerted lockout, and kept their works closed until an improvement in the market and a concession in respect of wages should render it possible to manufacture without a loss.

Labor-unionists should listen to the wise advice given them in Chicago on Monday, May 25, by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, who, it will be remembered, appeared as the legal champion of the union mine-workers before the coal-strike commission. He warned them that one of the chief perils to which trade-unions are exposed is the disposition of their members to consider solely the question of wages, and to give no heed to other considerations upon which not only the prosperity but the existence of a given industry depends. He pointed out that at all times and seasons they rely upon their numerical strength to enforce compliance with their demands, forgetting that it is impossible for an employer to compel the community to buy his products, and that it is equally impossible to compel him to go on producing at a loss. Mr. Darrow further admonished his auditors that the impossibilities which they refused to recognize were perfectly patent to outsiders, and that, consequently, unreasonable demands, missing the support of public opinion, must prove abortive. Mr. Darrow's advice was opportune because, if the observations of political economists can be trusted, a period of industrial depression recurs once in about ten years, and it may be that such a period is not now very distant.

The objects of the new Building-Trades Employers' Association in New York, as set forth in its constitution, are: "To foster the interest of those engaged in the erection and construction of buildings and other structures; to reform abuses relating to the business of persons so engaged; to secure freedom from unjust and unlawful exactions; to obtain and diffuse accurate and reliable information as to all matters affecting such persons; to procure uniformity, harmony, and certainty in the relations existing between employers, employees, mechanics, and laborers, and in all lawful ways to promote and protect the business interests of the members of this association; but there is no intention nor shall there be any action on the part of this association to control or in any way deal with prices or restrict competition." At this writing twenty-eight out of thirty-five branches of the building industry are represented in the new association. Each of these branches will have three representatives in the Board of Governors, and the governors will have power of the association to decide all controversies between the members of the association and their employees, to determine and regulate the conduct of the members of the association in such controversies, and to decide all disputes and disagreements arising between employers' associations and employees' organizations. The course of this new association will be followed with great interest. It seems to be a defensive league, which the thorough organization of workmen, represented by the Board of Building Trades, had rendered indispensably necessary. The Board of Building Trades had become far too strong for individual builders to deal with. Its orders, reasonable or not, had to be obeyed. A counter organization had to be formed. The new

league does not oppose the unions as such. It simply confronts organization with organization. Out of it should come, and we trust will come, a better understanding between employers and workmen, fewer disputes, and a much readier and more just settlement of those that happen.

In the United States neither employers nor labor-unionists have hitherto seemed disposed to accept compulsory arbitration as a remedy for strikes and lockouts. Both employers and employed, however, may change their minds if the experiment should be made by our Canadian neighbors and should prove successful. A bill has been introduced in the Ontario Legislature for the establishment of a permanent official board of conciliation and arbitration. A noteworthy feature of the bill is the provision that, after the Board shall have investigated a labor dispute and given an award, the decision shall be binding upon both parties to the contest for two years, though after one year it may be voided by either contestant giving the other sixty days' notice. The penalty for the non-observance of the award is a fine of \$500 in the case of an employer, and of \$50 in that of an employee. A somewhat similar proposal has been laid, by the Minister of Labor, before the Dominion Parliament. We have not before us the text of either project, but from the outlines that we have seen we infer that both bills are modelled on the New Zealand statute which has been operative since the beginning of 1905. Under that law the colony was divided into districts, in each of which a local board of conciliation might, if petitioned for, be set up, on which masters and men should be equally represented, with an impartial chairman. At the request of any party to an industrial dispute, the District Board of Conciliation was empowered to hear, examine, and award. As soon as a dispute stood referred to a board, anything in the nature of striking or locking out was forbidden. The award of a board of conciliation, however, was not to be enforceable by law, but only a friendly recommendation to the disputants. Yet, in case these, or any of them, refused to accept the recommendation, any party might appeal to a Court of Arbitration, a tribunal consisting of a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting as president, with two assessors, one selected by associations of employers, the other by federations of trade-unions. The court's award was to be given by a majority of its members, and it rested with them to say whether it should have the force of law, or merely be of the nature of good advice. If it was to have legal force, it was to be filed in the Supreme Court, after which any party to it could by leave of the judge get an order exacting a penalty for breach of it. The penalty was not to exceed five hundred pounds in the case of any individual employer or trade-union. Should a union's funds be insufficient, each member was to be liable to the extent of not more than £10. Under the New Zealand act, as first passed, the award might not have force for longer than two years. But the currency of award has since been extended to three years, and even thereafter a decision will continue in force until one of the parties applies to the court for a revision. It is admitted on all hands that, until very recently, the New Zealand statute has worked well, but some signs of dissatisfaction are now observed.

When these lines meet the reader's eye, the Supreme Court of the United States will have decided whether, before its adjournment for the summer, it will hear arguments on the appeal from the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case, or whether the hearing shall be deferred until October. Even in the latter event, there is no doubt that the Court will pay due deference to the law expediting such cases which was passed by the last Congress, and will render judgment as promptly as possible. Meanwhile, of course, all the schemes of railway consolidation which were projected some months ago remain in abeyance. The opinion still prevails that the decision rendered by the Circuit Court of Appeals will be sustained by the highest tribunal, and by a majority larger than that—five to four—that concurred in the judgment which the lower court felt itself constrained to follow. There is, apparently, no reason to suppose that the campaign begun by the attack on the Northern Securities Company will be continued by Attorney-General Knox until the United States Supreme Court shall have made a definite pronouncement. The respite brings but little comfort, however, to those who have scrutinized the text of the

decision rendered by the Circuit Court of Appeals. If that decision be affirmed *in toto*, there seems to be no possible means of checking competition between two or more railways originally intended to be competitive, except by modifying the provisions of the anti-trust act of 1890.

It will prove, however, extremely difficult to amend that law—especially on the eve of a Presidential election. It is certain that Democratic Representatives and Senators will not vote to make the statute a less efficient instrument against the trusts than it has proved to be, and Mr. Roosevelt would stultify himself if without protest he permitted his own party to emasculate a law which a year ago he was inclined to regard as inadequate. The fate of the anti-trust act has certainly been extraordinary. For twelve years it remained on the statute-books virtually inoperative. It was looked upon as a scarecrow to which nobody need pay serious attention. The interpretation of it by the United States Supreme Court on which the Circuit Court of Appeals based its own judgment in the Northern Securities case was perfectly known to the veteran lawyers who were consulted by the organizers of the Northern Securities Company. Nevertheless, they failed to perceive the bearings of that decision on the scheme by which Messrs. Hill and Harriman proposed to accommodate the conflicting interests of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. The fact justifies the conclusion expressed by us the other day that very few counsel in the United States are competent to give a thoroughly trustworthy opinion on questions of constitutional law.

The telegrams from Bogota are vague, but the inference seems on the whole well founded that the outcome of the recent ministerial crisis is not unfavorable to the approval of the Panama Canal treaty. The outgoing Minister of the Interior, or, to give him his official title, Minister of Government, was at one time supposed to be a friend of the treaty, but his opposition to a revival of martial law was not a favorable sign. The Constitution of Colombia provides that when martial law has been proclaimed the President is invested with unlimited powers, and is qualified to give by his own signature validity to a treaty which otherwise would require the assent of Congress. The advocates of the treaty have always counted on the exercise of this prerogative by President Marroquin in the last resort. Apparently he would be sustained in such a proceeding by General Pinto, the new Minister of Government, who, as a representative of Cauca, a department which would derive exceptional benefit from the canal, may reasonably be expected to desire a ratification of the treaty. The cupiditas of Colombian politicians has naturally been excited by the ten million dollars in gold which our government is to pay to President Marroquin on the exchange of ratifications, and it is aggravated by the worthlessness of the existing Colombian currency.

That is not the only source, however, from which they have hoped to extract some pecuniary return for the concession made to the United States. They have counted upon obtaining in one way or another a share of the forty million dollars which we are to pay the French Canal Company for its plant and franchise. Not, of course, that the officers of the company would be permitted by the French courts to expend any part of the purchase-money in bribes given to members of the Colombian Congress. That would not be the *modus operandi*. Certain French bankers who hold large blocks of the company's securities, and who would regard these as worthless unless the sale of the company's assets to the United States can be effected, would probably be willing to make considerable sacrifices to secure a ratification of the treaty. Their agents in Bogota are reported to be unusually active at the present time. The fate of the treaty will be known before many weeks are over. The Congress has been convoked in special session for the express purpose of voting on the treaty; and if President Marroquin finds it impossible to satisfy the demands of the blackmailers, he may prostrate the Congress, and proclaiming martial law, proceed to ratify the treaty by virtue of the extraordinary powers with which he would be then invested. He is, doubtless, by this time convinced that we will never pay a penny beyond the ten million dollars offered, and that if the offer be rejected, he will get nothing. We should fall back on the Nicaragua route, or wait

until the State of Panama should have declared its independence of the Colombian Confederation, to which it has played the part of a milch cow for many years.

Premier Combes begins to emerge from the storm-clouds gathered by his campaign against the clerical associations, and we learn that the Chateaufort and Benedictine factories are once more at work, in new premises, but under the old trademarks. When the French parliament reassembled the other day, M. Combes was made the target for the slings and arrows of two opposed factions, the Socialists, who wish to go much farther than the Ministry, and the Clericals, who oppose everything M. Combes has done, and attack his whole policy and that of his predecessor, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The Socialists have lost no opportunity for provoking anti-religious riots, not even stopping short at the doors of churches; their aim is to stir up sufficient trouble to bring about a denunciation of the concordat, and finally to dissolve the bonds between church and state, which they hold to be anomalous and anachronistic in republican France. The Clericals found themselves, to their great astonishment, in temporary alliance with the Socialists, but even this alliance of Pegazus and the plough-horse was unable to disturb the comfortable majority which is M. Combes' legacy from his predecessor. It is very gratifying to find that all the sound and fury attending this most acrimonious campaign has not disturbed the security of the French Ministry, and that the fine precedent set by the stable and orderly Waldeck-Rousseau régime bids fair to be followed. It is amusing to find an enthusiastic Frenchman following up the crusade of our Mr. Roosevelt against race suicide by proposing that a belle France should establish an order of merit for maternity. M. Piot has warmly advocated this idea in a letter to M. Combes, and promises soon to bring the matter before the Chamber.

For two reasons the United States are deeply interested in the outcome of the stand taken by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in favor of protection. There is no longer any doubt that Mr. Chamberlain, if he were Premier, would not only impose the registration fee on grain and flour which Mr. Ritchie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposes to abolish, but would levy such an additional duty on imported breadstuffs as would permit of giving the food products of British colonies a preference of at least one shilling per quarter over similar commodities imported from foreign countries. Such a preference would undoubtedly stimulate wheat-growing in the north-western provinces of the Dominion, and, if the preference could be maintained for a considerable number of years, those provinces might oust us from the position of principal purveyors of grain and flour to the United Kingdom. It is idle to deny that our farmers would be seriously injured by the loss of their best customer for their surplus breadstuffs. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Chamberlain's advocacy of a protectionist programme has a direct bearing on our national interests. The other reason is that, if Mr. Chamberlain fails to secure the adoption of a protectionist policy by the present Unionist majority of the House of Commons, or by the British people at the ballot-box, the tariff arrangements of the Dominion are likely to be changed to our advantage. Once let the Canadians learn that they have no hope of gaining any discrimination in their favor in the British market, and they are likely to abolish the preference of 33 1/3 per cent. which they are now giving to British manufacturers. Moreover, they will recognize that, in seeking an imperial sovereignty, they have been following a will-o'-the-wisp, and that their only chance of prosperity lies in commercial or political union with the United States. It will be remembered that Canadian Liberals formerly put commercial union with their American neighbors in the foreground of their party programme, until they were encouraged to believe that they might obtain an outlet for their surplus food products in Great Britain.

Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn says that the country is suffering from a reaction on the negro question. He is right, in a measure, as to that. There has been a gradual modification of the views of many dispassionate observers as to the wisdom of universal negro suffrage. Some of these moderate men have spoken out their modified opinions, and that has encouraged divers exultations of obstreperousness from various of the injudicious. The silly endorsement of the golden

chambermaid of Indianapolis is an instance of a prevailing exuberance of anti-negro demonstration. So Dr. Hillis feels that it is a proper time to speak out for the under dog, and he has spoken in a way that is creditable to his feelings. But unless the newspapers have quoted him inaccurately he has been careless in his assertions. If he said in a sermon on May 17, as reported, that Dr. Abbott and Mr. Cleveland had affirmed that the negro is "ignorant, vicious, and unworthy," and closed the door of hope in his face, he made a surprising misstatement. He has said: "If the universal suffrage is wrong, then . . . the million soldiers who gave their lives for liberty spilled their blood in the interest of folly and superstition." But, really, that is very loose talk. The civil-war soldiers didn't die for universal negro suffrage, and Dr. Hillis must know it. "Young men," he cries, "accept no leader who discredits the Declaration of Independence, who wants to revise Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln, and the Fifteenth Amendment," but the Fifteenth Amendment might be revised, if that should ever seem expedient, without revising any of the four statesmen he has named in any particular.

In a later sermon he quotes Dr. Beecher as declaring, in 1858, "that the poorest government of an ignorant man who governs himself is better than the best government that is imposed upon him from without." That is apt to be true, Haiti and Venezuela to the contrary notwithstanding. Anyhow, the negro and carpet-bagger government that was imposed from without upon the South was a great deal worse than the government which the Southerners, ignorant as many of them are, have been able to provide for themselves since carpet-baggerism broke down. The Southern States must govern themselves for better or worse. There is no help for it except war, and if there was practical help for it, we still come back to Mr. Beecher's declaration that the poorest government of an ignorant man who governs himself is better than the best government that is imposed upon him from without. Neither by declamation nor by reflection can we avoid the conclusion reached by thousands of observers, and well expressed by Mr. Cleveland, that "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it." There are plenty of blatherskites in the South, but there are very many good and wise people there. Conscience is almost as much alive in the South as it is in Brooklyn, and it is to the Southern conscience that we must chiefly trust for fair dealing and help for the Southern negroes.

England, having enriched the vocabulary of the world by the great name of Gentleman, has now increased the obligation by a judicial definition; or, to speak by the card, by a judicial declaration approaching a definition. In a certain case tried in London the other day, the counsel for the plaintiff objected to a certain letter, because it described a house-painter as "a gentleman." This objection obviously called for a ruling by the bench. The bench began by stating that, in the view of the Heriolds' College, no man was a gentleman unless his grandfather, father, or the man himself was entitled to bear arms, or, to speak in modern fashion, possessed armorial bearings. In mitigation of the rigor of this ruling, which would, of course, have barred the house-painter, the bench pointed out that the jury would observe that not only the counsel on both sides, but even the bench itself, had addressed them as gentlemen; and further, the bench opined that such of them as were possessed of votes were invariably greeted with the title of gentlemen, at least at political meetings, where there was a question of disposing of the said votes. The learned judge then went on the other tack by pointing out that, while the house-painter had, it was true, a card, nevertheless a card was not the same thing as a coat of arms; yet, said the judge, the good painter has at least one characteristic which is thought invariably to be the mark of a gentleman, namely the gout. If any one, after reading the above ruling, is still in doubt as to what a gentleman is, then there is no virtue in law. Let it be recorded that the legal lunary bears the fascinating name of Justice Darling.

To the record of international compliments we have this week to add two, one coming from an Englishman of high distinction, and the other from one of those wealthy American girls who married into the British peerage. The distinguished Englishman is Mr. Aubrey Herbert, cousin to the

British Ambassador, and military attaché to the British embassy during the civil war. He declares in a style altogether dihymanic that the mad, blind struggle for the dollar, with no thought for the higher life, is ruining this country; that the hearts of our men are hard as the rocks that underlie New York; that our great American school-system is criminal to the future; that we teach our children to forget God and worship the dollar; that whatever is unwholesome in our national system, is strengthened and promulgated by our schools, instead of being eradicated by them. The minds of the sons of the many nations that go to make up his nation want, our critic tells us, more than a set, goddess curriculum; great moral impulses are the most important things in the world, and these cannot be strengthened or abetted in a school system where God is not even invited. Where the national system restricts national growth, schools of many denominations and sects, presenting differences of thought, would bring out future sterling national traits, and would not tend to alter the tendency of the race, which is towards nobility of soul.

The American press writes: "I am the wife of a British peer. My father's money was honestly made, by a man with brains and not by a man with a grandfater. It made a vast difference in this Anglo-American contract, if you will so have it. Let us strike a balance, and see who got the better of the bargain. My husband gave a peerage, a bad reputation, and an encumbered estate, shady friends, endless debts, and a broken constitution. I gave a fortune, good health, good looks, revived prosperity and happiness!" These burning words were drawn forth by an English tirade against all American girls who have married into titled British families, and which accused them of vanity, ostentation, spendthrift tendencies, and heaven knows what, besides. One sentence in this procreant letter is worth reprinting. Railing against the American press, the other lady says: "I accuse her of introducing the spick-like decadence of New York society, where extravagance is distinction, display is nobility, and notoriety the ideal to aim at and any amount more, to the same effect. It is clear that two good ladies born on opposite sides of the great waters are using the public press to continue a private quarrel. The whole thing reminds one of the picture of the two "beats" in Huck Finn, which bears the suggestive title: "Jawing."

The Paris-Madrid automobile race turned out to be a monstrous exhibition that left a wall of dismay behind it. It is 800 miles from Paris to Madrid. Two hundred automobiles started on May 24 to race that distance, stopping at Bordeaux which is 343 miles on the way. So many desperate accidents happened that the government ordered the race stopped, but more than half the contestants completed the first stage to Bordeaux. The winner got there in five hours and thirteen minutes, an average speed of sixty-two miles an hour. The speed of some of the contestants went as high in some places as the rate of eighty-eight miles an hour. The price of these exploits was high. Four cars were overturned with dreadful results. A number of persons were run over. Besides minor accidents and injuries, eight persons were killed and as many more seriously injured. These shocking results stamp the race as preposterous, and will doubtless prevent another of the same kind. The peril of driving these huge cars over highways at a speed of a mile a minute or more is obvious to all but lunatics, and obviously a course 800 miles long could not be so policed as to make spectators safe. If there must be motor races, they must be on race courses expressly built for the purpose. An international road race in Ireland has been planned for July 2, but three the course will be but ninety-three miles long, there will be but twelve contestants, and seven thousand men will guard the course. Possibly, in view of the horrors of the French race, this Irish race will be given up. Automobile-racing under the most favorable circumstances seems inexpedient. A spice of danger is an essential element in good sport, but racing the big automobiles is too infernally dangerous to be sporty. Risks so great are only warrantable for purposes of a gravity commensurate with them. Sport does not excuse them.

The "race suicide" question, so vigorously brought into the forefront of public concern in the early part of the year by the President's pronouncement, has had quite a long inning and its topical interest is still far from being exhausted. In

the June *North American Review*, one "Paterfamilias," a gentleman who has "for many years been laboring privately and publicly in the interest of many kinds of social reform" takes up what he considers to be the common-sense end of the argument and says "some plain things because they need to be said." He protests that the logical deduction from the President's expressions on the subject, in his famous prefatory letter, and in letters to begetters of large families, is that "the nearer Americans approach the physical status of rabbits the more patriotic they become." His own view is that "we need better citizens, not more of them," and he sees no reason "for a man bringing into the world a larger number of children than he is able to care for," which practice, he contends, means death for some and a state of social degeneracy for the rest. With frankness and, it must be said, some courage, he denies "that the sexual relation is a function designed solely for the propagation of the human race," averring that this theory is a mere assumption and that it is contrary to human experience. He denies, too, that marriage is solely an institution for the promotion of self-sacrifice and the unlimited propagation of children and misery. In short, he believes that the present generation is entitled to a goodly share of well-being and happiness, and that its claim to them should not be made completely subservient to the claims of the next generation. The change in the economic condition of women which has come about is a large factor in the diminution of the numerical size of families. "The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life," says the writer. "Why shouldn't they?" he asks. Why, indeed! will be the answer of many women and some men.

The first McKinley campaign seems like ancient history now. It was long, long ago, before the Spanish war; long before the great boom in stocks and the making of the Steel Trust, the Buffalo Fair, and the era of combinations. But after all that is only six and a half years ago, and there are persons still in the prime of life who remember Bryan's cross-of-gold speech, and the first free-silver campaign. They will remember the part taken in that great controversy by President E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University, who was one of the very few learned men of position and reputation who believed in silver. He threw his influence in with Bryan and the silver cause, and as a consequence presently resigned his office, and after a sojourn at Chicago brought up in Lincoln as Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, then a silver State. Dr. Andrews was always credited with sincerity, and was mourned by his peers as a good and able man gone unaccountably wrong. It seems that his mind did not stop working when he left Brown. He has seen a light. He confessed to his class in ethics a fortnight ago the error he held for a number of years about the production of gold. On the strength of the opinion of eminent geologists, and of practical miners, he believed in 1895 that the greatest output of gold was passed. "I have to admit," he says, "that it was an astounding mistake, and that I was in great and inexcusable error. I now believe that the heavy output of gold, which by 1897 had checked the fall of prices, will continue." Dr. Andrews has doubtless been of his present opinion for some time past, but has been too modest to speak of it. The revision of his sentiments will be welcomed by his old friends, and it is to be hoped that so many of his later friends have now come to the same way of thinking, that it won't hurt him in Nebraska. Mr. Bryan seems still to cling to the old plank, but it must be getting lonely for him.

"Max O'Rell" was a cheerful spirit. He did not take this world with undue seriousness, and the world did not take too seriously the things that he said about it. But they were lively things, and by no means foolish, though not always accurate. He treated the nations with levity, and the nations finding his temper sound, his wit sprightly, and his observation comprehensive, took his gibes in good part and felt their gaiety to be promoted by them. His real name was Paul Blouet. He was born in Brittany in 1845; was a cavalry officer in the Franco-Prussian war, and was wounded and pensioned. He went to England and worked as newspaper correspondent, and later as schoolmaster. *John Bull and His Island*, published in 1883, made his reputation as a popular writer, and started him on a career as traveller, lecturer, and writer of books. In 1901 he became editor of *Figaro* (Paris). He died on May 24.

The New Apportionment and the Next Presidential Campaign

To some one expressing a doubt whether the State of New York could be carried by the Republicans in 1904, Mr. Roosevelt is said to have replied that he could wish without New York. That is unquestionably true, but how many of the States won by Mr. McKinley in 1900 could his successor afford to lose? To answer this question we must examine the effect of the new apportionment, based on the census of 1900, on the electoral votes. Has that reapportionment made the election of a Democratic candidate more difficult? Let us begin by assuming that neither New Mexico, Arizona, nor Oklahoma will be admitted to the Union before November, 1904. We can subsequently make the corrections which the acquisition of Statehood by those Territories would require.

The Presidential elections of 1896 and 1900 were both based on the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives which was made in pursuance of the census of 1890. We sorely need to remind the reader that every State is entitled to as many electoral votes as it has Senators and Representatives, and that no electoral votes are cast by the Territories. In 1896 and 1900 the whole number of electoral votes was 447, and the number necessary to a choice was, of course, 224. In the first named year McKinley carried all the New England States and all the Middle States, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. He carried all of the Central Western States which lie on this side of the Mississippi River—to wit, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Of States further west, he carried Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Oregon. He also obtained the six electoral votes of West Virginia, twelve out of the thirteen electoral votes belonging to Kentucky, and eight of the nine electoral votes of California. Altogether he had 273 electoral votes, against 174 cast for Bryan. In 1900 he lost the twelve electoral votes which he had previously secured from Kentucky, but, on the other hand, he gained the ten votes of Kansas, the eight votes of Nebraska, the four votes of South Dakota, the three votes of Utah, the four votes of Washington, the three votes of Wyoming, and the one vote previously lost in California. That is to say, he gained six States and thirty-three electoral votes, and lost twelve votes, or, in other words, made a net gain of twenty-one votes. Evidently McKinley could in 1900 have lost the sixty-seven electoral votes belonging to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, the four States which used to be described as pivotal, and still have had a majority of thirteen electoral votes. He might have lost, in addition, Delaware and Maryland, and still have been elected. He could not have afforded, however, to lose West Virginia in addition to the States that he has just named.

Now in 1904 the electoral college, based on the new apportionment, will comprise not 447, but 476 members, and the number necessary to a choice will be 239. How ran a Democratic candidate secure that number of votes? There are thirteen Southern States which he can rely upon carrying; these are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. These States, however, taken together, will contribute only 151 votes. Maryland, Delaware, and West Virginia, all of which States Mr. Bryan lost in 1896 and 1900, will have in the aggregate eighteen votes. Assuming for the moment that the nominee of the next

Democratic national convention could be successful in all three, he would then have 169 electoral votes. Under the previous apportionment New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut had fifty-two electoral votes. Next year they will have between them fifty-eight. If these be assigned to the Democratic nominee, he would have 227 votes, or three more than were needed in 1896 and 1900. Now, however, he would need twelve votes more. Where would it be possible to gain these votes? Indiana could supply them, but that State was carried by McKinley in 1896 by 18,181 and in 1900 by 26,479 plurality. California and Washington would supply the needed votes, and California was won by McKinley in 1896 by only 2707 plurality, while Washington was carried in the same year by Bryan. Illinois would, of course, suffice to turn the scale, so would Michigan, and so, we believe, would Wisconsin. But all those States were carried by very large majorities by McKinley in 1896 and 1900.

In view of these facts and figures, we must recognize that neither Mr. Bryan, nor any one representing the principles which he personifies, would have the slightest chance of gaining a majority of the electoral votes in 1904. He could not absolutely count on more than 151 votes furnished by thirteen Southern States. He might possibly get Maryland also, but he could not, in the light of experience, expect to win either West Virginia or Delaware. He could not expect to secure a single Northern State. On the other hand, we are justified in asserting that if in 1904 the Democratic nominee should represent the views of public opinion which Mr. Cleveland has expressed, he would have a fair chance of securing a considerable majority of the electoral votes. This will be evident if we recall the States which were carried by Mr. Cleveland in 1892. These included not only the thirteen States which are impenetrably Democratic, but also Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia, south of Mason's neck; District of Columbia, eight of the nine electoral votes of California, five of the fourteen electoral votes of Michigan, and one of the three electoral votes of North Dakota; all the electoral votes of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Altogether he obtained 277 electoral votes, against 145 cast for Harrison, and twenty-two for Weaver, the Populist candidate. That is to say, Cleveland gained a larger majority of the electoral votes in 1892 than did McKinley in 1900.

To sum up, we find that, under the new apportionment, it will be absolutely necessary for the Democratic nominee to carry, besides the thirteen Southern States of which he is certain, Maryland, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. He would then have exactly 239 votes, the number indispensable for election. Should he lose West Virginia and gain Delaware, he would be beaten. We have thus far proceeded on the assumption that no new States will be admitted before November, 1904. It is quite possible, however, that, during the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Statehood will be granted to Oklahoma, and that New Mexico and Arizona may be admitted as a single State. In that event, we should have to add at least seven, and perhaps eight, electoral votes to the aggregate previously assumed (476), and under such circumstances 245 or 243 would be necessary for a choice. As we have no data for predicting which of the two great political parties would carry the newly admitted States, it would be prudent to assume that one would go Democratic and the other Republican. In that event, our preceding calculations need not be materially changed.

The deduction which we draw from the premises is that if the Democratic nominee is a man who can carry the State of New York, the forces that enable him to compass that achievement will give him New Jersey and Connecticut as well. If assumed of those three States and of Maryland, the Democratic party could concentrate its energies on Indiana and West Virginia, and would have a fair chance of victory. Now there is no doubt that neither Mr. Cleveland himself, or Judge Parker of New York, or Mr. Olney of Massachusetts, or Judge Gray of Maryland, or Mr. Ingalls of Ohio would be acceptable to conservative Democrats in the city of New York, without whose active co-operation the Democratic party cannot hope to carry the pivotal States which we have been enumerating. It will be for the Democratic national convention to say which of the candidates named, or of others that may be brought forward in the course of a twelve-month, is most likely to carry the two doubtful and indispensable States. Instead of wasting time on rank-and-file campaigning in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, from which no Democratic candidate for the Presidency, except Mr. Cleveland, has managed since the civil war to secure electoral votes, those who wish well to the Democracy should keep their eyes fixed on New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, Indiana and West Virginia, where the decisive battles must be fought.

The Reviving Importance of the Caribbean

It begins to look as if the Caribbean, the midland sea of the New World, were destined to pass through vicissitudes analogous to those which the Mediterranean has known. It will be remembered that, throughout the Middle Ages, the products of India and of the Farther East reached Europe by two routes. Either they passed up the Red Sea, the Gulf and the Euphrates to Trebizond on the Black Sea, or across the desert from Bagdad to the Syrian seaports, or else up the Red Sea to the haven in the Delta of the Nile. In the former case they were transported to Europe by the Genoese; in the latter, by the Venetians. In either event the control of the eastern Mediterranean or the Levant was a matter of capital moment. The conquest of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks cut off the Genoese from the Black Sea, and the subsequent conquest of Syria and Egypt by the Sultan Selim I. deprived the Venetians in their turn of access to the Orient. Thereafter for nearly three and a half centuries the trade between Europe and India forsook altogether its old channel, and followed the route around the Cape of Good Hope, which was turned to account successively by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English. With the opening of the Suez Canal, however, the Levant regained its old importance, and is now traversed by a merchant marine incomparably larger than that possessed by Genoa and Venice at the acme of their commercial activity.

Throughout the eighteenth century the Caribbean was to the Western Hemisphere what the Mediterranean had been to the Old World in the Middle Ages. Not only the English and the French, but the Dutch, the Danes, and even the Swedes acquired footholds in the West Indies, which were valued not only by reason of their own productivity, but as commercial and strategic colonies of vast importance with reference to the Spanish possessions on the American mainland. Two or three fleets will suffice to indicate how the West Indies were regarded by Europe in the eighteenth century. The name "sloop" was coined to describe the splendid incomes and

the lavish expenditure of the English sugar-planters in Jamaica and Barbados. The French colony of Saint-Domingo, now known as Haiti, though it comprises only about a third of the island of Hispaniola, produced almost all the sugar consumed in France in 1789, when the French Revolution began. Guadeloupe was deemed so great a prize that, when the Treaty of Peace of 1763 was under discussion, the British government hesitated whether to give that island or Canada back to France. Again, but for the irresistible temptations presented by the French West Indies, the British naval forces would have been concentrated in the North Atlantic during our Revolutionary war, the French fleet under Comte de Grasse would have been unable to co-operate in the siege of Yorktown, Cornwallis would have been relieved, and the independence of the British colonies might have been long postponed. Once more: no sooner had the Peace of Amiens been signed than Napoleon despatched 25,000 of the best French soldiers, under his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to reconquer the French colony of Saint-Domingo, together with the Spanish-speaking part of Hispaniola which had been ceded to France. Had that army been despatched to the mouths of the Mississippi, it could have defended New Orleans and the vast Louisiana Territory against any force that Great Britain or the United States could have arrayed against it. These facts help us to comprehend how immense in European eyes was the prodigious and commercial value of the islands girdling the Caribbean a hundred years ago.

Ten years or even six years ago the Caribbean was so deserted as was the Levant from the second quarter of the sixteenth century down to the opening of the Suez Canal. The abolition of the slave trade, the emancipation of the blacks, and the development of the beet-sugar industry on the European continent had brought the once thriving industries of the West Indies to the verge of annihilation. The French and Spanish speaking sections of Hispaniola had slipped into barbarism, and the French and English islands were sunk in economical collapse. The Spanish-American communities on the South-American mainland—we refer to Venezuela and Colombia—had undergone a process of social disintegration, and were commercially less flourishing than they had been under Spanish rule. Our Congress declined the Danish West Indies when they could have been purchased for a song, and refused Santo Domingo when it was offered as a gift. Cuba alone retained a measure of prosperity, because she found for her cane sugars a market in the United States. Yet as late as January, 1898, it seemed as if Cuba also was doomed to be the victim of misgovernment and official extortion. The ray of hope which for a season had lighted up the prospects of the West Indies, when M. de Lesseps began to cut the Isthmus of Panama, had been extinguished by the bankruptcy of the company which he had founded.

How different is the situation to-day. Porto Rico is enjoying a larger measure of well-being than she ever knew. Independent Cuba can even now point to a considerable surplus of income over expenditure, a surplus which should be largely increased when the reciprocity treaty with the United States goes into operation. The cane-sugar industries of the English and French West Indies, also, cannot but receive a signal stimulus when the Brussels Convention comes into force and relieves them from the competition of the honeyed but best root products. This revival of productivity is certain to be followed by an immense development of commerce when the Panama Canal shall have been completed by the United States. The

Caribbean will then become—that the Levant used to be and now is once more—one of the great highways of intercommunication between Europe and eastern Asia. It will then be traversed by vessels going from European and our own Atlantic seaports to Japan, China, Malaisia, Australia, and New Zealand; and it will also give our Pacific coast and the western coasts of Mexico, Central America, and South America the means of quick maritime communication with the centres of civilization.

To command access to that midland sea, to dominate its waters, certainly is to become a prime object of maritime ambition in the twentieth century. The maritime powers are wide awake to the magnitude of the part which it is destined once more to play. France is strengthening the fortifications and improving the coaling and repair stations at Guadeloupe and Martinique. Great Britain, which already has a naval fortress of the first class in the island of St. Lucia, is about to build a costly floating dock in the hulked-off harbor of Port Royal, Jamaica, which is capable of being converted into one of the impregnable naval strongholds of the world. She is also fortifying Port of Spain in Trinidad, enlarging her garrison in Barbados, and making ready to double her West-Indian squadron. Denmark is re-enforcing Christiansted, and Holland is pluring Curaçao and Surinam in a defensible condition. Even Germany, which as yet has no naval station in the neighborhood, has decided to keep a naval force permanently in West-Indian waters.

Recent events have placed us in a better strategic position with reference to the Caribbean than is occupied by any European power. Through our possession of Porto Rico and Cuba, we are in close proximity to the Mona Passage, and if we should secure Samaná Bay, we could command that favorite avenue of access to the midland sea of the New World. By the treaty just negotiated with Cuba we have acquired three naval stations, namely, Guantanamo on the southeastern and Nipe on the northeastern coast, and Bahía Honda on the northwestern. The former two harbors bring us near to the Windward Passage, and the acquisition of Mole St. Nicolas would permit us to control it. By means of Bahía Honda and Key West we should be able to dominate the Yucatan channel to the Gulf of Mexico. On the lower side of the Caribbean we shall have a station at Colon, the northern terminus of the Panama Canal. When all these cognes of vantage have been fortified, it would be difficult even for Great Britain to dispute our ascendancy in West-Indian waters, and for any other European power it would be entirely impracticable.

Commencement Time

WHEN this number of the WEEKLY appears, the young women and men of our colleges will be passing through the tests and troubles of their annual examinations. To a little less than one-fourth of them there will be no other academic examinations except for those who are to enter the so-called learned professions, or for those who are so unfortunate as to be, or to think they are, compelled to earn their livings in the service of the State or the nation. In truth, however, the world examines all of us as we make our way through it, and those real examinations that are not academic or formally set down for us, but are the practical tests applied to our achievements, are the most terrible, at least the most trying and effective, and at the same time are the justest of all. Whether we are academicians or not, whether we enter the professions or

go into business, we must all pass the world's examinations; we must all satisfy the world's tests, if we are to go up among the happy successful ones.

We are not unconscious, in saying this, of the common belief in luck; it is a belief which crops out especially in the self-explanatory talk of the unsuccessful; but luck and favoritism play a less and less important part, and efficiency a greater and greater part, in the world's progress. And yet in the test examinations going on in our colleges to-day, of those who are about to be graduated, the greatest who may not predict the future; for while those who are tested look upon the test as one of the final, the rest of mankind are for the first time alive to the fact that a test is applied to the minds of the graduates. They are unconscious of the comparatively unimportant academic episodes that have preceded this one, and regard the running in the Commencement race as a preliminary test, in which promises may be awakened which will be disappointed, and in which disappointments will result to be followed by pleasant surprises.

Commencement day is the happy anniversary given to the last day of a college course, for it is the commencement of a real life both for those who have striven and for those who have lapsed through the four preceding years. It is a very different day in reality from the Commencement day of thirty years ago. Even in its outward observances and ceremonies it is different. In the elder day Commencement was nearer akin to the Scotch and New England Sabbath. It was an all-day affair. All the Senior class who stood in the first hall of the class followed one another on the stage in a procession of oratory, the salutatorian leading the way in Latin, and the valedictorian bringing up the rear in tears that were as genuine as his youth. In some of the colleges, these wise-avers who discussed the deepest philosophies had taken a dash out into the world during what was then called Senior vacation, and which was amiably assumed to be a period of probation. Those who were worth their salt, which, for this occasion, means those whose first deep friendships had developed and strengthened in the college, had been out of the old town just long enough during this Senior vacation to be homesick for it when they came back for their degree and for their final leave-taking. So the grief of parting was accentuated, and the boys went out into the world with a heartache for what they were leaving.

And what they were leaving was worth the heartache, and what the girls and boys—for we must now count the girl graduates as very real—will leave this month is also worth a heartache; for if the graduates have only lived healthy lives in the college atmosphere, they have enjoyed an experience so sweet that hereafter, in the life of effort and of accomplishment, nothing sweet will come to them which will not be compared with that which they enjoyed in the four years now coming to an end amid the toils of examinations. The Commencement of today stands for something very different from that of a generation ago. Then it stood for a little training in the ancient languages of Greek and Latin, a trifle of mathematics, some notions of the heavenly bodies glanced at through a telescope which would now be regarded as inadequate, a run into the domain of political economy, a glimpse of French or German grammar, a knowledge of the existence of the natural sciences, an inclination to believe in a difference between geology and zoology, a hearty contempt for the evolutionists, a peep into Scotch arch physics, and all this jumble of education was intertwined strongly with theology.

About this time, thirty years ago, a change of direction was noticeable. The ven-

erable Greek language was seriously assailed. The clergymen who were in charge of our colleges, education being incidentally to their theology, began to give way to the scientific element. Some of them had learned that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, and their interpreters were writing the popular books of the day—that is, the books that were attracting the attention of that section of the educated classes who were not bound down by the hard bonds of the theology which had not changed materially in educational institutions since the days of the New England theocracy. Greek, and Latin too, in a measure, fell by the way. Astronomy became the unpractical science. The other natural sciences came to the front and lorded it over the arts and letters. Laboratories sprang up even in small colleges. While many of the scientific teachers were church members, not many of them were of deeply spiritual nature. Faith, which had so long dominated not only education but the whole society, had even descended to the merely respectable, and ruled there somewhat inflexibly and quite contrary to its true nature,—this faith was more or less obscured in what the romancers of spirituality still call the "white light of science." The day when the revelations of a microscope were counted of more worth than the idealism of a man did not last long, however, although the study of the natural sciences took its true place in the pedagogic system which it had not held during the supremacy of the literary clergyman.

We are now seeing another reaction. The laboratories are in the colleges still, and the altar of science is worthily attended by the priests of the cult, but the note of the scientist is no longer dominant; it has found its proper weight in the scientific education; and the scholars in arts and letters are no longer rovinced of its tyrannical self-assertion. It is not yet true, it may never be true, that the classics have recovered their lost ground, but modern languages, including English, have been discovered by the college world, and it is actually true that there are small colleges which are encouraging good writing in English, and which are insisting on a certain amount of propriety in English speech. It may be difficult to convince the old graduate of this, for English was "mere English" in his day, and it was almost, if not quite, impossible to distinguish the educated men of his day by his speech. Now we find graduates who have read Dante and Cervantes in the original, who have a hawing (some of them a scurrying, perhaps scrapping) acquaintance with modern French and German. On the whole, the young man who takes his place on the Commencement stage this month has a better education than the graduate of thirty years ago was blessed with—that is, an introduction to a larger company of subjects; he knows more about the outside; he knows a good deal more about medieval and modern literary achievements, and he writes more gracefully. The older man had the advantage over him in accuracy of expression, and in knowledge of words and their real and imaginative meanings. The older man thought as clearly and reasoned as directly as the man of to-day, for the meaning of language, the deeper insight into its literature, the discipline of its study, are all the results of classical teaching. Classical study was the task of all thirty years ago, and is but the choice of a few in this day. It is fair to add that these few have received better teaching than the older man had. It is also fair to say, in speaking of electives, that a new direction has been taken here, and that in the group of small New England colleges a happy method has been devised by which the evils of electives may be avoided and their advantages gained. At Williams, Dart-

mouth, and Bowdoin, for example, the student must elect a certain proportion of studies in each of the three groups, literature, science, and philosophy, for a balanced training. Then, having had the opportunity to find his bent, he must specialize in the study which he prefers. Here is a system combining the good features of the elective and of the directive systems. It is worthy of note by those who have to choose between the absolutely free choice of the university and the system of the small college.

What we are getting at is this, that the graduate of to-day who has improved his opportunities has had better opportunities to improve than his elder had; as to him who has not improved his opportunities, he is about what his elder was, at least better in character and richer in memories for the four years now closing.

Are Pioneers our Chief Benefactors?

In many of his speeches, and in his magazine upon *The Wearing of the West*, Mr. Roosevelt has declared that pioneers are doing the best work of the world. This is an easy statement to make on the general side, and is attractive to the thoughtless everywhere. There is a dash of romance about pioneers, and when the President of the United States puts on a sombrero and also puts spurs to a bronco, people back in the East are touched by the wildness of his manners, and are inclined to be stimulated by the whoops of the admiring cowboys. There is something in the matter that is worthy of thought, however, and the impression which is made by the President's eulogies on pioneers is one that ought not to be made if, as we fancy, it is so incentive to the lawlessness which is in our blood, and if it is calculated to diminish our respect for the achievements of civilization.

Pioneers are one thing, and settlers are another. Probably the President intends to praise the settlers when he talks generally of all who turn their backs upon the East to get out into the open, to "blaze a trail." Blazing a trail is about the finest of occupations to the mind of Mr. Roosevelt. But why is it so? Who blazes the trails? Nothing is to be said against the adventurous spirits who crossed the ocean as discoverers, or who made their way through our own forests to become the "founders of an empire." It is a stimulating thought this, but when we permit ourselves to be hoodwinked into the belief that the "adventurous spirits" founded our empire, and were the mighty individualities of our early civilizations, we are nursing an illusion which makes Mr. Roosevelt one of our most picturesque and misleading orators.

The men who crossed the ocean from the Old World, those who went into the "Bloody Ground," and those who hunted gold and silver were the forerunners of the present civilization of the North American continent, and of its Southwestern and Western States, but they were not the heroes of their day. The only heroes who came to our shores were those who came in search of religious liberty. The Puritans and the Quakers were different from others, and cannot be called typical settlers. The best of modern settlers, indeed, do not go forth as trail blazers, but to find cheaper lands and larger fortunes than they find at home. In the sixteenth century the romantic adventurers hunted for easy wealth or for waters that would give them perpetual youth. Pirates, soldiers of fortune, robbers, and destroyers came to plunder, and to kill if the plundered resisted. Their mo-

reality and their policy were of the same sort as those of the burglar who wants your property, and who will not let you unless you object too strongly to his proceedings. As we look back on the adventures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who made their way from Europe to this country, we do not find among them many elevated characters, for we do not count the settlers of New England among the adventurers. The "adventurers" of their character, or most of them, remained at home. They blazed their trails because they were in the way of the tyrants of church and state in the old country, and they came ready to establish here the free government whose influence has told upon the political and social fabric of the country ever since.

It is true, however, that most blazers are men to whom civilization is a restraint. The fever of movement is in their blood, and change of scene is a necessity for them. As a rule, our frontier has not been noted for the peace and order of its people. The "Bloody Ground" is well named. Even Mr. Roosevelt, who is inclined, in his book, to hold the white man and the Indian to the same moral standard, admits that the whites who went into Kentucky were a hard lot. They were not loyal citizens at first. They were quite ready to secede, and General Wilkinson and Aaron Burr, if they had complied before our purchase of Louisiana, would have been able to raise a very large army for the setting up of an empire in the Southwest. Murder and other crimes have been frequent in our new settlements, and mining camps have been difficult of regeneration. Even now the politics of the mining-range States are not above reproach, and a Senator sits for one of them who is known to have bought his election. This is not all, the evidence taken as to a former election shows that the whole communally expected corrupt practices, and regarded them as natural. "The feeling of the community," said one witness, in effect, "was that the gentleman could not win unless he whacked out the long green." It is this kind of community which the President is eulogizing. When an Eastern orator tells a company of cowboys that they and their kind constitute the benefactors of our country, we inevitably feel that the bronco on which he is seated might be as sensible as the orator. The cowboy, graciously, is not a contributor to civilization at all. He is a frontiersman of the crusty kind, and the frontier never gets into line with civilization until a second or third or fourth migration which brings schools and churches and settlers in the new lands, with intent to remain and seek their fortunes. Our own frontiersmen are doubtless better than any other frontiersmen, but they are not our greatest benefactors, nor are any "blazers of trails" to be put at the head of the human procession as movers onward and upward.

The President ought to dismount once in a while, to stay his wild galloping, and to sit under the shade of a wide-spreading beach-tree. Reflection is good for the most nimble mind, and hasty generalizations are not always the most true. The tormental speed of the blood of a wild horse is not as effective for the welfare of mankind as the slower current that flows through the veins of the Christian philosopher. The President is not only inaccurate, he is radically wrong in asserting that the man of blood and muscle, the man of iron nerve, the man whose blood is on fire with the desire for adventure is the benefactor of the race. We know that the civilizer, as a rule, remains at home. The men who are working out the moral and intellectual problems of the age are in the colleges, the schools, the

studies, the newspaper offices, and the pulpits. They are to be found among the philanthropists. Most of them hate war, and are, possibly, in the President's opinion, "weaklings and craves." The greatest benefactors of the race are to be found among its preachers and educators, among those who are elevating the moral and the intellectual standards of the country, who are enlightening and ennobling the men and women who do not "blaze trails," or they are those who, forced by hard conditions in the East, go out to the new country for their own good and for the good of the frontier itself. The bare room, the bow-knife, the revolver, the average whopps of the "trail blazers" whom the President addresses sink off before the approach of the mild minkers of our civilization, or die out for lack of the frontier spirit. The human race grows in mind and grace "back East" among the haunts of men." Here conditions are ameliorated. Here the physician advances the art of healing to the prolongation of human life and the diminution of human suffering. Here are invented and applied the instruments for the annihilation of time and space. Here is the home of science, of literature, of art, of the church, the college, and the school. We have nothing hard to say against the "blazers of trails" beyond this, that there is an undue proportion of tough characters among them, that "blazers," as a class, have added little, if anything, to the world's spiritual and intellectual possessions, and that the man who tells them that they are the greatest benefactors of the country for the humanness in laboring under excitement, is under the spell of exuberant fancy, is "talking through" the particularly large hat which properly insists upon the outskirts of civilization.

Public Billing and Cooing

THE Censor of other People's Manners came in with a newspaper copy in his hand, and held it out to the Higher Journalist, whom he addressed with the unmanly abruptness habitual with him. "Now here is something that I wonder has never suggested itself to you as a topic."

The higher Journalist turned his jaded eyes from the subjective and objective vacancy, and let them rest unhelpfully on his visitor. "What is it?" he asked.

"The scandalous and indecent behavior of the young people who make love to each other in all the public parks, and wound the sensibilities of the spectator with the unblinking effrontery of their affections, from the hour of eight in the evening on,—all through the night, for what I know, they begin with the first break in the cold weather, and increase in number and intensity as the spring advances till you cannot find a bench to sit down on, because every seat is occupied by kissing and cooing couples, who, however little room they jointly occupy, leave none for the single, unimpeded passer." The exhibition is so gross that I hesitate to describe it in words of my own, but fortunately the correspondent of the newspaper from which I have cut this has done it for me. He says that in the evening in the whole vast region of Central Park lying south of Seventy-second Street, he saw on nearly every seat "couples whose sole purpose seemed that of hushing each other upon each other; some even sitting upon laps; some half at length upon the seats, and many with their arms round each other." Now what do you say to that?" the censor of manners demanded.

"It is very realistic," the higher Journalist murmured, tasting the literary prop-

erty rather than moral purport of the statement. "But isn't it too photographic?"

"Oh, I don't mean in that sense!" the censor of manners replied with exasperation. "I mean, what do you think ought to be done about it?"

"What does your newspaper correspondent think?"

"He doesn't know, but he asks, with a great deal of force, 'Is it right that this sort of thing should be permitted in a place so public that a lady or gentleman cannot pass through without being subjected to insult and recontamination?'"

"Ah, that's very interesting," the higher Journalist said. "Have you years-if I have much insulted or contaminated by those unsexedly exhibitionists?"

"Don't be personal!" the censor of manners replied. "I have been outraged by the shamelessness of the spectacle, which is certainly bad manners if not bad morals. As a friend of common decency I have been shocked."

"But you have not thought your way to any remedy for the abuse? Have you ever tried turning the eye of stern reproof on the offenders?"

"Often, and without the least effect. I have found them billing and cooing in the full glare of the Welsch lights, but when I have tried to look them into a sense of their indecency, they have invariably put me out of countenance and not I them. I have had to push on as fast as I could, and bottle up my feeling of outrage as well as I might."

"And is it your notion that the police might do something?"

"The police might do something, but not much and not for long. There are now so many lovers, that if an officer scaped up a few dozen couples from the benches where they were embracing, they would merely move on a little way, and begin again. I suppose their offence is not against the law, and any way it would be impossible to arrest them all. There are literally thousands of them in Central Park. No, what we need is a new Journal to lash the follies of the age, and bring it back to the modesty of an earlier time."

"And is it your notion that I might be this new Journal?"

"You might try."

The higher Journalist sighed. "I'm afraid that if I brought the age back to an earlier time, it would only be to confront it with a more universal misbehavior in this matter. The present publicity of billing and cooing is the effluence of modern conditions, the harmful blossom of our overgrown and over crowded urban life; but it has its root in the past of our race. It isn't your belief that those young people whom you see with their arms round each other on the park benches are vicious?"

"Not at all; they are only too obviously innocent! Vice hides itself, and the worst of those disgraceful sights is that they are the show of a virtuous affection."

"Then they scandalize rather than corrupt; they disgust rather than 'contaminate,' as your newspaper correspondent says?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Let us pursue the Socratic method a little further—for the fun of it. Is it your conviction that they bill and coo in the face of the public, because they wish to insult the public, or because they have nowhere to bill and coo in private?"

"Well, I suppose they would rather be alone, if they could, though they don't look it."

"Should you say they were mostly Americans?"

"When does one ever see Americans in Central Park, except at the hour of the

fashionable drive, in their carriages with their dogs or their husbands on the seats beside them? No, those young people are mostly foreigners, or of immediate foreign extraction, who ignorantly abuse the freedom of our national manners. They probably come from working people's boarding-houses, or the tenements where whole families are crowded into one or two rooms, and where the heart, which speaks a various language of sighs, and whispers, and excretes, cannot make itself intelligible without the privacy of half a dozen witnesses. I recognize the hardship of their lot, but they ought, all the same, to behave themselves in public."

"But if it were not for the publicity their billing and cooing would be no worse than the old-fashioned sitting-up, and sparring, or courting, which still obtains with the Anglo-American race in the country, the villages, and even the towns remote from the great municipal centres?"

"I don't say it would be any worse." "And what you want me to do is to lash the age back to the privacy of an earlier time, when it is not really a question of modesty?"

"But it is a question of modesty! The present state of things is an offence against the very principle of good manners, which is regard for the feelings of others. A young girl of refinement, leaning on the arm of her betrothed could not pass those interminable ranks of billers and cooers, without a painful blush."

"That does seem bad," the higher Journalist asserted, "and I agree with you that something ought to be done to abate what seems very ill in the business. We mustn't be harsh; we mustn't arrest those poor young silly, tasteless creatures for disorderly conduct, even if there were law for it, and we could find policemen heartless enough to carry out the law. What do you say to improving the domestic conditions so that every family, however poor, shall have a house or flat of half a dozen rooms, in which less a young dream could have itself out in the privacy where the rest of the family would not interrupt it?"

"Now you are trying to wriggle out of the higher Journalist's duty, which is plain before you in a case like this. You know that such a house or flat can be provided only for a rent that poor families cannot afford to pay. One room, or two or three rooms are the most that they can pay for."

"And as the young birds grow up, and begin to expand with the natural affections, they naturally spill out of the parent nest of two or three rooms, and spill into the public parks. Well, what is to be done about it?"

"That is for you to say—to inquire into, to consider of, to meditate seriously and soberly upon, and then to say."

The higher Journalist rested his head in his palm, and reflected long and painfully. Then he started from his moom with a sudden cry. "I have an idea!"

"I have you would have one before you stopped. I was sure you would when I came to you," the censor of manners rejoiced.

"Well!"

"Well, let the city set apart a certain secluded area in each of the public parks or pleasure-grounds, and provide it with little bowers, built for two, and veiled with shivering vines,—which might or might not be in blossom,—and offer these freely to all lovers who came with certificates of good character and real affection, and allow them to bill and coo there to their hearts' content, hidden from the public eye, and safe from criticism."

The censor of manners rose and deliberately gnashed his teeth. "What you are talking now is pure socialism."

London Society

By Sydney Brooks

London, May 12, 1902.

This "season" has opened, and London, which is an impossible city in winter, is becoming worth while once more. It is hard for an American who does not know England well to grasp all that this annual revival means. London is not only the biggest capital in the world, but the most comprehensive. None other, with the doubtful exception of Paris, absorbs so much of the national life around it. Berlin is not to Germany, Rome is not to Italy, Vienna is not to Austria still less in Washington to the United States, all that London is to England. Politically, of course, London has never, except at brief moments of intense national excitement, had the same influence as Paris. Provincial and local life and government are far too highly developed in England to allow that.

The city of London is altogether too languid, too social, and too sociable to be a keen politician. There is no city in which it is so hard to start a "movement" as in London. Political opinions, the opinions of clubland and the West End. The great forces that have shaken England in the past have almost without exception been generated in the provinces. I doubt, indeed, whether it would be possible to point to a single political movement of real consequence and say, "This had its birth in London," or "But for London and the power and support of London, this would never have succeeded." The city is too big for one thing and too much dependent on society for another to have either the concentration or the energy which is necessary for political leadership.

Birmingham and Manchester have each in turn set the country in a blaze, but London originates nothing and discounts everything. Almost all the qualities that make it so unique and enjoyable socially—its superb tolerance, its accumulated easy-goingness, its thoroughly comfortable outlook on life—all have sprung against its political success. Even to its own affairs it is magnificently indifferent. It has no civic consciousness, or sense of a corporate life, or local pride. The most famous and splendid of English cities, it is also the worst governed. Indeed, it has allowed the management of its local affairs to fall in more ways than one below the Tammany standard. I doubt whether any administrative body in the kingdom quite approaches the inefficiency, extravagance, and mental pettiness of the average London Borough Council.

Put all this Paris is its obvious antithesis. For all this Paris on the other side—increased intelligence, of "habits of local self-government," of "development of communications," and so on—it remains the fact that Paris, at any crisis, is still the leader of France, and at all times wields a political influence over her far more complete, more active, and more acknowledged than London ever pretends to. This is so even though Parisian necessity is not the absolute and controlling fact it was a hundred years ago, and even though the future promises to diminish it still further. It is enough only its war-time, when the national energy in all other political directions is suspended, that London becomes synonymous with England. Two or three years ago, for instance, the country, politically speaking, hardly seemed to exist outside of London. But now with the restoration of peace and the return to normal domesticity the metropolis has signed into its wonted inactivity, and the provinces are awakening to renewed vigor.

Apart from the question of politics, the two capitals stand on much the same level, though Paris no longer pretends to the social supremacy of Europe—its society, indeed, to-day is as sectional as Boston's—and London has gained in gorgousness and cosmopolitan tone what its great rival lost at the fall of the Second Empire. In art and letters and intellectual influence generally, there is, from the point of view of the provincial Englishman or the provincial Frenchman, little to choose between the two. Every Englishman who writes or paints turns toward London as instinctively as Daudet toward Paris. In music, too, it is just the same. I remember reading a couple of years ago an article in the *Cosmopolitan Review* written by the ablest of the very able group of English composers who are winning their way to national and even to European recognition. The writer argued that without decentralization English music could never put forth its best. He pointed out that London is the only city in the kingdom where the higher kind of symphonic and operatic music can be persistently cultivated on a large scale; and he very justly insisted that one of the seminal factors in the development of German music was the opportunity given to a musician of travelling round a score of little states and little capitals, each with its own orchestra and opera. Nothing of the kind is possible here.

London drains England of its music as it drains it of everything else. It would, indeed, be difficult to name any Englishman who has achieved distinction in any department of activity, except that of trade, who does not either live in London or is not constantly to be met with at the clubs or in society. Practically all the creative and all the critical power of the country is heaped together in this one city. So that the opening of the London season is really an event almost national in its sweep. It is New York plus Washington plus Boston—and with no Chicago on the fringe.

In a much-debated point whether a country really profits by having a capital of this kind, Mr. Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* declares that one of the most interesting experiments of the United States is the unconscious effort that is being made to offset the absence of a real capital by the multiplication all over the country of small centres of light and leading. Which system will produce the best intellectual results he thinks it too early to determine. In politics, he argues, America has lost something in having no city of undisputed primacy to look to, even while she has gained much in occupying thereby the pernicious influence of "society" on the national legislature. But he hesitates to prophesy whether the "dispersed primacy" of the United States will be able to accomplish more or less than the concentrated primacy of both Paris and London.

Goethe, who lived when German sectionalism was at its worst stage, passed on admiringly evocative panegyric of Paris, "where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation, mutually instruct and advance each other." As each might truthfully be said of London. It is virtually monopolized all that is best having in English life. On the other hand, it inevitably leaves the rest of the country somewhat bare. Journeying through the English provinces, or staying for some time in an English provincial town, one detects a degree of intellectual stagnation such as no part of America quite sinks to. The "soul" of America, of course, is not just as much in New York, in mental activities and curiosity. There is no section of the

country, at any rate, so fairly populous a section, that lacks the quickening suit of intellectual breeze, stimulus, exhilaration. It may not always work with the best effect, but it is there just the same; and it is at the root of American success that it should be there. No doubt also it exists in the English provinces, but to nothing like the same degree. It is either so extensive as to be insensate, and what there is of it is decidedly more sluggish than the American article.

But if the provinces seem barren and uninteresting, there can be no question of the overwhelming fullness of London and London life. No one, whatever his calling or tastes, need feel isolated here, or out of sympathy with his environment. London answers to all needs, to all desires, to all natures. The richness and variety of its social life are incomparable. It amalgamates all elements, and takes an ear of corn from every harvest. The career is fully open to talent and to all kinds of talent, and the result is really a marvelous blend. Some, at least, of its picturesque comes from the fact that London is not only the capital of England, but of the empire. It is impossible to go anywhere without coming across men who have ruled or fought or explored in some outlying portion of the world.

The common saying that Englishmen learn their geography by making it has grown so hackneyed as to have lost vitality and become a mere phrase. One realizes it as a fact when one enters a house to find it stored with curios from China, Buenos, the Congo, or India, and listens to conversation that moves familiarly among all the intricacies of Dick's post in the Northwest provinces; Tom's in the Malay peninsula; and Harry's regimental experiences on the Gold Coast—Tom, Dick, and Harry being anything you please, from subaltern to colonel, civil service recruit to governor.

Next to its richness what strikes one most in the social life of London is its tolerant spirit, its easy-goingness, the way it takes everything for granted, and never "enthuses." It is a comfortable spirit to have around one; it makes an atmosphere in which any one can breathe easily. Londoners never bother about trifles, and are always surprised when they visit New York or Washington or Newport to find how much attention is paid to the little points of ceremony. They say that Mayfair is nothing like so inconsiderable in its pursuit of "the correct thing," so insistent on the formalities and so unforgiving to those who violate them, as Fifth Avenue. There is certainly little on the small side of etiquette that London will not forgive. In fact, London forgives a good deal too strictly, not merely small breaches of the strict rules of decorum, but other things also—things that Mrs. Grundy has more than a word to say about. Its code is as spacious as any society's must be which has agreed that tolerance is the king of social arts. London is old and complex and experienced enough to take things as they come without fuss or bother, mental, moral, and physical; and Lady A., who acts as cavalier for an American motor-car company, and Lady B., who receives most of her income from introducing debutantes into the great world, and Lady C., who gets asked out only by asking to be asked, and Lady D., who is a Ward McAllister by profession, and Lady E., who has "slipped"—London has a half-cynical, half-charitable, wholly good-humored welcome for all of them so long as they fulfil the fundamental obligation of society, a respect for a matter, if it is a generous or a respectful society, infinitely sensible, infinitely callous, and, of course, infinitely wicked.

The Irish Literary Revival

We have as yet no clear idea in this country of what is meant by the Irish literary revival, though England, with its riper perceptions and more matured taste, has for some time recognized the neo-Celtic movement as one of the strongest and most vital forces in the literature of our common language. The work of the neo-Celtic school has certain elements of the highest value, which we have almost lost the habit of associating with literature; enthusiasm for pure beauty, a sense of the invisible, the spiritual significance of life, and a keen feeling for the life revealed through actions, as an intimation of divinity. It would be almost ludicrous to speak of these qualities in connection with anything which is at present being written in this country; and we are at least as far from the high excellence of style which, more even than its spiritual content, has drawn attention to the work of the neo-Celtic school. Both for purity of form and fitness of substance the work of these Irish writers stands alone in English literature to-day.

We may look at this work from two points of view: first as its place in English literature, and, secondly, as a revival of the ancient Irish literary tradition. As regards the first, we may consider that with certain of the works of Shelley was first created the modern music in words. Shelley may have been a "beautiful, ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," whose poetry lacks "a sound subject-matter," and who should have turned his gifts to translating from the Greek; he may have been weak in life and windy in doctrine; but he is, nevertheless, the creator of a new art, the first instiller of a new quality into verse, as potent a giver of delight as harmony is in music, and as distinct an addition as harmony is to the bare melody. Rossetti and Swinburne followed in his footsteps, the *Belshazzar* and *Pome* being full of the most subtle music, quite apart from the goodness or badness of the themes; and in certain passages of Tennyson there is something of the same quality. Here is our first measure of the neo-Celtic school: that the poets, with W. B. Yeats at their head, excel in this quality of verbal music, Yeats himself being a born musician in words. Once we have formed a taste for this excellence, most of the modern verse produced in England and America seems crude and rhetorical, lacking the genuine poetic transmutation.

Again, the nature-sense of the neo-Celtic school is pure and penetrating. We know how the nature-sense rose and fell in English poetry, beginning with the sweet freshness of Chaucer, the close and profound observation of Shakespeare, and gradually crystallizing in the mere formalism of the Augustans, whose nature was painted at second hand, and largely from imported models. A genuine nature-sense was restored by Burns, and developed by Wordsworth. Tennyson is full of the love of wild things, full of minute and curious observation. Along this line also, the young Irish writers have attained great truth and depth, their feeling of nature being quickened by the loneliness and pensive sadness of their native land, where there is a delirium of life in growing things, and a poetic quality of atmosphere not quite like anything else in the world.

Even more characteristic is the sense of the spiritual in life, the intuition of man as an immortal, which everywhere inspires the work of these Irish writers. The poems of G. W. Russell are full of a fervor that is apostolic, an aspiration evelling Saint Francis or the *Wise Men*, and yet wholly away from the sentimental religious poetry, let us say of the type of Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnet."

Since the Renaissance, the legends of Greece and Rome have been worn threadbare as literary material. Wagner has eulied the old Norse Sagas and the Teutonic tradition ours more to life. In the old Gaelic stories and poems there is a literary material no less rich than the classical or the Norse, and this material is gradually being woven into the web of modern writing by the neo-Celtic school. Poems like the "Wanderings of Ossian" are but the songs before sunrise of this Gaelic renaissance, ores from a rich and nearly untouched mine.

It is interesting to know that several of the plays of this new school will shortly be given in New York, especially when we remember that Goldsmith and Sheridan, the best two authors in our language whose plays are literature in a real sense, were both Irishmen, and therefore forerunners in a sense of the present Irish literary revival, just as, from another point of view, they were the last heirs of the old dramatic tradition of England.

Exterminating the Jews

By Alexander Hume Ford

ONE must come in personal contact with the officers and soldiers who in silent silence enforce the edicts of the "orthodox faith," or actually witness the brutal religious persecution of the Jew in Russia, before he can appreciate the full significance of Count Leo Tolstoy's recent charge, bespeaking upon a "Holy Synod," or supreme ecclesiastical council of Russia, the entire odium of instigating Slavonic brutality in Bessarabia and throughout all the Russias.

Did the Count travel at all, however, he would read in the signs of the times, which Russian officialdom seeks to hide from the eyes of outsiders, a hope that his beloved Russia is about to entirely nahuden itself of the temporal supremacy of the "Holy Synod," and suppress its bloody inquisition that seeks not only to assimilate the Jew, but also once more to enslave the peasant. The entire country is in an uproar which the government can no longer suppress, while the whole world now joins with the 4,000,000 Jews imprisoned within the pale, and the Russian workmen without who have at last taken up arms to demand political emancipation, in crying aloud for the reformation of an anachronistic autocracy based on military and religious fanaticalism.

Great as has been the cruelty of the "Orthodox Church" in enforcing laws that confine the Jew within the pale, greater still is the suffering thereby imposed upon the people of Russia proper, for the industrial population, forced, often at a moment's notice, to vacate rich manufacturing cities, has departed with the secrets of the skilled crafts—leaving behind closed and ruined factories, and discontented Russian laborers thrown out of employment. The entire economic balance of Russia has been disturbed by her brutal exile of the Jew, who alone, with the German immigrant, is responsible for the establishment of an industrial Russia, so that to-day from every part of the Tsar's domain come reports of apings of the workmen, who deplore the fact that Russian industry exists no longer in a healthy state, save within the Jewish pale, and in their armed rebellion the workmen are backed by the peasants, who long for the return of the Jewish merchant, who came to buy his grain in summer and his home-made woodwares during the long desolate months of the Russian winter.

It is the "Holy Synod" ever contending with the Tsar for temporal rule in Russia that has imprisoned the Hebrew within the pale, in vain the nominal rulers of

Russia, from Catherine down to Nicholas, have sought to alleviate the sufferings of the Jew in Russia, and no one who has not lived among the Russians can conceive of the unspcakable cruelty and relentless ferocity with which the Jew is pursued by officials and military at the instigation and command of the "Orthodox Church." Year after year, as the pale is narrowed, helpless women and children are surrounded and snatched by bands of Cossacks, and pursued beyond the limits of some city newly removed from within the pale. And this in the name of religion, for even the charitably inclined Christians who give shelter to the exiles are subject to discipline. Within the pale means that the exile must confine himself within the western provinces of Russia; at no port on the Baltic is he allowed to seek employment, and it is death to approach within thirty miles of the frontier. Southward he may go, to Odessa on the Black Sea, or westward to Warsaw in Poland. Within this area are confined 4,000,000 Hebrews, exiled for all time to a district in which they must live under brutal restrictions so incredibly heartless and cruel that thousands die, and four-fifths of this entire Jewish population is forever kept upon the verge of starvation. Forbidden to own land, except in the name of a Christian, the well-to-do Jew must see his little children held in great cities, where they are forbidden by law the privilege of education, while his property is never safe, for the murderer and the robber may escape with his hide and his booty by nominally renouncing his faith, for the converted Jew is pardoned all offenses upon entering the "Orthodox Church." Yet unspcakable are the sufferings of the Russian Jews, the peasant looks with longing eye toward the one prosperous portion of Russia, Poland and the pale. Here the Jew, driven from Russia, has raised wages, for the Russian workmen he must employ, by building factories, and has seen soaring the price of grain (that only the Russian may grow) by his method of driving from farm to farm to buy, in open competition with his brother, if necessary, the wheat grown by the peasant. So it was once in Russia, but now Ivan, without the pale, must carry his produce many miles to the nearest town, and wait there until, patience exhausted, he is willing to accept whatever price the unscrupulous Russian merchant offers. There is no longer the complaint in Russia that the competition of the Jewish buyers keeps wheat at a price that reduces the profits of the Russian merchant; the Jew has been exiled beyond the pale, and crops are now left to rot in the field, and all Russia has stagnated since competition has ceased.

More than one million Jews have been massacred by the Slav since the religious persecutions first began in the Church demanded their exile from Russia proper. Yet before Russia was, a great Jewish kingdom existed north of the Black Sea, and Kiev, the holy city of Russia from which it is now ordered that all Jews must depart because it is holy, was once a Jewish capital, to live in which Russians were willing to pay tribute. Despite the laws of the Church, however, any Jewish artisan or professional man paying a thousand rubles a year may live without the pale, and conduct his business in many Russian cities; those failing to pay the tax are liable to immediate exile. It is sad to contemplate that America's very earnestness to aid the oppressed Hebrew in Russia may result in his final undoing, for the only ground on which we can protest against Russia's cruelty is that she drives unspcakable immigrants to our shores. We are profuse in offering, her reply would be an edict that no more passports be given to Hebrews to leave the country.

Books and Bookmen

We have all been talking a great deal and listening to a great deal lately about the intellectual force and stimulation of Emerson's thought and teaching. It has been a tense time of "high thinking," the lens and the "plain living," the better. It may offer some relief, therefore, and set this distant date across a spirit of humor, to recall an article on "Indian Meal" which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1849, signed "C." In a letter to Emerson dated April 10, 1849, Carlyle, after describing what had been done with some Indian corn sent from Concord, goes on to say: "I, on my side, have already drawn up a fit proclamation of the excellencies of this invaluable corn, and admonitions as to the heinous state of English eaters in regard to it, to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, or I know not where, very soon." Carlyle's authorship of the article is undoubted, though it has never been included in any collective edition of his writings. Not one of Carlyle's biographers or bibliographers (so far as we can ascertain) has noticed this slight but interesting literary gem which grew out of the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence after Emerson's second visit to England and return to Concord. Our authority for the following interesting account of the incident is the *Literary Recollections of Mr. Francis Espinasse* (Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1893), a rarely valuable volume of literary reminiscences too little known.

Cobbett, who died in 1835, had endeavored unsuccessfully to persuade the English farmer to raise Indian corn, and Carlyle wished, in those days of potato disease, to see Indian meal an article of general consumption. He found that the Indian meal then in use, whether ground in the exporting country, or at home from imported Indian corn, was tainted by a bitterness which made even the starving Irish pauper turn against it. Moreover, English millstones being generally too soft for that kind of grain, there was found a considerable admixture of sand in the meal which they turned out, and this did not at all improve matters. He corresponded on the subject with Emerson, who sent him from his own barn at Concord a barrel of Indian corn in its natural state, which had not been subjected to the process of kiln-drying, and to this process, Emerson reported, was said to be due the amari aliquid in the meal as then consumed in England and Ireland. At Carlyle's instance, his friend, Lord Ashburton, had Emerson's sample ground by a miller of his own, and prepared for the table by his own French cook. The result, according to Carlyle in *Fraser*, was "meal which was sweet among the sweetest, with an excellent rich taste something like that of oats; indeed, it seemed to me, perhaps from novelty in part, decidedly sweeter than wheat or any other grain I have ever tasted. So that, it would appear, all our experiments hitherto in Indian meal have been vitiated to the heart by a deadly original sin or fundamental falsity to start with—as if in experimenting on Westphalian ham, all the ham presented to us hitherto for trial had been in a rancid state. . . . Ground by a reasonable miller, who grinds only it, and not his millstones along with it, this grain, I can already promise, will make excellent, cleanly, wholesome, and palatable eating; and be fit for the cook's art under all manner of conditions, ready to combine with whatever judicious condiment, and reward well whatever wise treatment he applies to it; and indeed, on the whole, I should say a more promising article could not well be

submitted to him, if his art is really a useful one."

Carlyle then proceeded in his philosophical manner to demonstrate how upon this article of food "a grown man could be supported wholesomely, and even aggressively, at the rate of little more than a penny a day, which surely is cheap enough. Neither, as the article is not grown at home, and can be procured only by commerce, need political economists dread new 'Irish difficulties' from the cheapness of it. Nor is there danger, for unilluminated periods yet, of it becoming dearer; it grows in the warm latitudes of the earth, profusely with the whole impulse of the sun; can grow over huge tracts and continents lying vacant hitherto as postiferous jungles, yielding only rattlesnakes and yellow fever; it is probable, if we were driven to it, the planet Earth, sown where fit with Indian corn, might produce a million times as much food as it now does or has ever done. To the disconsolate Malthusian this grain ought to be a sovereign comfort." In the single valley of the Mississippi alone "were the rest of the earth all lying fallow, there could Indian corn enough



E. L. Bahner

be grown to support the whole posterity of Adam now alive." Announcing these good tidings, Carlyle bids "the disconsolate Malthusian fling his 'geometrical series' into the corner, assist manily in the Free Trade movement, and dry up his tears." Carlyle told Mr. Espinasse that he sent his article, in the first instance, to the editor of the *Times*, who rejected and returned it. In the collective editions of his writings, from which Carlyle excluded it, there are surely things more trivial and less interesting than this striking piece in which the Sage of Chelsea, aided by the Sage of Concord, sought to indicate how every son of Adam could live on little more than a penny a day!

The centenary of Emerson's birthday was also that of Lord Lytton, who is best known to-day by *The Last Days of Pompeii*, perhaps, than any of his twenty-seven novels. That this remarkably versatile writer was also poet, playwright, social critic, journalist, essayist, editor, orator, statesman, pamphleteer is well-nigh forgotten. It is

safe to say that he has never been regarded seriously as a literary force. In his own day he was subjected to criticism that was undignifiedly savage. One of the worst offenders was Thackeray, who poked fun most unmercifully at "Sawedwedge-george-sarllimbaltig." The "English Men of Letters" and "Great Writers" series omit Lord Lytton, and he has been steadily ignored by the essayists and critics. Only one other writer of equal pretensions has been so relentlessly neglected, the author of *Fielias Grey* and *Endymion* and other portentously political and social novels of English life. Mr. Lewis Melville, in an article in *Temple Bar* for May, wrestles vigorously with Lytton's case to raise him out of this unseemly obliquity, but the task is beyond him. We know of two prominent magazines, whose editors were approached some time ago with memorial papers on the novelist's centenary, who promptly refused to give them a place in their pages. Yet it is claimed that Lytton's novels are read by hundreds of thousands, and rival those of Dickens in popularity.

Mr. Melville lays his finger almost unwittingly on the chief defect of Lord Lytton's work. "A work of imagination may be fantastic," he says, "but if it deals with life it must necessarily be true and untrue to life, and if it is untrue it cannot be accepted as a work of art." The worst kind of immorality in fiction is the falsification of facts, the perversion of truth. Lord Lytton began by infusing into his early novels an extravagance of pseudo sentiment and faulty psychology which created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal. So warped and twisted was his view of life, so confused his understanding of right and wrong, so lacking in moral insight and clear-eyed apprehension of motive and emotion, that he actually defended his "honesty of purpose," and claimed "sincere and distinct views of promoting truth and administering to knowledge"—a claim wholly unwarranted by the facts. What would seem to be the author's worm in Lord Lytton's character led to the cardinal fault in his work, the insincerity of the man. One of his contemporaries who discovered a goodness of heart in the novelist, for which few who knew him even well gave him credit, deplored his fondness for personal metamorphoses, so to speak. "One day," it is related of him, "he would appear in black from top to toe, with a dark-complexioned visage to match. Another day he would be all brown, and on a third he would be all in white, with blond hair and a fair complexion lighted up by rouge!" Carlyle, who desired the dandiacal Pelham in *Sartor Resartus*, always spoke with contempt of its author; the sad, earnest eyes of the seer saw through the pitiful hump—"a poor fribble," was Carlyle's epithet. Mrs. Carlyle, more plain-speaking, and a champion of the novelist's wife in her marital grievances, called him "a lathor-jawed quack!" All this is not to say that Bulwer Lytton did not do good work and that he had no remarkable gifts. Especially in his later novels, there are passages and characterizations that reach a high level. But the acid of insincerity and flamboyancy bit into the fibre of his work, and made it unmerciful as literature and worthless as art.

A "grim but powerful" drama has been made of Henry Seton Merriman's novel *The Rosens*, which was one of the most successful of latter-day novels. The play, which received its first presentation on April 27, at the New Palace Pier Theatre, Brighton, England, is entitled "The Moscow Doctor," and was written by Mr. H. P. Gardner. It is in four acts.

and also the proportion to theological graduates to those of all professional classes.

Year	Grad. in Theology	Per cent. in Theology	Per cent. of Grad.
1876	809	19	—
1877	869	17	—
1878	826	19	—
1879	711	14	—
1880	719	14	—
1881	759	14	26
1882	771	12	26
1883	760	14	—
1884	790	12	21
1885	762	15	33
1886	903	17	22
1887	1071	20	25
1888	985	15	24
1889	1099	18	21
1890	1272	20	31
1891	1270	18	—
1892	1370	16	25
1893	1596	18	—
1894	1454	17	—
1895	1598	16	29
1896	1681	18	35
1897	1672	18	31
1898	1673	15	23
1899	1714	18	—

Although the figures are only for the educated ministry, and do not in any way show the numbers of men who have entered the pulpit without special preparation, they are encouraging very encouraging. In fact, more encouraging than thought they included the others, since they bear both upon the problem of quantity and quality. From the column marked "Grad. in Theology" we find that in twenty-five years the annual crop of seminary-educated ministers has more than doubled; to be exact, the increase is 114 per cent. This is itself most most much, but considered in relation to the increase in population for that period, which was but 27 per cent. (estimating the population in 1878 as 45,000,000), we find that the educated ministry has much more than held its own, and we may quiet our fears.

From the next column given above, we can see that it is not only holding its own with respect to the population, but also is not being distanced by the other professions. In that column is shown for each year the percentage of graduates from American professional schools of all classes, who were from the theological schools. Starting in with nineteen per cent. in 1878, and ending with eighteen per cent. in 1899, we have a continually fluctuating curve with no marked trend either up or down, showing that in the tremendous increase in professional education which the last quarter of a century has seen, the Christian ministry has held its own with the others.

The last column in the table above is to my mind, the most encouraging of all to one who believes in the power of a broadly educated ministry. In it, the figures give the percentage of theological graduates for the years indicated, who had also taken a bachelor's degree in arts or science at some college or university. The figures for the years omitted would not be secured. The average of such for the first four years given is twenty-four per cent.; for the last, it is thirty-two per cent., showing an increase of one-third. The importance of this fact in its bearing upon the influence of the clergy, it seems to me, can hardly be overestimated. I might add also that conditions are quite different for the other professions; that of law showing a decrease from thirty-four per cent. to sixteen per cent. in the same period of time.

Data in my possession, based upon a study of the education of something more than 650 clergymen of ministers in various denominations throughout the country, serves to emphasize the importance of a liberal education to broad influence and greater usefulness in the pulpit. Of these eminent ministers—and I shall not here take the space to define the exact criteria made use of, but each is occupying a prominent pulpit—fifty-three per cent. had had the college training

beyond that of the theological school. What does this mean? Seemingly, if we are to take twenty-four (the average of the table above), as indicating the percentage of college-educated ministers in the rank and file throughout the country, and fifty-three per cent. as that for eminent ministers, one's chance for attaining eminence in the pulpit is somewhat more than doubled by the liberal education. However that may be, we need have no fear for the future of the American ministry if education is an influencing factor. Our theological schools are more than supplying the demands made upon them by the increase in population. They are sending out men, too, men of broader education and a wider sympathy with man because of a better understanding of him.

I am, sir,
 EDWIN C. DEXTER,
 Professor of Education.

THE OPTIMISM OF EMERSON

New York, May 20, 1893.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:
 Sir,—I have found Mr. Howells's Impressions of Emerson, in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 16, most interesting and suggestive.

Few of us but are prone to seasons of meditation, when melancholy visions fill up the gamut of life, and the future seems curtained over with the pall of disaster. At such a time it is an experience of the most cheerful and invigorating nature to turn to "Emerson's Essays," and to find in firm outline the blind and sufficing pictures which idealism has been able to gather from the dust-hoops of tradition.

When a man's mind has reached the receptive stage of entire appreciation toward spiritual concepts and revelations of truth as they issue from the mouths of men like Emerson, he is in a fair way to become the most enviable of men who live for truth and its dissemination among the people of the world.

No student should escape the contagion of Emerson's optimism,—to teacher or theo-

logian can afford to miss the inspiring sight of a soul poised and balanced on its own pedestal of indestructible right, without recourse to tradition or established formulas of belief.

Not many men or women have the faculty of not seeing evil developed to the supreme degree that we find it in Emerson; but even this aloofness from what is low and contaminating, as evinced so often in the man or woman of scholarly tastes, should be considered by men of every character and degree as an essential duty.

I am, sir,
 JOHN F. FARLEY.

THE STRIKES IN HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM, May 12, 1893.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:
 Sir,—Reading the article in your number of April 23, page 685, about the strikes in Holland, I was astonished at the misapprehension about the matter in hand. Railways in Holland are not operated by the government, and there has been no question of any aid of foreign military, or of accepting the German Emperor's proposal, the same not being asked for.

A fact is that when, on the night of April 6, the railway strike for the whole country was proclaimed by the so-called Committee of Defence at Amsterdam, not later than one hour afterwards the entrances to every station here were occupied by soldiers, police, etc., non-strikers found themselves protected, strikers found themselves unable to get access to the stations.

In the early morning of April 7 every bit of railway lines throughout our country was being patrolled by soldiers and police, in order to secure the service on the lines.

A restricted time-table was published on Monday before noon, and so the strike took the lamentable end for the proclaimers and strikers, due to most energetic measures planned in advance by the government in concordance with the railway authorities.

I am, sir,
 FRED C. BYRON.

THE NEXT WEEKLY (OUT JUNE 10)

THE series now running in the WEEKLY on "Ideals of American Womanhood" will be continued next week in an interesting article, by Annie Russell, on the Ideals of "The Actress." Miss Russell writes from a long experience in stage-life, and gives some new personal impressions of what this life really means to the actress.

Hamlin Garland will contribute an exciting Western story; President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, will tell what college life means to the man who is just finishing his course at this commencement; there will be an article with pictures showing a new and curious plan for photographing the human voice.

Ask your nearest newsdealer for this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He will have it on sale June 10.

Finance

PREPARS one of the most serious features of the financial situation is the condition of sentiment. It is a factor to be reckoned with in the business world. By taking it into consideration the great speculators show themselves to be students of human nature as well as of security values. Stocks in the past few days have fallen violently in price. There has been a shrinkage in quoted values of such an extent that had it happened in two days instead of two weeks, it would have been called a panic. And had it happened by reason of some obvious combination of technical conditions, or because of some unexpected disaster short of a war, it would have attracted buyers of the "hargain-hunting" type. But because it took some weeks for St. Paul to be brought to 150, it did not seem cheap enough to tempt buyers. This is attributable absolutely to the state of sentiment. It has been a glaringly bearish development, nothing to which the average outsider could confidently attribute the decline. But the price fell steadily because the stock was steadily liquidated. The question naturally arose: Who is selling, and why? In answering it, the average man had recourse to "reasons" which increased his doubts, and it may be his fears. It was not the little fellows who were selling—they went out of the game long before; therefore it must be the "big men," and if they sold they must be in possession of knowledge not held by the Street at large.

These "reasons" were true of many other stocks than St. Paul, and given the normal workings of the speculative mind, nothing was more natural than the flood of stories and rumors, some absurd, others ingenious, a few plausible, nearly all overrating great capitalists and speculators, some of whom were declared to have been obliged to liquidate their holdings, others to have carried on a bitter war against other cliques, others to have been so frightened by the prevalence of labor troubles as to have acknowledged that the period of prosperity had terminated.

The last was probably born of the fact that the severe decline in prices apparently without cause, has made some people wonder if the downward stroke of the industrial pendulum has begun. No amount of aeromatology, or counsels of conservatism, or ominous head-shakings and analyses and forecasts could have aroused doubts in the public so surely as precisely the slump in the stock market has done. When to this you add the pessimistic literature from financial writers, it is not surprising to find sentiment so depressed not only in the heart of Wall Street but outside of it. A parallel is drawn with conditions at the end of the period of general prosperity. Economic writers are quoted on the subject of the phenomena noted at the culmination of "good times." They are found to be repeated with striking similarity, at the moment. The last chapter, according to well-known writers, is usually an era of strikes and labor disturbances in general, and there certainly has been an abundance of these, lately. It is natural that labor should be the last commodity to enjoy a "boom," being preceded by the increased cost of other commodities, which accelerates higher wages.

It was labor's demands, unreasonable because the mob is never intelligent, which checked the last period of expansion. But reasoning by analogy is not safe. The assassination of President Garfield, which ended a boom, corresponded so closely with what followed the murder of McKinley, that more than one acute observer of financial and industrial affairs confidently wrote "Fias" to the McKinley period of prosperity, only to find their theories and predictions and the analogy all wrong.

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APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	-	-	\$12,745,106.54
Bonds	-	-	770,029.74
Banking House	-	-	545,794.92
Due from Banks	-	-	835,829.89
Cash and Checks on other Banks	-	-	8,297,120.00
			\$21,193,881.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
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HARPER'S

WEEKLY



EDITED BY
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CYCLONE

THE OUTLAW
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THE TORNADO IN GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA

In the foreground are the ruins of a mill which was entirely destroyed. Another mill in the background had its upper stories destroyed, the cyclone scarcely injuring the lower part. The crowd is searching the ruins to recover the bodies of the dead.

Another Herreshoff Success

By George C. Pease



Stern View of "Reliance," showing her Breadth of Beam



Bow View, emphasizing the Flat Keel and Flat Body

THE first races between the big thirty-foot yachts *Reliance*, *Constitution*, and *Columbia* on the smooth waters of Long Island Sound gave the blue ribbon to *Reliance*, but they demonstrated, above everything else, that Mr. Nathaniel Herreshoff knows, when he works out the form and construction of these yachts, just about what they will do. It might not be correct to say that Mr. Herreshoff could have produced *Reliance* when he built *Columbia* four years ago, but in a study of his work in yachting one

There has never been much doubt that the *Constitution* is a faster boat than the *Columbia*. When the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club selected the *Columbia* to defend the cup a second time two years ago, Mr. Herreshoff's only comment was, "They have chosen the slower boat." This year, when Mr. E. D. Morgan consented to race the *Columbia* again as a personal favor to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, *Columbia's* owner, it was distinctly understood by those most interested in the race that the *Columbia* was to be raced

as a trial boat by which to measure the other two. It being admitted that both *Reliance* and *Constitution* are faster than *Columbia*, it does not appear to be *Columbia's* part of the game to jockey for starts and fight the other two boats all over the course. The *Columbia* has a better mainmast than when she raced *Shamrock II*, and is undoubtedly going as fast as ever, so that she gives a good line on the others. The fact is, *Columbia* was outbuilt by *Constitution*, and it certainly looks as though *Constitution* in her turn is to give way to *Reliance*.

Just how many minutes' margin one yacht has over another cannot, of course, be determined so early in the season. The June races off Nantux Hook may show them in windward in a jumping sea, where work spots in spars, rigging, or hull are most likely to give way under the strain, and this will be a much better test than in the smooth water and light air of the Sound. One might make a guess that *Reliance* is three to five minutes faster than *Constitution*, and seven to ten minutes faster than *Columbia*, but any guesswork on the relative speed of yachts is hazardous. *Constitution*, in falling off the railway, carrying away spars, and making bad starts, still seems possessed of that evil star that has brought her bad luck ever since she was built, but she takes it all cheerfully, and may soon get down to her real racing form, so that her success can be correctly taken. And as *Shamrock III* is a very fast boat, let us hope that our trial races will demonstrate a greater development in speed in *Constitution* and *Reliance* over *Columbia* than was even expected.

The first series of races was called in uncertain winds that favored the leading yacht, which was always *Reliance*. And yet, favored though no doubt she was, the few times that the three were together in fairly even conditions, close hauled or dead before the wind, the *Reliance* beat *Constitution* by just about as much as *Constitution* beat *Columbia*. A surprise, however, was in store for most yachtsmen, for it was hardly expected that *Constitution* would be on such even terms with *Reliance* on a reach. When there was any strength in the wind these two had it on a reach nip and tuck.



"Reliance" in Dry Dock, showing the extraordinary Overhanging Mast



The entire Foreground of this Picture as far as the Base of the Hill was covered with Two-story Houses before the Cyclone



Ruins of Mills and Cottages



All that is left of the new Holland Mills Stables



Franks of the Cyclone. On the Left everything is Destroyed. On the Right the Houses have not been Touched

IN THE PATH OF THE GEORGIA CYCLONE



THE COLLEGE MAN

By CHARLES F. THWING
President of Western Reserve University



THE student may interpret college life as an opportunity for pleasure, freedom, having refuge simply to the three or four years of its passing. He may also interpret college life as a great means, and serious, for entering into the largest opportunities. Though I do not, I hope, fail to recognize the value of the less serious interpretation, yet for the present purpose I am concerned only with the life of the student in its more serious relations.

The Intellectual Side

The college helps the boy to the best intellectual life of which he is capable. The college student thinks he comes to college to be a student; being a student, he comes to be a learner; being a learner, he becomes a scholar. Being a scholar, he wishes, and in many cases shows, that he is becoming a thinker. The student, the learner, the scholar, the thinker, is the proper student for the purpose, too, of becoming a thinker is the purpose for which the parent is, of all intellectual purposes and processes, the most concerned. For I presume that the boy, as well as the parent, knows the peril of doing away with thinking. Cramping is too common. Education in the literal meaning of the term is forgotten. In an age of intellectual luxuriance mental dyspepsias are as natural a product as in an age of material luxuriance physical dyspepsias are common. The danger is: a curriculum to be followed too extended, the books to be read too many, the subject to be considered too numerous. Knowledge, like food, is of small or no worth if it cannot be assimilated.

In his heart of hearts the college student knows all this, and makes unconscious, some conscious and some unconscious, to avoid the peril. He realizes that when he ceases life, not knowledge, but power is of value. Knowledge, appreciation, reasoning, inference, these words the college man knows are the notes of every worthy college song.

College Morality

The college man also knows well that the college helps him to the best moral life. The college develops tendencies already formed, as well as creates tendencies. The advanced age at which boys come to college indicates character already largely formed. Two of the most distinguished college presidents in this country, at the heads of two great universities, have said to me that they have never known a boy to go to pieces in college unless the seeds of disintegration were sown in him before he came to college. Parents sometimes think that the college has ruined their sons. The strong probability is that their boys were ruined before they came to college. The master of one of the historic sitting schools of New England said to me that on a certain occasion he accompanied a father and his son to the railroad station in the town in which the tendency is situated. The father said to him, in the boy's presence, "My boy does not smoke." The father went away, the principal and the boy returned to the academy grounds. As they were returning, in the presence of the principal, the boy drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. About parents do not know their children adequately, and the student feels assured that the college is to help him to live the best life, and to become the best type of a man. In this work the boy and the college cooperate. Even if the boy does come to college with evil tendencies, the college nurtures often removes them and promotes those tendencies. A letter lies before me from a mother, in which she says: "Oh, sir, I am afraid we have ruined our boy by sending him to college,—our only one, that we have built such hopes upon. I think we work here to give him the two remaining years in school, but we cannot now. He will not return to college. We have told him so, but he seems indifferent, and will not listen. If he would trust us and acknowledge his wrong, perhaps it would not be as bad as it seems now!" But almost at the very time that this mother was writing the son was himself writing to me, saying: "I freely confess that I am dissatisfied with the past. I only hope to atone for it by the future. It daily becomes more evident to me that to live the best life and to be most successful in your work you must throw your whole life into it." This boy made good his pledge. He is now filling a responsible place in business.

The Question of Athletics

The college thus serves to pull a boy together morally; but the college also serves to pull a boy together in his whole constitution. It helps to make him an efficient member of society. At

the beginning of the college period the fires of adolescence are still warm. The boy has more of the heart than he has of the head. Fine frenzies possess him, great hopes move him. Fancies which are worthy or unworthy rule him. The college helps to convert this soft glow into the tone and muscle of mighty efficiency. College officers frequently receive letters of the following type: "My ambition has always been to be a public speaker of some kind, and this is the first time I have given expression of that ambition to mortal. This retirement grows out of my nature, and I give it expression now only because I realize that I am in a critical period of my life and that it is imperative that I should be frank with you. Above all, I have a natural persistence and self-reliance induced by adverse environment leading to quench the aspiring soul." For a boy of this character the college does much in bringing the airy, easily ambition down into hard and masterly strength.

The most conspicuous methods of securing this result of solidification and efficiency is embodied in what is known as athletics. Football—to speak of one form of athletics—develops self-restraint. Self-restraint, or, more broadly, self-control, is one of the primary signs of the gentleman. It represents the subordination of the less worthy to the more worthy, of the relatively good to the relatively better, of the relatively better to the absolutely best, of meanness to nobility, of the temporal to the eternal, of the narrow to the broad, of indifference to the cardinal virtues, verities, and graces. Football demands self-restraint. For it treats with temptations to be met. It affords manifold opportunities to do nasty things. These temptations yielded to, these opportunities indulged, character becomes mean and nasty. None can resist such opportunities and temptations, and such men should never set foot on the grounds. I recall that in one football season a player, who was one of the best, and played eleven, said to me he had decided to quit playing. In answer to my inquiry respecting the reason, he said he could not keep himself from doing mean things to the man opposite. I was surprised, for I had always judged the student to be a man of fine character. I asked, "But don't the officials keep you from breaking the rules?" "Oh!" said he, "I can slug the fellow or kick him, or do him up easily enough, and no official ever be the wiser." I may add that my advice to the student was to stay in the game, and, staying, to make himself a man worthy to play the game. He did stay. In answer to inquiries of mine afterward made, he said he thought he was doing better. Athletics represent a moral apprenticeship, an ethical practice school. It is in ethics what the Socratic thinking-shop was supposed to be,—a training of the individual. Athletics thus develops the superb quality of self-restraint. It helps to make the finest type of the gentleman.

What College Does for a Man

Yet the student is to acknowledge that the college by an means does all for him. Hundreds of men, graduates of American colleges, are rendering noble service to American life, who are willing to say that the value of their college in aiding them in making their careers was slight. Hundreds of other men, who are not graduates, who are also living noble and useful lives, are boasting that they did not have the advantage of an academic training. Both these classes are partly right and both are partly wrong. Over most men college does have appreciable influence. And many men who are not graduates would have simply increased, but not essentially altered, the success of their careers. Although it is proved that to lack a college education does vastly increase the chance of winning conspicuous success, yet it is never to be forgotten that some of the ablest, most useful, and most eminent men in American life are not graduates. After all, the personal equation is mightier than any addition which the college can make to it, or than any subtraction which the lack of a college education may cause it to suffer.

Seen, therefore, from the point of view taken by the student himself, the college represents a unique and common means for securing the richest results. It aids in making the thinker the primary need of the modern world. It aids in the moulding of character, and also in uniting into harmonious efficiency the diverse elements of character. It serves to bring one into vital and vitalizing touch with noble men. It cannot do all. It can and does as much in training the individual into faithfulness without pettiness, into large vision and large endeavoring without visionariness, into self-mastery without self-consciousness, into gentleness without weakness, and into a high type of success without vanity or selfishness.



An Albanian Soldier



Asiatic Troops on Parade at Ushub



An Albanian Officer



Transporting Asiatic Troops from Ushub to the Scene of the Troubles in the Ruling Districts of European Turkey



Feeding Turkish Soldiers, who are not allowed to leave the Quay on landing at Salonica



Asiatic Soldiers strolling together—A Turk and an Albanian

QUELLING REVOLTS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY

Asiatic troops are constantly being sent by the Turkish government by the way of Salonica to the various towns—Ushub, Prizrend, etc.—in European Turkey for the purpose of quelling the revolts of insurrectionists. The photographs taken by our special correspondent show some of the scenes and types of soldiers in the districts where the troubles are most severe



THE OUTLAW

BY
HAMLIN GARLAND



A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.

WITHIN two weeks after I took charge of the Snake River Agency my native policemen reported that fifteen of my wards had crossed the reservation line on their way to the Wind River country.

"Where have they gone?" I asked.

Misko, a policeman, replied, "Ghost Dance." And Claude, my interpreter, added, "They gone to see it—their Ghost Dance Swager."

"Who have gone?"

I made rapidly run over the names, and ended with Hakonsee.

"Hakonsee! Who is he? He isn't on the rolls. I don't know anything about him."

"He is head man of Lizard Creek Camp."

"Why isn't he on the rolls?"

"He don't get any rations."

"Why not?"

"He is angry."

"Angry? What about?"

"Lotta time ago cowboys shoot at his brother."

"Who? Well, he mustn't lead a kind of people about the country. It's against the rules." Sitting down immediately I wrote to various agencies roundabout, saying: "Fifteen of my people are gone without leave to visit the 'Mesalah.' If they come into your reservation arrest them and send them back at once."

The Wind River agent at once replied: "Eleven of your Indians come in here—I've sent them home. Four went round me to the west. Probably they have gone into the Twin Lake country, where the 'Mesalah' is said to be."

Some weeks later, Misko came in and said, with a smile, "Hakonsee come home."

"Tell him I want to see him," said I. "Say to him I'm his friend, and that I want to talk things over. Go bring him in."

Two days later as I sat at my desk I heard the door open and close, and when I looked up a tall and very sullen red man was looking down upon me.

"How!" said I, presently, extending my hand.

My visitor remained as motionless as a bronze statue of hate, his fists balled, his figure scowring. His eyes seemed to search my very soul. Plainly, he was not pleased with me.

"How—how?" I said. "Are you deaf? What's the matter with you? How!"

At this moment he seized my hand and began shaking it vio-

lently, violently. I soon tired of this horse-play, and tried to release his hold.

"That'll do, stop it! Stop it, I say." Then I got mad. "Stop it, or by the Lord I'll smash your nose." I seized a heavy glass inkstand, and was about to strike my tormentor in the face when he dropped my hand.

Angry and short of breath I said: "Who are you? What's the matter with you?"

"He Hakonsee," replied my stern visitor.

With a smile I said in signs: "I know you. I'm glad you have come. I want to have a long talk with you. I want you to tell me just what is the matter. I am your friend and the friend of all your people. I am a soldier, and a soldier does his duty. My duty is to see that you get your rations and that no one harms you. Now what is the matter?"

The outlaw seemed surprised and pleased by my sign talk, and after he had composed his mind he began to tell his grievances over one by one. "Seven years ago," he slowly began to sign, "my brother, an old man, was sitting on the hill-top watching the sun go down. He was praying and smoking. Ten cowboys came by, and one of them shot at my brother from behind. My brother sprang to his feet, the blood streamed over his face. He was blinded with his own blood; he was crazy. He ran round and round, while the cowboys laughed and rode away." With the memory of their laughter Hakonsee grew grave.

"Did he die?" I asked.

"No. He lived for more than a year after the wound, but he was always angry. When he died, I made a vow against the white cattle-men. When I go among them my eyes are ever-seeking, my ears ever-listening. When I find those men I will kill them."

"I hate the white man," he added, with fierce energy. "He has tried to steal away my children to teach them the white man's road. I don't want them to learn this road. The white men lie and steal and quarrel. You shall not take my girls away to me as you please down here. You shall not take my boys to teach them evil things."

When he had finished I said: "You're all wrong. Some white men are bad, but many are good, and want to do the Indian good. I am one of those who are set aside by the Great Father to see that your rights are secured. You may depend on me. Go ask Tontomon, Misko, or Mishuis, they will tell you the kind of man I am. I'm going to be your friend whether you are my friend



"The cowboys laughed and rode away."

or not. I want you to come and see me. I am going to give you your ration again. I want you to be friends with me. Will you do it? I want you to think about this to-night, and come and see me again."

For fully five minutes the great old fellow sat thinking deeply with his eyes on the floor. His lips twitched occasionally, and his broad breast heaved with his profound inspiration. I could imagine his feelings. It was hard to trust a white man even when he smiled, for his tongue had ever been forked like the rattlesnake, and his hand exceedingly cunning.

And yet they brought good things. They brought sugar and flour and strange fruits. They knew how to make pleasant drinks and to raise many grains.

"At last he was able to look up, and though he did not smile, his face was no longer sullen. He rose and extended his hand. "I will do as you say. I will go home and think. I will come to see you again, and I will tell you all my mind."

When he came ten days later he met me with a smile. "How! My friend—how!" he said, pleasantly.

I made the sign "Be seated."

He sat down, and began by saying: "I could not come yesterday, for I had not yet finished thinking over your words. When night came I did as you said. I lay alone in my tapers looking up at a star just above, and my thoughts grew deep and calm. You are right, I am wrong. Nobody ever explained things to me before. All white men said, 'Go there.' 'Do that.' 'Don't go there.' 'Don't do that'—they never explained, and I did not understand their reasons for doing so. No agent ever shook hands with me like a friend. They all said, 'Dam Injan—all Shivan-ny know those words. You are not so. You are a just man—everybody tells me so. I am glad of this. It makes my heart warm and well. I have taken on hope for my race once more. I had a heart of hate toward all the white race—now all that is gone. It is buried deep under the ground. I want to be friends with all the world, and I want you to make me a paper—will you do it?'"

"Certainly. What shall it be?"

The old man rose, and with deep solemnity dictated these words to be mysteriously recorded on the white man's talking leaf: "Say this: I am Hakonkose. Long I hated the white man. Now my heart is good, and I want to make friends with all white men. I want to work with a plough and live in a house like the white man. These are my words. Hakonkose."

To this the old man put his sign: a wolf with a high back; and as he folded the paper and put it away in his pouch, he said: "This shall be a sign to all men. This paper I will show to all Shivan-ny and to all the white men. It will tell them that my heart is made good."

And he went out with the glow of good cheer upon his face.

Now Hakonkose was a chief. He had never lifted a heavy burden in his life. Therefore two days after his talk with me I was summoned to see him drive up to the warehouse to secure a load of horses. He had no weapon of his own, but had hired one of his son-in-law, Wanisto. In the glow of his new enthusiasm he

wished to do more than his share. He helped everybody to load and waited till the last, willing to take what was left.

I went down to see him, and asked, "Why work so hard, Hakonkose?"

"I will tell you," said he. "In my old days I took no part in making the fences and laying the bridges—now I want to catch up. Therefore I must work twice as hard as any one else."

"You do me honor," I said. "You are now safely on the white man's road."

To this he made reply: "My heart is very good to-day. I am happy, and I go to see the white man's big camp. I shall keep my eyes open and learn many good things."

Next day, late in the afternoon, Wanisto and Tomocmet, who started with him, came riding furiously up to the agency. With a thrilling ruddiness of gesture they pointed what had happened.

The teams laden with their skins had just wound round through the big red jaws of Bitterwood Canon when a party of cowboys heavily armed overtook them, and began to revile them. John Le Beau, a half-breed, supplied the words that Wanisto could not understand.

The man said, "Let's shoot 'em up a few and watch 'em hustle."

But one of the other men said, "Oh, come along, let 'em alone, Bill," and they rode away.

They reached the railway safely, and having unloaded their freight, went into camp about half a mile from the town on the river flat beneath some cottonwood-trees. They found some freight waiting at the depot, and were glad, for it would enable them to make a few dollars extra on their return trip the next day.

To every white man who spoke to him Hakonkose replied pleasantly, and was very happy to think he was serving the agent and also earning some money. The citizens were often contemptuous of him, and some of them refused his extended hand, but he did not lay that up against them. It had been long since he had seen a white man's town, and he was vastly interested in everything.

He was standing before a shop window lost in the attempt to understand the use of all the beautiful things he saw there, when a saloon door opened and a party of loud-talking white men came out. He turned his head quickly, and recognized the three cowboys who had passed him on the road. They knew him also, and one of them swaggered up to him, made reckless with drink, and began to abuse him.

Hakonkose again understood only the curses, but he turned a calm face upon his enemy and extended his hand. "How? How, white man?"

Bill went into his hand.

In a flash of red rage Hakonkose slapped the spittle back into the ruffian's face. "Covet!" he cried out.

As the cowboy jerked his revolver from his holster Hakonkose leaped behind a sign-post, and the bullet glanced from an iron rod and struck the knee of a man who stood in the door-way of the saloon. With a scream of terror he fell flat on the walk as if killed.

To be continued.



A TELEPHONE bell rang in one of the offices of the greatest business buildings in the world, so far as towers, towers are concerned, one day last month. A clerk answered the call. The head of the office was informed that a fellow-director in a great corporation wished to speak with him. The man who called was in Philadelphia. Another director was in the same New York building three hours below. Ten other directors were in different buildings in Philadelphia. It was necessary to hold a conference meeting, and none of the men could have his office. A leased telephone wire between New York and Philadelphia was put into service. Quickly three men in Philadelphia and two in New York, each sitting in his own office and each with a telephone receiver to his ear, held an important meeting. Matters were made and passed, and a record kept of the proceedings. It was all over in ten minutes, and a matter involving the ultimate disposition of millions of dollars had been advanced on a serious issue in its career. In the old way of holding such a meeting it would have cost the Philadelphia

men or the New York men each at least half a day of time. A Chicago business leader, who has branch houses of his line of industry in every leading city, walked down a Fifth Avenue from his hotel toward Broadway the other morning with a friend. Apparently the Chicago man had napshe leisure, and was not bothered in the least with business cares. He looked at his watch. The time was 11:20 o'clock. "It's just 3:30 in Chicago," he said to his friend. "You're in here until I read my mail and dictate the answers."

The Chicago man dropped into one of his branch offices, called up his secretary in Chicago on a leased telephone wire, had every letter of importance that required his personal attention read to him, dictated the answers, and in twenty minutes resumed his walk down a street.

"I had to have that attended to before Chicago opened," he said. "I feel like walking. We can reach Wall Street in half an hour or more. What do you say?"

The New-Yorker agreed. On the way down, while they were

driving an automobile, they were nearly run over by a carriage containing two men. One of them was foremost in financial affairs of a certain kind. He was one who demanded that his home life be not interrupted by business cares. The moment he left his house and stepped into his carriage his business world began. The other man in the carriage was a private secretary.

"Did you see who that was in that carriage?" asked the New Yorker on foot.

"No," said the Chicago man. "Who was he?"

"Why, that Mr. ————, who was down town to his office. He was too busy to notice me. He had his secretary with him, and he was dictating important letters and papers. Neither the secretary nor he looked up when the coachman pulled up his horses. So-and-so went right on talking, and the secretary went right on writing. That's how I know it's an important matter."

Living by the Watch

"That reminds me of the busiest physician in Philadelphia when I lived there ten years ago," said the Chicago man. "He had every minute of the day scheduled beforehand for his work. He was especially strong in consultations. Every patient who called to see him had the time fixed in advance with just so many minutes, so apart from that, he had only one consultation scheduled to the second how long it took to get people into his office and how long it took to get them out. He had his secretary calculate how long it would take his carriage to reach a certain place, how long he would stay there, and the exact minute he would reach the next place, and so on. He did his reading—or he was always making addresses and writing papers, being a high official of the university there—in his carriage. He dictated his papers to his secretary so he drove from place to place, and he even went so far as to have his meals served sometimes in his carriage. He died comparatively young, he learned only by cronies' like us, because he never took any time for play, never seemed to have any leisure and never did have any. That's where he made his mistake. He took advantage of every labor-saving device in those days, but he did it only to do all the more work. Such a plan is useless, unless it gives you time to play, to take a walk, as if you had no work to do, just as we are doing now."

Now Wall Street was reached. In five minutes the Chicago man was talking again with his secretary over the telephone. In a jiffy he learned how the market had opened, what quick changes in the business had taken place, and he even told the word he would have to meet these changes, so far as they affected his business. Half a dozen times that day he did business in Chicago, just as if he were there personally and sat in New York. He had ample time to give attention to details of his work, as he dropped into this and that street office and he even went so far as to stroll into a picture-gallery to see if there was anything there that would add to the strength of his private collection. "I take these trips to New York occasionally," he said, "just to get away from business. Although a thousand miles from home he never loses touch with his work, and he never gets so tired as those who have an hour. He called it a play spell, and it was one to him. He never could have had the breathing time he took away without the modern mechanical helps that enter into the every-day life of a great business man. In the long days, responsibilities, such as he carried would have crushed a man in a few months, and left him a wreck or dead.

The Indispensable Telephone

The part the telephone plays in the business world is little comprehended by the average man. He regards the invention as wonderful in its development, but more or less of a nuisance when he must answer calls a dozen times a day. It is when the management of the telephone is systematized that its value stands out as an indispensable help to modern business. Go into the Stock Exchange gallery in New York and watch its work. Several hundred little boxes, each containing a telephone, stand over in the western end of the great hall. Some firms have more than one telephone, and again more than one firm uses a certain one. These boxes are always busy. Every change in the market is telephoned instantly to brokers' offices. In a twinkling every office can reach its man on the floor.

When a broker is called from his office to execute some order the man at the telephone presses a number, and on each of the two great bulletin boards, in full sight of every one in the room, the man's number appears. In addition, a messenger, of whom there are many, dashes through the crowd to find the broker. It takes only a few seconds for him to get in communication with his office. In every instance he gives so quick a report that the market is frequently changed entirely in a minute or so. These numbers that flash out on the bulletin or calling boards are transmitted by electrical devices. Pneumatic power also comes into play as the broker puts his message into one of scores of tubes and sends it to the telegraph room or messenger-service room below.

The Runn at the Stock Exchange

It is a place, this Stock Exchange, of mechanical contrivances of a complex order, adding to the value of the mental contrivances of the men. Great is the contrast to the procedure of thirty years ago when there was more deliberation on the floor of the Stock Exchange. There are many members to-day who have recall when they make the first offer of a nation's office on Wall Street with a slip of paper displaying quotations, and asking brokers

and investors or speculators to buy or sell. Wonderful is the transformation to the present system, and the greatest part played in it has been by the telephone.

No longer is there a single telephone, or two or three of them, in every business house. Such a plan is almost as much a relic of the office of its own, and every man of importance in it has his own telephone on his desk. If he wishes to speak with another man on the same floor, perhaps in the same room, to say nothing of talking with a man in another part of the building, he turns over to his telephone, and with the time he saved that it would take to send a message in the old way by an office boy. Hanging by this same man's desk is a little contrivance with a lot of push buttons. When he wishes a subordinate he lifts the button-hopper, pushes one of the buttons, and forthwith the subordinate is at his desk. The reporting on the great newspapers is done rapidly by telephone, especially in the rush hours. In others days, not ten years ago, the reporter might use the telephone to notify his office what he had found out. He would then either come to the office, to write out his article, or would dictate it to a man in the office, if there was not sufficient time to wait it out after he had reached the office. Nowadays, the routine reporter, the man who has certain rounds to make, rings up the office, and tells a man what he has learned. The man in the office writes it out, or, rather, dashes it off on a typewriter. The reporter is largely a scribe. The man in the office who writes the copy is first reaching a place where no man will be employed as a writer unless he uses the typewriting-machine. It is necessary, because every moment of time must be saved in that exacting work.

The Typewriter as a Promoter

As to the use of the typewriter, it may be said that modern business could never be done without it. It has increased efficiency so that it has made more business, because one typing letter in a long hand in these days, and yet there are thousands of men in active business who, early in life, never knew any other way of producing records than in that way. Then there are other restrictions for speed and accuracy. Adding-machines—those never lie and never make a mistake, if the proper keys are struck—are in use in thousands upon thousands of places, and, as an improvement on that, the latest idea is to combine the adding-machine with the typewriter, so that one can write his letter, include a given number of figures in tabular form, and know that the columns at the end are absolutely correct. A vast amount of time and energy is saved thereby in footing up totals on a bill or in a letter.

And then there is the device to dictate letters when the stenographer is busy, or when there is no stenographer at hand. The phonograph is turned on. The business man talks into it, just as he would to a stenographer. He makes changes here and there, and says: "No, don't put it that way. Make it this way." And so he continues to talk to the end. The typewriter puts the full in a machine. Before it is closed through notes the changes and corrections, and then writes it out on the typewriter, as if the employer were dictating slowly and at an ordinary typewriting speed.

The Use for Wireless

And in addition to all these things there comes the wireless telegraph. Chicago business firms are putting it in use between stock yards and downtown offices. When it reaches a full serviceable use it will be employed wherever possible, but the business man is greedy to get hold of every device to save time and effort. Already he uses the wireless system on his transatlantic voyages. By procuring it all he need not be cut off from the world more than a few hours at most, as he crosses the ocean. He can give his business directions from midocean. The days are probably past when a great stock-market raid, amounting to a pair in a day, can be made as soon as a Wall Street king is on the ocean and out of the man's activities for a week.

The wireless telephone is being developed. If it is ever perfected the modern business world will seize that, too, just as it has very other invention for simplifying commercial methods. All the copying and duplicating methods in use in every office, all the developments in printing, all the improvements in book-binding, all the hundreds of little things that add efficiency to a business man's office are the result of the demand for more time.

The Cry for Time

The business man of to-day is a vastly more productive machine than he was a score of years ago. He makes other men, and he makes machines do as much of his work as possible. Still, he has even less time than formerly. Sometimes he has to take his stenographer on the train with him as he goes to his country house, but once there he drops work and goes into play. The Wall Street man employs subordinates who take a large part of his responsibility, but the man who probably has as much, if not more, important business than any other in the financial district, always attends, one day, absolutely himself, to every important every cable message with his own hand. It not only returns complete service, but places full responsibility upon himself for accuracy.

The cry of the business world is: "Give us more inventions, more labor-saving devices, so that we have more time."

So that we may do more business would be a better way of putting it.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD



THE ACTRESS BY ANNIE RUSSELL

I HAVE been asked to contribute something about the ideals of women who adorn the stage as a profession, and in complying with this request it will be necessary to use the personal pronoun with that frequency for which actors are noted, and—misunderstood! It is, rather unfortunately, a necessity of our calling. Acting is so immediately a part of the individual that it is difficult to speak even of one's ideals in an impersonal way; as, for example, an author might speak of his book, or a painter his picture, as something apart from himself.

Ideals are tremendously personal and private considerations of intimate experience. An experience which means a conflict of some sort in the development or the downfall of character moulds an ideal of our nature.

There is one real danger to character in our profession, which lies in our eagerness for emotional experiences which we imagine will help us in our portrayals. If we are not content to wait until they come into our lives, as they inevitably will, we risk falling into a habit of emotional exaggeration, affectation, and insincerity, that comes up like rank weeds, choking out the true growth of our natures, and making of us creatures of "temperament without mind." I feel so strongly on this matter of emotional intoxication that I place it first in this outline of possibilities and actuality of ideals. I merely sound the warning; to begin with, that in piece of this emotional unrest the channel of eager curiosity for knowledge may be diverted into the broad, clear distance of vision the various arts reveal in their relation to ideals, practical alike for character, as in the profession of acting. Music is an ideal voice, for instance,—it aids our imaginative and practical faculties; pictures teach us color and beauty of lines; literature teaches us better to understand character,—indeed, it is the land in which we live and move and have our being.

In music a practical knowledge and its actual use are a common occurrence on the stage. How satisfying it is to an audience to know that an actress is really playing a piano, and not pretending to. Perfection is erroneously considered to be a quality inseparable from the actor or the actress, whereas there is probably no profession where men and women, with true artistic taste, struggle more against it. Simplicity is one of the primary ideals in all the arts, the next in point of endeavor being naturalness, each



Annie Russell

extremely difficult, and each born of endless patience, endurance, and work.

In the study of pictures we get the values in costume and personal adornment, in harmonious combinations of color, in beauty of pose and pose. And then there are the languages. We might not rest until we have acquired at least a correct pronunciation of French, Italian, and German. It is in these matters of good taste that we ought to have a high standard, and work unceasingly toward it. There is a cultured public, and a rapidly increasing one, that has high standards, and expects the best expression of them in the theater, as in literature, music, art, architecture, and aesthetic conditions generally. No, by this inclination first for the best in all expression of art, which in some form or another exalt themselves in the profession of acting, we find ourselves in constant occupation with ideals. Nothing is to be acquired by a mere dilettante appreciation; there is in the acquirement of these ideals an ascending discipline of character, a constant self-overriding, a sort of real consecration of oneself to the chosen faith in ideals.

The influence of all this upon one's personal character, upon one's mental grasp of the words that must be chiselled out of the garden of one's graces, is obvious. We trim the hedges of our lives with restraint. Restraint is harder to an eager, aspiring spirit than letting out the full flood of action; it is harder to paint a picture successfully with few colors than with many.

There are ideals we know of in ourselves that express themselves imperfectly in our artistic endeavor, and there are other ideals that stand like trusty sentinels at the gateway of the soul, armed and ready to defend the inner chamber of ourselves. These latter are sometimes never called into action, but we must see that they are always there, forbidding entry to all fancy or emotion that would confuse the peace within. We must keep steadily at work with a high purpose; get at the soul of the thing we are interpreting.

Work, work, work!—creatively if you can, intelligently always.

The work in itself is the main recompense—the having ideals and standards to live for and to live by!

Matthew Arnold has said, "It is in the endless addition to self, in the endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal."



Miss Russell at Home



THE LAST HOUR

This year the annual ball of the graduating class in West Point took place on June 10. It is a longer period by the girls w

Memory in Children

AN investigation into the power of memory in children was recently made by the director of the department of child study for the Chicago public schools. It was found, among other interesting results, that there is no "memory period," no period in early school life when the memory is stronger than it is at any later portion of the child's life, a period especially adapted for learning to spell. "While there are no memory stages, there are undoubtedly periods of interest that are especially favorable for the child's learning to spell; times when the child is aroused from indifference or from a feeling that spelling is a small part of life to a recognition that it is important. It has been pointed out that during early school life the auditory memory is the stronger, and later that the visual memory is stronger. During the whole of school life the audio-visual memory is stronger than either the auditory or visual; that is, a simultaneous appeal to both sight and hearing produces a richer and more usable image than is brought about by an appeal to either sense alone. It would seem from this that the more senses we can appeal to, the deeper will be the impression."

Answers to Mothers.—Mrs. Wessinger's *Sunburner* cream should always be used for children's faces. It soothes the skin, cures the sun, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.—[Ad.]

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Take hot apple candy instead of *Asafoetida*, the Original *Asafoetida* Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers and druggists.—[Ad.]

A few *John's* A natural lemon! The ingredients which compose *John's* *Essential Extra* are *Essential*. —[Ad.]

Use *BROWN'S* Concentrated Separating *DENTIFRICE* for the TEETH. It costs a lot.—[Ad.]

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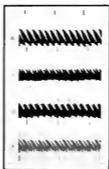
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Snap-shots of the Human Voice



Chronophotograph of the Movements of the Jaw



How the Voice Looks in forming some of the Vowel Sounds



Photograph of Air Currents passing a curved Object

A FRENCH scientist, M. Marage, has invented a process by means of which it is now possible to photograph the human voice. The actual vibrations of the air made in speaking the vowel sounds can be recorded and made visible by an ingenious use of chronophotography, or the analyzing of motions by means of instantaneous photographs. Every one is familiar with an opposite and synthetic use of chronophotography; the presenting of animated views of moving objects by means of the kinesiograph.

M. Marage's scheme may be described as follows: The vibrations of the air set in motion by the voice are made to act upon the flames of acetylene gas, issuing from specially prepared burn-

ers. The flames, vibrating in unison with the sound waves, throw their hedges into a revolving mirror, which dis-orientates and causes them to appear in various forms, according to the sound. By means of the acetylene flames, which are photogenic, the vibrations are recorded on a ribbon of sensitized paper.

It has been found possible also to photograph the various functional movements of the body. Thus the motions of the lower jaw in the act of opening the mouth may be represented, as well as the movements of the ribs in respiration. Another ingenious use of chronophotography makes it possible to reproduce in visible form the action of air currents in their passage around an obstruction, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

Farming in the City

EIGHT hundred Philadelphia families, industrious and self-respecting, are now earning a portion of their livelihood—in some cases all of it—by the cultivation of vacant city lots. At the close of last season nearly 200 acres, divided into small lots, were being cultivated, and the number of beneficiaries was 3775. The product, valued at \$50,000, was grown at a cost of \$3524 80 to the association which instituted the scheme. To place every cultivator in the way of earning \$12 80, the association spent a total of \$7 12. With the cost of skilled superintendence counted out, the direct aid to the farmers was much less.

The enterprise demonstrates that permission to cultivate land in the neighborhood of great cities can be made a source of the truest benevolence to thousands, and a school in self-respecting toil for hosts of men and women who, though willing to work, are unable, by reason of physical infirmities or advanced age, to compete with younger and stronger persons under purely commercial conditions. It has been shown also that, without the free use of the land and without the gift of the original tillage, intelligent farming can make any city lot, however small, pay far higher returns, in proportion to its acreage, than the most carefully conducted farms of the common type.



Farming a Lot at Fifty-ninth and Media Streets in Philadelphia

Some Facts About Ourselves

SOME interesting experimental conclusions on the subject of habits have been published by Professor Arthur Allin, who occupies the Chair of Psychology and Education at the University of Colorado. Professor Allin illustrates, by familiar examples, certain of the laws underlying many of the most common of our acts and habits. For instance, it is a fact that a single weak stimulus, which is itself incapable of raising a reflex act, may produce it if it is repeated often enough.

The Effect of Repetition

The sound of a door-bell may not call up such a motor response, but repeated often may cause a very considerable response. A slight tickling when one is asleep or awaking, if continued, produce convulsive responses. To strike a horse repeatedly on the same spot is to irritate him to kick. Continued dropping of water from a faucet during the night, or the intermittent sounds of a mouse gnawing, produce extreme irritability. . . The psychology of advertising shows many evidences of this law. Frustration in all its forms usually works by the summation of stimuli. The young man of slight moral resistance, on his way home in the evening, passes through one, it may be two, streets of saloons; by the third street his inhibitory power is exhausted, and he passes helplessly through the doors.

"Cross-Education"

The training of one portion of the body trains at the same time the symmetrical part and also neighboring parts, says Professor Allin. "Experiments show, for example, that practice of the finger tip of the left hand increases the firmness of the touch of the finger tip of the right hand, but does not increase that of the left forearm. The ability to write with the left hand is obtained by learning with the right hand. Practice in writing the figure backwards with the left hand frequently causes one involuntarily to write the nine backward when using the right."

Influence of Age on Memory

In learning nonsense-syllables, i. e., syllables consisting of a vowel between two consonants, no adult, writes Professor Allin, is able to memorize much larger rows of syllables than can children. To give a relative estimate, those at the age of eighteen to twenty can reproduce approximately one and a half lines as many syllables as those from eight to ten years of age. After completed readily development the figures remain practically constant."

Inaccuracy of Subjective Judgments

In the general phenomenon of weariness it is frequently noticeable that the subjective estimate does not tally correctly with the real state of the body. Neither does the subjective feeling of exertion always indicate the actual condition of the body. "One of the most marked characteristics of modern progress is the substitution of extra-organic instruments and natural forces for the effort and unaided sense and motor instruments of the human organism."

About Muscles

Writing on the subject of the efforts of fatigue and depression on muscular action, Professor Allin points out that weariness refers to a muscle, not because so much capital has been spent, but because it has been spent in too quick a rate. Its expenditure is greater than its income. "Whether a muscle works or not with action, and how soon it wears, will depend not so much on how much work it is called upon to do as on whether or not the expenditure involved in the work outruns the income. You may take a weak muscle, that is to say, a muscle with a scanty store of available living stuff, and a strong muscle, that is to say, one with an ample store, and by timely calls upon the weak one, and an impetuous sudden demand on the strong one, you will get much work (Continued on page 285.)

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The DARK SIDE

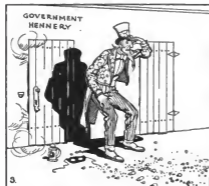
Irrespective Of Party Or Creed
By Albert Levering



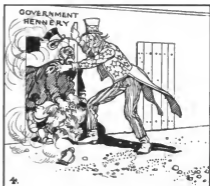
1. Your Uncle, "Get in there, 'Ratus, and set yourself out a few pullets. I'll see that ye ain't overworked with."



2. "Blimey that widge, there's no havin' him for a pul; he makes too much noise!"



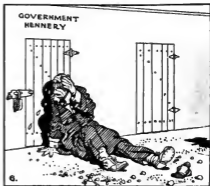
3. "Some one lookin'! Yes, by Jeshophat!"



4. "Come out o' there, you black chicken-rother! What air ye doin' in this low-down, lay?"



5. "Chickens, eh? Give 'em here, an', now, you're off me!"



6. "'Ratus "Lads, lads! I wouldn't do any more chicken-thief in this world!"

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of New York against the republic of San Domingo.
 The Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain, which has been referred to a new mixed commission.

Important Cases

The year has been most fruitful in the decision of cases referred to arbitration before the Hague court was set up. The most important of the cases are:
 The long-pending boundary dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic, involving an area of eighty thousand square miles.
 The controversy between the United States and Russia over the seizure of American sailing vessels in Bering Sea.
 The Siam-China question between the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and citizens of those countries.
 Two controversies between Great Britain and France—the "Wains" affair, and the "Sergeant Melamine" dispute.
 The El Triunfo case between the United States and Salvador, out of the decision of which has grown a good deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the latter country.

Poe and the Manager

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager, who is distinguished rather for his business ability than for his knowledge of literature, was visited not long ago by an aspiring playwright. He came with him, he explained, to the manager, the manuscript of a play based on one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, which he was sure was destined to make a sensational hit on the stage. The manager consented to hear the play, and listened with increasing interest as the playwright read from his manuscript.
 He was enthusiastic when the end was reached.
 "That's fine!" he exclaimed,—"fine! Now I'll tell you what I'll do: You and Mr. Poe come in to-morrow and we'll talk this thing over."

What Our Schools Cost Us

It is probably not generally known that the United States spends annually on elementary education about \$227,000,000—the exact figures for 1900—1901 were, according to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education, \$228,943,228. Europe spent during the same period approximately \$240,000,000. The enrollment in the elementary schools of Europe is, however, in the neighborhood of 45,000,000, while in the United States it is not much more than 16,000,000—although it is estimated that there were, in 1901, almost 22,000,000 children of school-going age in this country. Our yearly expenditure per pupil averages twenty-two dollars.

Some profit may be gained from a comparison of the amounts spent yearly by representative American cities for the maintenance and operation of their public schools. New York spent in a single year \$18,731,629; Chicago follows with an outlay of \$8,293,493; Philadelphia's expenditure was \$3,310,604; Boston's, \$3,043,540; Baltimore's, \$1,417,392; Cleveland's, \$1,257,345; and Washington's, \$1,182,916. New Orleans is at the end of the list, with an expense of only \$778,253. St. Louis, by the way, pays more for its police department than for its schools: \$1,092,182 for the former as against \$1,226,140 for the latter—a ratio of one dollar for the police to ninety-five cents for the schools.

President Hayes on Emerson

HAYES suffered much himself from the autograph fever. President R. B. Hayes was singularly shy of inflicting unnecessary correspondence upon others. Yet his responsiveness was so innate that he frequently wrote letters which he never sent. The following note to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a double illustration, since it not only was never mailed, but contains mention of an

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earlier letter which met the same fate. The recent centenary of Emerson's birth evokes one's regret that President Hayes's letter to Emerson's friend and biographer was not rescued, like its successor, from the writer's waste-basket:

PARANET, O., 20 Nov. 1881

MY DEAR MR. HOLMES,—I have just finished the last number of your "New Portfolios," and I want to say, while the fit is on me, "of course you must again open the Portfolio." Your readers have some rights. The list of those [books] I must read, also is growing apace. I wrote you a long letter (three pages of newspaper which is long for me), when I finished your "Emerson." A worshipper of E. almost forty years, I felt deeply in your debt. I cancelled part of the obligation by sparing you the trouble of reading the letter. I now mention it merely to acknowledge my debt to you for that most satisfactory and capital book.

With all thanks for all the just allow me to say with little Oliver, "Please, sir, I want some more."

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

DR. HOLMES, BOSTON.

The Girl Graduate in Japan

JAPAN is said to be a country where fashion in dress never changes. This was true in ancient times; not only did styles never change then, but both men and women wore the same sort of costume, with the exception of the obi (sash). The garment was then in one piece, open in front from top to bottom, and lapped over and bound around the waist with a very broad obi. A long fold of the sleeve hung down, which was utilized as a jacket. From many considerations these open skirts have become very objectionable, in great part, probably, from the influence of Occidental thought. For the girl graduate a somewhat modified style is now becoming quite common. The obi is discarded, and an over-skirt complete, not divided, is substituted for it. This is universally of a tasteful color, beautiful and fast; and on a bright morning in spring the streets in some parts of Tokyo are made gay by scores and hundreds of girls on their way to school, dressed in this tidy garb.

The Japanese girls of this generation are enjoying the first steps their nation has ever taken in providing educational facilities for women. Japan caught this inspiration from the example of Western lands. One year ago the first university for women was opened in Tokyo, and the attendance has already reached eight hundred. Serious alarm has been expressed by some native ultra-nationalists as to whether or not an Occidental education for Japanese girls would destroy the national character of the spiritless, modest, and self-abandonment so prominent in the Oriental women. This has been bluntly answered by the progressive nations of the West: "Your women are your slaves; or shall free them," Japanese women when once acquainted with the situation fully appreciate their new advantages.

Tolstoy's Little Joke

COUNT TOLSTOY does not bear a very kindly attitude toward the many curious admirers who besiege his Russian home in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great novelist. A party of visiting American tourists who called not long ago to pay their respects were not, therefore, very cordially received. Tolstoy refused to meet them; but he reluctantly consented to stand on his doorstep and let himself be seen. One of the visitors, however, could not resist the temptation to speak to the great man.

"Oh, Count Tolstoy," she exclaimed indefinitely, addressing the author with outstretched hand, "I enjoyed your last book so much!"

"You refer, I suppose," replied Tolstoy, "to 'God Sees'?"

"The holy scripture joyfully." "I'm," remarked the novelist, "God wrote that."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

The disastrous floods resulting from enormous rainfalls in portions of the States of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa have stirred the utmost concern and sympathy throughout the country. The loss of both life and property has been very great, though how great cannot yet at this writing be said. In Topeka the destructive work of the waters was supplemented by fire. In Kansas City the city water-works were put out of commission, with great resulting danger and inconvenience. Keokuk, Des Moines, and many other towns and cities have suffered grave losses and bereavements, and at St. Louis the high water causes great anxiety. Travel and the shipment of provisions and other necessities have been suspended, with consequent distress and hardship. The story at this writing is still confused and inaccurate, but there is a vast deal of it, and there is no doubt that the floods have been enormously destructive. It seems a strange thing that the Middle West should have this terrific experience with floods, while the East is still suffering sorely from drought; but this is a big country, and can suffer several kinds of afflictions at once. Indeed, while the Western floods were at their height a tornado struck Gainesville, Georgia, killing something like a hundred persons. The relief of our Western brethren calls for something more substantial than expressions of sympathy, and already relief is flowing in on the drowned country from all sides. The Mayor of New York, among others, has asked for help, both for the flood victims and the sufferers in Georgia. Whatever is needed will be forthcoming, and with eager good-will.

We do not know whether Mr. Payne has received private instructions from the President to "turn the rascals out," but certain it is that the position of the Postmaster-General with regard to the scandals in his department has undergone a signal change. The charges of widespread corruption are no longer described by him as myths or as "hot air." On the contrary, the arrest of Machen for bribe-taking seems likely to be followed by equally rigorous proceedings against other officials, now or lately conspicuous in the postal service. There is reason to believe that all the contracts for supplies furnished to the Post-office Department during the last five years require investigation. It is most improbable that the bribe said to have been brought home to Machen was a unique abuse of opportunities. The official blackmailers have been cut off from one field of activity by the summary

reduction of salaries in the case of postal clerks whose stipends have been improperly increased. Failing to get what they paid for, some of these clerks may be expected to furnish interesting evidence. There seems to be scarcely any branch of the Post-office Department in which a chance of ridding the government was not discovered and turned to account.

We have not seen the text of the message which the President sent to Senator Hanna, and which caused the latter to renounce opposition to the endorsement of the former's candidacy for the Presidency by the Republican State convention of Ohio. In substance, no doubt, the message reaffirmed the statement publicly made by Mr. Roosevelt to the effect that those who approved of him would endorse him, and *vice versa*. This is not the first time that a President has declared a year in advance of a nominating convention that he should regard those who did not forthwith proclaim themselves for him as against him. That was the attitude taken by Andrew Jackson immediately after the election of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives. During Jackson's first term no member of his party ventured to suggest any other candidate for the Presidency in 1832, and his renomination was taken for granted. The national convention of the Jacksonians was called in Jackson's first term for the purpose, not of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, for that would have been superfluous, but a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. During Van Buren's term, also, he would have been a bold Democrat who should have ventured to oppose the President's renomination in 1840. Presidents by accident, however, have been less forthcoming and peremptory. Neither Tyler nor Fillmore nor Johnson nor Arthur would have ventured to demand from State conventions an endorsement of his candidacy a year in advance.

The demand made by Mr. Roosevelt could not well be rejected by Mr. Hanna, for two reasons: first, he has professed to favor the President's nomination in 1904; secondly, it is his present business to elect a Republican Governor and Republican Legislature in Ohio, to which end a suited party is indispensable. Under such circumstances, a refusal to endorse the President's candidacy would have had the gravest possible significance. Whether acquiescence in the demand means very much to us, we observe, disputed. We are told, for example, that Mr. Hanna's original assertion is as true now as when it was uttered—namely, that a State convention, convoked for the exclusive purpose of nominating candidates for State offices, acts *ultra vires* when it assumes to prescribe the course to be taken a year later by a State convention called for the express purpose of choosing delegates to a national convention. The endorsement, therefore, which Mr. Hanna has agreed this year to give is but *brutum fulmen*, mere wind and sound, signifying nothing. The Ohio State convention of next year will assert and exercise plenary powers in the matter of expressing a preference for a Presidential candidate. All that is meant by the general expression of a preference at the present time is obviously this: that if the election of a President were to take place next November, Mr. Roosevelt would be the candidate of the Republican party. Whether he will be the candidate next year remains to be seen.

For his own sake, and for the sake of the Democratic party, we are glad that Mr. Bryan's attitude has undergone a sudden and marked change. In the latest number of the *Commoner*, which appeared on May 23, he definitely renounces all claim or desire to leadership of the Democratic party. This declaration, coupled with some other statements ascribed to him on good authority, means that Mr. Bryan will support any man put forward by the Democratic national convention,

government so weak as to be ineffective; that they had no gift for government, and were singularly deficient in masterful statesmen.

Roosevelt the historian also maintained that, for the disastrous incidents of the War of 1812, Jefferson and Madison and their political friends have never received a sufficiently severe condemnation. Now the truth, of course, is that the Federalists, of whom Mr. Roosevelt, in his historical writings, made himself the indiscriminate and headlong advocate, vehemently opposed the Louisiana Purchase, and, could they have had their way, would have forced Jefferson to let slip the priceless opportunity of acquiring the right bank of the Mississippi. It is also a truth undisputed by fair-minded historical scholars that the deplorable lack of financial resources, to which mainly should be imputed our inefficient conduct of the War of 1812, must be attributed to the disloyal conduct of the Federalists, who were dominant in the New England States. The New England Federalists not only refused to furnish the money and the men required by the Federal government in order to prosecute the contest against England, but, in the Hartford convention, carried their treasonable conduct to the verge of secession. Remembering what he had allowed himself in his salad days to print about one of the greatest of Americans, the President may well have found it awkward to eulogize an achievement which, but for Jefferson, would never have been compassed. What splendid services may be reserved for Mr. Roosevelt to render to his country we know not; but of this we are sure, that he will be fortunate if he fills a niche in the national Pantheon beside that of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

We referred lately to Mr. Carnegie's surprising assertion that Shakespeare had been more to him than his Bible. Now that we have before us the full text of the interview in which that singular statement was made, we find that he said some other things that deserve to be commended rather than deprecatory. It is, as he said, a source of social and industrial weakness for Great Britain that in that country the whole social structure is permeated with the spirit of caste. In England a man's place is fixed, to a very large extent, by what his father or his grandfather was, whereas in the United States a man stands for himself. English society is stratified; or, to change the metaphor, every class has one above to crawl to and one below to kick. In the United States, on the other hand, if the plumber's son is a stronger and better man intellectually and morally than the millionaire's son, he goes up top. Asked how he reconciled this assertion with the existence of the so-called smart set in New York, Mr. Carnegie answered that with us the smart people do not count. We laugh at them. We give them nothing to do. Englishmen, on the other hand, would place such people at the head of their government departments. This was a stroke at the House of Cecil. Mr. Carnegie went on to say that if in England the idle rich were treated as the "smart set" are treated in America—that is to say, with indifference, if not contempt—competent young Englishmen would not be forced to emigrate to find a career. He inclined to think that, so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, England would always retain the supremacy in the realm of literature and art. We are by no means certain, however, that this will be the case. Because Shakespeare and Milton belonged to England, it does not follow that the great writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians of a hundred years hence will be Englishmen. In science, at all events, it seems probable that the United States will take the lead. Mr. Carnegie himself and Mr. John D. Rockefeller are doing much to assure us scientific ascendancy by their munificent endowments of research. Let us suppose that during the last nineteen centuries a tithe of the money that has been devoted to religion had been devoted to science; what conquests might science not have made.

Premier Balfour's conversion to the Pan-Britannic Zollverein is the absorbing topic in English politics. Secretary Chamberlain seems to exercise over his more cultured and refined colleague that hypnotic influence which the stronger has over the weaker will. The philosophic doubt of the man of thoughts is compelled to submit to the complete assurance of the man of Birmingham. It is of the utmost importance for the future of British politics that two of the rising younger

men in the Conservative party have taken a strong stand against the Chamberlain idea, and their paternity makes the secession of these two young leaders doubly significant, since Lord Hugh Cecil is the son of the Marquis of Salisbury, while Winston Churchill is the son of Lord Randolph, one of the most brilliant of modern Parliamentarians, and at one time in the running for the premiership and the leadership of the Conservative party. A momentary misunderstanding with his colleagues lost him his chance, and Mr. Chamberlain ultimately scrambled into the vacant place. It looks as if Lord Randolph's secession were about to reincarnate in his son, and were this time destined to succeed. We shall watch with interest to see how many of the younger men in the Conservative ranks will follow Lord Hugh Cecil and young Churchill; and, needless to say, their personalities and individual force will be of more importance than their numbers. Mr. Wyndham has not declared himself so far, and we have yet to hear from Lord Curzon, who will, in the natural order of things, return to Parliamentary life as soon as the term of his viceroyalty in India expires. Lord Curzon seems destined to become the leader of his party in the Upper House, hence his attitude in the present controversy is a matter of the greatest importance. It is said that his health has greatly suffered from the climate of India, and his future action may be controlled by this; but in any case the pronouncement of a man of his influence will carry great weight. He will also be relied on to say what influence the Chamberlain policy will have on India, and whether there is any prospect of staying the tide of famine by encouraging India's trade.

Secretary Chamberlain's policy has one very weak spot, which has not yet been touched on. It is neither wholly a political measure nor wholly a fiscal one. It is quite evident that its real inception is due to the desire of Mr. Chamberlain to gain a name as the first great statesman of the empire, the man who drew the colonies into a strong union with the motherland. He has seen, what we have all seen, that the greater colonies are rapidly becoming sovereign states, and are growing to be colonies and parts of the empire in name only. The conference of colonial premiers made this absolutely clear, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the representatives of Australia flatly refused to be drawn into the melnstrom of imperial militarism which is the natural corollary of Secretary Chamberlain's scheme. The man of Birmingham saw, therefore, that Canada and Australia were drifting away, and that South Africa would soon follow, becoming first "more colony and less crown," and then developing into a practically independent sovereign state. Secretary Chamberlain saw clearly that something must be done to check this drift, unless his whole scheme of imperial unity, and, incidentally, of personal triumph, were to vanish in thin air. He therefore devised a scheme which is a direct bribe to Canada and Australia. He proposes to pay them for remaining colonies and integral parts of the empire. This is his real motive. The weakness of his position is that, having thus devised his policy for reasons purely political, he seeks to defend it on fiscal grounds, where it is really indefensible. His opponents will doubtless soon find this weak point in his armor, and direct their attacks there.

Lord Brassey has strongly stated the argument against Chamberlain. The only demand for a Pan-Britannic Zollverein, he says, comes from Canada, where, in spite of the preference given to Great Britain, the tariffs remain almost prohibitive. Future extensions of British trade, says Lord Brassey, will lie mainly in the tropics, where the enormous population creates an illimitable market. In order to be able to hold that market, Great Britain must be able to manufacture cheaply. It is, therefore, absolutely essential that raw material be netaxed. This is evidently the heart of the matter, and is the answer to the bribe of Secretary Chamberlain, the suggestion that, while prices would be raised, by his policy, wages would be raised in a greater ratio. If wages were raised, Britain would have to raise the price of her exports, and as a consequence lose a market which even now she barely holds, and in which she is being overtaken by her competitors. The same thing may be said of the second bribe offered by Mr. Chamberlain, the old-age pensions which are to be established from the great profits of his scheme. This

is most decidedly counting unhatched chickens, and it does not decrease our misgivings to remember that this same scheme of old-age pensions has been in the Birmingham plan for long years, and seems as far from realization as ever. It is not astonishing to find Mr. Chamberlain's plan endorsed by Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, who was the one member of the colonial conference to support the militarism which Canada, through the lips of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, declined.

A horrible suggestion comes from the Macedonian revolutionists, who seem already to have tired of the policy of dynamite, as being too slow and not sufficiently atrocious. The revolutionary leaders claim to have in their possession a large quantity of the bubonic-plague bacillus, obtained in some way from India, where the plague still rages. They have declared their determination to use this virulent poison to infect Constantinople, Salonica, and Berlin if within a very limited time the powers do not obtain a redress of Macedonian grievances. In view of the extreme and inhuman cruelties which have so constantly marked the different stages of the Balkan question, it is impossible to assume that this threat is a mere hoax, an idle menace which will never be put into effect. The attempted destruction of the city of Salonica a few days ago, the placing of an infernal machine on board a French steamer in the same port, sufficiently show to what extremes the oppressed Macedonians will proceed. Nor is the outlook brightened by a despatch which comes from Salonica, telling that Turkish bands are besieging a body of insurgents on an island in Lake Amatova, and that the besiegers "have vainly tried to burn out the insurgents with petroleum." It would not be wonderful if this kind of warfare should provoke equally horrible reprisals. The inclusion of Berlin among the threatened cities, side by side with Salonica, points once more the moral that the Berlin treaty is the one and only cause of the present Balkan horrors.

The clouds threaten to gather once more about Venezuela. The London Foreign Office has cabled the British minister in Caracas, asking him to protest against President Castro's decree closing the custom-houses on the Gulf of Paria and Ciudad Bolivar. The enforcement of this decree will mean the stopping of the steamers of the British and American companies trading up the Orinoco River and penetrating the interior of Venezuela. It will also mean that Trinidad must practice vegetarianism, since its meat-supply will thus be cut off by the closing of the port of Ciudad Bolivar. President Castro's motive in promulgating this decree is not clear. It may be a desire to divert the whole of Venezuela's trade to the ports of La Guayra and Porto Cabello, where their collection is more certain and more economical. It may be an intimation that the forces of General Matos have once more rallied, and are threatening Ciudad Bolivar, around which they have more than once held strong positions. Or it may be simply part of a new blackmailing scheme, or a desire to make more trouble, on the part of an adventurer, who has nothing to lose, and may, perhaps, see something to gain. We shall soon know whether Germany is joined with England in this new venture.

There are signs that the convention in Bogota, which will have to pass on the Panama Canal treaty, is at last being assembled. We hear from the isthmus that Panama is sending six Congressional representatives and three Senators to the convention, of whom three only are favorable to the Panama treaty. It is asserted, on the authority of Americans who have recently visited Panama, that in the interior of the republic of Colombia there is an unbroken front of opposition to the treaty, and in Panama it is believed that its defeat is certain. It is probable that Panama exaggerates the national feeling, coloring it by local prejudices; for, to use a colloquialism, it is evident that many interests would be put out of business in both Panama and Colon by the new order of things contemplated by the treaty. It seems useless to speculate further on the matter, until the treaty is actually brought up before the convention at Bogota. It is probable that it will hang fire until the last moment, and then be accepted, just as in the case of the preliminary negotiations at Washington.

The government proposes to run down the story of the existence of a race of good-looking and energetic whites in

the mountains of the island of Mindoro in the Philippines. It appears that an expedition has been organized to penetrate into the interior of Mindoro, and find out whether such people exist there. The story about them has been obstinately persistent. The best version of it seems to be based on the report of Manuel Castro, a Filipino, to one Lieutenant Lorenzo de Clairmont. Castro claims to have visited this white tribe, which, he says, has lived in the Philippines since long before the Spaniards came there, and centres in a town of 30,000 inhabitants. He says that the members of the tribe are warlike, and have effectually discouraged intrusion on their privacy by Spaniards, though they have dealings with trading Filipinos. The men are described as fair-haired and blue-eyed; the women as surprisingly handsome. They live in well-kept homes, are fond of athletic sports, and know agriculture and some of the arts. Lieutenant de Clairmont's name does not appear in the army register for 1902, but if there is such an officer in the Philippines who has a well-informed native friend Castro, and if Castro is a truthful person and knows whereof he speaks, there may be an interesting item of ethnological news coming from Mindoro, which will at least be useful to the makers of comic opera. There was a recent story that certain companies of isolated Jews had existed as Jews for centuries in western China, and on investigation it turned out to be true.

Booker T. Washington's experiences with the haughty chambermaid impart interest, possibly suggestiveness, to the appearance, on the programme of the Tuskegee Institute graduation exercises, of a practical demonstration of the "Care of a Bedroom," by a young woman who also received a certificate testifying to her proficiency in the art of housekeeping. Standards of accomplishment in things like that are set pretty high at Tuskegee—a fact which doubtless gave the occasion for Mr. Washington's statement, in his speech to the graduates, that one of the chief embarrassments of the institute is its inability to supply the demand for the services of men and women of its training. Probably a thousand Tuskegee institutes would not supply the demand for young women skilled in the art of housekeeping, particularly if they were disposed to heed Mr. Washington's injunction, in distributing the diplomas, not to be overbearing and self-important, but to be simple and humble. Making good housekeepers, capable of artistic demonstration of the care of a bedroom, and imbuing them with the quality of simple and modest self-respect is good business, and the man who can manage it is a public benefactor, despite the slings and arrows of the lighter-skinned servitor.

The cloud of disasters which followed, and finally stopped, the Paris to Madrid automobile race caused very natural misgivings in Ireland, where the date of the international contest is drawing very near. The committee of the Automobile Club of Great Britain, which is organizing the Irish race, has lost no time in pointing out that the conditions which will there prevail will differ so entirely from those of the Paris to Madrid race that similar mishaps will be impossible. For one thing, the triangular Irish course will be covered several times in succession in the same day; so that it will be clear to every inhabitant along the route that special precautions must be taken throughout the whole day to prevent cattle and dogs from straying into the road; it will be remembered that a dog was the cause of one of the worst accidents in the Madrid race. Again, the Irish roads in Kildare and Carlow will be closed to all other traffic on July 2, and the comparatively short extent of the road, which is comparable to a three-lap race-course, makes it practicable to have it properly guarded all along the route, something which is impossible along a course stretching across all France and Spain. The leading Irish newspapers are diligently inculcating the necessity for taking every possible precaution.

When Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, wrote to the Lords Commissioners of Plantations in 1671, that he thanked God the colony had no public schools, and that he hoped there would be none for a hundred years, seeing as learning had brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, he was not far wrong about his facts, so far as he went, even if he was a trifle narrow in his sentiments. More than one survival of the Sir William Berkeley view of

education asserts itself, but here are two which arrest especial attention. Club women of Belleville, Illinois, are alleged to clamor for the abolition of the high school for girls because learning causes a disinclination to enter the servant-girl ranks—this being a result to be eluded with heresy and sectarianism. With a similar outlook, an influential Alabama newspaper solemnly deplores the education of black men for the professions, on the ground that such education is laying up trouble. Sir William, the Illinois elab woman, and the Alabama newspaper, representatives of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, are jointly and severally correct, there can be no doubt. Learning makes trouble—brings disobedience and heresy, keeps the girls out of all kitchens except their own, and might give a black lawyer more clients than a white one across the street. Underneath his petulant antagonism to the schools, the Virginia Governor showed his consciousness of the unrest which learning brings, and of the upheavals which education causes, precisely as it is shown in these modern instances and in a hundred others that could be cited. True it is that learning upsets the established orders, to the incoherence of the comfortable and the affrighting of the timorous. But to what purposes is all such scare? None of these warnings, well meant and entirely true within their limitations, can turn the world aside from the search for knowledge, however certain the rise of heresy or the extinction of the servant-girls. Humanity does not stop to reason on the question, but it is persuaded that whatever the ills of learning may be, the ills of no-learning are worse; and in practice, if not in words, it soots at the predictions of a bad time coming. Quietly and firmly it walks over the Sir William Berkeley contention now, as it has always.

One of those geniuses whose office it is to mark out the proper courses for newspapers alleges that the coming newspaper will give the greatest prominence and the most space to business news. He ought to consult a good newspaper directory, wherein he would find evidence that his coming newspaper has already come. Some very excellent journals are already devoted to business, performing admirable service, and manifestly to the profit of their publishers. However, few other newspapers are likely to follow their example, for wise newspaper men know too well that newspaper readers do not live by business alone. Business they want and must have; but they want it, and they must have it so that they can get outside of business,—and one of the most easily accessible resorts is in the newspaper. Not a few persons are said to work eleven months for the sake of spending the twelfth in a vacation;—the newspaper is a daily vacation to thousands who find its best pages those where business least intrudes. Our prophet goes on to tell of the lareless interest that can be infused into the account of a great business deal. No doubt; yet there are readers who would rather have a good snake story, and other readers who wouldn't exchange the column of marriages and deaths, or the collection of personals, or the record of the latest mysterious disappearance for a year's files of *The Business Record*. A newspaper with nothing but business news would be like corned beef for dinner every day.

Germany is paying \$750,000,000 a year for beer and other alcoholic stimulants, and there is a growing sentiment that that is too much. It is not a new idea. Luther, Melancthon, Von Mohke, and even Bismarck had it. What is new in Germany is the disposition to restrain drinking within reasonable bounds,—the same disposition that has broken out in England, France, and other parts of Europe. Mr. Grieson, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, tells about the international congress that was held last month in Berlin, and about what Gormauy is doing for the promotion of temperance. He finds in the mere fact that the congress was held in Berlin encouragement for the belief that the old sentiment that no German could drink too much is wakening. Drunkenness in the German army and navy has been checked by strict regulations, and a beginning has been made of restrictive legislation, with more certain to follow. What is as yet more important is the progress of the work of educating public opinion by temperance societies. The assurance that this work will go on, and that careful legislation will supplement it, appears in the conviction of authorities high in power that it is essential to German prosperity that

German thirst should be kept within bounds. Here at home, too, new experiments are being tried. Pennsylvania has a law, never enforced, which forbids publicans to sell liquor to persons known to be given habitually to excessive indulgence in drink. The papers report that a burgess in West Chester is trying to bring about the enforcement of this very reasonable law in his district by furnishing the local saloon-keepers with lists of persons to whom they must not sell. He says it is the only way to get the law enforced, for a member of a drunkard's family who should give such information would find it difficult to live in the same house with the person complained of.

"We all go to the devil," said Dr. Hillis the other night, "when we have fifty thousand a year." "Or most of us," he added, hedging a little. "Some men can stand it, but not many." Fifty thousand a year is the income of only one million well invested, and we have long since lost the habit of accounting the one-million man rich. The proportion of the fifty-thousand-a-year men to the rest of the population is not yet large in this country, but the absolute number of them is pretty big, and if most of them are going to the devil it is a serious matter. However, Dr. Hillis was not dealing with statistics, but giving colloquial expression to an opinion. The opinion was that an income of fifty thousand a year is unwholesome. He spoke of divorce in "high life," and of "the pampered sons and daughters of luxury, rotten before they are ripe, and drownd in the honey-suckle juice of indulgence." We all see enough of the evils of wealth; of lives that might have been useful blighted by it; of homes that might have been happy devastated by it. Any industrious and observant person could get together facts enough about promising young lives that had come to no good from lack of the pressure of necessity, to make careful citizens hesitate to say whether, if they had to choose, they would prefer the risks of fifty thousand a year or tuberculosis. And yet, fifty thousand a year has its good points, its opportunities, its privileges; and here in New York, at least, there are facts and considerations that go far towards neutralizing its perils.

Suppose it is a mere income derived not from investment, but from labor or business. Its possessor, if he is prudent, will save twenty thousand, and perhaps he will give away five thousand. That will leave him only twenty-five thousand a year to live on, and though, even if he has a family, he can live in comfort on that sum, that he cannot live in prideful luxury upon it is so well known that there is no need of going into details to tell why. If his fifty thousand comes to him in dividend checks and coupons without trouble or anxiety to him, the situation is harder. It is an awful thing to be rid of the struggle for existence. It is really the next thing to being dead, and yet it is what almost every one of us aspires to and reaches after all the time. The first thing the beginner usually tries to buy with his money is ease; the next is pleasure. That's where the fifty thousand gets in its deadly work. When its possessor buys ease and pleasure instead of opportunity, it may raise the devil with him, as Dr. Hillis justly suggests.

But it doesn't always happen so. There is our President. He has fifty thousand a year, and buys with it so much opportunity, so much enlargement, so many, many railroad tickets, such a great big slice of life generally, that the wonder of the observer is how he can manage to make both ends meet. The cloth should fit the coat. A big man deep in work in a big way burns money nowadays as a locomotive burns coal. Money saves his time. Money rests him, saves his strength, repairs his health, amuses him when he needs amusement. It is an exceedingly expensive matter to keep one of our modern high-class working-men in working order. He needs yachts, cabs, cooks, stenographers, secretaries, homes, special trains, physicians, horses, automobiles— as such apparatus as a hotel or ship. Fifty thousand a year is a bagatelle to such a person. He uses it for more purposes of lubrication. But fifty thousand a year to keep an idle youth idle is another story, or more often a succeeding chapter of the same story. A big man with a big income doing a great work is an edifying sight, but frivolous youths and plunging yokels amusing themselves with the incomes of princes are a good deal of a nuisance, and one that overmuch abounds.

The Ohio Incident

SENATOR HANNA'S disinclination, to use no stronger word, to permit the Ohio Republicans to endorse Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and to advocate his nomination next year, caused a good deal more excitement than it ought to have occasioned. The spark of the episode, according to the commentators, is that Mr. Roosevelt has declared his desire for an election to the Presidency; that Mr. Hanna has manifested a disposition which is at least unfriendly to the President's ambition; and that in did not deem it wise at this time, at all events, to make an issue with Mr. Roosevelt, supported as he is, in Ohio, by Senator Foraker. Consequently, Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement was assented to by Mr. Hanna, whose support was evidently thought to be necessary.

The essential features of this incident were simply a renewed expression of a state of things which has long existed in the Republican party. Senator Hanna is at the head of the national machine. In the ordinary current of events this machine can accomplish its objects. This is especially true since Mr. Hanna was made the leader, for he has proved himself to be a strong captain at such a time as this,—a time when attacks upon property have necessarily united conservatism and corruption; when the honest prosperity of the country has been set at naught with what, for the sake of brevity, we may call the prosperity of puff, for the common defence of those property rights which are essential elements of our civil liberty. Whether Mr. Hanna would do so well at a time when those who compose the backbone of the country may safely divide, on the tariff question, for example, remains to be seen. Mr. Hanna represents the spirit of the party, and he also represents the solid conservatism, but trends which have been attacked in turn, and with different degrees of animosity, by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hanna also speaks for the dead President whom Mr. Roosevelt succeeded by reason of the tragedy of Buffalo, and for his administration.

All these facts, and they are numerous facts of recent history, should be taken into account in considering the Ohio incident. We have said that the incident is not a revelation. The country knew that Mr. Roosevelt was ambitious of a nomination, and it has also been known that Mr. Hanna and the other leaders of the party would prefer another candidate. It has also been known that Mr. Roosevelt had impressed the imaginations of many of the rank and file of the Republican party by his denunciations which indicated that he sympathized with the growing popular sentiment of hostility against the partnership of the government with protected interests, and also against industrial combinations. It is true that his conduct has not kept time with his words, and that he has announced that he not only favors the maintenance of the evil tariff partnership, but trends he has done as much as he intrude to do against what he has called the evils of the so-called trusts. He still talks on the stump, however, for the tickling of the popular ear, and his prestige is certainly great enough to deter so wise a leader as Mr. Hanna from inviting an unnecessary and premature contest.

There has never been any political union between the two. Last winter a meeting friendship sprang up between them, but it was specious, not real. The two men are not, and cannot be, harmonious, for the simple reason that they naturally maintain different attitudes not only toward politics, but toward life. In social life Mr. Hanna

is more democratic than Mr. Roosevelt; in political life the opposite is true. Mr. Roosevelt has democratic manners, but he is much more solicitous, as he is much better trained than Mr. Hanna, as to his intimacies, and as to certain social refinements. He is more obviously, socially, in all events, a man of a class, and that a class composed of persons of social distinction. Mr. Hanna's social tonerhstone is pecuniary success; Mr. Roosevelt's is only partly that; it is, in a greater degree, birth, intellect, and education. In politics Mr. Roosevelt has high ideals. These ideals are often jarred from their pedestal by his partisanship. Perhaps he has personal ambitions, but they often affect his conduct more or less, and always his speech. The President is a sincere civil-service reformer, partly by reason of his idealism, partly because he believes that the merit system is more practical, more businesslike, and much less dangerous to the country and the party than the spoils system. Mr. Hanna has no faith in the system. He is a thorough believer in the employment of the public offices for party purposes. Mr. Roosevelt, as we have stated, has said a good deal in opposition to the theory of commercialism which has, for so many years, been the leading principle of the party, and to which is due the prevalence of McKinleyism. Mr. Hanna is a devout believer in that theory. Mr. Hanna opposed the Spanish war because it would interfere with business. Mr. Roosevelt believes that war are high expressions of civilization, and he raged somewhat intemperately against Mr. McKinley, Mr. Hanna, and all who seemed to desire to avoid the war with Spain. But mainly the difference between the two rests upon constitutional and material differences as to material things, and Mr. Hanna does not like Mr. Roosevelt because he regards him as an unsafe or a dangerous man.

The actual contest between them was manifested at Philadelphia when Mr. Hanna endeavored to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Vice-President. In this he was really serving the wish of Mr. Roosevelt, but his opposition arose from the conviction that the party's policy would not, and could not, be carried forward by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley was in agreement with Mr. Hanna, and while Mr. Roosevelt was engaged in the Spanish war, he told a friend, apropos of the round robin criticizing Secretary Alger, that Theodore Roosevelt was not taken seriously in Washington. After the latter's election for Governor, Mr. McKinley dreaded his rise to power, because he did not regard him as a "safe man," as a man who believed in the politics which were his own and which are still those of Mr. Hanna and of the majority of Republican leaders. When Mr. Roosevelt entered on his present duties, he eluded with Mr. Hanna over the Southern officeholders. Many of these were criminals and semi-criminals, and Mr. Roosevelt wanted to remove them. Mr. Hanna fought for their retention and even for their reappointment. Finally he persuaded the President that the removal of these men would reflect upon the memory of Mr. McKinley, who had made the appointments, notwithstanding the proofs of corruption. Mr. Hanna could not, however, persuade the President to make the reappointments. During the last few months Mr. Hanna has been on ostensibly friendly terms with the President. He has recognized Mr. Roosevelt's popularity, especially in the West, and he has realized that it was for the interest of the party not only that seeming harmony should prevail, but that the party leaders should maintain that control of the President which they manifested in their skillful and successful opposition to his crude campaign

against prosperity. Nevertheless, neither Mr. Hanna nor the party organization believes that Mr. Roosevelt ought to be elected. They fear his influence on the party. They dread his attitude toward the industrial and labor questions, which, were he not notoriously sincere, would certainly be regarded as demagogic. The Ohio incident revealed this state of feeling, a state of feeling which has existed ever since the colonial of Rough Riders was made Governor of New York, and which is fully recognized by those most directly concerned. Mr. Roosevelt's quick reply, his sudden announcement that he wanted the nomination, his appeal to the ordinal, and Mr. Hanna's cautious, testy sentiment in Ohio, simply moved the controversy into the open from the obscurity of inside politics. It was one move in a game in which we may have other moves, for the controversy is not settled by Mr. Roosevelt's momentary triumph in Ohio. The leaders of his party still intend to defeat him if they can do so without imperiling the party at the polls, although it is clear that the chances are now so strongly in favor of the President that he seems to have defeated the party leaders. In other words, those markers of time seem to have lost their hold on the rank and file.

A Specimen Brick

THE Massachusetts anti-trust law has passed the Senate, and at this writing is on its way through the House of Representatives, with every prospect of becoming a law. It is a very resonant echo of the coal strike of last winter, and is an illustration of the present effort of politicians to win favor with the people by assailing business operations, and by attempting by statutes to repeal the laws of nature, or, at least, in conformity with their operation.

Boston and, indeed, New England, suffered greatly from the coal strike, and, after an investigation which turned out to be of little consequence, the Legislature set to work to punish the coal-dealers and to draft an enactment which should put an end to all increase of coal prices in the future. The first suggestion was to direct the engine of law against the coal trade, but it was finally concluded that a law framed for such a purpose would be unconstitutional, and, therefore, the present bill was concocted. It forbids any one to enter into any agreement, "oral or written, express or implied, the purpose, intent, or effect of which, in whole or in part, is to enhance or maintain prices of the necessities of life, or to compel, induce, or persuade" any one, "by offering advantage or by instituting conditions" "to sell or distribute the same" "necessaries of life" "upon any terms or conditions, except such as the vendor and vendee, or distributor and distributee, may freely and without control or dictation determine between themselves." The penalty for violating the law is to be a fine not exceeding \$500, or imprisonment for three months, or both.

The bill has met with disfavor in business circles, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce has protested against it. If the people of Boston were possessed of the remarkable political instinct which was displayed by their ancestors in 1775, and before, a mass-meeting to prevent the enactment of such a law would be held in Faneuil Hall, and the "Cradle of Liberty" would be rocked. The obstacle in the way of such an uprising is that the bill does not seem to attack the liberties of the whole people, its operation being confined to a single class of the people—i. e., those who deal in the necessities of life. But the government that is effective for good is one in which minorities and individuals are pro-

tered against the injustice and wrongdoing of majorities, and the government which yields to the despotic commands of the majority, not because the commands are just, does not fulfil its most important function. If those commands are violative of the law or of fundamental institutions, government ceases and anarchy takes its place.

The common law of England and of our separate States is sufficient to protect the people from monopolies in what the law calls the necessities of life. The Massachusetts Legislature goes further, and undertakes to deprive the citizen who deals in a necessary of life of the right to combine with his fellow tradesmen to protect himself from ruin. The man who deals in the necessities of life has the same rights as other men who are traders and merchants. Among these rights is the right of combination. This is a right which is properly demanded by labor, and it lies at the basis of trade-unionism. It is a right, like all other rights, which is subject to abuse. Dealers in wheat, in coal, in shares of stock, in bonds, and in wool, have abused the right by making "pools" and "corners." In the end, nature takes care of men of this kind, and brings them to ruin, for, as a rule, they are attempting to make fortunes out of the impossible. If they go beyond the line which separates honesty from dishonesty, the existing law will deal with them if that law be honestly administered. If it is not honestly administered, the politicians who set up the courts and from whose ranks the judges are selected are to blame. The law that exists is sufficient for the punishment of the would-be oppressor and of the dishonest. No additional statute will strengthen it, while it may, and probably will, work great mischief.

Under this proposed law, for example, any agreement which seeks to put an end to ruinous cut-throat competition in a necessary of life would be illegal. A war of prices might be going on, a war threatening the dealers with ruin, and the community with the consequent disasters. A war might be in progress which might put men out of business, reduce the supply, and increase prices actually and without combination. The proposed law would prevent the interested dealers in agreeing upon higher and reasonable prices in order to save themselves and the community from loss. Again, one of the most frequent charges against the trust is that it enters a community, beats down prices, and having driven its smaller rivals out of business, again raises prices. Such actions would be legal under the Massachusetts experiment; but if the individual small dealers of the threatened community should unite to protect themselves and to maintain fair prices, their conduct would be illegal, and they might be punished by fine and imprisonment, or by both. This law does not seek to prevent unreasonable reductions of price; it is not aimed at the raider who seeks his profit by assailing property. If he succeeds in reducing prices, no agreement can be made by his intruded victims to restore the price, or to defend themselves by a junction of forces.

The law seeks to take away the liberty of the man who deals in whatever articles the courts or the Legislature may declare to be necessities. It is perfectly true that the necessities of life ought to be cheap; but it is a thousand times more important that the liberty of the citizen should be protected and maintained. If dealers in the necessities of life conspire to do anything that is harmful to the community, the law should prevent them or should punish them, but the Massachusetts Legislature, like the Congress which passed the Sher-

man act, insists that prices shall not be advanced by agreement, even if such an advance should be fair and reasonable, even if it should be for the best interests of the community. The bill is in keeping with an evil tendency of our politicians and our socialists. That tendency is to declare not only that a wrong act is illegal, but that an innocent act shall be illegal if some third party, like a court or a legislature, shall say that it tends toward wrong. Under these circumstances a dealer, a trader, a producer, the whole trade of the country, is at the mercy of the politicians of our legislatures and our courts, who, by the way, are not governing the country after the fashion which seems to them to be right or wrong, but after the fashion in which they guess the people would govern if the question were left to them.

The second provision of the bill is harmful, as is the first, but the spirit of mischief which is in the measure is not that it will fail to keep down the prices of necessities—it will not do so, for its provisions run easy to escape—but that it is one more sign of the disposition of our politicians to interfere with that personal freedom which we have always supposed to be our birth-right. The man who has property to sell has the right to sell it for what price he may think it will bring, and has the right to agree with his fellow-tradesman as to what that price shall be. The law is sufficiently strong to protect the community from those who monopolize the necessities of life and employ their monopolies for purposes of oppression. This bill would take away the liberty of the individual, and extend the penalty of the law against wrongdoing so that it may be inflicted for doing right.

The bill exempts farmers. In other words, it makes an act criminal if committed by a merchant, and innocent if committed by a farmer. This kind of law the United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional, because it takes away from one class of the community the equal protection of the law.

Mr. Roosevelt's Conception of the Presidency

Now that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for the Presidency seems assured, it becomes a matter of great moment to learn how, if elected, he will administer the office. When a tragic accident made him President, he promised to carry out his predecessor's intentions, and to conform to the latter's policy, so far as this had been outlined. He has kept his word, but the result, while it does credit to his fidelity to promises, throws but little light on what his course would be if he felt himself at liberty to take in all things the initiative. The only acts of his which are illuminative as to his personal views and purposes are those called forth by exigencies which were non-existent or non-urgent in the time of his predecessor. We refer, of course, to his intervention in the anthracite-coal strike and to his campaign against the trusts. Those acts, and especially the former, indicate that his conception of the rights and duties of a Chief Magistrate differs considerably from that held by many other students of the Federal Constitution. These acts have now been supplemented by words which disclose his personal opinion of the constitutional relation of the Federal Executive to the Senate. During his Western tour, when some one, half-jokingly, directed attention to the independence which he had evinced of Senatorial opinions and wishes in the matter of appointments, the Presi-

dent replied: "I would have you know that I would rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years." The utterance undoubtedly deserves all the attention that it has attracted. The words merit hearty commendation. If Mr. Roosevelt simply meant to say that he would renounce the hope of a nomination for the Presidency if the nomination could only be secured through the co-operation of certain influential Senators by the suppression of his personal convictions as to what might be right or wrong in the matter of particular Federal appointments. If, on the other hand, he intended to announce that, if elected President, he would brook no interference with appointments on the part of Senators, he expressed a view of the powers of the American Executive for which we are unable to find any warrant in the Federal Constitution.

Of course, when a President makes an appointment on the advice of a Senator or Senators, he shares the responsibility therefor, if at the time he knew or believed the appointment to be unwise to be made. As on this point there is no dispute worth notice, the real question is whether of two candidates equally qualified in respect of ability and character, the President ought to appoint the one preferred by himself or the one recommended by the Senators of the State to which the candidates belong. This is an inquiry which obviously goes to the very root of the intention of the framers of the Constitution when they undertook to define and limit the powers of the Federal Executive. The second clause of the second section of the second article prescribes that with the advice and consent of the Senate, the President shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. That the framers of this clause meant exactly what the words ostensibly signify is evident from other provisions. In the first place, a President's appointments, like treaties, must be confirmed, not by a bare majority of the Senate, but by a two-thirds vote. Foreseeing, moreover, that a President might disregard the advice of Senators, the framers of the Constitution authorized Congress, if dissatisfied with his mode of making appointments, to circumscribe materially his appointive powers. The same clause to which we have referred goes on to say that the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, or in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. The power has been exercised. For example, in Johnson's administration, the Congress conferred the power of appointing registers in bankruptcy, not on the President, but on Chief Justice Chase.

On the assumption that the Constitution means precisely what it says rests the custom known as "the courtesy of the Senate." The custom is based on the reasonable belief that the Senators best qualified to advise the President are the Senators of his own political party representing the State to which the proposed appointee to Federal office belongs. They would naturally be more likely than their colleagues to possess adequate information concerning a candidate's ability and character. This it comes to pass that the courtesy of the Senate, in the case of such appointments, extends to the particular Senator or Senators best informed and most interested of the right of tendering advice, and often leads the Senate to reject an appointment by the Executive, if Senatorial advice has been unheeded. So far, indeed, as the Presi-

England and Empire

By Sydney Brooks

London, May 27, 1902.

HAS Mr. Chamberlain overreached himself, or will time prove him a second and greater Cobden? Is his new policy of preferential treatment between England and the colonies one that, while seeming to cement, will really disrupt, the empire? Is such a policy possible, and, if possible, is it desirable? Finally, if the balance of export judgment inclines to the view that it both can and should be, is it a policy that England can be induced to accept? These are the questions that are agitating and will long continue to agitate not only England but the empire. Mr. Chamberlain shares with the Kaiser and President Roosevelt the distinction of never doing a thing by halves. It means a great deal when he brings a question onto the carpet—nothing less than that it will be threshed out and decided. And the programme he outlined a little more than a week ago is one that entitles his last enemies of pertinacity and faith. He regards it as the coping-stone to all he has done and all he has attempted to do as Colonial Secretary; and he has rigorously convinced himself that it is an act of imperative as well as imperial statesmanship. So long as he has a fight left in him—and it is impossible to imagine Mr. Chamberlain alive and not fighting—he will fight for this. He has already written himself broadly by across English history as the first Colonial Secretary with a policy of his own; but his ambition, his most honorable ambition, goes beyond even this. He wishes to be handed down as the author of Imperial Federation. To that cause he has definitely consecrated the remainder of his political life, and it moves and thrills him as nothing in all his exciting and tumultuous past has had the power to do. His speech at Birmingham, therefore, was something more than an electrifying stroke and more, too, than the utterance of a politician who was merely talking for effect. It was a signal, and as such has been everywhere recognized, that the most far-sighted and determined statesman that Great Britain has produced since William Pitt has at last found and proclaimed the supreme goal of all his labors.

Will he reach it? Partially, at any rate, I believe he will—and before very long. I believe, that is, that within five years from now, and as the result of a general election fought not on the specific issue, Great Britain will have rearranged her fiscal system so as to permit of preferential rates for colonial traders. Whether the experiment will answer, whether it will endure, whether it will prove a greater source of union than of dissension, are points that time alone can settle. It will at any rate, unless all the signs of the past few years are to go for nothing, be made. To that or something like it, the tendency of imperial sentiment and even, one may say, of imperial policy, has for a decade and more been steadily pointing. Do not, however, imagine that there will be no opposition. On the contrary it will be bitter and prolonged—defeated ultimately, if it is defeated at all, only by the arrowhead of narrow margins. It is not difficult to foresee the arguments that will be brought against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. It will be urged, in the first place, that a preferential tariff is a veiled form of protection and must inevitably end by raising the price or limiting the supply of the first necessities of life that England is obliged to import. Again, it will be argued that the greater the success of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, the more, that

in the colonies are enabled to throw their goods and products into English markets duty-free, the greater will be the reduction of the revenue now raised by indirect taxation—a reduction that will have to be made good either by increased direct taxation or by vastly multiplying the number of articles subject to import duty. And, finally, it will be maintained that to establish a preferential tariff for the colonies, must incur the ill-will and invite the retaliation of all foreign countries, and that as their trade with Great Britain is three times as great as the motherland's trade with Great Britain, England will be risking two-thirds of her commerce for the sake of the remaining one-third.

But beneath all this lies a greater and deeper-rooted objection—one, indeed, that strikes down to the very basis of empire. Upon what does the British Empire rest? Upon self-interest or upon sentiment? Mainly, answer most Englishmen, upon sentiment—the sentiment of a common heritage in a great past, of pride in the stock and pride in England and English history, of kindred blood and kindred institutions. To those who believe that it is sentiment which holds the empire together and gives it a generic vitality, all proposals for an imperial customs-union or a Pan-Britannic scheme meant to disregard the real essential of the tradition. They could not be carried out without shifting the whole basis of the empire, and profoundly modifying the spirit in which Englishmen have built it up. England's imperial history is one long surrender of official ties and claims, a continuous progress towards freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. All direct profit from and all control over their colonies Englishmen have long and relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, who look at the empire as though it were a problem in algebra, has this grand virtue—it has made for loyalty and content; it has diminished, virtually destroyed, the chance of friction; and it has established a rule between the devotion of the colonies to England and England's non-interference in colonial affairs. Most Englishmen, I think, agree that there is no condition of imperial relations on which it would be less wise to infringe than this, and that to multiply formal links of whatever kind is simply to multiply occasions for misunderstandings. On this ground, then, and as a matter of broad imperial policy, there will be many who will resist Mr. Chamberlain's new departure to the last.

Again, the empire is the child of free trade. It is an empire of commercial peace. In some ways it would not be wrong to describe it as a trust administered by Great Britain for the world's benefit. England, at any rate, derives from it no advantages that are not open to other nations. English traders enter the colonial markets on the same terms, no better, and no worse, as English traders and German traders. The so-called preferential tariff adopted by Canada in 1878 contained not a single clause that would prevent other countries besides Great Britain from sharing equally in its concessions. England's trade, so well as her political relations, with the empire, have been an organic growth, produced by the free play of natural forces, not by artificial will. The colonies have prospered, and England has prospered with them, because she has never attempted to force them round with artificial shackles and build upon them the jealous, short-sighted, self-destructive monopoly that Spain, to her own sad ending, insisted on in her dominions. What is it, indeed, that marks out the British Empire from all others if not this—that Eng-

lishmen alone have realized that a colony is not an estate whose usefulness begins and ends with its returning a direct and exclusive profit to its owners? If they did not know it before, the American Revolution taught them that colonies must be governed in their own interests and not in the interests of the motherland. Since then they have learned that to govern a colony on this principle, to let it carve out its career in its own way, never to twist it out of the line of natural development, is to pursue a policy that in the long run makes as much for the strength and prosperity of the motherland as of the colony itself. There could, therefore, be no more momentous event in British imperial history than a deliberate infraction of this principle of freedom; and on the day the empire resolves itself into a protectionist or preferential tariff union, this principle is shattered. From being an empire of commercial peace it becomes an empire of commercial aggression. It drags England into the raging war of tariffs; for a free spontaneous competition it substitutes something that is rigid, formal, and artificial; and instead of fostering sentiment it abroads it in favor of tariff schedules and specific and ad valorem duties. If Mr. Chamberlain, say his opponents, gets his way the loyalty of the empire will henceforward have to be expressed in terms of New Zealand mutton and Canadian wheat. A great policy will have been thrown overboard and a great ideal fatally lowered and vulgarized.

Moreover, whatever form Mr. Chamberlain's scheme assumes England is bound to lose it. Mr. Chamberlain himself admits as much. His appeal is to British generosity, to the spirit of mutual self-sacrifice. The ideal he ultimately looks forward to is that of a free spontaneous competition, together by the closest financial ties. There must be three ways in which these ties may be manufactured, in theory at least. One might conceive the British Empire federated into a collective, like the German Empire or the American Union, each State enjoying free trade with all the others, and fixing a common and identical tariff on all foreign imports. But this, though conceivable on paper, has never proved to be impossible in fact. Again, one might imagine a sort of imperial customs-union, each member of which shall have free trade with all the others, and at the same time be at liberty to levy what duties he pleases on foreign imports. But this, too, has been found to be quite impracticable. There remains, therefore, the plan of a series of reciprocity treaties between England and each of her colonies—the mother country either imposing new duties against foreign lands in order to remit them in favor of such colony in turn, or else scaling down the already existing tariff for the benefit of Canada, New Zealand, Australian, and Indian exporters, or—and more probably—doing both. Either way the result must be that an extra burden is thrown upon the English taxpayer, and while nothing can exceed his enthusiasm for the empire, there is a pretty general conviction that the limit of self-sacrifice has already been reached and that so long as England contributes more than one hundred times as much to imperial defence as all the colonies put together, it is unreasonable to make further demands upon her.

I have set forth these objections at length, because I know them to be held by some of the most thoughtful and patriotic of Englishmen. Besides, when their force is fairly weighed and measured, Mr. Chamberlain's success in overcoming them, or the nation's short-sightedness in allowing them to be overcome,—whichever you please,—will be all the more wonderful.

Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

A Change in the Insular Attitude

A TRUE American came in with the frown of defiance and denial which expresses the prevalent mood of his type, and said, "I see those English, who have been prodding to be so fond of me lately, are showing the cloven hoof and the forked tail again."

"Why, what has happened?" the Higher Journalist asked, eager for any evil that promised a topic.

"Have't you read what this man H. G. Wells says? He's the one, you know, that generally writes about the next century, or Mars, or those things, but now he has been scoring the Americans in one of the London Reviews." The true American fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and brought out a newspaper scrap. "Ah, here it is," and he read aloud: "One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a dia that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. . . . If slazy-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the goodness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether." There! the true American said, locking up over his glasses. "What do you think of that?"

The higher journalist, who is as precipitately patriotic as any could wish, on most occasions, had a lucid interval. "Well, that sounds rather disagreeable, if true, and it sounds true," he added, "if disagreeable. You see he says American fools." "Yes, I see that," his visitor promptly assented. "But what do you say to the English throwing off the mask so soon? Did you expect that, after all their professions of affection recently?"

"They had to do it sometime; they couldn't keep up that sort of thing always. The Englishman is naturally an honest brute, and that affection of amibility must have been unfeeling trying to him. We ought to consider that. Don't you think, really, he's a little less loathsome when spitting in our faces than when licking our boots?"

"There is something in that," the true American considered.

"And how," the higher journalist continued, "have we received his friendly overtures? Have we ceased for a moment to take every advantage of him we could get in commerce, finance, politics, literature and art? Haven't we unboxed all of our popular novels on him that we possibly could? When his calamity and his fear came in the Boer war didn't we mock at the one, and laugh in our sleeve at the other? Nothing kept us from laughing openly but the Boer war of our own which we had in the Philippines. And all the while he was coming to us 'deliberately,' like Agassiz to Semmelweis, when he thought, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past.' What claim to his forbearance have we? Come!"

"We haven't any. But I do hate a hypocrite. And here," the true American said, as he produced another newspaper scrap, "is one of them at our very doors, talking like this to a lot of reporters:

"The mad, blind struggle for the dollar, with no thought for the higher life, is ruining your country. . . . The hearts of your men

are like the rocks that underlie your great city—hard and unympathetic—a great city of hard hearts. . . . If there is an unwholesome tendency in a nation your national system strengthens it, promulgates it, instead of correcting it. American public schools are all alike, all having the same curriculum, and it is fostering in your children's minds a sense of duty to get wealth. In fact, that idea surmounts everything. You may not realize it, because you are all imbued with the same thought, more or less."

"That is the way that Mr. Auberson Herbert, a cousin of the English ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, talked the other day in the Netherlands Hotel. I think Sir Michael ought to be given his passports, and sent out of the country, if he can't stop his cousins from talking like that."

"I wonder the very stones of the Netherlands Hotel didn't cry out against him," the higher journalist suggested, somewhatardonably. "But, perhaps, they couldn't. Perhaps they thought it was true."

"That isn't the point. Of course it's true, in a certain degree, but it isn't the whole truth."

"Well, it may be all the better for us. You know it isn't essentially different from what Emerson said of us fifty years ago: 'In our large cities the population is godless, materialized—no head, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hangers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on, so aimless as they are? . . . There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine wheel, sewing-machine, and in public opinion, but not in divine names.'"

"Ah!" the true American breathed. "But Emerson was an American; and I am talking of Englishmen. Now you know, and I know, that there is not a more generous and magnanimous country than this on God's footstool. Why, look at what immense sums even an adoptive citizen like Mr. Carnegie gives away! I tell you, magnanimity is in the air over here. We send our money out there to prop up their miserable, rotten aristocracy, and then they turn on us, and snub the beautiful and devoted American women who marry their titles. But, thank goodness," the true American said, fumbling in each of his trouser pockets till he found what he wanted, "there's one of them now and then knows how to give them as good as they send. Here!" He held up still another newspaper cutting. "This is what some American women writes to the London paper that had printed an Englishman's criticism of International wives, calling them vulgar, parse-proud, insubordinate, and irreverent. See how she gets back at the British matron! and she reads: 'I am the wife of a British peer. My father's money was honestly made by a man with brains and not by a man with a grandfather. It made a vast difference in this Anglo-American contract, if you will so have it. Let us strike a balance and see who got the better of the bargain. My husband gave a perage, a bad reputation, and an encumbered estate, shady friends, endless debts, and a broken constitution. I gave a fortune, good health, good looks, revived prosperity, and happiness.'"

"What do you think of that?"

"I think," the higher journalist reflected, "from the closing passages, that the lady

had been reading Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and had got a practical writer to put her reminiscences of Mrs. Arwling into shape for her. Mind, I don't say it isn't true. But I do say it's wholly unimportant. Whatever we may say to Mr. Wells, or to Mr. Herbert, we have really nothing to say to the critics of international American wives. They did not marry allied Englishmen from patriotic motives. They married them for love, or ambition, or social splendor, or any other personal motive, and must take the chances of their venture, just as they would if they had married Americans. We are not, as a people, or a civilization, the least concerned in them."

The true American made for the door in speechless indignation. There he turned, and said, witheringly, "And you call yourself a higher journalist!"

A Musical Circus

When a purveyor of musical entertainment hires the Madison Square Garden for his purposes, engages such attractions as Mme. Lillian Nordica and M. Edouard de Reszke, and charges an important public three dollars a head for their seats, it is neither right nor possible to ignore his activities. We refer, of course, to the recent metropolitan advent of Mr. John S. Duss.

Mr. Duss has been christened, with striking felicity, the P. T. Barnum of the musical world. His plans are conceived upon a scale of truly astounding magnificence. His imagination shows no barriers; the obstacles which commonly are set in the path of aspiring endeavor have no reality for him. He will turn his concert hall into a gorgeous palace of illusion; he will load its atmosphere with perfume; he will engage a famous orchestra, the most eminent and costly of singers, that his ideals may be fittingly accomplished. He is by far the most superb personage in the world of contemporary music—a very Napoleon of art, with millions in his treasury, and the genius of two continents at his beck and call.

Last week, at the Madison Square Garden, his amazing musician opened the season of orchestral concerts which have been projected for the coming summer. Mme. Nordica, and M. Edouard de Reszke were the soloists, the orchestra was that of the Metropolitan Opera House, and a chorus of 1000 voices contributed to the bannefulness of the occasion. When we have said that Mr. Duss and his orchestra played the "William Tell" overture and the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; that Mme. Nordica sang, with the chorus, the *Infanzonata* from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and, as an encore, the "Star Spangled Banner"; and that M. de Reszke sang Faure's "The Palmes," we have probably given to the discerning some sense of the nature of Mr. Duss's accomplishment. There were other things: the Sextet from "Lucia" arranged for trumpets, trombones, euphonium and orchestra, for example; the "Hallelujah" chorus from "The Messiah"; a movement from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony;—but these are matters of minor consequence. The important fact to note is that Mme. Nordica, stilling in state in one of Mr. Duss's Venetian gondolas, was scullied down the Grand Canal in full view of an ex-

raptured multitude, and that M. de Reszke, in veritable flesh and blood, made both his entrance and his exit a triumphal progress through the audience—it is said that he declined to oblige in the matter of the gondola trip.

We have not permitted ourselves to take Mr. Duss and his doings too seriously, for June is come, and an awful frivolity is licensed and becoming; but let us for a moment consider the graver side of these things. It would be idle to speak with any seriousness of Mr. Duss's general musical qualifications. But what shall one say of the great and famous singers who lent their personalities to so egregious an exploitation? Are we mistaken in imagining that such artists as, say, Mme. Lehmann,—shrewdly practical though she is,—or Milka Ternina, or the elder de Reszke, could not possibly have been made parties to such a performance? or have they, too, their price?

The Croatian Disturbances

This recent riot in Croatia, of which fugitive echoes have found their way into our cables, are one more reminder that the Slavonic Question is the true motive force of contemporary European politics. Briefly, the situation is this: the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, while nominally composed of a Teutonic Empire in union with a Hungarian kingdom, is, in reality, preponderantly Slavonic in race. In the Austrian half of the monarchy, there are, of course, the following Slav States: Galicia or Austrian-Poland, Bohemia and Moravia, besides the Southern Slavs in Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. There are also numerous Slavonic fragments, scattered through the German duchies; the total Slavonic population of Austria being sixteen millions, out of a population of twenty-six millions. We come now to Hungary: the popular view in this country probably is, that Hungary is almost wholly Hungarian in blood, but this is far from being true. We have, to begin with, the two Slavonic provinces of Slavonia and Croatia, subject to Hungary, and with a joint population of two and a half millions; and besides these two provinces, we have a population of not less than three million Slavs in Hungary proper. Therefore, taking the whole of the Dual Monarchy, we have these figures:

Slava	21,000,000
Germans	11,000,000
Hungarians	8,200,000
Italic	3,750,000

which certainly justify us in saying that Austria-Hungary is a preponderantly Slavonic empire, the Slavs numbering about half the total population, and being about twice as numerous as the race which stands next to them in numbers.

Up to the present, however, the Slavs have had practically no voice in the affairs of either half of the Dual Monarchy. We are tolethly familiar with the parliamentary obstruction which has sprung from the struggle between the German and Bohemian elements, especially over the question of equality of language. As a body, the Austrian-Germans will not hear of any equality for their Slav fellow-countrymen, considering them as a necessarily inferior race, much as the South-Africans look on the Kaffirs, or as, until very recently, the English looked on the indigenous population of Ireland. Lord Salisbury's "Bottlenets." The Hungarians are even more tyrannous in their dealings with the Slav populations of the Apostolic Kingdom, including the two prov-

inces of Slavonia and Croatia; and it is precisely against this race tyranny, suffered by the Croatians at the hands of the Magyars, that the present uprisings are directed. The two dominant races, the Germans and the Magyars, feel that their dominance is threatened by the growing numbers of the Slavs, and they go to extremes of rigor and pressure to keep the Slavs under the yoke.

There is another aspect of the question. Though slightly more numerous, the German half of the Dual Monarchy is practically dominated by the Hungarian half, the Magyars losing no opportunity to thwart and tyrannize over their former masters. The Austrian-Germans feel this very keenly, and the wild talk we sometimes hear about a Pan-German movement, which is to unite them to the dominions of Kaiser Wilhelm, is one symptom among many, showing how they are galled by the Magyar yoke. But the remedy is really exceedingly simple: the Germans, or rather the Habsburgs, have only to make their peace with the Slavs, and the domination of the Magyars over both will be at an end.

Meanwhile, the struggle for Slav liberation continues: not in Bohemia only, or, as we have seen, in Croatia, but in Prussian Poland to the north, and in the three viceroyalties of Macedonia to the south. All these uprisings are part of a common movement, all the more potent that it is united, not by conscious intention, but by something far deeper, by the genius of a growing race. Looked at in this light, we can easily see that the union of Austria with Russia, on behalf of the Turkish Slave is a sign of the times whose importance and significance for the future it is impossible to over-estimate.

Wanted—A Poet

This London *Spectator* thinks that what Ireland needs supremely now is a great writer of fiction who will do for Ireland what Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland. In truth, vast are the stores of material awaiting the man who has it in him to set forth the tragedy, pathos, and devotion to ideals which Irish history proffers; and vaster still is the constituency awaiting his output, for the exiled Irish and their descendants are found the world over, and beyond Erin's bounds have attained unto competency and self-rule. For Ireland's sake and for the very world's sake, the genius need have no fear for his market, providing he have but brains to do his task.

But Irish talent just now seems to run to verse more than to fiction, or, if fiction, to the weird and haunting tales of Fiona MacLeod rather than to the great tale embracing racial feud, political plottings, doings, struggles with greedy landlords, severance of domestic ties, long journeys beyond the seas in search of peace and prosperity, and all the multifarious aspects which the tragedy has taken on in the course of the centuries. For this reason a contributor to the *Spectator* seems to have sense on his side when he calls for a poet to come forth and give voice to Ireland's case, now that England at last seems to be relenting.

Poet we look for, come! awake! be born!
Sing as thou dost. Sing in what tongue thou wilt.

So, thou make plain that tale to every ear,
Unfilling all its sorrow, pity, grief,
For, who's dead and gone, or living once more,
Is dead.

It certainly would seem in order for an Irish verse to put in imperishable form the feelings which the Irish must have just now, at the marked change of attitude in England. No often the ruling power's cruelty and tyranny have been sung in last-

ing verse, it surely could not be to impossible for so tender-hearted and generous a race as the Irish to make the act of the British in acknowledging their past wrong, the text for a noble burst of song.

But is Ireland the only land needing a poet? We know not. Why has it been that, notwithstanding it is generally conceded, that the United States during the past five years has made history as fast probably as any time in its history there has been so little output of verse worthy of the great happenings. Putting aside entirely the vexed question of expansion in the Philippines, about which good men differ, there remain the overthrow of Spain by the United States in Cuba, the denouement of Cuban States by officials utilizing modern science, the final legislation committing the United States to a wedding of the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the initial legislation by Congress making it certain that the Western desert some day shall bloom like a rose, and last, but not least, the tragic taking away of President McKinley and the dramatic emergence on the boards of an actor whose role is strenuous and whose personality is not negligible. And yet, with one exception possibly, Mr. William Vaughan Moody's poem, "An Ode of Hesitation in Time of Duty," no great poem has been written expressing the deep feelings that have surged through the hearts of the American people.

If, as some contend, we have departed from the paths of the fathers and gone off after strange gods, that awful fact should have inspired some protestations in imperishable verse. If we are commercialized and venal, that, too, should cease the prophetic strain to produce verified utterances of spiritual ideals such as came from Israel's minor and major prophets. We have had some minor prophets, but no major ones. Our great dead die, and no ode has been written embalming their memories in the amber of poetry. Mr. E. W. Gilder, Miss Edith Thomas, and a few others realize opportunities, but of the few who seem to see the opportunities, fewer still rise equal to them.

The world is as full of idealism, romance, tragedy, and comedy to-day as ever it was. Modern business involves daring as desperats, nerve as colossal, pluck as heroic, chivalry as pure, and villainy as base as anything found in the military annals of the Middle Ages. The present-day clash of individualism and socialism calls for stagers as clamant and as indifferent to contemporary obloquy as were the singing birds of the slavery controversy. Idealism exists to-day among the world's workmen as much as ever it did, but in new places, under new names, and with new manifestations. But most of the priests and the verse-makers do not see it, looking for spirituality to show itself in the old ways, and for idealism to put on the old garb. And she will not.

The Wesley Celebration and the Outlook for Methodism

PLAY for position, the world the ground, denominational prestige the ambition, and the salvation of mankind the goal, has led the Wesleyans of England to purchase the old London Aquarium. The site was the play; the structure is to be torn down. Time may come when Madison Square, New York, will be the spot from which most effectively to reach and influence Europe, America, and all of the rest of the world, but in the year 1903 and from the view-point of religious propaganda the spot best adapted for such purpose is within a block or so, it matters

little in which direction, of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Palace. In this anniversary year of the birth of John Wesley, when Methodists of all the world are to sound the praise of their founder once again, Wesleyans of England voted themselves the honor of leading the rest of the world of Methodism. In the discharge of the duties of such leadership they purchased the property mentioned, and upon the site, right by the side of the Church House of that Church of England out of which they came, the dominant branch of Wesley's followers in England will build a Methodist Church House, to become the centre of that world Methodism of which American Methodism, in proportion of about two to one, is the largest and richest part. The purchase of the site, and the erection of this Church House, mark an epoch in Methodist history.

Mr. R. W. Perke is one of the famous barristers of England. He is also one of the greatest of living Methodists. He constructs laws for the trusts, some of the American trusts operating in England, and he suggested to English Wesleyans the idea of raising one million guineas, and paying all of their debts, as an end-of-the-century thank-offering. He has weight as a leader. The guineas were raised, and with some of them the Aquarian site was purchased. More than that, in a contest for leadership, the late Wesleyan leader, the Rev. Hugh Fries Hughes being dead, Mr. Perke and a progressive element went against the conservative one. The happy idea of this barrister was not only taken up by Wesleyans; other religious bodies appropriated it, and in all fully \$50,000,000 have been raised and put to the aid of religion. Methodists in Great Britain and America raised fully \$50,000,000 of this sum, and the balance was raised by Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Lutherans of Great Britain, America, Canada, Australia, and India. Methodists of Canada set out to raise \$1,000,000, but they made it \$1,250,000, and completed their task in advance of every other concerted movement on either continent. United Free Methodists of England raised \$520,000; Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, \$470,000; Methodists of our own South, \$1,500,000; Methodists North, \$25,000,000, with work still going on. Such are some of the money results which have come from Mr. Perke's inspiration; Methodists are looking for vast spiritual results and a great increase of membership to follow.

An incident, never before published, throws instructive light upon the evolution of this great religious body in America. A village of northwestern Pennsylvania had in its centre a two-acre plot, which was given by a non-resident land-owner to the church of the town. There was but one church. It was Presbyterian, and it built upon the plot. Some years afterwards Methodists claimed the right to build on the same plot, and to prevent them from so doing the Presbyterians went into the county court with a petition. This petition stated legal reasons, of course, and then added a second reason to this effect: The court is aware that Methodists are a noisy people, having a manner of public worship distracting to people of good order. On religious and social grounds Methodists have no rights which the court is bound to respect. The growth of real religion in the community demands the exclusion of these Methodists. The date of this petition was 1818.

When John Wesley died there were 313 Methodist preachers and 70,958 members in England, and 196 preachers and 43,203 members in America; a total of 511 preachers and 119,233 members of Methodism in all the world. Those who periodically ask whether this or that religious body is declining will do well to study the table of

Methodist Episcopal Church growth in America, by quadrenniums, since 1784. In that year there were in the United States 14,008 Methodists. In 1844, when division between North and South came, there were 1,171,356. In spite of a loss of almost one-half, the Methodist North body reached, in 1900, a membership of 2,874,837. The growth in these one hundred and sixteen years was not uniform. It is not uniform now. But there has been growth; it is safe to assume there will be growth. Methodist ministers of the whole world number 48,559; members, 7,610,285; and adherents, 28,016,000. The United States and not England are the stronghold of Wesleyan fellowship, with 40,851 ministers and 6,144,924 members. In the land of Wesley's birth his followers are outnumbered by Presbyterians. In Canada Methodists are the largest of Protestant bodies, and in our Southern States they divide with Episcopalians and Presbyterians—the size of the division largely in their favor—the old families of wealth and culture. Methodist churches in the United States are worth \$165,000,000, and Methodist parsonages \$28,000,000 more, a total of \$193,000,000. Methodist Church property in all the world is valued at \$350,000,000. Methodists of the United States pay for church maintenance, repairs, and betterments each year \$28,400,000. Exclusion of debts there are in Methodist educational buildings and endowments in the United States \$33,500,000, and since 1850 Methodists have printed and sold in their own book concerns \$101,000,000 worth of Christian literature. Apart from sums given through unofficial sources, Methodists of the United States are giving to missions, home and foreign, \$2,350,000 a year.

Correspondence

OLD SCHOOL BOOKS

114 NICHOLAS AVENUE,
CHICAGO, MAY 22, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—When Chicago was building the Columbian Exposition I urged the proper official to collect for exhibition and the deletion of elderly people the school books of early days. How many of us would enjoy looking over a copy of Comly's Reader or Spelling Book, or Webster's or DeBell's Arithmetic, or the first geographies and atlases? What would please more than Goodrich's "Parley's" First Book of History, and all of that class of school books. Many of us never thought to preserve our first school books. I remember "Comly's Reader or Book of Knowledge." I would like to see a copy. I had one in 1846. In New Jersey we used the New Testament, the English Reader, and the Columbia Reader, Towns Spelling Book, and Johnson's Arithmetic in 1845. The Harper's may know of earlier books, being publishers. I thought they could know whether my idea was feasible. I would ask that they consider the matter, and suggest it to St. Louis.

I am, sir,
CHARLES ROBERTS.

A PROTEST FROM PADANG

PADANG, SUMATRA, MARCH 23, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—It was with a great amount of surprise that I read the article in your number of November 15, 1902, about the expected revolt in these colonies. I do not know and I do not care to know who your correspondent is, but I am afraid his digestion was not to be in good working order, causing him hallucinations of a rather severe char-

acter. Where has he been in these colonies? Only in Lingga? I should think so, owing to the illustrations, which are embellishing his fantastic article. Lingga, a forbidding corner of this archipelago, an island of no importance, must be a very suitable place to enrich one's knowledge, and to give one a sharp idea about the feelings of a population of over thirty million people of more national shades than in the Austrian monarchy, without any relationship between each other, but also without the animosity prevailing in so many first-rate Christianly civilized parliaments.

I am not going to say that the natives here are living in paradise, but in the position of the working classes in happier (?) countries is much better, though the latter are blessed with trusts and corners and town councils and so many other benedictions of civilization! A fact is that we have no regulations of police here to protect the overulers against malicious Singapore jirikshaw-pullers, who are shameless enough not to be grateful for a wage of thirty American dollar cents after having had the honor to be said overruler's animal for a twelve miles' run! The lack of these regulations has perhaps your correspondent got to dream of Central and South American revolutions.

I repeat that it is no paradise we are living in. Indeed, many things could be better, and would be better, I dare say, if we, inhabitants of this colony, had only a shade of self-government (that we are ruled from out The Hague is absurd indeed), but the natives are quite indifferent to it, knowing that they are not ripe for independence, and that they have to fear more extortion from their own foremen than from any foreign government.

I do not intend to contradict the fact that some parts of our, or of your, colonies are apparently not appreciating a white government, and that we, as well as you, here to fight either Achinese or Filipinos, but it is ridiculous to say that people "have with one voice decided to attempt to cast off the yoke of the Netherlands." In truth, the possibility of a general revolt is simply out of the question, and in that respect we are here perhaps more safe than in our mothers' home. I am, sir,

K. H. H. VAN RENNINGEN,
Member of the Padang Chamber of Commerce.

THE EDUCATED WOMAN AS A HOUSEKEEPER

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—It was my good fortune to be an invited guest at the fiftieth Jubilee Celebration of the Pecker Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, and hear the Rev. Lyman Abbott's address on the Educated Woman. I will not review his remarks, as they were all in the daily papers, simply say he was largely in favor of the educated woman. Many people argue, a woman too highly educated does not make a good housekeeper. Not so. All the more reason, with a good training in mathematics, that she would be far more thrifty and economical. Given a certain amount of ability and knack, the educated woman is far more competent to order her household carefully, put into practice all she learned of domestic science in school, and run her home with a better system, than her sister whose education has been more lax. In connection with this subject, I have been reading with interest your article on "How to Enterlain on \$3500 a Year." And here, again, in where the educated woman will tell. The girl who is trained to think quickly in school, will use this power to advantage when mistress of her home. With

tact, good judgment, and belief in the saying "The Mickles make the Muckles," looking well to the small leakages in housekeeping, one woman will have no more to show on \$5000 than the thiefy woman on \$3500. I liked immensely that phrase in the article which said, "No woman of brains or refinement should ever, in her own home, sit down to a meal that she would be mortified to offer her most fastidious guest." The great trouble with many women nowadays is, they either don't know how to cook, or else are too lazy to learn, and prefer a morning in the shops to mixing some dainty salad or entrée for dinner. I am a housekeeper, and the food on my own table when we are alone is as carefully prepared as if guests were present. I never buy at the bake-shops. I once knew a lady and her daughter, well educated and refined people, whose income for food a day was fifty cents. Everything was simple, yet daintily prepared. A few days ago I walked down Thompson Street to get a glimpse of the Italian colony on Saturday morning, when an unusual amount of herring and marketing is going on. The door-steps were filled with women gossiping, their dresses torn, the steps most uncleanly. They looked as though they were there for the day. The bright, elegant New England housewife rose to my mind. She had probably been up since sunrise, so as to make the most of the precious morning hours, and had planned and systematized her work for the day. Here is where education and brains will tell. Dr. Abbott said he hoped he would die before the time came when we touched a button and our meals were sent in from a neighboring restaurant. A good education is one of the finest things a woman can have. What she learns in school should never be so ordered that she cannot which she later acquires. Her household should never be so ordered that she cannot snatch a few minutes a day for reading. A certain peace of mind comes from a book, which one gets in no other way. In fact, not only can a woman become a much better housekeeper because of a fine education, but it gives her a certain grace and charm of manner, and enables her also to surround herself by a coterie of refined and educated people.

F. R. E.

ON ADDRESSING GRADUATES

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sirs,—Among the occasional duties of the eminent citizen no harder task can be set than to address the graduates in the pomp of circumstance as they issue from high school or college. They are formidable listeners, for they discount everything, even a warning, which may border on pessimism; and they are merciless critics. If boldly hopeful, they are no less judicial. We may gravely doubt whether an insecure man can speak eloquently enough to win their respect. The vision of immature youth, unadorned by years of the later spectacle of the social compromise, is often keener than is after-life. Nevertheless, they are somewhat more prone to emphasize the morale, the show, the pompousness of life.

Just here lies the danger which frequently renders the usual address false and nervous. The burden of the day is upon the attainment of success—that brilliant, magic word which makes cowards of us all. There is too little concern about the definition of terms; we take too much for granted. The amount of false doctrine which can be neatly parked away in the conventional address to students would be an inspiration to Harlequins. One fairly distinguished American critic advises us to banish from bearing the words "luck" and "chance." In

his zeal for a world run in accord with his ethical view, he is blind to truth. He may bid us minimize the fact, but he is wrong in wishing us to deny the existence of a force which the merest tyro is bound to feel in a six months' battle with the world. However we may desire to preach industry and earnestness, we must not hide the fact that much, very much, acknowledged success is capricious and local. In fact the trend of our remarks should be frankly discouraging and disenchanting. Instead of shouting about the unoccupied rounds at the top, we should draw our finest lessons from the ruthless fact of the lottery of success.

Every individual soul desires to express itself; and to this universal desire men give the name of ambition. The fields in which the activities play are numberless—but the purpose is ever the same,—power, authority, influence, the leading of other wills our way. But rare is the soul which is satisfied with the mere possession, the mere luxury, of sway. It yearns for the herald, too; it must needs be a published prize; it burns for fame, glory, reputation. The noblest poet sends his signatures with his message.

Now, one of the secret means to these prizes is the endowment of extraordinary ability of mind. Needless to say, from the common mortal, and to bridge the abysses of our lapses with the rough and unready profusions of modern education. By this I mean that to no other deficiency in the world is a man so quickly and so easily reconciled as to that of poor brains—his helplessness being the intercessor.

Another of the means to these prizes is that of wealth. The fact that no clear line can be drawn between competency and wealth makes the problem of arrangement a difficult one. Again, the intelligently virtuous joy in one's labor once allied to money-getting converts the means into an end, robs the soul of freedom, annihilates serenity and self-control. There are too many subsidiary charms to this means to be glanced at here; they are the more easily supplied to the reader since the pursuit of wealth is the most engrossing, the most necessary, the most tyrannical of human interests. In fact, the conventional address takes this so much for granted that it generally reviews the various professions, trades, businesses, solely with respect to their rewards on the money side.

What, then, ought we to say to those who are about to enter life? First of all, we ought reverently to disabuse their minds of the illusion that this is a world governed by ideal justice; on the other hand, that it is made up of well-nigh fortuitous circumstance modified by very imperfect men and women, and that in this severe fact they must save their souls to heaven. Again, the young aspirant should in merry be warned against an idealistic career, such as art or literature or research. This tendency should be kept for his avocation apart from but higher than the ordinary work of his life. Every soul needs an asylum from the routine of daily endeavor. He should be told that in the great economy of nature it is of no consequence whatsoever that he choose this or that calling. The prizes of our work are beyond our power to command, and are therefore accidental and unworthy of the devotion of years.

Above all, we should impress upon the mind of the graduate that there is but one possession, or rather one pursuit, which knows no accidents, which is often unlearned, which is inextricably ours—our own character, ever which alone we hold unlimited sway to make or mar. We may have to content with a mind conscious of integrity without the public eye upon our work; but in this case, as in no other of human life, the prize of high character is ours alone; we have wrought it in agony of spirit, and it shall be in its simplest utterance something to make our fellow man proud, something to lift the race, something that scores pay. Amid the brevity of mortal days and the transitoriness of men's most applauded achievements and the vicissitudes of fortune it must mean something to a human soul to know that the world is definitely better, purer, stronger, because of the obscure battle it has fought and won. What more heroic ideal can we fashion than this of procuring the choice of obscurity rather than of accidental success as measured by fame, wealth, power? The hard world is bound to tell the facts in the case sooner or later; why not forestall the world?

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

THE NEEDS OF SAN DOMINGO

Santo Domingo, May 2 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sirs,—We are off with the old law and on with the new; in one not accustomed to Spanish-American ways it is incredible.

A short time ago we had Don Juan Isidro Jimenes and his friends as our overlords; yesterday Horacio Vasquez and a crew of desperado were driving the country to distraction; to-day Don Alejandro Woa y Gil has taken up the whip, and the impartial bystander wonders when it will all end. There can be but one ending—the United States of America must take charge some day, and the sooner that day arrives, the better for humanity in general and Santo Domingo in particular.

It is incredible that such a state of disorder exists in the twentieth century, in a country rich in every conceivable benefit that nature can afford; healthy and varied climate, from the warm tropical breeze near the coast, where one can live the *diver fac stote* existence of the south, to the bracing atmosphere of the pine-clad hills that gives a vigor and zest for action that one is accustomed to expect only in northern latitudes; a beautiful bay, the like of which is perhaps not to be found anywhere else in the world, affording safe anchorage for the largest fleet afloat, and a veritable elysium for yachtsmen; undeveloped mineral deposits abound—gold, iron, copper, etc.—with salt and asbestos, valuable timbers, fertile lands, and rich grazing. But the Dominican never dreams of turning his attention to any of these; he looks towards the government as the child does to its mother.

Those who have ever watched a litter of pigs fighting for the best position obtainable at the mother's teat, totally ignoring their brothers' interests and wants, desirous only of filling their own stomachs, can form some idea of the Dominicans. These too power are mostly too occupied in preparing for the inevitable "rainy day" to give much attention to making laws for the benefit of the country, and should any one raise his voice in expostulation, he soon makes the acquaintance of a prison, and is perhaps smothered, or maybe he is exiled; and on occasion women and children are made to suffer a like fate. The foreigner, used to strug-

able, and just government, looks on with horror and disgust at such arbitrary measures and selfish policy. As soon as a government is formed, all who have fallen to obtain a post, or are unable to procure "hush money"—thousands of dollars are paid away to men and women who may be considered inconvenient—begin to plot for its downfall. Some so-called fortunate ones are always able to catch a plum, and the very loose idea of honor that obtains in these parts allows such gentlemen to change their politics and betray their friends without in the least incurring the odium of their fellows. Indeed, these are looked upon as the clever ones, and somehow manage to thrive under any and every situation.

Then there are the money-lending merchants, who, having obtained a certain credit in Europe or New York, draw on the foreign house for the ostensible purpose of buying produce, but more frequently this money, borrowed at six per cent., is used to finance a rotten government, or to further a still worse reaction. Either will pay any thing from two per cent. to five per cent. a month for such accommodations; there is, therefore, no wonder that the debts become inconveniently large. Should the party the merchant is backing obtain power, he is repaid by being allowed to introduce merchandise without paying the legal duties; here again the poor country suffers, for this permission is generally improved by the merchant passing (with the connivance of the customs officials) three times the quantity for which permission is granted.

This means that such houses soon have more stock than they can readily dispose of, and a great part of the supposed gain is lost by forced sales to obtain cash to cover their credits; or, in pushing sales, credit is given to all and sundry in a manner that amounts one accustomed to selecting with care the customers worthy of credit.

This promiscuous giving of credit has run into the common law of the country, and, indeed, it prevails in every class of work or business, with but one conspicuous example, the Simons and Santiago Railway Company, a Scotch concern with a Scotch manager, who is a strong believer in the old adage that "short reckonings make long friends." Replying some time ago to an application from the late government for a little breathing-time, he said, "If Venezuela had followed my rule, the European powers would not now be in a position to worry her; I am saving you from a similar fate." If one engages a servant, an advance is asked to enable her to bring her luggage; a farmer always asks an advance before starting work, and the large sugar and banana estates have to pay the fares of their laborers, often from the neighboring islands; the majority of the clerks owe two to six months' salary to their employers, and so on *ad infinitum*.

This promiscuous credit system is, without doubt, slowly dragging the country to ruin, leading, as it does, to improvidence and extravagance. The courts of justice are a farce, and would be better named courts of injustice. In the case of any litigation applying for help, it is a case of "How much do you possess in the world," for it will all be needed to carry on your case, and there will be no change coming to you. If your means and influence are small, the case will be quickly decided—against you. No matter how much a man may be in your debt, it is always cheaper not to apply to the law for a settlement. It is the hope of the better-thinking class that the United States government will one day step in and bring order out of chaos.

Although Santo Domingo was the country first settled by Columbus in the New World, it has progressed least of all; it cannot boast of any public works, and driving roads are absolutely unknown. The only means by which one can travel about the country

is by horse, along narrow tracks, often knee-deep in mud; all stores and produce are moved by caravans of mules, as they were three hundred years ago. For the want of a few good roads, hundreds of thousands of acres of rich lands lie idle and unproductive, and the streets of the capital are probably in a worse condition than Diego Columbus left them in. After the fight on the 5th of April they offered a fearful spectacle, with hundreds of dead lying in all directions.

Are these barbarous revolutions got up for the benefit of the country? Never—no one could excuse them if they were. No enterprise is safe, for any day all the laborers are liable to be called away, and work is at a standstill. In this way many enterprising undertakings started by foreigners have been crushed in the bud. How welcome would be such help as England has given to Egypt! All that is needed is a strong government to make Santo Domingo one of the richest and most prosperous of the West-Indian Islands.

I am, sir,
W. G. CHAPMAN-MONTGOMERY.

REAR-ADMIRAL TAYLOR'S FALLACY

Enclosed Pass Pn, May 20, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Permit me to point out a fallacy in Rear-Admiral Taylor's pleasantly, and no doubt sincerely, written article in your issue of May 9 on "Battle-ships Cheaper than War." For the moment at least it is very impressive, and the appeal for analogy to the police protection of civil life—a protection we all accept and justify—seems at first unanswerable. But the writer overlooks one fact which utterly destroys the analogy, viz., that it is not the individual himself, but the community, that protects him. The private bearing of arms for such defensive purposes, except in particular and clearly defined cases, is more and more discouraged, and in some highly civilized communities has practically ceased. Where, as in some parts of our land, it is still widely prevalent, it is accompanied by constant feuds, bloodshed, and riot. What the opponents of the military spirit urge is not that the individual nation should be left defenceless, but that it should cease to go around with "a chip on its shoulder," looking out for some one to "trud on the tail of its coat." It would take the pistol and shotgun, and even the shillalah, out of the hands of the individual nation, and place

them in those of a recognized and responsive world's constabulary, which shall see that the weakest individual nation is protected in its rights, and allowed to go about its proper and peaceful business. The admiral himself came so near to this point that it is strange it escaped him. He says, "A tribunal has been established which arbitrates in the interest of peace, but no sword has yet been placed in its hand with which to enforce its decisions."

Suppose, then, that each of the eight or ten civilized powers, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, the United States, and Japan, with Chile and one or two other South American states, sets off, say, its three most powerful and most modern battle-ships to constitute together a world's navy under the direct command of the Hague commission. Then let all the other vessels of every navy be dismantled and allowed to become the junk they are now infelicitously becoming, or, better, converted, so far as possible, to the uses of peaceful commerce. We shall then have our armed police force to enforce the decrees of the world's court of arbitration, and wars and rumors of wars, like the old wager of private battle and the duel which once, when every man's hand was against his fellow's, seemed so hopelessly fastened on the race, will have been relegated, with withecraft and the rest, to the museum of historic curiosities. Then, too, we shall be saved from the wasteful mistake of spending, every nation, millions upon millions which, like the encyclopedias, begin to be out of date and junk as soon as finished, and whose relative efficiency in any case remains practically the same where all are fired by the same determination not to be outclassed by the rest. The world's navy could not become out of date, since, being the only one, no other could be more modern.

The admiral pleads for the embolizing quality of war; but I cannot think he would deny the renowned virtues of peace, or the brave self-sacrifices of men like the railroad engineers—the heroes of a peaceful civilization, going sometimes to their death to save others when a leap for life might have saved them.

The war spirit is not to last forever. The prophet's vision of peace is the true one. Slowly but surely we are moving upward, working out the best, to let the ape and tiger die:

Certain if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.

I am, sir,

H. D. C.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

ABOUT two years ago a discovery of gold deposits was made in the State of Nevada which have proved to be even richer than the discoveries of the days of 1849. This has resulted in an extraordinary increase in the population of the State and in its varied industries.

In next week's **WEEKLY** (on the news-stands June 17), the story of Nevada will be told. There will be the story of "The Modern '49ers," "Reclaiming a State," how a governor helped develop a modern cattle industry, etc., etc. It is all based on actual facts and anecdotes gathered at first hand by our special representatives. You will find these stories not only full of new information, but as interesting as good fiction.

56 PAGES. ON THE NEWS-STANDS JUNE 17

Finance

It cannot be alone the severe decline in security prices of the past month which has disturbed the speculative community. The fact that values are lower by from 20 to 100 points than they were during the bull campaign of the Western plungers last year, means that many exuberant and indiscriminating speculators have lost much money and probably some sleep. But since the country at large is by no means experiencing a similar depression or contraction of trade or of values, there is no widespread apprehension that the worst is about to happen. What has been disquieting in the past two or three weeks has been the mystery which has enveloped the identity of the seller. There has been liquidation, beyond the shadow of a doubt. The question uppermost in many minds has been: Who is selling, and why? Failing to receive a definite reply or satisfactory reasons, the community has paid heed to the rumor-monger, and names have been bandied about with a freedom never before known in Wall Street, while the theories, explanations, and "inside history," as well as "real reasons," have been amazingly ingenious; and all of them corroborated by a wealth of detail and a plausibility truly amazing and untrustworthy. There can be no question that sentiment has been more deeply affected by such rumors and gossip than is usually the case. The community has felt the contagion, and a "psychological wave" has swept over conservative investor and reckless speculator alike, strengthening suspicion, awakening doubts, deepening fears. It is an interesting fact that seldom has the outside public felt so bearish on stocks as of late. As a rule, the average outsider no more can sell stocks short than the average man is left-handed; but, of late, "lambos" have been "shorting" the market with the aplomb of veterans. They are the same men who bought the same stocks at the very height of the inflation, and it is impossible not to wonder whether their position on the market at present is not an indication of the near approach of a turn in the tide.

Of course, the selling on which prices have fallen so violently was not all short selling, nor did all the short selling come from outsiders. Skilful professionals have "hammered" values unceasingly and, it must be admitted, successfully, and such manipulation as has been witnessed really was employed further to depress prices. But apart from this, there has been much genuine selling of "long" stock. It is probably true that much of this has been by "big" men—not the great banking-houses, but rich speculators who sold what they could in order to protect what they could not sell. It is not so paradoxical as it sounds, this selling of good stocks to take care of stocks which are not so good, because there is a market for the one class, and there is none

for the other. Of two certain losses, it is the part of wisdom to take the lesser, great though the latter may be. The necessity for taking any loss at all came from the fresh realization that the public generally is in no mood, or perhaps in no position, to increase its holdings. In other words, the mass of "undisposed securities" is still weighing heavily upon the community. The "big" men, the belated promoters and unwise underwriters who thought the stock-market mine had not "petered out," have been paying the penalty of undue optimism, to use a charitable expression.

In the past, on severe declines the weak speculators have sold and the strong have bought. But in the last decline, since very strong operators were selling and could not buy, and the public never buys when stocks are going down, the usual "support" has been absent to a disquieting degree. The natural inference was that the men who normally may be depended upon to take advantage of bargain prices were in no position to profit by the others' selling. All this, aided by the reports of crop prospects rendered less brilliant by weather conditions, floods, etc., and the multiplicity of labor difficulties throughout the country, amply account for the rapid growth of pessimism in Wall Street.

Much has been made of the decline in iron prices, but it is not in this instance indicative of a decreased consumption; and rather that the necessity is over for paying a premium for quick delivery when producers were handicapped by the scarcity of fuel. Of far greater interest will it be to see the effect of a protracted strike in the building trade on the demand for structural material, and the difficulty of floating new bonds and stocks on the demand for rails. Of the crops it is yet too early to speak. Railroad earnings are steadily showing gains on last year's remarkable totals, and do not confirm the suspicion that the decline in stock prices has "disconnected" a contracting volume of general business. The money-market causes more anxiety. Rates are easy enough now, but there is the fear of stringency in the autumn. Despite the heavy liquidation of the past month, loans have not decreased, according to the bank statement. But the bank figures do not tell the facts that debts to Europe are being transferred to the New York banks, and that the financing of the Pennsylvania Railroad's improvements involves vast sums. The belief that the loans of promoters and underwriters are still enormous is based upon a widely acknowledged fact. They must continue, and the losers will be the underwriters. But that because some of the labor "revolutions" are not sound every industrial concern in the country is un sound, is not true. Prices of many stocks are down to the level of actual value, and some are below their real worth. It is well to remember this.

Financial

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII

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See page 1030

Drawn by Sydney Addison

THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER

One of the first official duties of President Roosevelt on his return to Washington from his Western trip was the formal reception of Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G., the new Chinese Minister. The presentation to the President took place at the White House, and the ceremony was attended by Secretary Hay, the President's secretary, Mr. Loeb, and various members of the Chinese Legation



The Turkey Creek Pumping-Station, which is the only Source of Water Supply for Kansas City. The Station was of course ruined



The ruined Union Station, Kansas City, and the submerged Yards, showing Pullman Cars nearly under Water



Heinville, a Suburb of Kansas City, which has been practically blotted off the Map

THE HAVOC OF THE WESTERN FLOODS



Interior of the Union Station, Kansas City, with Three Feet of Water above the Floor



In the Santa Fe Freight Yards, where an Engine "died" early in the Flood



Wreck of the Elevated Railway where it crosses the Kansas River The great force of the Flood is shown clearly in the Photograph

THE HAVOC OF THE WESTERN FLOODS

A New Invention for Our Next War

A NEW and important function has been added to the already deadly shell—visibility of its flight at night. By means of a torch attached to the base of the shell, it is possible to watch it throughout its entire course, and to see clearly the exact point at which it strikes. With the automatic guns now fast coming into general use and firing one-pounder shells at the rate of four shots a second, a practically continuous stream of fire is thrown, which can be directed like water from a hose, without using the sights of the gun and without knowing the range.

The illuminated shell was invented and developed by Mr. J. B. Scoble, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who owns all the patents, and it has been taken up for extensive tests by both the army and navy of the United States, as well as those of England, Germany, and France.

Although much of practical value was learned from the naval battles of the Spanish war, there was no opportunity to prove the effectiveness of the modern torpedo-boat in the hands of daring and competent men. In repelling the attacks of these fleet little vessels, it is easy to imagine how difficult is

the work of the gunner, when suddenly the search-light of the battle-ship "picks up" an incoming torpedo-boat, where but a moment before the sea was black. There is no time to find the range or elevate the sights. The swiftly moving destroyer must be hit, and hit hard, before it reaches the 800-yard mark, where it will discharge its first 18-inch Whitehead.

The time allowed the gunner in which to strike some vital part is a little over one minute. Behind him are the lives of 600 men, his own life, a four-million-dollar battle-ship, and the cause for which he is fighting; in front is the desperate destroyer, certain of accomplishing its end unless stopped before it gets too close.

The knowledge of the result if he fails, the short time, the sud-



Mr. J. B. Scoble
Inventor of the "Torch" Shell. The photograph was
taken indoors, at night, by the light of
the "torch" shell itself.

deness with which he is called into action, all tend to make his work extremely difficult. The combined attack of several destroyers at once would, under present conditions, prove almost impossible to resist. It is for these emergencies, when accuracy and extreme rapidity of fire are demanded, that the illuminated shell is expected to be most effective.

Exhaustive tests by the army have shown that by its aid field batteries can go into action at night without any previous knowledge of the range, and that it promotes the effectiveness of fire from coast artillery by showing the exact trajectory of the shell, the drift by the wind, and the amount of "lead" necessary to strike a swiftly moving vessel at long range. Without the data gained by watching the flight of the first shell the corrections for wind and speed of a moving target would be largely a matter of guess, and while the range can be correctly given and the sights accurately set, it still requires uniform velocity of the shell for accurate work.

It is now well known that a charge of smokeless powder if exposed to dampness does not give the required velocity, while, on the other hand, powder that has been stored in a dry place for a long time is apt to give velocities higher than the standard, and may cause a miss by over-shooting, although the correct range is given and the sights correctly set.

The object of a fort or a battle-ship is to carry and protect the guns; the sole object of the gun is to hit. Any device, therefore, which aids in increasing the number of hits in a given time cannot be too highly valued.

An order for several thousand of the illuminating attachments, called "Travers," for sub-caliber target practice with the coast-defense guns has been placed with Mr. Scoble, and it is expected that not only will the excellence of the night work be improved, but considerable interest added to target practice.



The "Torch" Shell in actual Warfare

This photograph presents a torpedo-boat trying to blow up a battle-ship in the night time. She has been located by a search-light from one battle-ship, whose gunners then just caught the range with the "torch" shell.



Complete Cooking Outfit, containing 35
Utensils, used by our Soldiers

Our American Soldier and His Food

By J. E. Jenks



The Cooking Apparatus in Use in the
Field

WHEN the militiaman joins the regular soldier as an ally of the national defender, as he may do under recent legislation, he will find provided for him a system of subsistence intricate enough in its variety and bounty to meet all the conditions of military service. He need no longer depend upon the uncertainty of the forage, as did so often his predecessor of the civil war, and he will be so much better fed than his fellow of the foreign armies that he can appreciate why the officers of the European commands of the allied forces in China on that memorable march to Peking were anxious to buy the American army ration of our subsistence officers and satisfy the cravings of soldierly hunger.

The militiaman, along with the regular, will go into the field when the call for action comes unheeded by any burden of food, save that beautiful repast of indigestibles with which he is certain to be laden when he leaves home. He may, if he choose, save from his camp meals or from the contributions of sympathetic citizens such food as he wishes to carry on his person, but on the ordinary march and in camp his haversack, the successor of the cumbersome knapsack, need contain no food, for his portion on the march will be transported by one of the numerous means of transportation. Difficulties of travel, however, such as were encountered by our soldiers in Cuba should be taken into account.

The soldier of the civil war usually had a hard time of it. He was frequently forced to carry his own food, and was lucky when he did not find himself on a ten-day march with only a four-day supply. In those days and even since the trooper found fat bacon and the succulent baked bean his staple articles when there was the opportunity of cooking them. If any article of food is a national characteristic of our army it is the bean, which is so popular that no military meal in the field or in camp is considered wholly complete without it. The soldier of to-day need not regard his gastronomic situation as perilous. He will not find his officers offering ten dollars for a pitiful cracker, as was sometimes the case in the South in the sixties, and he will not be so hard pressed for food as to be grateful for young alligator tails, as were our soldiers in Florida during the war with the Seminoles Indians. Another food on that occasion was a species of cabbage which grew at the top of the palmetto-tree. This prevented the men from starvation, which is not likely to confront the soldier who goes into action nowadays, for he will find the railroad or the wagon-train penetrating into the fastnesses close upon his heels.

The service on the Western plains has been made comparatively comfortable, now that the troops do not have to depend upon the bull teams, capable of making no more than ten miles a day. These were when men saluted forth with the prospect of going without, of going without getting, their dinners, and they were happy with a piece of fat bacon, a hard biscuit, and a tin dish of blacked coffee. They had on these occasions flour fresh from the bag, and were glad of the resultant "Bajjack" when

they could find enough wood or other fuel on the arid prairie to make a fire. If their bacon gave out, as it sometimes did in the Southern campaign, the steamed bacon, and it is on record that General Harney's trusty animal served that beneficent office.

The soldier of to-day goes forth with the assurance that he will get his three meals a day served for him, and that he will not be obliged to carry his food except upon the rare occasions of emergency, when he may be required to take not more than five days' rations. At such times he would find awaiting him an "emergency ration," consisting of sixteen ounces of hard bread, ten ounces of bacon, four ounces of pea-meal, two ounces of coffee, roasted and ground, with four grains of saccharin (or one-half ounce of tea with four grains of saccharin), a little salt and pepper, and a half-ounce of tobacco, or a little more than thirty-three ounces in all in the entire package he would find the components separately wrapped, the bacon in tough paraffin paper, the hard bread in grease-proof coverings, and the pea-meal in cylindrical packages, and the other articles in small waterproof pockets.

When the militiaman joins the regular in garrison he may find himself in the company mess, which is the most popular of the forms of army subsistence under present conditions, or he may live in the consolidated mess, where all the troops of the biggest garrison eat in the common mess-hall, where the liquids are measured by gallons and the solids by bushels. The ration in garrison is bountiful and varied; in the company mess in time of peace the regular or his friend of the militia will sit down in a meal as hearty and wholesome as the swiftest find at home. He breakfasts at 6.30 a.m., dines at noon, and has his supper at five or six o'clock. While on the march only two meals are prepared—an early breakfast and an early dinner two or three hours before sunset. In the garrison, as in the field, the ration has been scientifically devised. It takes into account the climatic situation with such variation in the bill of fare as would give him the proper kind of food at the tropical station as well as at a station in Alaska, for the ration is of so elastic a composition as to offer in the most pertinent such equivalents as fresh beef, fresh mutton, pork, bacon, salted beef, dried codfish, fresh codfish, pickled mackerel, and canned salmon. He gets his coffee green or roasted, and his tea green or black, with sugar or molasses, or cane syrup, as conditions vary.

While baked beans is a distinctive dish in our army, there is another horse-made article whose use is the result of practical experiments over a kitchen range by General Weston, the present Commissary-General of the Army. General Weston applied himself to inventing a military hash and stew, and he went into the kitchen himself in the effort to obtain the combination. The best stew is made of select ed meats, potatoes, onions, and a sauce prepared from the juice of the meat. The hash is made of sweet potatoes, onions, and the usual condiments. This is the latest development in the army commissariat. During General Weston's research he was wont to call in prominent people, and



How Water is carried by the British
Indian Troops



Transportable Oven used in the Field by the French Troops

regale them with lumbagoes of the experimental food. It was found, too, that soldiers in various localities have special cravings—in the tropics it is for sweets and acids. In Cuba the subsistence officers sent barrels of vinegar to the firing lines, broke in the bread, and let the men dip in their cups and help themselves. It is now recd. that John Jacob Astor, a volunteer staff officer with wealth enough to buy the peach crop of a country, was grateful for a can of peaches; and a common spectacle was that of a man consuming the contents of a can of tomatoes. In the Philippines it has been possible to satisfy the demand for sweets, and no less than 120,000 pounds of candy are shipped yearly to our soldiers in the archipelago. Candy was also sent to the troops in China, and the 1800 pounds of the first shipment lasted but two days among the 1200 men. It came a few days before Christmas, and it made the foreign allies wonder at the prodigality of a government. They could understand why General Weston told a foreign military attaché the other day that the latter's country could not afford to feed its soldiers as we did ours, for it would take nearly \$100,000 a day to give the largest of European armies the American soldier's ration.

That is why the national militiamen of the regular in letter of with his best hash, baked loaves, and candy than the German, and French, for instance, with their fresh bread, or the Russian with his hot soup. The Germans adhere to the fresh-bread principle so tenaciously as to supply bread-baking wagons, which are supposed to keep up with the troops, and furnish them with that article while they are on the march, or even in the enemy's country; while the French have a portable oven which may be taken apart as a convenience in transportation. Our officers do not consider fresh bread indispensable, and it has been found that the hard bread is quite as nutritious, and is at hand when it is wanted by the hungry trooper.

The soldier in the field has furnished an alluring and lucrative market for the concocter of concentrated foods. There are innumerable concentrated soup and meat extracts, the latter now being in the form of capsules. The patent ration used by us in the Philippines is put up in oblong tin cans, opened with a key. The contents are supposed to include pea meal, cracker-dust, bacon fat, and with seasoning. It is always interesting to know what

the soldier gets in the way of "extras." In some armies he gets nothing, and in our own country tobacco may be considered the only luxury, aside from candy. He will never get his "grog" again. In England a gill of rum may be issued on the order of the doctor. The Germans have tobacco, and in an enemy's country the ration is increased by the issue of spirits. In the Hungarian army the ration includes brandy, tobacco, and sometimes cigars. Although tea is the national beverage in Russia it is not a part of the official ration, but is procured by the soldiers themselves. In England the war ration includes, under special circumstances, a half-liter of gin. The Belgian soldier is one of the few soldiers in the world who gets butter in his ration. The Japanese soldier receives spiced vegetables and tea, and in hot weather during the war with China had four biscuits substituted for the rice which is the principal portion of the Jap's ration. It is to this



Portable Soup-cart used by Russian Troops in the Field

extent that the soldiers of the various armies are allowed "extras" as a means of contributing to their contentment in active service.

That army has the best fighters which gives its soldiers the best food. Military strategy is akin to military subsistence. Victory in wars may be said to depend upon the satisfactory employment of the digestive organs, and the alimentary canal is intimately related to heroism. Our army is the best in the world for its size, because its soldiers are the best fed.

Snap Shots of the Balkan Insurgents

THE bands of insurgent natives who are in continual revolt against the Turks in Macedonia make their haunts in the mountain fastnesses of the country, where they are comparatively secure against attack. Their occasional collisions with armed forces of the Turks result in conflicts which usually end disastrously for the insurrectionists.

The accompanying photographs were taken by our special correspondent in the Balkans under many difficulties and with great risk to his life, as the revolutionaries fiercely resent the in-

trusion of strangers into their mountain territory. The photograph on the left shows the insurgents taking their ease in their retreat in the hills; they are cooking a meal over a fire of twigs and boughs, and discussing their plan of campaign for a coming raid. The right-hand picture represents them after they have been warned of the approach of a division of Turkish troops who are pursuing them. They have got their camp in marching order, and are preparing to move to some retreat where they will be better protected from assault.



Balkan Insurgents preparing a Meal in their Mountain Retreat



Breaking Camp after being Warned of the Approach of Turkish Troops



Drawn by Sigmund Izakowicz

THE JEWISH MASSACRES IN RUSSIA

This drawing was made from a detailed description furnished by our correspondent in Rostov, the scene of the recent Jewish massacre. A family of Jews living near Kishineff barricaded themselves in their home during the massacre, but the house was broken into by an infuriated mob, and they were overpowered after a courageous resistance. This is but one of many similar outrages perpetrated against the Russian Jews in this district.

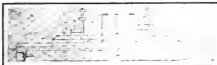


"Inflexible"

Models of hulls of "Inflexible" and old cap-derider "Favos," showing similarity of square-cut bows and stern



"Favos"



New "Masse"

Comparison of hulls of new "Masse" and cap-derider "Constitution," showing similar development toward undercut hulls at bow and stern of the new-style yachts and battle-ships



"Constitution"

Have 90-footers Influenced Naval Vessels?

From the Point of View of the Yacht-Designer

By W. Starling Burgess

IN view of the large amount of energy, time, and money expended on the construction and perfection of the great 90-foot sailing-machines, and of the enthusiasm which yearly creates scores of new and original racing-boats along our coast, it is interesting to trace the applicability of experience gained in yacht-designing to the broader fields of the naval and merchant marines.

Thanks to the lightning strides in power achieved by the marine engine, there has been little difficulty in obtaining advances of speed for all types of steam-vessels from year to year, this advance being brought almost solely at the expense of increased horse-power and not by perfection of model. With the racing-yacht it is different. Comparatively definite limits of sail spread and consequent horse-power for a given length of hull are quickly reached, and greater speed becomes a problem not of greater driving power, but of the form most easily driven while affording the stability necessary to carry the possible sail spread. Thus the yacht has arrived at a subtlety and perfection of design for her own special ends not to be found in either man-of-war or merchant vessel.

The racing-yacht, war-ship, and merchantman share in common the need of a form of hull to resist one, but with a different chief attribute; the yacht must possess the power of holding the lofty sail spread against the force of the wind; the war-ship, floating power for her massive armor, armament, and machinery; and the merchantman, buoying power coupled with minimum draught of water for her cargo and machinery.

To meet the necessity of excessive stability the racing-boat has developed excesses in three directions—that of great overhangs at bow and stern, heavily weighted keels distinct from and far below the hull proper, and the unusual amount of beam for length and draught of hull.

The war-ship has developed a round fullness of model best cal-

culated to give maximum floating power and a minimum of length and beam. The merchantman, hampered by draught rather than length, has come to resemble an elongated box girder with ends brought to a more or less blunted point.

Of course such models as war and merchant vessels possess are capable of being driven at ever-increasing speed, provided the penalty is paid of far more rapidly increasing horse-power; but it is when the desirable limits of engine-power are reached that that attention to fineness and nimity of model which cannot be neglected in the sailing-boat will become necessary.

To this end the one distinct development of late years in merchant and war-ship design, which, if not directly due to, closely follows the evolution of the racing-yacht, has been the cutting away of the submerged portion of the hull at bow and stern. The war-ship, merchantman, and yacht of thirty years ago possessed alike long straight keels, and met at the bow by nearly plumb stems and at the stern by deep vertical rudder-posts. In the yacht the stem has been evolved until it now meets the water at a very acute angle, the stern lowered, and the rudder-post given a large rake, the straight portion of the keel remaining in many cases but one-third the water-line length. This change can be seen in the accompanying photographs of the *Favos*, an old cap-derider of 1863, and of the *Constitution*, one of the three trial-boats of this year. A change of like nature, though less marked, may be noticed by comparing the cutting away at bow and stern of the new *Masse*, as compared with the old English ironclad *Fafoeste*, in accompanying diagrams.

However, it must not be forgotten that the whole problem of sailing craft differs so greatly from that of steam that direct likeness of the one upon the other can seldom be found, but that the constant striving for perfection of the sailing model cannot fail to be of benefit to the entire field of naval architecture.

From the Point of View of the Naval-Constructor

By Naval-Constructor David W. Taylor, U.S.N.

The by-laws of the New York Yacht Club provide that:

"A correct model of every yacht entered for a regatta or other club race shall be deposited with the club and retained in its possession; and no person, other than a United States Naval-Constructor, shall be permitted to copy it unless he shall have obtained written authority from the owner of the yacht."

This unique provision is a relic of the days when the art of the yacht-designer and the war-ship designer were practically identical. In the days of sailing vessels of war, many of which were comparatively small craft, the problems to be encountered by their designers differed from those of the yacht-designer in degree, but not in kind. Hence the provision also is cited in the by-laws of the New York Yacht Club allowing naval designers, whether members of the club or not, access to information of material value for their purposes.

The problems of the designers of battle-ships and of racing-yachts are today essentially and radically different, and full information concerning all the racing-yachts about would be of but little value to the designer of a battle-ship. It is true that in such case the saving of weight is of great importance. A yacht-designer wishes to reduce the weight of his structure in order to be able to increase his sail area and his ballast. The battle-ship designer desires also to save as much weight as possible, but in his case it may be devoted to machinery, coal, guns, or armor. In reducing his weights the designer of the modern racing-machine must leave sufficient strength to carry the enormous sail area and the ballast. The battle-ship designer, on the contrary, must provide strength for seaworthiness—ensuring ability to encounter any sort of weather at sea,—and he must have numerous and strong bulkheads in limit damage to as small a portion of his vessel as possible, so that the battle-ship could stand a number of hits below the water-

line without danger of capsizing or going down, whereas the racing-yacht is built with but one compartment, and a hole through her anywhere would send her down like a stone. The battle-ship designer must, moreover, provide strength to carry enormous localized weights of armor, and resist the stresses due to firing the guns.

It might be supposed that when it comes to a question of shape for speed the water-line and yacht designers could learn from each other. Here again, however, the conditions are entirely different. The yacht-designer must provide a boat which, being driven by sail, is dependent for its driving power upon the fierce breezes. Moreover, he has a boat, say, 90 feet long upon the water-line, and displacing at the most a very few hundred tons; the present first-class battle-ships are 430 feet long, and displace 16,000 tons and more. With a modern experimental model basin the battle-ship designer is upon sure ground when considering the question of speed. By making models of alternative designs of ships he can determine definitely the power required under the best, and if he provides this power he is certain to obtain the desired definite speed. For the yacht-designer, on the contrary, the model basin is of little value. He could ascertain from it the power necessary to drive his boat upon an even keel in smooth water, but as his boat is very seldom sailing under these conditions, this information is of comparatively little value to him. Of three yachts one may be inferior in a smooth sea and light breeze; the second, in a smooth sea and strong breeze; and the third, in a strong breeze and rough sea. To sum up, the yacht-designer and the battle-ship designer of to-day encounter but few similar problems. The conditions present affecting the solution of these few similar problems are so different in the two cases that the solutions of the yacht-designer are of little or no direct assistance to the battle-ship designer, and vice versa.

IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE BUSINESS WOMAN BY THEODORA WADSWORTH-BAKER

SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE WOMAN'S
DEPARTMENT OF
THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMP
ANY OF NEW YORK



Theodora Wadsworth-Baker

IDEALS may be briefly defined as our mental conceptions, practical characters. Every woman's ideals are derived partly from her environment and partly from her own mind and heart. Giving a woman with certain mental and emotional qualities a particular environment, she will develop different ideals under different environments. If she is brought up among the Four Hundred she will develop the ideals of a society woman. If she becomes a college graduate she will develop ideals in which learning will predominate. The woman who devotes herself to music, painting, or art in any form is likely to develop ideals which will consist largely of a devotion to art for art's sake.

In all such groups the girl who is just entering upon life finds that there are ideals which are conventional. She is expected to accept them. By so doing she assumes no criticism of herself or her ideals. She finds herself criticized when she refuses to conform to the conventional standards of the group which she has joined, and particularly if she adopts ideals which are different from the conventional ideals. Her fellow women condemn her then as the Jewish prophets condemned the Jews who followed after strange gods. For women have the usual capacity to advocate a change of ideals for the group to which they belong. The majority are satisfied to follow well-worn paths. Yet the women who have such moral courage are doing the noblest work which it is possible for any woman to do. Women are by nature idealists. They believe in an absolute standard of right. Their greatest contribution to civilization has been their constant insistence, in all ages, upon a high standard of living by all who sought their goal-will and approval. Men are by nature practical—that is, they seek ends—practical ends—and care not for the means necessary to attain them. Women, however, are more loath to seek even the most worthy objects by means which they regard as questionable. By practical ends men usually mean profits. Naturally shrewd and selfish, women are devotees, and how things ought to be to secure the happiness of these silent ones. They idealize, and if their ideas were carried out in business, it would more often increase the expense account than the profits. The difference between men and women is partly a matter of conscience, and that accounts for the well-known fact that women are more faithful to the intricate details of business than men.

The effect of business upon women is partly bad and partly good. It is bad in that it tends to lower their ideals. The business woman is brought so constantly into contact with ideas utterly different from what she has been acquainted with, and in such a way that at first she is regarded by her employer, and must regard herself, as a beginner—a tyro in business. At such a time she is tempted to adopt the ideals and methods which have satisfied men, and to aim to higher. It is an incontestable fact that many women in business do not resist this tendency.

The bad effects of business upon character have been so often dwelt upon by others that it is needless to more than refer to them here. It is generally believed that business tends to make a woman coarse and to rob her of those distinctively feminine characteristics which have constituted her chief charms in society. I

believe there is such a tendency, but I think business tends to have the same effect upon men. This tendency can be resisted successfully by giving the fullest attention to the matter, and it will not produce any serious results when it is offset by a proper environment at home and in society.

The good effect of business upon women is well worth considering. Experience in business broadens a woman's mind and makes her views more practical. It tends to keep her from becoming visionary. It clips the wings of her imagination, so to speak, and compels her to walk upon the earth. She is not so likely to develop ideals which are idealistic and impossible of realization. It may rob her of some of her romance, but the experience which is substituted for it is far more valuable. She will be less of a dreamer, and more of a thinker. Her thinking, too, will be much more to the point, and the plans she formulates can be more easily put into operation.

A business woman's ideals should be distinctly feminine. She should resist the tendency of business to crush out of her the finer instincts of her nature and transform her into a mere cog in some great industrial wheel. Her feet should not be left at home, but used as much in the office as in the drawing-room to make things run smoothly. She should maintain as high a standard of personal conduct as she would in her own home or the ball-room. Her relations with men will be most circumspet. Her attentions will not be encouraged overmuch, or regarded as forerunners of propositions of marriage. While faithful to every detail of her work, the petty things should not be allowed to absorb her attention wholly, but she should try to take a broad view of the relation of her work to that of others around her—that is, she should try to see herself in a true perspective. Her dress will be modest, her speech and conduct unassuming. In short, she will not be "dashing," but at all times a perfect lady. By that I do not mean, of course, what some would understand by the term—surely a woman well versed in the rules of etiquette and social customs—but a woman whose mind and heart are refined and cultured, and who wishes to say and do at all times that which, under the circumstances, is most appropriate and most helpful.

If she will manifest in business the same refinement and nobility of character which she would have in possession to succeed in society, she will find that she will be appreciated just as fully. There will be plenty of demands upon her sympathy, and if she responds to those only, she will obtain a heart-culture which most of her fellow-women never receive. She will find plenty of things that need retraining, and all her usually inactive faculties for making better the conditions of life around her can be exercised to their fullest limit. If she has the physical, mental, and moral power to enter largely and enthusiastically into a business life, she will succeed in making a place for herself correspondingly large in the hearts of her fellows.



The Spirit of the Atlantic



The Spirit of the Pacific



Mr. Kuntz at Work



Old Sea God and Seal



Reclining Girl

MR. ISIDORE KONTI AND HIS DECORATIVE WORK FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

Mr. Konti is executing the largest commission awarded to any single sculptor for decorative work at the St. Louis Exposition. The accompanying illustrations show some of the principal figures in his designs symbolizing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

NEVADA



THE MODERN 49'ERS

EARLY discoveries in Nevada gave the people of the world an insight, to a very limited degree, into the great mineral wealth of the State. The decline in the price of silver, the principal product of her earlier mines, and the vast areas of desert served to lock for a long period the State's further wealth, and to keep it still an undiscovered country. The accidental standing upon Tonopah and the awakening realization of the true conditions have opened up a new mining era of which the camp at the base of Mt. Oddie is the starting post.

The true story of Tonopah is little known. The popular tale is a single remarkable discovery, and this tale never gets away from the original location, customarily known as the Mizpah mine.

Directly opposed to this idea, the characteristic features of Tonopah as a camp is, the extent of the mineral zone; the fact that in its outlying sections, such as Key and Cloud Mountain, the former twelve miles and the latter five miles away, are discoveries which would of themselves make famous camps; and the clear indication that it will produce more individual mine successes than any camp the country has yet known.

The situation of Tonopah is near the summit of the San Antonio range of mountains, at an elevation of about 6500 feet, sixty miles east and a little to the south of Sodaville, a station upon the Carson and Colorado Railroad, one of the lines of the Southern Pacific system. The location of the camp is in the depression between Mt. Oddie, a prominent peak on the north, the Butler Mountains, a series of peaks on the south, and Mt. Brougher on the west. These names have been given since the founding of the camp.

Tonopah was originally discovered by James L. Butler in May, 1860, his samples being taken from ledges which crop to the surface on the southeastward slope of Mt. Oddie. The trend of these ledges is practically east and west, with a dip toward the north.

Except in the case of these outcroppings in the original discovery, supposedly laid bare by erosion, the mineral ledges appear to be covered by a porphyry capping, known about Tonopah as the blue porphyry, with an overlying formation of blue porphyry, volcanic ash, and sand, in successive layers according to the depth of the ledges below the surface. The development of the camp indicates a complete gradient of these ledges, their extent being as yet undetermined. The existence of the ledges, with their porphyry capping, has been determined from a point to the east of Mt. Oddie in a westerly direction for 6500 feet to and beyond Mt. Brougher, and for 5000 feet north and south. The porphyry capping has been encountered even outside these limits.

The discovery by Butler was the outcome of a prospecting tour which had its beginning at Belmont, Nevada. Here, Butler, who was a rancher living in Monitor Valley, outfitted in May, 1860, and started for the San Antonio range. He had long been impressed with the appearance of these mountains, and prior to his departure he consulted his friend T. L. Oddie, a young lawyer and mining man of Belmont, his belief that they contained rich mineral deposits. At the end of a long day's march Butler, with his pack-train of six burros, camped at a spring called by the Indians "Tonopah," a Shoshone word meaning "water near the surface." While prospecting next day, four miles from his camp, Butler discovered a number of black outcroppings heavy with mineral, so much so, in fact, that he had little faith in their value. He, however, took samples and passed on to South Klondike, a small mining camp to the southward. Here Butler showed his



Hon. John Sparks
Governor of Nevada

samples to an assayer named Higgs, offering him an interest in the find in lieu of a fee for assaying. Butler's lack of ready money prevented him dealing otherwise. Higgs, after examining the samples, threw them out of his window as worthless. Later, on his way back to Belmont, Butler procured more samples and turned these over to Oddie and Wilson Brougher. Mr. Oddie sent a portion of the rock to an assayer at Austin, Nevada, who reported that it showed over 1600 ounces in silver and a heavy proportion of gold. Later the Klondike assayer, hearing of the strike, hunted up his discarded samples and found that they ran 100 ounces in gold and equally as rich in silver as those tested at Austin.

Upon the receipt of this news Butler and his wife outfitted a burro train and started to locate the ground. Oddie and Brougher were taken in as partners, and an interest was also given the



Carson, Nevada's Capital City

two assayers. The Butlers spent several days in the section, setting up monuments with ore that afterward proved valuable enough to ship away. Butler first located the Insect Queen in his own name, then the Hurro in the name of Oldie, after which Mrs. Butler located the Mizpah, and Butler the Valley View, Silver Top, and Burkblossed. Upon their return to Belmont, Butler, Oldie, and Hrougher outfitted a team and started out to work the property, the trio's total capital of ready money being but twenty-five dollars.

The three arrived in camp in October, 1900, and bunked on the ground, in the open air. There was no feed for the horses, so they were turned out, lobbied, to get what sustenance they could from the scanty leached grass in the vicinity. Every second day it was necessary for one of the party to travel to the springs, four miles away, for water. The first shaft was sunk on the Mizpah claim by Hrougher and Oldie, the hole being fifteen feet deep before a windlass could be secured. The principal articles of diet were beans and bread. There was no wood for fuel, and Oldie, who generally performed the duties of cook, was obliged to mount from the shaft at very frequent intervals to feed the fire under the bean pot with the quick-burning sage-leach.

Two loads of sorted ore were finally gotten out by the three men and taken to Belmont. A man was then hired to carry it 100 miles farther, to the railroad. From these two loads, weighing about two tons, \$2000 was realized. This was the first return from the mine, and with the proceeds two miners were hired and a better equipment of tools secured.

In November, the news reached the outside that a rich strike had been made at Tonopah, the name given by Butler to the camp. During the fall and winter a number of men were attracted to the camp, and the original owners began letting leases along the ledges. The first leases were for 200 feet in length and 25 feet on either side the ledge, but this was finally cut to 100 feet. All leases paid to the owners a royalty of twenty-five per cent. Early in 1901 the first rush into the camp began. There was a big demand for leases, and the lessors were of all professions. The work of looking after

these leases devolved upon Oldie, who was recognized as the business man of the combination. A total of 120 leases was made by Butler, all of them without a scrap of writing, although there were as high as thirty partners to a single lease. The trials of Oldie in handling the disputes, differences, and complications arising from this leasing system, to say nothing of a necessary watchfulness to protect royalties, has stamped him as a first-class diplomat and financier. In addition, Oldie carried a large number of the lessors along at a time when it was hard shodding with a majority of them. Practically none of them had money, but loans were made by Oldie, purely upon his faith in their honesty and in the resources of the ground they were working. It was a matter of pride with the original lessors, and particularly with Oldie, that no man should be obliged to leave the camp without a fair show to make a stake, and a matter of five hundred dollars was not allowed to stand in the way.

In June, 1901, the property originally located was sold to Philadelphia capitalists for \$330,000, a part of the purchase price being taken in stock in the new company, known as the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada. It was headed by Butler, but the lessors should be allowed to continue until January 1, 1902, but the twenty-five per cent. royalty went to the new company from the time of the sale in June. In the fall of 1901, the lessors began to make rich strikes, and men were crowded into the holes as thickly as they could work. In all the lessors took between \$2,000,000 and \$6,000,000 out of the mine. They actually paid the new company between the time of the sale and the time it took possession more than it paid for the property.

With the expiration of the leases systematic work toward the development of the mine began. Oldie was appointed general manager, and Fred J. Siebert, who came into the camp in November, 1901, superintendent and chief engineer. Siebert's work on the mine will compare with any piece of mining engineering in the country, if not in the world. His skillful planning has been highly complimented by John Hays Hammond, who, upon becoming consulting engineer for the company, advised the retention of Mr. Siebert's services. Under Siebert's permanent and systematic development began in January, 1902. The reconstruction of a stone-origins and shaft house was begun, and a big system laid out which will operate the mine for years to come. In thirteen months three shafts were sunk, the main, or Siebert shaft, to a depth of 250 feet, and the Valley View and Insect Queen to about 750 feet. These shafts are all connected by workings at present somewhat over a mile in extent, the principal tunnels being on the 300-foot level. The formation indicates the necessity of timbering, and no water has been encountered. The ventilation is perfect, and the tunnels, started from three different points and run in various courses, come together without a flaw or a break. Wires are being run for a complete electric-lighting outfit. In running the tunnels vast ledges of ore have been opened up, averaging over 8000 a ton in value, and in striking the lower levels the veins have, if anything, grown richer. It is simply beyond the range of possibility to make anything like an adequate estimate of the wealth of the mine. It can only be said that the Mizpah or original Tonopah group has, in the two years and a half of its existence, produced, in ore shipped and men on the dumps, over \$5,000,000, being some \$2,000,000 more than the entire Cripple Creek district produced in five years, or the Comstock produced in seven years. The same is shipping to-



Tonopah, in January 1, 1901

day more than \$100,000 a month in ore that runs better than \$100 to the ton, and this ore is obtained solely from the work of running tunnels and sinking shafts, for, since January 1, 1902, the entire work has been merely to develop the extent and character of the property. No stoping has been done, and no attempt has been made to take out ore for the sake of the ore itself. Beyond the original \$25 put up by Hittler, Odile, and Beaugher, not a dollar has been put into the mine that has not first been taken out of it. There is every reason to believe that a number of other properties in the vicinity will prove of equal or greater wealth when as fully developed. In fact, one or two of these properties have today a better showing than did the Mirzap at an equal stage of development.

The story of the development of the camp, and the constant extension of the proven ground, is one of marked interest. During the operations under the leases entered wholly rested in the main group of claims, and little or no attempt was made to prove the extension of the ledges. It was, in fact, accepted as conclusive that the entire mineral deposit was included in the immediate vicinity of the original location.

Up to the conclusion of the leases three had not been a single strike, except in the property immediately adjacent to the first location.

Early in 1902 Uri R. Curtis secured possession of several claims situated across the gulch in which the town had been located, and known as the Fraction property. Curtis believed the ledges extended across the gulch and began sinking a shaft in the town it.

He had previously been engaged in digging oil wells in California, and for a long time after he began work "Curtis's well" and "Curtis's folly" were bywords in the camp. Curtis, however, kept pluckily at work, and on April 22, 1902, at a depth of 350 feet, struck a fine body of mineral in a clearly-defined fissure. This discovery marked a new chapter in the camp's history. It showed the existence of ledges outside the original location, and started the development of the district in all directions. There began to be a better understanding of the ledge formation, with its capping, and a realization of the fact that in most instances it would be necessary to sink to a considerable depth before encountering ore. Bearing out this idea, strikes were successively made to the east of Mt. Odile at a depth of 400 feet on August 25, 1902, in Montana-Tonopah, to the north of the Mirzap group, at 352 feet, on December 10, 1902, and to the south of the Fraction property at 150 feet, about December 25, 1902. Since those strikes extending the area of proven ground have been of constant occurrence, one having been recorded in the Muddy shaft, some 2500 feet to the southeast of the Mirzap, as late as March 16 of the present year, this being closely followed by the Sonanza strike in the Belmont property.

The successful progress of the past year certainly stamps Tonopah as one of the great mineral belts of the world.

The development nearest to and most closely allied with the original company is that taking place in the Belmont group. This includes the Belmont, located in 1901, the Silver State, Occidental, and Favorite, located by Odile, covering the peak and practically the entire eastern half of Mt. Odile. The group covers an area directly in line with the extension of the Mirzap, Bureau, and Silver Top ledges, this extension being proven, first in the Desert Queen shaft, again by a strike 3000 feet eastward from the Desert Queen, and now by the great strike in the Belmont. The Belmont uses as its main shaft the shaft of the Desert Queen by contract with the Tonopah Company, and also has a shaft on the Belmont claim, over 200 feet in depth, now being tunnelled, and will be fully equipped with complete hoisting apparatus. The middle of the last month, while cross-cutting on the 614 foot level, an immense body of ore was struck running from \$300 to \$300 per ton. This strike is one of vast importance, as it proves the existence of great veins under Mt. Odile, of which the Belmont strike is simply a forerunner. To the east of the great Belmont lies the Mirzap Extension Company's property, in which a big ledge of \$30 ore was encountered at a depth of about 400 feet, and at 600 feet in the same shaft a rich strike was made of ore running very high in gold. Adjoining the Mirzap Extension



Tonopah's first Habitation

Company lies the great property of the Tonopah-Albemarle Gold Mining Company, upon the tread of the big ledges to the east and north, and on which extensive operations have recently begun, and development is proceeding rapidly. It is confidently believed, from personal indications and the location of the property, that it will prove exceedingly rich in ore of as high a grade as produced by its great rivals on the west and south.

The northern and western slopes of Mt. Odile are occupied by the five claims and tunnel sites of the North Star group. These are the Ivanpah, Elzine, Pyramid, Fraction, Cross Cut, and Cross Cut Extension, all located in 1901. The seventy acres included in the North Star are bounded on the south by the Belmont and Mirzap groups, and on the west by the Mountain-Tonopah. A double-compartment shaft is being sunk on the Ivanpah claim which adjoins the Mirzap, and this shaft is now at a depth of 650 feet. It has recently added to its equipment by the purchase of a 60-horse-power hoist. The property is owned by men who have made their money in the camp, and is an example of the confidence Tonopah men have in the resources of the district. The dump of the shaft is far up on the mountain side above any other workings, and the company expects to go at least 700 feet deep before striking the lode porphyry. It has spent some \$40,000 in its workings thus far. Its shaft, however, is directly on the strike of several ledges opened up in Montana-Tonopah. These ledges have been proven to go under Mt. Odile, having been struck on the other side. It is a general belief in the camp that a very rich body of ore lies under this peak, and if this belief is proven to be well founded, the North Star property will be one of the richest in the entire series. The tunnel site is on the north side of the property, and a tunnel has been opened 400 feet toward a connection with the shaft.

Reference to the Mountain-Tonopah calls attention to this group in which the development has been carried further than any other in the district, excepting only the Mirzap. Montana-Tonopah joins the Mirzap directly on the north, and includes the Lucky Jim, Jack Rabbit, and White Elephant as its principal claims. This group has made a showing even greater than the Mirzap at the same stage of development. A shaft on the Lucky Jim, now at a depth of 650 feet, with several cross-cuts, has cut the distinct ledges varying from four to twelve feet in width. The ledges all assay in high figures, a sampling of the second ledge across its entire width giving an average of \$350 per ton. With a double-compartment shaft and complete hoisting plant the Montana-Tonopah is carrying on a thorough development, following a plan



Twenty-Mule Team used for hauling Lumber into and Ore out of Tonopah



Desert Queen Shaft, Belmont Group

Salt Lake

Valley View

Francis Belmont

Bird's-eye View of the new Mining District

similar to that used in developing the Desert Queen. In the Desert Queen the shaft was sunk 420 feet before encountering ore, cutting through three distinct formations. In the Rescue the first formation struck was identical with the second formation in the Desert Queen, the blue porphyry of the latter having been eliminated in the Rescue through erosion. The Rescue is some 100 feet lower than the Desert Queen. Following the gray porphyry, which is the second formation in the Desert Queen, the Rescue shaft runs into a like formation as has been encountered in the Desert Queen and other shafts immediately above and capping the mineral-bearing quartz. Stringers of quartz and black manganese have already begun to show in the bottom of the shaft.

The Midway property, lying at an angle formed by the Tonopah and Montana-Tonopah properties, includes the Midway, Bullwhacker, and Cowdrey claims, originally located by Odile and Brougher, and sold to the Midway Mining Company. The Midway has a double-compartment shaft sunk to a depth of 275 feet, equipped with a 25-horse-power steam-hoist. Development was started October 15, 1902, and blue porphyry struck at a depth of 100 feet. Stringers of quartz have been encountered which assay well. The property is directly on the line of the strikes in Montana-Tonopah.

East of the Belmont the development of the district has been undertaken in the Halifax group of which Senator Keams of Utah,

of the camp has been undetermined as yet in any direction, the latest recorded strike is in the Molly group to the eastward of any heretofore encountered of the ledges. The Molly group includes twelve claims lying 2500 feet to the southeast of Mt. Odile, located early in the summer of 1902 by Odile, Stewart and Donald F. McCarthy, and later sold to Philadelphia parties. The theory of the location was that the ledges lying south of the Desert Queen,



A Tunnel on the Midway Ledge



Ore Sorting on the Midway Dump

Belmont, and Halifax extended eastward through the gap between Mt. Odile and the Butler Mountains. The property includes an elevation known as the Molly Huttes, conspicuous from the fact that

and David Keith, of Salt Lake, are principal owners. The claims are Halifax Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, located November 20, 1901, by G. E. Haskley. The property is on a line with the Burro and Valley View ledges, and a strike to the north has proven the extension of these ledges beyond Mt. Odile. The Halifax has an unusually fine equipment, including a steam-hoist with a 50-horse-power engine and a 70-horse-power boiler. The shaft, a two-compartment affair, is now at a depth of 275 feet, and it is the plan to go 100 feet below cross-cutting, unless the formation should warrant such operation at an earlier stage. Crumpings on this property assayed from 85 to 90 00 in gold, and 85 20 at the shaft.

As an illustration of the fact that the extent of the mineral zone



Headquarters at the Midway



The Vortex Broken Shaft Midway Ledge The Malway The Golden Anchor The Montana Tonopah

in the State of Nevada

they are composed exclusively of a silicious material forming the cap rock of the underlying porphyry. Here a double-compartment shaft was sunk, thoroughly timbered and built throughout for permanent use. A temporary hoisting-weigh was installed, with the intention of substituting a modern steam-hoist as soon as the shaft had reached a reasonable depth. At something over 125 feet, earlier than was expected, both the lead porphyry and the mineral-bearing quartz were struck. The company will now cross-cut to determine the extent of the ledge and the existence of parallel ledges.

An interesting feature of the camp is a dyke running

carry out extensive development work in line with the theory concerning the dyke.

In line with the Montana-Tonopah strikes to the westward strong showings have been made in the Golden Anchor property, consisting of Golden Anchor, Triplet, and Black Mascot claims. The Golden Anchor was located in October, 1906, in the very earliest days of the camp, and adjoins to the northwest the Sand Grass and Red Plume claims of the Tonopah Mining Company. The surface showings consist of three well-defined leads, traced through the property. Numerous open cuts and pits have been made for prospecting purposes. The working shaft is well-timbered throughout, and has been sunk to a depth of 200 feet. It has cut two well-defined leads, nine feet in width and carrying values in both gold and silver. Cross-cuts will be run later to intersect these veins at depth. The bottom of the shaft is now in mineral-bearing porphyry identical with that encountered in the Montana-Tonopah.

A 20-horse-power steam-hoist is now being installed. Just north of the Midway property, 1400 feet north of west from the Tonopah Company's claims and in direct line with the Montana-Tonopah ledges excellent values in both gold and silver have been found on the Tonopah Silver Top property. This claim has a shaft down something over 150 feet, and is pushing its work as rapidly as possible with a winch-hoist. A steam-hoist is soon to be installed. The showing in the shaft is exceedingly flattering, and indicates strongly the striking of the rich Montana-Tonopah ledges.

Further to the north development is actively going on upon the group known as the Little Tonopah, consisting of twenty-three



The Wolfend Mine

in a westerly direction from the Midly group, known as Crown Point Reef. At the eastern end of this dyke a strike has been made of a horizontal stratum of quartz and porphyry, from sixteen inches to eighteen inches thick, carrying high values in spots, leading weight to the theory that the dyke is the source of an extensive and deep-seated ore body. Three groups of claims were originally located on this dyke by Donald F. McCarthy, including the Midly group, and he has retained the central, or what he has termed the Crown Point group, of seven claims, intending during the early summer to



Pumping Station which supplies Tonopah with Water



Crown Point Reef, and its First Workings

claims and covering 400 acres of ground, beginning within 600 feet of the most westerly claim of the Tonopah Company. A finely timbered double-compartment shaft is being sunk, and has reached a depth of 200 feet, passing through solid porphyry formation highly mineralized. The equipment includes a 15-horse-power engine and hoist.

Extending to the south and westerly from the Fraction property development is going on in line with the theory, already practically demonstrated, that the Gold Hill and adjoining ledges have been diverted to the south by the interposition of Mt. Brougher and pass through the gap between it and the Butler Mountains, both being of a deep-seated basaltic formation. Joining the Fraction

tion and Gold Hill properties are four claims located by A. J. Crocker, John Sabersky, C. H. Strouger, and Leontine, known as the Tomopah City group. The claims are the Flying Dutchman, Leontine, Little Yucca, and Big Jim Fraction, and they cover a width of 1200 feet in the gap. The Tomopah City has a two-compartment shaft, timbered its entire depth, which has already been sunk 425 feet. A gasoline-hoist, with which the first work was done, is being replaced by a 30-horse-power steam hoist. The shaft is being sunk on the Flying Dutchman claims at a point where, if they maintain the direction now indicated, the ledges of the Wandering Boy and Gold Hill claims will converge.

On the same line the property of the New York-Tomopah group consists of four full claims, located by Frank J. Davis and John Dopp, and named the Washington, Wyoming, Cape Nome, and Frisco. The locations were made December 6, 1901, and development work began in May, 1902. The shaft is now down to a depth of 375 feet, and at 140 feet went into the ledge porphyry, identical with that encountered in the Fraction. The shaft is now in quartz, the ledge being 10 feet wide, but as yet low grade. If the ledges are found, as indicated, the company will have some 2500 running feet in which to work. The shaft is 4X0½ feet in size, with a 4X4 hoist and a 4X2½ mawney. The equipment includes a 22-horse-power gasoline hoisting engine.

Between the New York-Tomopah's property and Mt. Hrenger lies a group known as the Tomopah Fraction Extension, a two-compartment shaft in size at a depth of 115 feet. The nearest shaft of the Fraction Company is within 600 feet of the shaft of the Fraction Extension, and the ledges are directly in line.

Beyond Mt. Hrenger to the north and west, the existence of the ledges has been demonstrated by the Ohio-Tomopah Company, which sunk into the hole porphyry at a depth of 325 feet, and has since passed into the mineral-bearing quartz. The claims of this Tomopah comprise the California, upon which the shaft is being sunk, the Colorado, Oregon, Arizona, and Utah. The property is in line with the Barro and Miraph ledges of the Tomopah Company, as they have been indicated thus far. A two-compartment shaft and steam-hoist are in operation.

Two miles to the northwest of the Miraph hole a group of five claims located by Frank Naughton and John W. Nister are known as the Tomododo group. The claims are the Illa, Troy, and Tomododo, and in the 75 feet to which the shaft has already been sunk strong mineralization has been discovered. The shaft is at present being operated by a windmill, which will soon be substituted by a power hoist. Assays taken at the level of the shaft showed 84 in gold and 810 in silver. Later assays showed similar values in gold. These claims have a strong lead striking toward this ground from the south, and a 10-foot lead, running 310 strong, from the west. It is planned to sink 300 feet, and then cross-cut south. Porphyry thus far encountered has a marked oxidized stain.

This rapid system of development has drawn to Tomopah a population which now numbers over four thousand souls. Among these every profession and craft is represented, and people from every corner of the earth either one another on the busy streets. Yet in all this strange mingling of individuals there is a total absence of those characteristics which marked the mining-camp of a generation since. Instead of being "wild and woolly," Tomopah is conservative and orderly, and that too without any decided form of municipal government. The creek of a prospector which an often resounded in the early days of Western mining is no unknown quantity in this community, on the heights of the San Antonio range. Violence is an absolute stranger, and in her two years of existence the camp has had but one shooting affray, the victim of that affair being a typical "bad man" who lurked in over the desert, and met his quietus while attempting to develop the gas-fighting industry which had marked the years ago in Western camps.



Head of Main Shaft, Tomopah Union Group

It's to the present time every pound of ore which has been reduced to bullion has been hauled over the sixty miles of desert and shipped to either Salt Lake or San Francisco. Only ore of highest grade could pay the heavy expense, and consequently there are hundreds of thousands of tons now lying on the dumps which in any other camp would be worth millions.

This condition will within a short time be done away with, for plans have been perfected for the construction of reduction works which will handle profitably every ton of ore ore in sight.

The question of water was a serious one, which has been completely settled by the discovery of an abundant supply in hidden springs close by the original wells from which Tomopah derived its name.

Early in 1902 the Crystal Water Company was formed for the development of this supply, and on October 28 its pipes carried the first supply to Tomopah's center. The pumping station is located close to the original wells, with a capacity of 250,000 gallons per day.

The water is raised to reservoirs ninety feet above the level of the wells, and thence gravitated into camp. Long before the coming summer makes its greatest demands the storage capacity



Hauling Works at Gold Hill

will equal 100,000 gallons, from which it is easy to figure that Tomopah has water and to spare for even a doubling of her present population. This increase of the water-supply has also solved the question of power, which is an important factor in the camp's development, for, during those times when steam was an impossible quantity, the operation of every piece of machinery had to be carried on by power developed from gasoline engines, the fuel for which became almost worth its weight in the gold it was bringing out of the ground when transportation charges are figured up.


No travel over the deserts of Nevada is pleasant, but the journey to Tomopah has been rendered as comfortable as conditions will permit by the establishing of two well-equipped stage lines between the camp and railway at Solaville. Each line makes daily runs, and covers the distance of sixty miles in less than eight hours. It will be but a question of a few months when this long stage journey will be eliminated, for a railway line is now under construction over this route, and is estimated will be in operation before next autumn. This will bring Tomopah into direct communication with the outside world by means of the lines of the Southern Pacific system and the Virginia and Truckee Railway. Still another railway is promised running from the south, and is already under survey.

Tomopah can be summed up as not only a mineral phenomenon, but also a novel mining camp.

Hardly a day passes without some new record of the wonderful richness of her mines, and the bonanza days of the Comstock had fair to be repeated in this Nevada's new Eldorado. Unlike the average mining camp, the operators about Tomopah do not seek to hide their successes, there being an air of frankness about the whole camp which is refreshing. Jim Butler's famous gold journey to the layers of the original claims, "these leases have got to stick even if there is nary the scratch of a pen to bind them," seems to have set an example for the transaction of all classes of business which but few of Tomopah's people have failed to absorb.

Taking all conditions under consideration Nevada can well be termed a State with a future. The development of her mining industry is certain to give to her millions of wealth, and it is encouraging to notice that her most successful mining men of to-day are using their fortunes to develop some of her boundless resources in the line of agriculture, horticulture, and stock raising.

Spurred on by the assistance to be rendered by the government under the irrigation law established by the efforts of her junior Senator, Nevada's valleys will bring capital for their development, and her rich acres will furnish homes to thousands whose modesty of capital prevents them buying land-owners in those centers where values have already risen to exorbitant figures.



GOLD MOUNTAIN TONOPAH'S SOUTH -ERN OUTPOST



Tom Colchan

A typical prospector and discoverer of the Coblen

IT is one of the best indications of the vast amount of undiscovered mineral wealth in Nevada that whenever a discovery is made farther investigation almost invariably brings to light other deposits in the vicinity, of varying richness. As has already been said, there are striking districts in the Tonopah section, any one of which, had it been discovered before the wonderful Mizpah lode, would have taken an equal place with respect to the interest excited. Particular reference in this connection is made to the Gold Mountain district, nearly five miles south of Tonopah, which has displayed a richness of mineral resource second only to the Butler Camp.

Gold Mountain has its own discoverer and its own unique character. Tom Colchan is the father of the camp, and there is no more interesting personality in the entire district.

Colchan is a typical prospector who, prior to his great find, never possessed a dollar of capital, and whose typical gauneness is illustrated by his refusal for his claims of more thousands than he had ever owned dollars, and that, too, when he was in doubt as to whom the next meal was coming. His history is buried under years of prospecting on the desert, though he asserts himself to be an Irish-Quaker, saying, in explanation: "We are a peculiar people, known by our strange garb, and habits of silent prayer. You can all see that my dress is peculiar, and no one ever heard me pray."

This rough, unsmooth miner, whose wit never fails him, made his discovery through the medium of a pair of ill-fitting boots. He had made a hard day's tramp, suffering from the pangs of new footwear. An empty canister started him back to camp, and en route he stopped to rest. While "ensuing" both the boots and his back he seated himself upon a cropping of rock. During his rest he knocked some pieces from the ledge with his hammer, carrying them to camp. These bits of rock assayed \$108 in gold and \$123 in silver, and came from the cropping of what is to-day known as the great Coblen ledge. Prior to this discovery at Gold Mountain by Colchan, C. Runge located a ledge farther up the mountain.

The principal properties of the section include the claims of the Tonopah Gold Mountain group, at the eastern end of the ridge, the Tonopah Union claims adjoining to the west, the Coblen group, and that of the Gold Mountain Consolidated next in order, with the Larky Ton claims at the western end.

The Tonopah Gold Mountain claims were located in September, 1901, by C. Runge, and are eight in number. A strong ledge crops along the entire eight claims, and in places the vein shows a width of 100 feet wide. The pay-streak runs from \$100 to \$300 a ton,

and shows from eighteen inches to ten feet wide. A north and south ledge also outcrops on the property, the north ledge running from \$10 to \$100 and the south ledge from \$5 to \$5000. Three shipments were made from the croppings, the first netting \$105 to the ton, the second \$210 to the ton, and the third \$150 to the ton. Generally the ledges have the same trend as those of the Tonopah property, but gold values predominate, the proportion being about two-thirds gold to one-third silver.


A tunnel is now being run to strike the vein at depth. This tunnel is 325 feet into the mountain, and it is calculated that it will strike the pay-shoots at 700 feet. At 700 feet air-compressors will be put in and a shaft sunk at that point. No further attempt will be made to ship ore until the pay-shoots are reached.

The Tonopah Union claims are five in number, and were located May 5, 1902, by Colchan. The shaft on the property is now at a depth of 195 feet, and is at present being operated by a win. A second shaft has been sunk to a depth of 70 feet, and the two shafts will later be connected.

In sinking the main shaft a peculiar condition was discovered. The shaft was run along the incline of the ledge for a distance of 90 feet. The ledge was then cross-cut, showing 12 feet wide at this point, and assaying \$63 a ton. From this point the shaft was sunk vertically, and at 132 feet dropped on another ledge, running east and west, as did the first, but there was also discovered at this point a north and south ledge, passing across the corner of the shaft, next the foot-wall of the east and west ledge. Assays of the north and south ledge showed \$367 02. More recent assays from east and west ledge taken January 6, 1903, show \$43 21, \$71 49, and \$257 66. Many specimens from this ledge show free gold. It is the intention to carry the shaft to 240 feet, and then cross-cut at this level, at the same time drifting on the ledge above. The mine is equipped with good buildings, and is now installing a power hoist.

The Gold Mountain Consolidated property has upon it an out-cropping ledge, 60 feet wide, from which assays of \$30 a ton have been taken. Contracts have been let for a double compartment shaft, with hoisting equipment, and sinking has already begun. The company is sinking an ore. It is planned to go 400 feet and then cross-cut, although the character of the ore encountered will definitely determine the depth at which the cross-cut will be started.

On the Coblen property there are two main features, with surface croppings on each. The surface assays run from \$5 to \$400. Two shafts are being sunk on the property, one on the Eliza Jane claim and the other on the Eliza. The other claims are the Star of the East, Star of the East No. 2, and the Desert King. The ledges run through the entire length of the claims.

Drain at Mouth of Tunnel
Tonopah Gold Mountain Group


UNITED TONOPAH

MIDWAY between Tonopah proper and Gold Mountain lies a group of claims which have come into sudden prominence. These claims make up the United Tonopah group, and occupy a little ridge of hills extending almost north and south. Surface indications led to the development of the property which has been carried on by means of a horse-winch, the shaft being sunk directly on the ledge following its incline. Early in March of the present year, when at a depth of over three hundred feet, a pay-shoot was encountered showing values sufficient to begin the shipment of ore. A complete plant is now being installed, and development work will be carried on until an accurate estimate of the ore-body can be made. This discovery is an additional proof of the gridiron theory in the formation of the ledges about Tonopah, and is a sample of the vastness of the district covered by the mineral beds.



"THEY"
Illustration by [unreadable]



Drawn by George Sargent

E OFF!"

Illustration by George Sargent



Top Workings at the Ray Mine

THE CAMP AT LONE MOUNTAIN

TWENTY miles southwest of Tonopah and ten miles northwest of Silver Peak, is a granitic ramp, known as Lone Mountain. The Kendall group on the south slope of the peak, which gives the location its name, was located December 21, 1902, by Zeh Kendall, W. N. Parker, H. Meade, S. P. Green, and Chris Madison. A ledge has been developed on the property, with six feet of quartz, and with twelve inches on the hanging-wall running from 400 to 2000 ounces in silver, five per cent. in copper, and twenty-five per cent. in lead. From a 40-foot hole, operated by a windlass, about six tons have been taken out of the above values. The ledge crops for 400 feet on the property, and holds to these values throughout. Four claims are included in the group, the Silver King and Silver Quartz on the course of the ledge, north and south, and the Chicago and St. Louis running parallel.

Two ledges also show on the Lucky Tom property, and surface assays show from \$8.81 to \$27.10. These claims are the Lucky Tom, Happy Hoopigan, Star of the West, Lake View, Marie, Queen, and King Edward.



THE LIBERTY DISTRICT

EIGHTEEN miles north of Tonopah, in the San Antonio range, in what is known as the old Liberty district, discoveries of rich deposits have been made. The Florence Extension Mine here has developed a ledge 17 feet wide which assays as high as \$87 in gold and silver, with a large percentage of lead and copper, on the surface. The mine was located by Thomas Fleming, the claims being the Florence Extension, the Dougherty, Maxwell, Tompkins, Florence Extension Annex, Fleming, and Waters. Development is being pushed rapidly ahead.



Ore Train Leaving Ray with the first Shipment from the Mine

RAY, TONOPAH'S NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

ANOTHER camp which has every right to stand upon its own individuality is that of Ray, situated about twelve miles to the north of Tonopah, and discovered by Judge L. G. Ray. The discovery of this camp was made on Christmas-day, 1901, when Ray located the Honn Silver, and Christmas Gift claims. On the following day he located the Teddy Roosevelt, and the Jennie Belle, lying, with the original locations, along the main ledge cropping from the surface, and the Lady Smith, and Hoosierang, lying respectively to the north and south of Christmas Gift, and Teddy Roosevelt.

The ledge crops on the first four claims mentioned for a distance of over 4000 feet, and carrying values of from \$50 to \$200 can be found on any 100 feet of this cropping. The formation is quartzite and lime, the foot wall being of quartzite and the hanging-wall of lime. For a distance of 3000 feet the ledge has been opened up every 100 feet to test its value. The main workings of the mine are upon the Christmas Gift claim, and consist of a main shaft 207 feet deep, a drift running under the hill at the 100-foot level for 250 feet, an air shaft 100 feet deep, 80 feet from the main shaft and connected with it by a drift, and a second station at the 230-foot level, with drifts running easterly and westerly 90 feet from the main shaft.

The ledges run in all these drifts, and in the main shaft, which follows its incline, from three to five feet wide. Shoots of ore occur in the various drifts at frequent intervals, running from



A Miner from the Ray District

10 to 20 feet in length, and carrying values from \$150 to \$600 a ton. These shoots are characteristic of silver and lead ores. The ore is in the form of lead exhalations. At a distance of 200 feet from the shaft, on the 100-foot level, a shoot was encountered which is now furnishing ore for shipment. After 30 feet of drifting into the shoot it was found to still continue. By stopping two men ran take out a carload a week of shipping ore. The shoot runs from three to five feet in width, and carries values for shipment of from \$150 to \$200 a ton. The first shipment from the mine was made February 18, 1902, the returns being between \$225 and \$250 a ton. A carload a week of this ore is now being shipped.

From fourteen different places on the Christmas Gift, Teddy Roosevelt, and Jennie Belle claims (two) and a half tons of ore have been taken that runs \$125 in silver, 35 per cent. in lead, and \$12.50 in gold. These shipments cover a distance of 1500 feet. It is possible to walk upon the crop areas for a distance of 3500 feet. The ledge runs 30 degrees south of east and 32 degrees north of west. The development of the mine has been carried on in an exceedingly economical manner, the workings thus far having cost less than \$40,000. The present plant is a horse shaft but a steam plant will soon be substituted.

RECLAIMING A STATE



*Retraining Dam and Head-Gate
Irrigating system of the Lovick Land and Development Company*



NEVADA'S NEW PLAN FOR IRRIGATING 300000 ACRES OF FARM LANDS

BY far the most important stream in Nevada is the Humboldt River, both from the volume of its water and in the area of agricultural lands commanded by it. The Humboldt rises in the northwestern portion of the State, and flows southwesterly almost to the western border, draining, with its tributaries, over one-third of the State's entire area.

This important stream flows through a series of great alluvial valleys, each the site of an ancient lake, following a most tortuous channel, in all its windings over 1000 miles in length.

Over one-third of the lands in the entire Humboldt basin, or about 3,000,000 acres, are subject to irrigation for agricultural purposes, and the fact that upward of 500,000 of these acres are already under successful cultivation is proof positive of the possibilities offered by the remainder of this great area.

The present developed sections of the basin were originally covered with sage-brush, which has now disappeared, and in its stead there appears a diversity of products, consisting of alfalfa, cereals, potatoes, fruits, and vines. This, however, applies to but little more than one-third of the area brought under the present systems of irrigation, the balance being devoted to the cultivation of native grasses.

The entire question of the future productiveness of these many thousand acres rests in the successful development of systems for the storing of water with which to feed them at the proper season. That there is ample water if only properly controlled has been absolutely proven, there being much less than ten per cent. of the annual supply now used, and a goodly portion of that is handled in anything but an economical manner.

The future development of these rich valleys along the Humboldt demands that the waters shall be held back near the sources of the river, to be turned down as they are needed during the season when they can be used for the perfecting of crops. Nature not only furnishes the water from the melting snows upon the mountain ranges, but has likewise made lavish provision for its storage. The larger tributaries of the Humboldt each possess one or more ancient lake beds along its course which can be economically converted into reservoirs by damming the narrow gorges through the rocks by which they are drained.

Many of these natural storage-basins are exceedingly large, ranging in size from 320 to 10,000 acres. Sixteen of these great picturesque locations already surveyed give an aggregate of 35,350 acres of reservoir area, with a total storage capacity of 1,000,000 acre feet. This vast volume of water retained during the flood season, and during that portion of the year when irrigation is not needed, which in reality is fully two-thirds of the time, would, if system-

atically used during the irrigating season, serve to supply 1,000,000 acres of land beyond that which is already under irrigation.

In all save one or two cases of those above cited, the construction of dams is both simple and economical, there being an abundance of material close by the projected sites and extremely easy of access. From expert reports this water-system would vary in cost from \$2.50 to \$8 per acre, in accordance with the expense of construction attendant on the installing of the necessary dams and ditches. The lands to be reached by these systems of irrigation can today be purchased at from \$1.25 to \$16 per acre, those at the lower price being held by the government and purchasable through the State, and those of higher cost forming a portion of the land grant of the Central Pacific Railway.

Taking the Humboldt basin as an example, it is little wonder that the people of Nevada have turned their every effort toward the establishing of an irrigation system which will furnish means to develop those almost countless acres which have practically, since their creation, only awaited the hand of the husbandman to " blossom as the rose." The government has already turned its attention to a portion of this vast Nevada desert acting under the present irrigation law which not strangely was fostered and became a statute under the guidance of the State's junior Senator. These people who dwell here in the Great Basin between the Rockies and Sierran have long realized the possibilities of a section which has up to the present time attracted no further attention than to be classed as a portion of the great American desert. The change is under way, and not many years hence the traveler will behold instead of the broad stretches of leaden-colored sage, hundreds of farms and ranches bearing every imprint of prosperity. This prospect is not visionary, for at several points in the Great Basin private enterprise has led the Hum-



*The Town of Lovick, Humboldt Valley
The scene of a most prolific season*



Golconda Hot Springs Hotel

hold's waters with results which go to prove what can be done with moderate capital and a little enterprise.

The government's action in reference to possible water development has turned the attention of private capital to the possibilities for investment in the irrigation projects of Nevada.

These lands along the Humboldt are noted for their prolific production, and the experimental conditions have long since passed for every section of the great valley. Every fruit, vine, cereal, vegetable, and grass native to the temperate zone finds a maturing spot at any point along the winding river. Everything included in these classes matures perfectly and in profusion. One vegetable, in particular, has been proven to thrive in these beds of alluvial soil and that too, with so great a measure of quantity and quality as to exceed the same class of production in either California or the Eastern States. This is the sugar-beet which along the Humboldt, and in fact in all the valleys of northern Nevada, can be produced of such a quality as to run 24 per cent.



Winnemucca, the Central Point of the Humboldt Valley



AN OASIS IN THE DESERT
Station at Humboldt on the Southern Pacific Railway.

fine in saccharine matter. In none of the States where the beet industry has been taken up can Nevada's record be excelled, and the beet is certain to become a strong factor in the agriculture of the Humboldt basin. The attention of capital is now being directed to these facts regarding the quality of Nevada's sugar-beet



Hon. Francis G. Newlands
Nevada's former Senator, and father of the Reclamation Law

production which will undoubtedly result in the ultimate establishment of a plant at some point in the Humboldt Valley for the handling of such an output of the saccharine vegetable as can be raised on the irrigated lands along the river. To the soil titer this will mean much for the sugar-beet of this section, with its high percentage of sucrose, will be a crop which cannot fail to be productive of large returns.

With the possibilities already shown in the way of production and the certain establishment of several greater or lesser systems of irrigation the future of this valley is assured. Unlike most of the State, its transportation facilities are excellent, the Northern Pacific's principal trans-continental line running through the greater portion of the valley's length, at no point lying more than a few miles from the centre line of the available agricultural lands.

Along this line of railway there have already sprung up several important centres. These were first established as supply points for the great cattle ranges to which eastern and northern Nevada was for years given over before the possibilities of her valley lands were fully understood.

The most easterly of these centres is Elko, county-seat of the county bearing the same name. Elko has for years been a prominent point on the line of overland railway and a centre of the cattle industry. It is a thriving town of about 2000 people, possessing many modern features one would hardly expect in so far away a locality. To the northwest of Elko is located the planter storage-system for irrigation. This system has been in successful operation for more than a decade, located in what is known as Square Valley. The dam, 225 feet thick at base and 175 feet long, cuts off a cañon at the lower end of one of the adjacent lakes. The retained waters cover 400 acres to a depth of 20 feet, and supply irrigation to 2000 acres of land through twelve miles of canals. The cost of construction was \$45,000, including ditches, or \$9 per acre. These 5000 acres, formerly devoted only to grazing, become under this water system capable of producing a net revenue of from \$20 to \$50 per acre per annum. The success of this system has had a marvellous effect upon the future of the entire Humboldt basin.

A little more than a hundred miles west from Elko lies Winnemucca, which, like its eastern neighbour, had its beginning as a cattle centre. This little city is by far the metropolis of the valley. It is the home of over two thousand enterprising Nevadans. In the location of Nevada's only national bank, is equipped with electric lights, has two daily newspapers, and possesses a general mercantile establishment which both in stock carried and elaborate headquarters would do credit to any of the larger centres. Adjacent to Winnemucca lie several of the prolific tributary valleys

of the Humboldt, in each of which private individuals have done something toward perfecting an irrigation system. These valleys are all noted for their fruit and reared productions.

Throughout Nevada there are a great number of mineral springs noted for their waters. But one of several located in the Humboldt Valley has been developed, this being the Hot Springs at Golconda, near Winnemucca, and directly on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. These springs were first located in 1864. The flow is 40 miners' inches of water, at a temperature of 198 degrees. Comparative analysis shows that the springs have practically the same mineral and medicinal properties as the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Connected with them are mud-baths, which have proven of great efficacy in the treatment of rheumatic disorders.

The springs were purchased in 1906 by Louis Daterre, who expended a large amount of money in the erection of a commodious hotel and bath-houses.

Between Golconda and Winnemucca lies one of the choicest areas of bottom land in the entire valley, comprising upward of 160,000 acres, only a small fraction of which has been developed. These lands will be brought under the future irrigation system at the mouth of Rock Creek, one of those mentioned earlier in this article. Surveys have been finished on this system, and it is only a question of a short time when its completion will be accomplished, and this will give productivity to an area capable of establishing no less than a thousand comfortable and profitable homes at a cost which the products of the land will return in a single season.

Another irrigation system of almost equal importance to that of Golconda is planned at Humboldt in the very center of the arid country. Here nature has placed perfect foundations for the construction of a restraining dam in the midst of a most prolific area of almost level mesa.

At the extreme western end of the Humboldt Valley lies the town of Lovelock, with its fifteen hundred population and a sur-

rounding country brilliant in examples of what can be done with Nevada lands under sensible irrigation systems. Fully fifteen thousand acres directly adjacent to the town are in the highest state of cultivation, a goodly portion being in wheat, which is consumed by the roller mills located at Lovelock, the only plant of the kind in the valley. These mills have been in operation for seven years, running in their full capacity of sixty barrels per day. Lovelock wheat is noted for its quality, the gold medal at Chicago's exposition having been awarded to the wheat product of this section of the valley. Of this cereal Lovelock lands produce an average of thirty-three bushels per acre, with a record as high as sixty bushels.

The area of Lovelock's productive lands in this year increased by the placing in operation of the irrigation system installed by the Lovelock Land and Development Company. The system's location is at the very end of the valley, close to where the Humboldt River empties its waters into Carson Lake. It is by far the largest attempt at irrigation by private enterprise in the State and when complete will bring under its ditches from fifteen to twenty thousand acres. At present the reservoir capacity is 4000 acre feet, restrained by a simple dam on an area of 1000 acres. This supply will irrigate 4000 acres, which are now planted to alfalfa and wheat, and will for the first time produce crops during the present summer. There can be no question of the success of this system, the simplicity of which is such as to render but a single crop necessary in every one hundredth both in the land purchased together with the construction of a dam and fifty miles of ditches. Under these conditions it seems almost strange that the system has remained so long unconstructed.

Lovelock's example will soon be followed by others, since a series of active operations are in progress for developing the prolific lands along the Humboldt, and before many years have passed the sea of sugar-brush will be transformed into practical and productive homes peopled by men who will make of the desert a blossoming field.



THE GROWTH OF NEVADA'S CATTLE INDUSTRY

ALMOST coincident with the first settling of Nevada the northern and eastern portions of the State became famous as cattle ranges. Here upon the slopes of the foot-hills grew in abundance the succulent native grasses which furnish luscious food for the great herds which roamed from Texas to the British border.

In cattle, as in everything else, Nevada has advanced, her largest breeders departing from a sole attention to range cattle and turning their resources toward the building up of registered herds. Of course there are still the great herds among the hills and on the flats of the east represented to-day by those of Miller & Lux, the Sparks-Herrell Company, and the firm of Hasdin & Sons. The latter of these herds make headquarters in Humboldt County, and numbers from fifteen to twenty thousand head, branding from three to five thousand calves per year.

The movement to better the quality of Nevada's cattle has been a decided one, and its success is specially illustrated by the herd of Herefords maintained by John Sparks, Nevada's present Governor, at his "Alamo" ranch near Reno. Here in the past ten years has been gathered the best herd of registered Herefords on the Pacific slope, probably the best single herd of this particular breed in the United States, and one of the best in the world. Both by example and the introduction of blooded stock into other herds of the State, the "Alamo" is a powerful factor in raising the standard of the range cattle in Nevada.

Governor Sparks has an experience as a cattleman and breeder extending over nearly every State from Texas to Wyoming, and his decision in the Hereford breed is based upon that experience. At present he is devoted entirely to raising registered stock. He has been breeding and handling Herefords for twenty-eight years, but



Perfection II.

started his present registered herd ten years ago. His experience and convictions are best told in his own words. He said recently:

"In 1901 and 1902 Mr. John Timm and myself were ranging in Elko County, Nevada, and Cassia County, Idaho, having about 65,000 head of cattle ranging about half Durhams and half Herefords, cross-bred. We lost that winter, which was a very severe one, 35,000 head of cattle, and when we rounded up our cattle the following spring, 50 per cent. of them were lost and white faces, characteristic of the Hereford, the Hereford had lived where the Durhams had died. We had at times thought a few years before, that we possibly had made a mistake in sticking so close to the Hereford blood, but the experience of this phenomenally hard winter showed us conclusively that our course was justified.

"I consider the Hereford by all odds the best beef breed. The cattle are prolific, rarely masturders, and wonderfully hardy. The infusion of the pure Hereford blood into the ranges of the State has already had great effect, and this effect will be even more notable in a few years. I regard Nevada to-day the best Here-stock State in the Union."

The Alamo ranch is one of the most charming spots in the State, and is a striking example of what can be done in developing the State's natural resources. It is situated on the most attractive drive out of Reno, the old Virginia City turnpike, and takes its name from a fine grove of cottonwood adjoining the mansion, the name Alamo meaning outlandish. The name has a particular significance for Governor Sparks and Mrs. Sparks, both being Texans, and from a settlement where "The Alamo" is a name to conjure with. As a stock-farm the place is a model, and as a country home, it is ideal. In the general cleanliness, arrangement, and equipment of its barns and corals, with its complement

of great, round-eyed, white-faced thoroughbred cattle, it presents an attractiveness to stockmen that has drawn visitors from all over the country. In addition to his cattle, Governor Sparks has on the place a herd of elk, the only buffalo now in existence in Nevada, Shetland ponies, and other rare specimens. He has developed on the place an artesian well of hot water, with a volume of 112 gallons a minute, capable of being increased twenty-five per cent. in capacity. This well is, in fact, two wells, one pipe being encased in a second of larger diameter. One takes its water from a stratum 240 feet below the surface, and the other penetrates to a depth of 500 feet. Each flows independently. The well has been attached to a large swimming tank for the convenience and entertainment of the Governor and his guests, and arrangements are being made to heat the house entirely from it.

Connected with the Alamo is a second ranch, the Mayberry, located on the Truckee River at about an equal distance from Reno, and scarcely less delightful in surroundings. There are about 2040 acres in the two, and the herd includes at the present time some 400 head of registered Herefords. The father of the herd was the Columbian Exposition prize-winner, Earl of Shadford 30th, 36,725. Since 1852, Governor Sparks has constantly imported from Herefordshire the best stock that could be bought, Royal winners from England and sires from the best herds in this country have been added from year to year. The herd is now headed by Perfection II, 102,632, and Lela, 102,631, two noted sons of the \$10,000 Dale, 66,181. Both these bulls have been sweepstakes-winners wherever shown, and their produce shows them to be truly great sires. The blood of the Grace III., Lord Wilton, and Anxiety predominates in the herd.

Governor Sparks sent out the first blooded Herefords ever



Cowmen



Ranch of Hardin & Sons
Headquarters of the Hardin herds in Humboldt County

shipped to Honolulu, and has had much to do with improving the stock in the islands. He has also shipped all over America and abroad.

He has been closely identified with the cattle interests of the State for many years. His first cattle experience was at the close of the civil war, when he began buying cattle in Texas, and driving them across the plains, often reaching Oregon and the Northwest before finding a suitable market. He then started breeding range cattle, and located in eastern Nevada and Idaho in 1881. He still has large landholdings in Texas. He at one time had, with his partner, 75,000 head of cattle in Elko County, Nevada, and Lavinia County, Idaho, and branded 10,000 calves a year. The showplace and wiregrass brand, still in existence and owned by the Sparks-Harrell Company, was famous throughout the cattle-raising country.

Another breeder who is using every endeavor to improve Nevada's cattle is T. L. Odde, of Tonopah, who has lately purchased the Pine Creek Ranch, a tract consisting of 3000 acres in Monitor Valley, Nye County.

Pine Creek Ranch is located at an elevation of about 8000 feet in one of the highest, as well as one of the most picturesque, valleys in the United States. The ranch is intended for the breeding of blooded stock, with particular attention to Herefords and thoroughbred horses. This latter venture is largely an experiment in Nevada. The quality of the country in producing fine stock has been shown in the lower altitudes, but it is the idea of the owner of the ranch that thoroughbred horses which are given an opportunity to run over the hills in the highlands, together with the advantage of the fine quality of feed found in that section, will develop great staying qualities as well as speed. The valley has a range of 500 miles, and there is a raise in the Pine Creek canon of from 6000 to 12,000 feet in less than eight miles. There are now at the ranch over 100 head of registered Herefords, from the three best families of this famous breed. It would be hard to find a more beautiful spot. Pine Creek running past the ranch-house, offers unexcelled fishing, and the hills afford the best of hunting. Mt. Jefferson overlooks the valley, and there is an abundance of wood, including hem of firs, birch, poplar, etc. Alfalfa grows in abundance.

Far down in the centre of the State in what is known as the



Lela

White Pine country at the Cleveland much is still another collection of magnificent herd animals which has made an enviable reputation for its owner.

These are only a few of the examples to be cited among the great herds of Nevada. Every one is leaving a constant impression on

the range herds of the State, and the result is the perfecting of Nevada's cattle to an extent that has no parallel in America. From the very first Nevada has possessed a reputation for its high quality of beef, but by the infusion of thoroughbred blood it is in reality outstripping itself.



A Group of Youngsters at the Alamo Ranch



THE GATEWAY TO NEVADA

EVERY State possesses some city which by special location gains commercial and industrial prominence. Such a city is Reno, the most important of all centres in Nevada.

Beginning as a little stage station on the Virginia Ironpike, Reno saw the travel of the old staging days drift by its doors toward the bonanza land of the Comstock, but by and by there came the opening of the transcontinental railway, quickly followed by the construction of the Virginia and Truckee Railway, which wound its way to the location of Virginia City and Gold Hill. Then Reno began to gain in importance, for she was located at the junction of the two lines. Later a narrow-gauge line of railway intended to reach northward into Oregon found its beginning at Reno, and the little city assumed the position of a distributing centre for the whole of western and southern Nevada.

There has been nothing phenomenal about Reno's progression. She has simply advanced by her unquestioned rights of position until now her prosperity is unquestioned, and she is recognized as the foremost city in the Sage-Bush State. Here Nevada has located her principal institution of learning, the State University, and about its doors is clustered the literary and artistic talent of the Western consumer-epoch. More than three hundred students are in constant attendance, and from Reno there have gone out many university graduates bearing a store of knowledge which has distinguished them in every corner of the world.

If Reno's progress has been certain in the past, it will beyond question be rapid to the same extent in the years to come. Her commercial houses are all prosperous, and her financial institutions apparently sound. In all the vast industries of Nevada there is prosperity for this city by the Sierras. No matter whether the success is made in the mines at Tonopah, among the cattle herds of the eastern counties, or in the lumber districts of the high

Sierra, some portion of it must drift to Reno as a central commercial point.

The last year has brought a wave of prosperity which if maintained will quickly transform Reno from a frontier town into a metropolis. It may be seen in the construction of modern buildings upon every street, in the unnumbered improvements which are under way, in the crowded condition of her really excellent hotels, and in the general bustle and activity of her markets.

The Truckee River, with its wonderful fall from the mountain slopes, runs directly through the city. This river will ere long become a great factor in Reno's prosperity, for its powerful stream will be channelled by modern methods, and its force directed toward the operating of industrial plants, some or all of which will certainly find a location within Reno's limits.

A notable addition to Reno's industries has come within the last six months in the plant of the Reno Engineering Works, which covers four acres of ground at the eastern edge of the city, adjoining the lines of the Southern Pacific Railway. These works, consisting of large foundries, forging, boiler, and machine-shops, employ a large number of skilled mechanics, and are equipped to construct all classes of mining and milling machinery.

In these works Reno possesses the largest plant of this character between San Francisco and Denver. Its equipment is modern in every respect, the very best and most recently invented machinery having been installed—this machinery on the whole being designed to relieve labor and time to produce an absolute uniformity of work. For fuel, melting, and forging purposes crude petroleum alone is used. Pneumatic riveters and tools for boiler construction form an important portion of the plant. As this institution intends to devote its principal effort to the construction of all classes of mining and milling machinery, location was a principal factor, which Reno fortunately supplied, and from the extent of its works Reno can be turned to for the supplying of any class of engineering equipment which can be secured in the largest Eastern manufacturing centres, and can supply not alone Nevada, but any section of the Pacific coast as well.

The scope of this engineering plant also includes the equipment of electric lines and lighting plants of every size and class. The description of this plant gives an idea of its importance to Reno, providing, as it does, not only an important industrial advance for the city, but also permitting the mining and manufacturing interests of Nevada to secure their equipment at first hands and



One of Reno's Pioneers



Alamo, Etc., and Electric Plant at Reno



Plant of the Reno Engineering Works

with the least loss of time and expense. Another of Reno's newer industries is the establishing of a most perfect system of abattoirs for the handling of all classes of meats. This establishment centres the meat trade of nearly the whole State at Reno, and maintains, in addition, an ice plant, and an electric-lighting plant, from which the city is supplied.

From a mining standpoint Reno possesses several distinct characteristics. Both to the north and south are located paying properties, while but four miles from her centre lies one of Nevada's great producers. This consists of the Wedekind mine, discovered but two years ago within sight of the city and upon ground that had been irrupted and berided over for years. It was located by George Wedekind, and is now the property of Governor Sparks. Wedekind was an old piano-tuner with an ambition to discover a mine where he spent the money he earned tuning pianos in prospecting. He finally located three claims, the Reno Star, the Safeguard, and the Eagle, now composing the Wedekind group, from which there has already been taken out over \$200,000. Great blocks of ore have been found in the shaft on the Reno Star claim, running over \$3000 to the ton, and Wedekind found ore running over \$200 to the ton in the wagon road across the claim, over which there had been travel for forty years.

The discovery of the Wedekind resulted in the location of the Desert King adjoining, sixty-three per cent, of which is also owned by Governor Sparks. The Wedekind shaft is now down 230 feet, and a shaft was established at 100 feet, from which cross-cutting was begun. Out of this shaft alone \$150,000 has been taken in less than two years. The Desert King shaft is down 130 feet, and goes through forty feet of solid ore. Connected with the Wedekind there has been built a leaching plant with a capacity of twenty tons a day, and costing \$25,000. The present showing of the mine is that it will prove one of the biggest producers ever opened up in the State. The Wedekind has a complete electric hoisting plant, with a shaft house covering the entire top equipment. The Desert King has a steam hoist, also hoisted with the galvanized frame.

Just to the north of Reno lies still another extremely prosperous mineral district of which the centre is the Pyramid mine. So great is the output of this group that a railway is now under construction toward its location which will not only find plenty of carrying-trade from these mines, but will open up a section hitherto without transportation facilities, and bring Reno in touch with a still greater area of territory.

Reno is today recognized as a distributing centre for all of

the ores shipped from the various mines located both north and south. Within her limits have been established the only sawpiling works in the State, and the railroads have of late granted the concession of a stoppage at Reno, for sampling, of any cars shipped through in the direction of Salt Lake City, San Francisco, or the East. This renders Reno at once the principal ore-market for all the mines which are not reducing their own ores, and will eventually result in the establishment of an exchange for the handling of the output of these properties.

There are some of the industrial advantages possessed by this city which has in but a few years grown from a stage-station to its present condition of importance. With the harnessing of the powerful waters of the Truckee, Reno will certainly add to her manufacturing advantages, and there will be powerful additions to her already more than infant industries.

The lumber industry is another prominent factor in Reno's present and future prosperity. From the great forests of the eastern slopes of the Sierras lying to the northwest of this point, more than half the output finds its way to or through Reno, en route to the various markets of the world. In this line there is and will continue to be extensive activity, several new and important camps having been lately established in the northern forests, every one of which forms a portion of Reno's tributary country. With the increasing demand in Eastern markets for Sierra lumber, there can only be an increase in the magnitude of these operations, all of which is certain to find its way through Reno as a distributing point.

As a city of homes Reno is no less important than in her commercial features. Her location is one of the most attractive in the whole mountain country, her area covering a series of gently rolling hills with the blue Sierras as a background, and the crystal waters of the Truckee tumbling through her very centre. Her people have had an eye to the picturesque, and her more modern homes have been constructed so as to blend into the picture, form-



The Riverside Hotel, Reno

ing a part rather than a contrast to the beauties Nature has showered upon the city's location.

In addition to Reno's attractiveness as a city of homes, there are her educational advantages to be considered, her schools following close upon her university in ability of instructors and thoroughness of system. These very facts have held many residents in their own home when the education of a rising generation would otherwise have attracted them to some other location had Reno been less favorably equipped.

Round about the city lie the verdant lands of the famous Washoe Valley, noted for its wonderful productiveness. From hill to hill across the whole valley there is a succession of beautiful farms under the very highest condition of cultivation, denoting the prosperity which has come to this section of the State.



The Mirpah mine is now blocking out its ore bodies and retreating from taking out ore save as required in development. This system will be followed until a depth of 1000 feet is reached. Montana Tonopah ore closely resembles that found on the 1000-foot level of the historic Coe-Virginia, but actually runs higher in grade. The ledges of the Montana-Tonopah, while parallel to those of the Mirpah, are evidently distinctly separate fissures, and prove the wonderful deposits of the district.

The Gold Hill property, directly south of the Tonopah Company's claims, is the pet of the original boosters of the camp. The claims were located by Butler, Oldie, and Broughter, directly after the location of the main group, as their particular property, and it is stated by Mr. Oldie that the main group was sold in order to secure money with which to develop Gold Hill. Upon the six claims five distinct ledges are defined from which leasers took fifteen thousand dollars in 1901. This is the only group in the district where the late porphyry crops to the surface. Gold Hill has a fine hoisting works, with



Hoisting Works at Little Tonopah Shaft



North, South, and West Views of the Mirpah Ledge

Looking West from the North Star Shaft



Hoisting Works at the New York Tonopah Mine



First Shaft at the Little Tonopah Silver Ledge



Principal Shaft at the Golden Anchor Mine

Head of Shaft at the United Tonopah

First Development on the Commodore Group

a double-compartment shaft now sunk 450 feet. At 200 feet the plans call for cross-cutting, and include a thorough development of the property.

Adjoining Gold Hill on the south lies the Rescue claim. The Rescue is located directly on the strike of the Gold Hill and Valley View ledges, and but 600 feet from the developed portion of the former. It also lies within 600 feet of the Desert Queen shaft, and high values have been developed in the Gold Hill ledges within 500 feet of the Rescue shaft. Development was started in December, 1902, with a two-compartment shaft, timbered and now sunk to a depth of 200 feet. It is expected that a station will be established at 300 feet, but this will be determined by the formation. There is now being installed a steam hoisting plant, one of the most complete in camp. It includes a 60 horse power boiler, with a 45 horse power engine, safety cage, and all appliances capable of handling the output of the mine to a depth of 1000 feet. The formation in the Rescue shaft follows closely the general formation where ore has been discovered.



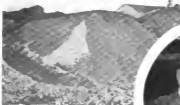
Shaft of the Tonopah Fraction Extension



Development Plant at the Tonopah City Group



Plant and Hoist at the Old Tonopah



Go to the Prospects at the Rescue



Head of the Shaft on the Molly Group



Power Plant and Hoist at the Halpax

Cage at the Siebert Shaft, Mispah Ledge
General Manager O'Leary and Chief Engineer Siebert

Music at the World's Fair

PREPARATIONS upon a large scale are being made for the music which is to be made a feature of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. There are to be indoor orchestral concerts and organ recitals, open-air band concerts,—for which there will be no admission charge,—and performances of choral music on a large scale. The idea of the committee in charge of the musical arrangements is to aim at appealing rather to the popular taste than to the more limited demand for music of the highest class, although there will be no sacrifice of dignity in the programmes. Considerable attention will be paid to works by American composers, which, it is hoped, will give a divided impetus to the most creative endeavor in native music. Competent conductors are to be engaged for the orchestral concerts, among whom, it is expected, will be one of the celebrated "billion prima donnas," as they are called abroad, of Europe. For the organ recitals, in which the most eminent American and foreign organists will take part, a special instrument will be constructed. It is to contain nearly 120 stops, and will be, it is said, the largest organ in the world. The orchestral and organ concerts are to be held in Festival Hall, the centre of the main group of buildings.

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THE OUTLAW

BY
HAMLIN GARLAND



A Story in Two Parts.—Part II.

INSTANTLY the street became a place of savage outcry. "Kill him! Kill him!" the white men all shouted. Like a bear at bay Hakonson faced his hereditary enemies, and jerking from his pocket his white paper he held it high. "See, this is true, read it!" he said.

This action saved his life, for all were curious to see what this long official envelope contained. One of the men took the envelope and opened the paper and read it. A burst of derisive laughter followed the reading. Then the sheriff came and took Hakonson, who went willingly, for he feared for his life in the midst of the crowd in the street, which grew greater each moment.

He recoiled sharply as they came to the door of the jail. "I will not go!" he said. "Why do you put me in there? I have done nothing."

The sheriff, ready to make capital for himself in the eyes of the mob which had followed him, put his revolver to his captive's head, and said, brutally, "Get in there, or I'll blow your head off."

Hakonson understood the man's action, and submitted to be pushed into the cell, and was locked in, still holding in his hand the paper on which he had put his new resolution to be friendly with the white man.

Ordering my team I drove away to town, a long, hard, dusty road, but reaching the hotel too late to call on the sheriff, I was forced to wait till morning. The little rag of a daily paper had used the shooting as a text for its well-worn discourse. "Strip those surrounding hell-hounds out of the State or off the face of the earth," it said editorially. "Get 'em out of the path of civilization. Scenes of disorder like that of yesterday are sure to be repeated so long as those red pets of the government are allowed to cumber the earth. The State ought to slaughter 'em like wolves."

I was quite familiar with such articles, but I went to bed that night feeling more keenly than ever in my life the difficult position I was called upon to fill. To rare hatred these people had added greed for the Shi-an-ay lands. In this editorial was vented the savage hate of thousands of white men. There could be no doubt of it—and were it not for a fear of the general government, the terms of its hatred would have been carried out long ago.

In the early morning I hurried to the jail. The sheriff met me unsmiling. "Oh—certainly, Major—you can see him," he said, but his tone was insulting.

As I entered his cell Hakonson looked up with a low word of pleasure. He shook my hand, then slowly signed:

"My friend, take me away from here. I cannot bear to be locked up. I have done nothing. When I showed my paper the cattle-men laughed. When I reached my hand in friendship they spat upon it. This made my heart very bitter, but I did not fight."

"I said," he said, "be not worry, I will see that you are protected. I turned to the sheriff. 'What are you holding this man for?'"

"For shooting with intent to kill."

"But he didn't shoot. He had no weapon. It is absurd."

"How do you know he didn't?"

"Because all his companions say so, he says so."

"Oh! You'd take his word, would you?"

"Yes, in a thing of that kind. Did you find a gun on him?"

"No—but—"

"What chance did he have for concealing it? Were you there when the shooting took place?"

"No—but credible witnesses—"

"As a matter of fact, you know the saloon-keeper was struck by a bullet aimed at Hakonson by a cowboy. Where is that cowboy? Why has he not been arrested?"

"I don't believe it."

"It's not your business to believe or disbelieve. Did you have a warrant to arrest this man?"

"No matter whether I did or not," he replied, insolently. "He's here, and you can't take him away. You can protect your thieves and murderers on the reservation, but when they come in here and go howling around you'll find the case different." In this tone he blustered.

I was in fighting line now and he saw it. "I believe Hakonson to be entirely innocent, and I'll see justice done. I'm going to see the judge, and secure an order for his release."

The visit to the judge was still more disheartening. He too was snuffy and patient, but it was plain he intended to do nothing to help me. "It may be that a mistake has occurred, but if so the trial will clear your man. As it is, the Indian was arrested in a



"See, this is true, read it!" he said

street brawl in which a man is shot. The Indian is arrested, I may add, in due course of law, and must stand trial." "Very well, we'll go to trial—but meanwhile release my man on parole. I'll answer for him."

The judge had been expecting this, but professed to ponder. "I don't think that would be wise. We've had great difficulty in apprehending offenders. We might find this man hard to reapprehend. I appreciate your desire to—"

"Judge Bray, you are mistaken," I replied with heat, for I understood his covert insult. "You have never failed of getting your man but once, and then, as you know, it was the fault of your sheriff."

The judge was obstinate. "The citizens are increased at the frequent depredations of your charges," he said, "and they will not submit longer to any laxity. I cannot help you."

"Very well," I said, as I rose to go. "I'll see justice done this man if I have to bring the whole power of the national government to bear on you. I will enlist the aid of every lover of justice in the land. Hakonson has been grossly abused. So far from shooting he came in here as my messenger, unarmed and peaceful. Your drunken citizens assaulted him. I do not wonder that my people say you have the hearts of coyotes."

"As I drove away out of the squalid town I grew sick at heart, feeling the pressure of the cruel, leering, racial hate of the cattle-men to whom the red man was a sort of big game. It seemed that among all these thousands of American citizens not one had the heart to stand out and say, 'I'll help you secure justice.'"

My anger made me momentarily unjust, for there were many worthy souls who would have joined me could they have been rightly informed of the case, but at the moment I felt the helpless dizziness of the red men when ensnared by the laws of the whites.

But as I rode I planned a campaign which should secure justice for Hakonson. My meeting with the half-frenzied wife of the captive only added new vigor to my resolution. With face haggard with suffering the poor woman cried out to me, "Where is her husband?"

I gave her such comfort as I could, and drove on, mentally composing letters to the Eastern press which should make the townsman write with shame of his inhumanity.

Court did not sit for many weeks, but Hakonson knew nothing of that. He lived in daily hope of being released. He fed his heart on the words of his friend the agent. He brooded over his wrongs like a wounded wolf in his den, till his heart became like lead in his bosom. The glow of his new-found love of the white man had died out—smothered by the cold gloom of his prison. He remembered only one white face with pleasure—that of his agent—all others were grinning or hateful or sneering.

He would have gone mad only for the visit of his wife and children, who came to see him, and were allowed to approach the bars of his cell so that he might by his hands on the head of his little son. These brief visits comforted him—for the sake of his wife and children he lived.

In a week or two the people of Big Snake had quite forgotten Hakonson. If any word recalled him to their minds they merely said: "Do him good to feel the inside of a stone wall. It'll take us time to get out of him. He'll be good Injun when he gets out. He's in luck to escape being strung up."

Now the town possessed a baseball team that had defeated every other club in the State, excepting one. The Falls had proved a Waterloo to Big Snake on the Fourth of July, and so its citizens fairly ached for a chance to "do the Falls up," and win back some of the money they had lost. One morning about two weeks after his imprisonment Hakonson heard the sound of far-off drums, and thought the soldiers were coming at last to release him. His heart leaped with joy, and he sprang to his window and there listened long. He could hear plainly the voice of the bugle, and he fancied he could detect the marching of columned feet. His friend, the agent, was surely coming to paralyze his captors.

He was not afraid of the soldier chiefs,

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for they fought honorably. They did not shut their enemies up in cells and take their arms away. They made war in the open air and on the hills. A shout of joy was about to break from his lips when the jailer entered the corridor mark excited. He made a great many signs to his captives, but Hakonson only understood one or two of them. "Come with me," "I'll kill you."

He drew his blanket round him and thought, "I will go. I will at least escape these walls. If I die I will die under the sky where the sun can see me."

He quietly followed the sheriff outside, but when he saw the open handcuffs he rebelled and shook his head.

The sheriff made rebellious signs again and threatened him. Hakonson comprehended nothing of all this save the motion toward the gun which he took to mean that he was to be killed. The excitement of his captives, the mystery of all he did, his unending fears were continuing. But Hakonson was a chief. He had never flinched in battle, and as he felt the wind of the wide sky on his face he lifted his eyes and said, "I am ready—but I will die fighting."

The sheriff motioned him to get into his buggy, and he obeyed—for the hand of the sheriff was ever on his revolver—and so they rode through the town, which was almost deserted. Far up the street Hakonson could hear the noise of the drum, and his heart swelled big with a sense of coming trouble. Was he being led out to be tortured? Perhaps he would be permitted to fight his way to death!

A man at the door of the drug-store called out, jovially, "Where are you going, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Out to see the bull game, I happened to have only this one prisoner, so I thought I'd take him along. Damned if I'm going to miss the game for a great mystery of all he did."

"Look out he don't give you the slip."

The sheriff winked meaningly. "There'll be a right lively fight if he does. The boys would like nothing better than to rope an Injun to-day. It would draw better than a bull-fight." They both laughed at this notion, and Hakonson again understood only the menace in the sheriff's voice. As they neared the grand stand the noise of the great crowd reached across the quiet fields, and Hakonson could see hundreds of people streaming along the road before him. His lungs grew tense. It was plain that his captor was driving directly toward this vast throng of savage white people, there to torture him.

He looked round him. On either side were rows of growing corn, and beyond the field on the right rose a grove of tall trees marking the course of the river. As he remembered this his mind revolving came, "If I am to die I will die now," and he sprang from his seat to the ground and dived beneath the fence. He heard the sheriff's gun crack twice and thrice, but he rose unharmed, and with a wild exultation in his heart ran straight across the tender corn toward the river. Again the sheriff fired, his big revolver sounding loud on the wilderness air.

Then, as if his shouting was a signal, a squad of cowboys rose out of a gully before the fugitive and with wild whoopings sought toward him. They came with lances surging high above their heads, and Hakonson, knowing well their pitiless ferocity, turned and ran straight toward the sheriff, who stood leading his gun on the inner side of the fence. As he ran, Hakonson could see great ranks of yelling people rushing over the field toward him. He fled now to escape being dragged to death by the cowboys, leaving the sheriff might shoot him through the heart as he came near.

The sheriff fired twice at long range, but missed, and as the panting fugitive ran straight toward him, the white man fell to the earth as if shot, and crawled under the fence, leaving Hakonson to face a squad of twenty infuriated mounted heroes and a thousand citizens clamoring for blood. With the light of hell on their faces, they shot down the defenseless red man, and with brutal heels stamped on his face as if he were a rattlesnake. When he no longer breathed they stabbed the inert body a hundred times and shot it full of bullets. They sought for a chance to kick it. They lost all semblance to men. Wolves fighting over the flesh of their own kind could not have been more heartlessly malevolent, none appearing in their demerit of frenzy.

And then above the clamor of their brotherless cursing and cries of hate a strong clear voice made itself heard, a vibrant manly voice:

"Stop in the name of Christ!" and through the crowd a tall young man in the garb of a Catholic priest, faced his way. His big broad face was set with resolution and his white brow gleamed in the midst of the tumbling mass of bronzed, weather-beaten border-men with a singular paleness.

"Stand back! Are you friends of hell? Where is your shame? A thousand to one! Is this your American chivalry? Oh, you devils!"

He stood astride the fallen man like a lion over the body of his mate. His body quivered with the sense of his horror and his splendid wrath.

"God's curse on ye—if you touch this man again." The crowd was silent now, and he went on, and his voice cut like a scythe: "I have seen the beasts of the African jungles at war, and I know the habits of the serpents of Nicaragua—I know your American bears and wolves—but I have never seen any malevolence to equal this."

Every word he spoke could be heard by the mob, every man who listened looked aside, helpless under the edge of the young priest's scowl. "You are the brave boys of which we read," he said, turning to the cowboys. "You are 'the Knights' of the plains." Then his righteous wrath flamed forth again, "Knights of the plains! Mother of God! The great-eyed jokers would turn to insults in your presence. Hear ye men ye are to rope and

drag a defenseless man—and you!"—he turned to the slinking sheriff—"you are of my church—I know you. The malediction of Heaven hangs over you for this day's work. Take up the body of this man. He is dead, but his blood will yet make this town a stench in the nostrils of the world. You cannot do these things to-day and not be accused of all Christian peccars."

With a contemptuous wave of his hand he dismissed the mob. "Go home! Go back to your wives and children and boast of your great deed. Leave the body of the dead with me. His soul is with his Maker."

The crowd slunk away, leaving the sheriff, the priest, and a doctor who had volunteered his services to examine the mass of bloody flesh that had once been a tall and powerful commander of men.

"The man is alive!" said the doctor in a tone of awe. "Life is not extinct."

"Save him—for the love of Christ!" exclaimed the priest as he dropped on his knees beside the torn and trampled red man. "It would be a blessed miracle of Christ if he withstood such punishment. It is impossible!"

"His heart beating—and I think it grows stronger," repeated the doctor as he took up with deft energy.

"What is this?" asked the priest as he jerked up a bloody and crumpled paper. He opened it and read aloud: "I am Hakonson. Long I hated the white man. But now I am changed. I want to be friend with the white man. As my number is prayed for, gently with a sort of breathless intensity while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"Lord Jesus, grant me humbleness and patience with these people. Let my heart not harbor with hate of this injustice."

Then looking at the poor injured body of Hakonson, he said: "O God! the pity of it! The pathos of it! His heart was good toward all men. I do not know when or where this was given, but it breaks my heart!"

They took Hakonson up, the priest received him in his house, and cared for him as best he could, but so battered, so mishapen that his own wife did not know him.

The cloud of his hair and despair never lifted. He spoke no word to any white man save to the good priest and to me, and when he died thereof as we knew it.

What did I do about it? Nothing. What could I do—except tell the story.

Decorative Art at the World's Fair

See Page 1018

HOWEVER the Louisiana Purchase Exposition may in future be compared, favorably or otherwise, with previous ones, it is known to be a most successful one. It is one of the grandest and originality of the sculpture which will adorn its grounds and ornament its buildings. A few of the chief features only can be touched upon.

Passing through the principal entrance to the grounds, the visitor will behold a great monumental feature which Mr. Bitter has named "The Apotheosis of St. Louis," and the execution of which has been intrusted to Mr. Charles H. Niehaus. In the center of a vast plaza, surmounted upon a massive architectural base, will rise an equestrian statue of Louis IX., for whom the city of St. Louis was named. The city itself will be symbolized by a female figure sitting with outstretched arms in front of this monument, at the foot of the base. The winged figure of Fame is whispering in her ear the names of those who have made her great, while through her hands passes an endless scroll of the famous deeds of her children. The carrying in relief about the base of the equestrian statue and various other figures grouped about it tell the story of the city's birth and growth.

This wonderful monument, and two notable equestrian statues of Joliet and De Soto, will form the chief features of what will be known as the Monument Court. Looking up from "Monument Court," one will behold the waters of the three great cascades tumbling from an elevation into the grand basin. At the northern end of this basin, in the broad boulevard which bisects the main group of Exposition palaces, will stand the Louisiana Purchase Monument, designed by Emanuel H. Mosonyi, and all the sculpture upon and surrounding which is the work of Mr. Bitter. This monument, rising one hundred feet in height, is a very beautiful piece of work, consisting of a graceful shaft crowned by the figure of Peace, calling the nations of the world together in friendly competition.

It is hoped to conceive greater possibilities for magnificence and monumental effect than that which lies in the hands of the artists who have been intrusted with the designing of the three great cascades, which, extending for over two city blocks in length, pour their waters into the grand basin, from which they are distributed to all the lagoons throughout the park. The central cascade, surrounded by twelve massive groups, will be the work of Mr. B. A. MacNeil, and is to be known as the Fountain of Liberty. The two side cascades are being executed by Mr. Edouard Kouti, and will be symbolic of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The three cascades, taken as a whole, give expression to the sovereignty of liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

About the Fine Arts Palaces the most eminent sculptural efforts of the Exposition will be gathered, for these palaces and their decorations are to be permanent. Mr. D. C. French and Mr. Louis St. Gaudens will execute the two great groups representing Sculpture and Painting, which will ornament the entrance.

The Presentation of a Minister

By A. Maurice Low

See four page

The formal presentation to the President of the United States of the latest member of the diplomatic corps is always an interesting and picturesque ceremony. It is a relic of tradition, and a suggestion of that side of diplomacy which resorts to honied phrases but means nothing. When an ambassador or a minister is presented to the President he reads to him a speech in which he expresses the profound joy which it gives his august sovereign to appoint an envoy to reside near the person of the President, the eagerness with which he avails himself of the opportunity to recall the traditional friendship which has always existed between the two countries, and the intense admiration which they have for each other. Now all this sounds and reads very well, but as a matter of fact a copy of the new envoy's speech has been previously submitted to the State Department, and there carefully read by the Secretary of State so that no expression is used to which offense could be taken. Usually these presentation speeches do not require revision, but occasionally it has happened that a word or a phrase has been used which diplomacy considers might just as well be omitted, and in that case it falls to the lot of the Secretary of State to intimate in the most delicate language possible the wisdom of making the change, and of course the change is always made.

The Etiquette of It

The rule for the presentation of an ambassador or minister is quite simple. President Roosevelt has set the fashion in the case of the presentation of an ambassador to send his private carriage to the embassy, and from there to have the ambassador escorted by his military aide to the White House. This, however, is only done for ambassadors, following the European custom, and ministers observe the precedent which has always prevailed with this government, of going to the State Department and from there being escorted to the White House by the Secretary of State. When Sir Chenung Lung Cheng, K.C.M.G., the new Chinese minister, was presented to the President he went to the State Department accompanied by Mr. Chow Tschai, the first secretary, Mr. Chang Chua, the second secretary, Mr. Sun Sze-yee, third secretary, and Mr. Li Kwan-Cheng, one of the attachés, all of these attired in very dazzling oriental costumes, and under the guidance of Secretary Bly they drove to the White House, where the President and his secretary, Mr. Loh, were waiting for them.

The Ceremony

The East and the West met in typical fashion in the White House. The President and Sir Chenung shook hands. The President, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Loh were attired in conventional black frock-coats and wore of course uncovered. The minister and the members of his suite were gorgeous in their gaily colored diplomatic uniforms, and in a custom were ribbed in the usual brood-fest. It was not a long ceremony. The minister read his speech, the President replied to it, a copy of which is furnished to the minister for transmission to his government; the secretary was presented to the President, a brief informal conversation took place between the minister and the President, the President once more shook hands with Sir Chenung and the members of his suite, and the ceremony was at an end.

Cuba's Last Buccaneers

As late as the year 1823 the waters adjacent to Puerto Rico were infested by a blood-thirsty band of pirates, led by a Spaniard named Confrencia. It was the second member of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year mentioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was piloted by the command of the sleep-of-war *Grampus*, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The *Grampus* cruised

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for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning, while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan, a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confederateins, reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confederates knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey, Captain Stout placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner, and sailed forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, were down on the disguised vessel, with the black flag and skull and crossbones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Stout and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confederateins rallied his men, and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew, with the bowsprit, were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day, and shot. Confederateins was the last to die. When they attempted to blind his eyes he threw the metal and killed the priest, and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have slain hundreds with my own hands, and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccannens of that region.

What makes an Explosion

Hydrogen forms a part of nearly all organic substances. In the greater number of plants hydrogen is associated with carbon. The growing plant is provided with roots spread out in the moist earth, while the part which is aboveground is provided with leaves that come in contact with a great quantity of air. By some mysterious influence that we do not understand the heat and light energy derived from the sun operating in conjunction with plant life decomposes the water in the earth, and also the carbonic-acid gas which forms a small percentage of the atmosphere. The roots take up water, and it flows up through the trunk of the tree, while at the same time the carbonic-acid gas of the atmosphere is decomposed, the oxygen set free, and the carbon combined with the hydrogen of the water. It will therefore be seen that in both cases oxygen is set free, and the hydrogen of the water is combined with the carbon of the atmosphere, forming a true hydrocarbon, which in many cases constitutes the greater part of the weight of the plant.

The Nature of Gun-cotton.

The fibrous material so formed is generally known as cellulose. Pure cotton, and paper pulp made from wood, are examples of pure cellulose. If cellulose is plunged into strong nitric acid the hydrogen is displaced by what is known as "nitrogen groups"—that is, oxygen in chemical combination with nitrogen enters the substance, decomposing it, and driving out the hydrogen and supplanting it. The action of the nitric acid upon the cellulose produces water, which reduces the strength of the acid, and to avoid this a considerable quantity of very strong sulphuric acid is mixed with the nitric acid. This absorbs the water as fast as it is formed, keeping the nitric acid, as we might say, in a dry state. When cotton has been nitrated in this way, and then very carefully washed for many hours to deprive it of every trace of its acid, and dried, it becomes gun-cotton, chemically known as tri-nitro-cellulose. If, however, the acids are weak, then cellulose cotton is produced, which is known to chemistry as di-nitro-cellulose. It is




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only tri-nitrocellulose, however, that is employed in the manufacture of high explosives.

But cellulose is by no means the only material that can be nitrated. There are, in fact, hundreds of materials which may be thus converted into explosives, and all are nitrated in practically the same manner—namely, by being dropped into strong nitric acid. When glycerine, which is the sugar of fat, is nitrated, it is known as nitro-glycerine, one of the strongest and best kinds of explosives. Nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton form the basis of a great number of smokeless powders.

A Frenchish Force

When carbonic acid (phenol) is nitrated, it is called tri-nitrophenol, or picric acid. But picric acid was made more than one hundred years ago from indigo. It crystallizes in brilliant yellow scales, and it dyes all animal tissues an intensely brilliant yellow. It was used many years in the arts as a dyeing agent before its true character as an explosive was known. Picric acid is, indeed, a very peculiar substance. Although one of the most violent explosives known, it is one of the safest. If thrown into a white-hot furnace it burns away like pitch. If set on fire in the open air it burns with a yellow smoky flame. It cannot be exploded in the open air, but if confined in a strong receptacle, and ignited by a strong fulminating charge, it detonates with terrific violence, reducing the receptacle into fine fragments.

Making Iron into Lampblack

If exploded in a cast-iron shell the iron becomes nitrated to such an extent that it has the appearance of lampblack. This material is used in its pure state in England for charging large shells under the name of lyddite. In France it is known as melinite and is employed for the same purpose, but the French mix about four per cent. of thick viscid petroleum oil with their picric acid, and then compress it into the shells. In this condition it is very insensitive to shock, and may be shot through thick armor plates without exploding. Picric acid may be mixed with a great variety of other materials, and is the basis of a great number of the "ites" that are employed for various purposes.

Phenol, the basis of picric acid, is manufactured from coal-tar, but it is by no means the only explosive which is made from coal-tar products. Tri-nitrotoluene and tri-nitroacetone may be given as examples. They have the same explosive properties as picric acid, and are employed to some extent in place of picric acid in the manufacture of various explosives.

Manufacturing Explosives

Professor Mowbray of North Adams, Massachusetts, made a very violent explosive of tri-nitrotoluene and nitro-glycerine, which was said to be extremely safe to handle. Then we have di-nitrobenzol, nitrobenzol (which has the smell of bitter-almonds, and is used for perfuming soaps), tri-nitrophenylthelene, and many other similar substances, all of which may be employed in the manufacture of explosives. When two or more nitro explosives are mixed together their sensitiveness to go off by shock is considerably diminished. This is particularly the case with nitro-glycerine and tri-nitrotoluene. But their sensitiveness to go off by shock may be diminished to any extent by the addition of a minute quantity of thick mineral oil, of which vaseline may be considered as an example.

A mixture consisting of 80 parts of picric acid, 2 parts of di-nitrobenzol, and 4 parts of vaseline, makes a very powerful and safe explosive, which melts at a very low temperature, and is sufficiently insensitive to be shot through thick armor plates without exploding.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

As we expected, the return of President Roosevelt to Washington has been followed by an announcement that the investigation of the post-office scandals will be ruthless and drastic. A disappointment has awaited those who hoped that First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynno would be rebuked for assisting the newspapers to expose the disgraceful state of things in the department, and that Fourth Assistant Postmaster Bristow would be disciplined for assuming that an investigator's business is to investigate. Whether Mr. Roosevelt possesses a lively sense of humor we do not know; if he does, he must have been amused by Postmaster-General Payne's discovery that he should be credited with the revelation of the frauds of which his department has been the victim. After doing everything in his power to prevent the disclosure of malfeasance, after denying or belittling the accusations brought against the postal service, and attacking the character of the accusers, he now asserts that the whole inquiry is due to his initiative. His predecessor, ex-Postmaster-General Smith, after repudiating the notion that there could have been any wrong-doing on the part of his subordinates, now vies with Mr. Payne in vociferous demands for a clean sweep of the rogues in office. If there is now good reason to believe that a clean sweep will be made, our thanks are due to Mr. Wynno and Mr. Bristow, who, convinced from the outset that they would have the President's support, have paid little heed to the fact that bribe-takers might have influential political backers. These are dark days for the "new crowd," the collective name applied to themselves by the rascals who invaded the Post-office Department after March 4, 1897. To their dismay, Mr. Roosevelt, while keeping his promise to carry out Mr. McKinley's policies, declines to hold himself responsible for Mr. McKinley's appointees.

When we recall how long the charges of malfeasance were pook-pooked by Postmaster-General Payne as "hot air," the amount of progress already made by Mr. Bristow is surprising. The Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department has been dismissed. The head of the Salary and Allowance Division has resigned his place, and it remains to be seen whether he did

not habitually accept bribes from postal officials whose salaries were improperly increased. As almost all of the additions made to salaries under his régime have been abolished, the bribe-givers, if any, are now likely to divulge the truth. As for Machen, the former head of the free-delivery service, he has been indicted for accepting \$25,000 from the owners of a patent device which he caused the department to adopt, and Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow seems to have no doubt of his ability to prove that for some years Machen has been receiving a large percentage of the payments made by the department to the owners of the patent. Still more recently two other postal officials have been arrested; and still the good work goes on.

Senator Hanna, having made up his mind not to oppose the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the Presidency by the Ohio State convention, displayed the enthusiasm characteristic of converts, and eulogized the President in somewhat exaggerated terms. He twice referred to Mr. Roosevelt as that heroic young man. There is scarcely a stronger adjective in the English language than heroic, and if the President has earned the epithet by his martial achievements at San Juan, what is left for the worthies of the civil war? But nobody expects Senator Hanna to be nice in the choice of words. He does the best he can with a limited vocabulary, and manages to make his meaning perfectly clear to his hearers. Only one construction has been put upon his speech at the convention—the intention of organizing opposition to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 has been renounced. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana has followed Senator Hanna into the Roosevelt camp, although it was only the other day that the chairman of the State Republican Committee announced that Indiana would inflexibly demand the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks for the Presidency. As Mr. Fairbanks has an even firmer hold upon the party machinery in Indiana than Mr. Hanna has in Ohio, the former's announcement will be looked upon by wire-pullers as decisive, and we may now expect to see Mr. Roosevelt nominated by acclamation, unless, of course, he should do or say something within the coming twelvemonth that would destroy his popularity.

When one considers the circumstances under which Mr. Roosevelt became Chief Magistrate, the shortness of the period during which he has occupied the office, and the obstacles to be surmounted, the completeness of the ascendancy established by him over his party is without a parallel in political history. He would have been laughed at who should have prophesied, when Mr. Roosevelt became President, that a relatively youthful and untrained politician, who could not have secured a renomination for the Governorship in his own State, would within eighteen months gain absolute control of the party machine throughout the nation, compelling such veteran machinists as Hanna, Fairbanks, Allison, Platt of New York, and Quay—in a word, all the "favorite sons"—to do his bidding. Such is the astonishing fact, however. Mr. Roosevelt at this moment has a far stronger grip upon the party machinery than Lincoln had in 1864 or Grant in 1872. Not a few Republican leaders avowedly preferred Frémont to Lincoln in the former year, and Greeley to Grant in the latter. Now, on the other hand, there is not a single Republican politician of any eminence or weight who dares to raise his voice against Mr. Hanna's "heroic young man."

When we turn to the reasons assigned by Mr. Hanna for his eleventh-hour approval of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, we observe that, outside of the admiration professed for the heroism displayed at San Juan, the Senator from Ohio seems to be mainly influenced by the kind of gratitude that has been described as a lively sense of favors to come. He insists that the nation's actual prosperity is chiefly due to the Dingley

in many instances, the heads of the Alaska inlets belong, under a right construction of the treaty of 1825, to British North America. A most decisive refutation of that claim appears in the June number of that periodical. The author, Mr. R. W. Parker, of New Jersey, examines the boundary treaty of 1825, and also the interpretations put upon it, down to 1897, by British subjects, including Canadians, as well as by Russians and Americans. It seems to us that no fair-minded man can follow his analysis of the evidence, and reject the conclusion that, from the terms of the treaty, the whole shore, including the gulfs, bays, and inland seas, was to belong to Russia, down to latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes, and that south of that line they were to belong to England; that the word "ocean" included all tidal estuaries, and that the interior boundary was to be a range of mountains on the continent inside of the "sinuosities of the shore," unless the range of mountains should be more than ten leagues therefrom, in which event a line at that distance from those sinuosities was to be the boundary. Mr. Parker demonstrates not only that this is the plain purport of the treaty, but also that such a construction of it is so thoroughly confirmed by admissions of ownership made at various times before 1897 that no dispute is possible concerning the meaning of the instrument. But for the fact that one of the highest judicial authorities in Great Britain is to serve on the commission, we might apprehend that the members of the board would be evenly divided, but, as it is, we cannot doubt that the case will be decided on its merits.

There now seems to be no prospect of a reassembling of the Joint High Commission appointed for the purpose of settling certain controversies between the United States and Canada. If the commissioners could have agreed four years ago upon a reciprocity treaty, the other matters in dispute might have been speedily adjusted. But, with the exception of our millers, who would like to grind Canadian wheat, very few American citizens have desired reciprocity with Canada, and now the Canadians themselves have lost their eagerness for reciprocal tariff concessions, believing that Mr. Chamberlain's project for an imperial Zollverein will assure to colonial breadstuffs a preference in the British market. That preference they hope to turn eventually into a monopoly. It is doubtful, however, whether the Dominion can grant to British manufactures any further preference than they already give—35 1-3 per cent. in certain schedules—without destroying the Canadian manufactures, which of late years have been sedulously fostered. Neither does it follow, because Mr. Chamberlain's plan has been endorsed by Premier Balfour, that it will be carried out. It is even uncertain whether a majority of the present House of Commons would support the scheme, which is to be denounced, it seems, not only by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Goschen, both of whom have been Chancellors of the Exchequer in Unionist governments, but also by Mr. Ritchie, their successor in office, and by three other members of the present cabinet, to wit, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, the Foreign Secretary, and Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty. If opposition so extensive and influential confronts Mr. Chamberlain within the ranks of his own party, how can he expect to secure from the majority of the voters authority to revert to a protective tariff? Long ere this the proposed renunciation of free trade by Great Britain would have excited the liveliest interest in the United States, and especially among our grain-producers, but for the fact that the rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal at the ballot-box is taken for granted. Mr. Chamberlain intends, we are told, to conduct a campaign of education, and to hold up the prosperity of the United States as a proof of the benefits accruing from protection. What possible analogy is there between the United Kingdom, which does not produce half of the food staples it consumes, and the United States, which not only are able to feed themselves, but have a vast surplus of food products available for export! The only British subjects that would benefit by the imposition of considerable duties on breadstuffs would be the landowners, and, of course, they are all enthusiastic advocates of Mr. Chamberlain's plan.

Mr. Michael Davitt's investigations on the spot have abundantly supported the view we took of the Kishinef massacres, that they were a local outbreak of anti-Semitic fury, on the

part of a population almost wholly non-Russian, being largely Rumanian, Moldavian, and Wallachian, and substantially the same as that of the neighboring regions of Turkey. "The Jews are convinced from every evidence," says Mr. Davitt, "that the outbreak was a plan of the local anti-Semitic leaders to punish and terrorize the Jews for their supposed propaganda of socialism in conjunction with the leaders of the socialists in western Europe." It should be remembered that the word socialist means, in Russia, a nihilist or anarchist of the type of Colquhoun, and that a very large proportion of those terrorists who, at different times, attempted the assassination of Alexander II. were Jews, like Hesse Helfman and Goldenberg. Further, we must remember that there is ample evidence to show that the propagandists of anarchy had no opportunity of working mischief in Russia; whenever there is a strike riot, students' revolt, military outbreak, or other disorder, it is found that the way has been paved by a lavish distribution of anarchist leaflets, and the propagandists have even gone so far as to don stolen uniforms, and, posing as government officials, to assure the populace that the Emperor orders this or that act of violence. We may be certain, therefore, that the hand of the anarchist was busy in preparing the Kishinef massacre, as a blow, not against the Jews, but through the Jews at the Russian government.

This persecution to which the Jews are subjected in Russia and Rumania is avowedly intended to drive them out of those countries, and a sweeping exodus of the race would undoubtedly take place if the majority of the Russian and Rumanian Jews were not too poor to emigrate. Even as it is, more Jews have come from eastern Europe to the United States within the last five years than left Spain when Ferdinand and Isabella issued their decree of banishment. The Kishinef horror, and the apparently well-grounded fear that it may be repeated in Kief, Wilna, Warsaw, and other cities in the zone within which Russian Jews are confined, are likely to give a great impetus to emigration, and the advocates of the Zionist movement desire to direct the stream of emigrants to Palestine. It is extremely improbable, however, that the Jews will ever regain Jerusalem. We have no doubt that Jewish financiers would provide money for the purpose, and there are few things which the Ottoman Sultan might not be prevailed upon to sell. One of those few things, however, is Jerusalem, which the Zionists apparently forget is one of the sacred cities of Islam. Were Jerusalem taken from him by force, Moslem public opinion would compel Abdul Hamid II. to proclaim a *jihad* , or holy war, for its recovery. He would no more dare to sell it than he would Medina or Mecca.

As for taking the city by force, Russian public opinion would never permit it to fall into the hands of Catholics or Protestants, much less into the hands of the Jews. When the long-expected but constantly deferred collapse of the Ottoman Empire takes place, the most practicable solution of the Jerusalem problem will be to neutralize the town, and place it under an international commission, in which the Greek Church, the Catholic Church, and Protestantism are represented. Neither Islam nor Christendom will voluntarily surrender Jerusalem to the Jews. Nor is it altogether clear why the Jews should care for a place in which scarcely a vestige of the city annihilated by Hadrian is believed by archaeologists to exist. Whether any of the identifications dear to Christian or to Jewish piety are trustworthy is doubtful. When the Empress Irvo, centuries after Hadrian's time, tried to find the site of the Holy Sepulchre, she had at her disposal no experts in the art of excavation and identification. No such art, indeed, then existed. Whether the wish of the Jews to regain Jerusalem be reasonable or not, however, it will never be gratified. There is, on the other hand, no reason why they should not secure a district well suited to colonization in the comparatively fertile exantry east of the Jordan. But we opine that the Zionist movement is foredoomed to failure, because an increasing majority of the Jews are inclined to find the Promised Land in the United States.

The Macedonian agitation is evidently dying out, as it has always done, with the approach of the summer months. Let us hope that the outbreaks of this spring are the last that will afflict that much-suffering country. These insurrectionary

hended almost from the moment of the return of the men to work. If it should occur, the government which intervened, although in the name of a private citizen, will simply have demonstrated its weakness, and will have brought contempt upon its authority. If it should not occur, the happy result will be due to the conduct, directed by self-interest, of the parties themselves, and not at all to the authority of the government.

The situation in the anthracite region illustrates, perhaps it may be said to demonstrate, the ineptness of the government to deal with the labor problem. Not only are the politicians who may, for the time, be in control of the government, almost inevitably bound to consider the relative voting powers of the contraventionists, but they must interfere with the right of contract, the freedom of the individual, and they must enter with restraining and directing power into the domain of private business. Moreover, if the politicians are to bring labor controversies to a close, government must be clothed with authority to enforce its decrees, or, rather, to inflict punishment, or to impose penalties for disobedience. In order that the anthracite miners go to work for three years on the terms imposed is absurd, and the power which makes the order cannot punish for contempt of it, nor can it inflict a penalty for disobedience.

If the labor unions were incorporated, a penalty might indeed be collected, but the government which should undertake to enforce its labor decrees under present conditions, even if it could be entrusted with the de facto duty of making such decrees, must often have its labor for its pains. It can depend only upon the good-will of the parties, of capital and of labor; in other words—obedience to a government recommendation is and must remain merely the keeping of an agreement. If, to return to the anthracite illustration, the operators and the miners go on as necessary, it will be because each side keeps its agreement, and an agreement between the two may be reached without involving the government, involvement of government being dangerous to it, because it always implies a possible disregard or disobedience of judgments or of recommendations. The concentration of interested public opinion in the issue of responsibility for a strike is a different question.

The conclusion which we reach is that as between strikers and their employers, the President's recent intervention has not changed the fact that capital and labor must adjust their grievances by mutual agreement. If the operators and miners have really come together—of which there is some doubt—it is because of the preliminary agreement to abide by the findings of the commission. Not only has the commission's report been disregarded by mine labor unions other than the United Mine Workers, but Mr. Mitchell's organization has betrayed unmistakable signs of ignoring all the criticisms of its own methods. The methods of the modern strike were severely condemned by the commission, and yet, since the decision, there has been an epidemic of strikes, and, in many instances, resort has been had to the methods condemned. The conclusion to be drawn from this is one not to be escaped. The so-called settlement of the anthracite-coal strike has not affected the general relations between capital and labor. Union men in the anthracite regions refused to go to work at the time agreed upon. Members of building trades have struck because of the employment of non-union men. The carpenters of one union in the city of New York struck, without a direct or personal grievance, for the pur-

pose of driving a rival union out of the city. The motormen of Waterbury marked their strike by violence, riot, and murder. The question has been raised by organized labor as to its relations to government, and, in more than one instance, it has been decided that a union man, in a conflict with the law, must be disloyal to the State—must act in short—by he is to remain loyal to the union. The spinners of Lowell went on strike for higher wages after an authoritative announcement by impartial investigators that the mills could not afford to pay the advance demanded. The unions in many places, in widely different parts of the country, have insisted on the boycott, on the payment of the same wages to the inefficient as to the efficient, on the sympathetic strike, and on interference with the business of the employer. Against all these evil practices, so far as they obtained in the anthracite-coal strike, the commission reconstituted, but with no effect; the government report made no impression upon the minds of wage-earners except those whose pay was increased by way of compromise. The wrongdoing which was condemned continued, because those who had obtained control of the unions held that methods of violence were essential in what they called the war between capital and labor.

While the government, acting through a powerless commission, has demonstrated its inability to solve the labor problem, the problem shows signs of working itself out, in the building trades in the East, in the hitherto wild fields of the West. Among all employers of labor in the West, employers' unions have been formed for the purpose of bringing matters to a settlement, for the purpose, in other words, of putting an end to war and of establishing peace. The first object is to eliminate from the controversy those excessive demands of organized labor which are the inventions of the radical and irresponsible persons who have come to the front during the "state of war." Employers are ready to deal with the organizations of their own trades or businesses, and when labor unions accept this principle it is because the reasonable and better men are coming to the front. Whenever we see strikers hesitating in the present struggle, it is a sign that the efficient working-men have grown weary of the rule of the inefficient, of the extreme, the irresponsible men. The Lowell mills have started up, while the strike officially goes on. The New York builders have produced a plan for arbitration which has been respectfully considered. The voice of the good man who does not love his enforced idleness will be heard; and when employer and the employed get together, by agreement between the men and the real leaders of the other—the sober, industrious, judicious American working-man, good citizen and good family man, as he is—the controversy will be settled for good, and there will be an end at last of violence, of law-breaking, and of interference with the right of each man to labor for whom and for what price he will. The excesses of modern union methods seem to be working out the labor problem and in the right way, for if the reasonable and conservative men of both parties to the conflict come together, it will not be seen that conflict is the unnatural and union the natural thing; that it is not for the interests of capital to be oppressive, nor is it for the interest of labor to be unjust or violent. Affairs seem to be moving in this direction, which is the right direction, for it assumes that capital and labor have common interests, while interference by government assumes, and must continue to assume, that a state of war exists between the two.

The Negro Problem and the New Negro Crime

A WELL-KNOWN and well-informed member of the Federal House of Representatives from Alabama, Mr. Stanekend, recently asserted that since the Reconstruction by which negroes are disfranchised because operative in Mississippi, there has not occurred in that State a single instance of the so-called "new" negro crime, by which is meant the crime against white women. The Representative went on to say that, if this crime should become unknown in his section of the country, there would be no "negro problem," so far as the South is concerned. The alleged fact in Mississippi was cited by way of proof that the crime to which we have referred should be attributed to the notions of political and social equality with which the generation of blacks then growing up became imbued during the reconstruction period. The inference drawn was that, with the practical collapse of the reconstruction legislation and the consequent vanishing of notions of political and social equality, the crime would become extinct. In further support of this theory the origin of the crime, and of the remedy thereof, it is pointed out that this particular atrocity which is the curse of the South, and has compelled the families of white planters in the black belt to migrate from the rural districts into the towns, was entirely unknown before the civil war, and remained unknown for some years thereafter, so long as the ideas and habits acquired under the slavery regime remained dominant in the negro element of the Southern population.

Before accepting this theory, to which Mr. Stanekend is a convert, we should mention that an entirely different cause is assigned to the crime by other men, who also have made a careful study of the subject. Keeping in view the dates at which and the localities in which the outrages have been perpetrated, and watching also the personal history of the criminals, they have arrived at the conclusion that such outrages are sporadic indications of a lapse of the Southern negro into a state of barbarism or savagery, in which the gratification of the brutish instincts is no longer subjected to the restraints of civilization. They point to the condition of things in Haiti as furnishing corroborative proof that a disregard for sexual restraints is characteristic of a community which has undergone social degeneration. This is a plausible hypothesis, and it has been accepted by many persons who have observed, or think they have observed, that the generation of Southern negroes which has grown up since the civil war is morally and intellectually inferior to the preceding generation which was the product of the slavery regime. It is generally acknowledged, we believe, that the negro as he grew at the South is less industrious, less thrifty, less trustworthy, and less self-controlled than was his father or his grandfather. Nevertheless, the theory which imputes the emergence of a new crime to a tendency of the Southern blacks to relapse into savagery cannot be easily reconciled with another class of facts. We refer to the frequent occurrence of the new crime in the Northern States, where the negro cannot be supposed to be lapsing into barbarism, because he is surrounded by the civilizing influences of a white race vastly preponderant in numbers. Exact statistical data are not yet forthcoming, but those who have investigated the matter express the opinion that the particular crime in question is committed even more frequently by negroes at the North than at the South, if the small numerical population which they bear in the civilizing white population in the former

section be kept in view. Moreover, at the North, as at the South, the phenomenon is a novel one; there was in the Northern States, we believe, no instance of the crime which we are now discussing before the civil war. It would be absurd to contend, however, that the negroes in the Northern States are not at the present time as civilized as they were forty-odd years ago. In their case, therefore, we must reject the explanation which ascribes the new negro crime to a lapse into savagery.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that there is some basis for the hypothesis which makes the reconstruction legislation and the ideas generated by it responsible for the evolution of the new negro crime.

This hypothesis fits all the facts, being as applicable to the phenomena reported in the Northern as to those observed in the Southern States. In the Northern States the negro not only possesses the franchise, but is encouraged to exercise it. Neither is the encouragement confined to one of the great political parties, for it is well understood that in certain States of the East and central West the negro vote may turn the scale at closely contested elections. Nor is there any doubt that the negro enjoys more social equality at the North than at the South.

It is true that in our Northern cities black men are debared by custom, though not by law, from many theatres, hotels, and restaurants; but they are not forced to occupy separate cars on railroads and trains, as in Washington for many years negro officials of the District of Columbia have been permitted to attend one of the President's receptions, although Mr. Booker Washington is, so far as we can now recall, the only colored man that has been invited to dine at the White House. There is, in a word, no doubt that at the North the black man has attained not only complete political equality, but a closer approach to social equality, than he is ever likely to attain at the South. It would be difficult not to associate the phenomenon as cause and effect, if, upon thorough investigation, it should prove true that the new negro crime is actually more frequent, proportionally to numbers, at the North than it is at the South.

Will the experience of Mississippi, with regard to the extinction of the crime, be repeated in the other Southern States, which have virtually set at naught the reconstruction legislation, by disfranchising the negro? It is too early to expect an answer to this question, for their new State Constitutions have not been operative for a sufficiently long period. It is said, however, that already in Alabama the number of outrages has noticeably decreased. It would be superfluous to point out the tremendous importance of the matter, not only to the Southern whites, but to the Southern blacks themselves. If the new negro crime became extinct in the Gulf States, the old plantation life might be resumed, and the black laborer would again be brought under civilizing influences, instead of being left to drift into isolated communities. The whole attitude of the Southern white toward his black neighbor would be revolutionized, and the two races would be brought into economic relations that would prove mutually beneficial. Should this prove to be the effect of the new State Constitutions, the American people may have cause to bless the refusal of the United States Supreme Court to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.

In every Southern community where the new negro crime has been prevalent, there has been evidenced a tendency to ease aloofness and race hatred; nor can we doubt that the extinction of the crime is the indispens-

able condition of a revival of the old pacific, trustful, and friendly inter-relations. We sincerely hope that the facts with regard to Mississippi are correctly stated by Mr. Bencheski. If they are, we are inclined to adopt his interpretation of their significance.

Kishinef and the Russian Jews

A GIRL'S VIEW OF RUSSIAN CON-DITIONS

(From a private letter)

OSNIA, May 20, 1905.

... Brother did not come, after all; but his little Armenian friend is passing the state examinations, and is in a great state about it. He was here a moment ago, to shake with us his fears and perturbation about getting his university certificate. We share his fears, and sympathize greatly with the poor fellow, for it is fine to find him working hard and studying; with his wealth, he might very well simply have a good time and not trouble about anything, as most people without self-respect do in his position.

Generally speaking, Lena and I am greatly perturbed; events in Russia fill me with despondency. I am awfully sorry for the Emperor. All kinds of horrible things take place. Every morning I am afraid to open the newspaper. Strife, outbreaks, murders, anarchical proclamations. The Kishinef attack on the Jews is terrible, but its consequences are still worse: no work, starvation. . . . They say that the Jews really did kill a child, and that the whole trouble arose from that. Others say that this is a lie; but that after the outbreak the Jews crucified a Russian boy in revenge, sewed his eyelids and lips together as a punishment. It is impossible to keep silence about this. It should be either officially disproved or confirmed; otherwise the trouble will continue to grow. The police shielded the rich Jew merchants, for money; but no one did anything for the poor, who were not blame for anything.

Now every one is over-full of sympathy, and collections are being taken up everywhere; but I am certain that some of the money will reach the poorer Jews who were attacked. Fine arrangements will be made among private persons, or the money will find its way into the anarchists' treasury.

It is certain that two hundred ponds worth of anarchical proclamations were found in the Jews' possession, and that the Jewish students are nearly all for disorder and destruction, that European anarchy has found its way into Rumania from Rumania, and is acting adversely so as to arouse trouble. There was far more political lying; to this outbreak . . . trying to excite passion, discord, and general irritation. . . . to fish in troubled waters later on.

And what has been going on in our factories all winter! Three days ago they killed Bogdanovich, the governor of Ufa, with nine shots,—on the Emperor's birthday. Every one loved and spoke well of Bogdanovich. During Lent he ended a strike of the workmen by the most energetic means and acted like a hero, and now they have killed him,—the same strikers, of course. But the worst of all is that we have no news.

And our literature. . . . I shall try to send you all the works of Gorki, Andréff, and the rest of them. Read them, and find out for yourself. They are all signs of the

times. Gorki is a clever and gifted schemer, who has adroitly caught the taste of our present tendencies, with selfish aims of his own. A general weakening has taken place; our consciences are starving towards the miserable and downtrodden, and the clever Gorki has seized the opportunity to turn an honest penny by his barefaced literature. They will soon find Gorki out, and sweep him aside, but all the same it is true that all Russia has made a great step forward, and has learned to listen to the cries and groans of the people. It is true that people's consciences have awakened, but it is also true that it was not Gorki who awakened them. This has been preparing for weeks and decades. Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy only carried on a work already begun, and now the moment has come, and we are passing through a troubled and clouded period, because, though the frelling itself is luminous and beneficent, yet it will give birth to many sacrifices and dark doings, and is already giving birth to them. This is why I say that I am awfully sorry for the Emperor. If I sometimes he awake all eight, in a cold sweat, thinking of it all, how is he to find his way through the labyrinth of all these troubles!

And Macedonia and the murders and horrors in Albania, what does it all mean? How sorry I am for that fine man Seberbion, our consul, murdered by the Albanians! Do you know, when he was going back to his duties the last time, he passed through Odessa, and stopped at the Hotel St. Petersburg,—he had the same room that our little Armenian now has. And imagine! he had a premonition that he would die, so that he even said to Franz the waiter, "It is no good that I am going to; I won't come out of it alive!"

But let me come back to our literature. Andréff is, in my opinion, higher than Gorki, as far as psychology goes. He describes the awful scenes of humanity, but he describes true things, which must be faced. He is interesting not only for Russia. He is still young, and if he does not go crazy he will be a great writer. But my delight and joy, a real moral oasis for me, is Chekhov.

He is a great natural Russian writer, and the more I read him, the more I see his plays, the stronger grow my admiration and love for him. For him, not only the berefted are worthy of attention; he scourges sin, but feeds splendid people, and unhappy and lovable sufferers among the gymnasts, soldiers, officers, the clergy, the higher classes. He knows and loves Russia, and writes from the heart, not like Gorki the self-advertiser! And how mad I get at the flocks of silly sheep who cannot distinguish between advertisement and truth.

Gorki reminds me of the young Jewish swells, with Derby hats on the backs of their heads, fashionable overcoats, walking-staves, and an arm in a sling or a bandaged eye, who have flooded Odessa, and especially the Promenade and Boulevard cafes, since the Kishinef outbreak. What a splendid advertisement! What suffering heroes! Gorki produces exactly the same impression of insincerity on me. Time will show whether I am right; let us wait; if we live, we shall be able to give an account of all these feelings of ours.

I am sore at heart for the poor tattered Jew, our old fruit-seller, our tolling seamstress. I know that I may be killed myself by the mad mob for protecting them, if they make an attack on the Jews in Odessa. . . . But for the knaves whose pockets are bulging with money and proclamations against the Emperor, . . . do you know, I feel like beating them myself! All these days my heart is heavy and sore. . . .

The Four Hundred in America

By Lazare Weller

Member of the League of Honor and Social Secretary of the French Government in 1902, and Director of Economic and Social Conditions in the United States

WHAT astounds the foreigner upon entering into American society is to find it like that of the Old World, divided into carefully sifted class. In Paris we have the Faubourg St.-Germain, or, as we usually call it, le Faubourg. It is a coterie formed mostly of titled families who keep to themselves and allow an "bourgeois" intrusion. Yet it is possible to enter the Faubourg without belonging to it. A foreigner, a politician, a prominent man of any kind, may be received if he champions the Faubourg's awe and ideals. As these adoptions, which have always been rare, are becoming still more so, one may say the world of *le grand monde* does not count for the Faubourg. If, through some peculiar circumstance, a few atoms of the outside world are admitted into the noble institution, they are accepted as curiosities, as phenomena or distractions.

However, the Faubourg is not wholly what it used to be. It has sustained the damages resulting from new times and new habits. It has partly left "la rue grande" of the Seine, where it used to dwell, and has scattered itself in the new quarters—Champs Elysees, Place Monnaie. Aristocratic families do not all live in private houses any longer; they sometimes look the prosaicness of a neighboring "bourgeois" flat. The Faubourg owes most of its dilapidation, as many other things do, to the last twenty years of the Second Empire. Several of its representative members, discovering the régime was holding on, consented to appear at the Tuilleries and to exhibit their wives' new gowns in the imperial drawing-rooms. They were perhaps the great-uncles of those who joined the republican party at the time of its last resurrection, and who now are flirting with the Republic, so that possible voters will not "leave them on the shelf."

On the other hand, people have begun to make fortunes through manufactures, trade, or speculation—fortunes which are much larger than those of landowners or state bondholders as the income paid by the state is decreasing every day.

Under the threat of misery, those of the Faubourg have had to take into consideration the new economic conditions surrounding them. In all times the sons of the noble have married a plebeian "dot"; if we denied that fact we would have to do away with a large part of our history and of our literature. But these marriages, which once condoned and at the same time envied, have never been as frequent as in the last and present generations. It seems as though an irresistible current were established between money and position. It is useless to try to find out if money seeks position or position money. They both go towards each other with equal eagerness because they complete each other so well. The craving for luxuries," said Montesquieu de Trévise, "is a desire which increases through being gratified." So the Faubourg St.-Germain has been invaded not only by manufacturers' daughters marrying young soldiers, but even by manufacturers who have been clever enough to win aristocratic young girls. Most of these last ones have appealed to the Pope, begging permission to add a title to their plebeian name, and their request being granted, they have distinguished themselves by being more exclusive than the oldest families. The "bourgeois" forgive them and smile. Their servants bow in uttering the title, the Faubourg alone objects and delays receiving them!

However, each new year brings into circulation nearly two billions of new gold, which makes prices go up, for as long as money is on a gold basis the increase of gold increases the price of things. We can no more neglect this economic problem than exclude people who directly or indirectly own this new element of civilization. So for them the Faubourg St.-Germain has opened its doors! This explains international marriages; this explains, too, the marriages which have united some of the most renowned titles to Jewish families. No human being capable of thinking a little differently from what he reads in his daily paper can blame these combinations which are brought about by circumstances. In accepting them—what am I saying?—in helping, in eagerly seeking them, the Faubourg displays a propensity which it has long lacked, and for which it deserves praise. These marriages with foreigners have regenerated the Faubourg. Unfortunately, that which has regenerated it has killed it, and its pretensions, be it said, are no longer resting on any law of natural selection.

Indeed, some families still exist who shudder at the idea of a mesalliance. But the ancestors of those who accept a mesalliance would probably have shuddered too, and the relics of to-day will see their children outgrow the tradition of principles and accept the marriages to which their fathers objected. And thus as we go towards the union of races and that of nations!

In New York the Faubourg is represented by a group of American families constituting the aristocracy and called the Four Hundred. The Four Hundred are very exclusive. One belongs to the Four Hundred as one belongs to the Eleven Hundred of the Stock Exchange, except that one neither needs to buy his entrance nor wait for some one to step out in order to take his place. Some are born Four Hundred, some achieve Four Hundred, some (those are many) have Four Hundred thrust upon them! The number of members is not limited.

It is a pity that events have prevented the ancestors of the Four Hundred from making a glorious name for their descendants, but ancestors have not all had sufficient leisure to protect their grandsons against physical degeneration and mediocrity! It is precisely because theirs is a new-born nobility that the Four Hundred are obliged to keep it alive by culture and fortune. Most of the Four Hundred are well qualified to play an ancestral part, with the exception that they are exclusive enough to be their own great-grandchildren. They have not yet the views of the old and worn aristocracies, and if they succeed in avoiding them, there is no reason why they should not succeed in creating a corps d'élite. It is the privilege of those who are sincerely attached to American people to warn them against the regrettable tendencies which draw them toward the older races; although we well know that their fondness for ancient tradition will never predominate over their practical sense. I will never be the one to reproach them for marrying into our nobility, especially now when experience is teaching them to choose circumspect. But they sometimes go too far in their enthusiasm over a famous name.

I will remember the excitement caused by the arrival of Prince Henry, the brother of Emperor William. Most of the Four Hundred looked upon his coming more as a social event than as a matter of international politics. I have not forgotten, either, the exclamation of a very plump, middle-aged lady seated next to me at dinner: "Oh, my dear sir, I reanot tell you how fond I am of nobility!" I smiled at the candor of this remark, which, after all, ex-

presses the public feeling of a country where the opinion of women, even though they are very plump and middle-aged, is always taken into consideration. To be just it is necessary to say that Prince Henry's simplicity of manner astonished Americans and then surprised those who chanced to cross the ocean with him. He told me himself, when we were together on board the *Drachstein*, that before going to the States he made up his mind to forego all etiquette, and accordingly he welcomed most graciously the numerous "hand-shakes" and "very glad to meet you" by which he was assailed during the course of his visit.

Financial Conditions in Cuba To-Day

By Rafael Montoro

Essay Editor-in-Chief and Military Correspondent of *El Comercio* of Cuba in Great Britain

ON May 20, 1902, my country was suffering from an economic crisis which it had vainly attempted to exorcise. Vain had been our efforts in behalf of our principal industries, for which tariff concessions were requested at the hands of the government of the United States. Fears were entertained lest uncertainty in regard to the future, and the difficulties attendant upon the installation of the new régime, should finally paralyze all industries and commerce, and the full extent of our misfortunes should be revealed by a politico-social apoplexy, as in 1893.

The situation was indeed difficult, but not desperate. To confront it we needed them, as we now need, only prudence and serenity on the part of those who govern; and respect for the rights of others and the principle of authority. On his memorable journey from Giberia, the President of the republic had made frank and thoughtful declarations which restored confidence. The echo of his words resounded throughout the country, and their salutary effect was soon observed. The shrewd, conciliatory, and at the same time resolute and energetic policy formulated by the President made fair-minded people believe that good order would be maintained, the laws faithfully administered, and vested interests safeguarded.

In the issue of the *Gaceta Oficial* dated May 8, 1902, is the following statement relating to funds in the national treasury: On hand, April 1, \$2,638,536 33; revenue for April, \$1,272,065 94; expenditures during April, \$1,211,470 73; balance on hand, May 1, \$2,699,071 45. From this it is seen that in eleven months, after meeting all expenses, the surplus of \$98,191 02 received from the Government of Intervention has been nearly quadrupled. Receipts during the first six months amounted to \$8,774,462 38. At that rate they would be, for the entire year, \$17,548,924 70, as against \$17,388,905 30 in 1899-1900, \$17,154,920 28 in 1900-1901, and \$18,791,472 in 1901-1902. Expenditures for the entire year are estimated at \$15,200,501 28, and a substantial surplus is thus indicated.

With respect to the national government, therefore, the financial situation would be exceedingly satisfactory if it were certain that the tendency toward larger expenditures could be restrained by the repeated recommendations of the Executive. It is thought that the law sanctioned by Congress for the payment of the revolutionary army and for the encouragement of agriculture will soon be placed. Even assuming, as we have good reason to hope, that this vast operation can be realized on relatively advan-

taguous conditions, it will occur at nearly the same time with the municipal loss of \$15,000,000, and the sum of the two loans will be \$50,000,000. This amount is so large, for a country of scant population like ours, that it must exert a marked influence. The Executive has wisely resolved to deliberate with representatives of the producing classes, and to learn from actual observation how much revenue will be produced by the special taxes designed to provide for the interest and sinking-fund of the debt, before negotiating the loan. In truth, the reasonable protests which the said taxes have called forth admonish the government to be circumspect.

A sad contrast with the financial conditions of the national government is presented by those of the municipalities. "The immense majority of the municipalities are going through an experience that is painful in the extreme," said President Palma in his message of April 6, "because they cannot provide for necessities of a strictly local character, many of which are urgent and unavoidable. They find themselves, therefore, obliged to ask aid from the general government, which, in many cases, does not feel authorized to accede to their requests; especially in view of the fact that it pays the entire cost of public schools, prisons, and other purely municipal services, and aids the principal city governments with monthly contributions ranging from \$1500 to \$1000, so that they may attend to their duties in the matter of sanitation. In spite of this great assistance, the economic condition of these corporations grows worse."

The Ayuntamiento of Havana increases its budget to \$2,515,740 10, a figure nearly equal to the highest under the old regime, although the national government maintains important branches of the public service. When the debt of \$15,000,000 shall have been contracted, and the new exactions imposed to meet the interest and make provision for the sinking-fund, the budget of our capital will be like that of the richest and most populous cities of the civilized world. It is not strange, therefore, that the taxpayers have organized a league which has for its object the improvement of city government, and in its methods resembles the reform clubs of the United States.

The conflict aroused by the installation of the provincial councils and the imposition of new taxes to surmount their budgets draws near to its conclusion. The conclusion, being obliged to respect the national and municipal revenue systems, have enacted equal and anomalous taxes which have provoked a general resistance. But this struggle does not seem likely to assume very serious proportions. The councilmen appear destined soon to resume a modest rôle and to reduce their expenses.

While these conflicts are going on, the producing classes are striving valiantly to overcome adverse conditions of the market. The output of sugar reached 713,187 tons in April, as against 652,496 tons in 1902. In a little more than three years since peace was established the sugar crop may be said to be approaching the maximum attained before the war, though prices have not been remunerative, nor has the season been favorable. Exportation of tobacco has not fallen off. Throughout the country there prevails an earnest purpose to reconquer wealth, despite all these unpropitious conditions; new scientific methods in the cultivation and manufacture of Cuba's chief products leading their aid to this end. Foreign capital continues to flow in. Immigration from Spain has not diminished. The Central Railway, completed in the course of this fiscal year, has already begun to accomplish excellent results by opening new fields for capital and labor.

A Debut in American Scholarship

By John Paul Boeck

HERBY CAROL LONG, the classicist of this administration; John D. Long, who sustained the same relation to the last; and learned ambassador, Whitelaw Reid; and a half dozen hitherto unsuspected fellow-citizens—have suddenly made their debut as Horatian scholars and critics. The event is no less notable in statesmanship than in scholarship. Here we have Americans who do not hesitate to range themselves alongside Gladstone, Bismarck, the Earl of Derby, Lord Ravensworth, Addison, Warren Hastings, Voltaire, Pitt, and Frederick the Great.

Horace has been "an honorary member of the British Constitution" for two hundred years. British statesmen, in and out of office, have been formed by a course of Horatian study which lasted through life. British orators—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Lord North, Lord Bunsford, Sir Robert Peel—have enriched pathetic and pointed invective from their stores of Horatian learning. If Mr. Lodge and Mr. Reid can secure the same privileges for Horace in the Senate and in the diplomatic corps of the United States, they will win a new hold upon the gratitude of their countrymen.

Garfield was an admirer of the Bard of the Sabine Farm, and loved in early manhood to turn his lyrics into English. Had did Garfield ever quote Horace in debate in the House? Will Mr. Lodge in his next speech in the Senate in defence of the administration quote Horatius Flaccus on Occasionalism and remind us that this is the Augustan Age of the United States? Will Mr. Lodge's newly undertaken activities in the arbitration of the Alaskan boundary not give him the very opportunity he has been looking for to wear publicly the laurels he has won as critic and commentator of the 15th Ode of the Fourth Book in the Bibliophile Society's Bostonian edition of Horace, "to the preparation of which," according to Archbishop Ireland, "the learning and artistic skill of the country have been invoked?"

The editors of this new edition of the Fourth Book of the Odes are therefore before their Horatian peers. "To understand critically the delicacies of Horace," said Dryden, "is a height to which few of our noblemen arrived." Dryden was a judge of noblemen and of Horace, and enjoys to this day the unique honor of having had one of the Odes chanted at his funeral. "It is no disgrace to a gentleman who has been engaged nearly thirty years in political life," said Meazulay, "that he has forgotten his Greek and Latin." Neither by these nor by any other plea do Messrs. Long, Reid, and Lodge—noblemen indeed in the political life of our time—seek to avoid one whit of the responsibility they deliberately assumed when they charged into the lists of Horatian scholarship. Their fellow-critics of Great Britain and Germany, not to speak of the noble band of American college professors who have edited Horace with the distinguished success of Shrey and Smith and Trent and Moore and Barbour and Bennett, are not asked to have any mercy on Lodge and Long and Reid, and the rest of the Horatian statesmen of Boston. The chances are they will not.

The critics of the Old World have never yet had a chance to see what "the learning and artistic skill of the United States" could do, when they tried. Just as like as not the reference dictionaries of a hundred or two hundred years from now will mention Long as Secretary of the American feet in which Horatian Scholarship and Statesmanship was two of the heaviest armored craft.

No suggestion of heaviness must be under-

stood, however, to apply to Mr. Long's notes and comments on Horace's poem to Ligurinus, Lib. IV., Ode X. The ex-Secretary of the American navy sits down to his essay 'as his lightest win.' "Waughan," says he, "transforms Ligurinus into Gyreneus, which makes one wonder a little whether if he were making a translation to-day he would not say Keroseus or Listerine!"

Whitelaw Reid—we can see him stealing away from the gilded obsequies of the special Coronation mission to spend hours with Horace in the British Museum—devotes himself to the famous Ode to Melpomene, which the commonplace books assume as Julia Cesar Solinger said he would rather have written than be king of Arragon. Mr. Reid regrets that Pope, Dryden, and Milton left us no translation, and quotes from the same commonplace books the aphorism that Horace is the poet of statesmen and statesmen of poets, a statement which the bibliophiles exultate. Melpomene, Mr. Reid comments, could confer notable powers "on a fish." Can anybody doubt that Mr. Long would have alluded here to the song of the "Cape Cod Turkey"? Or that Mr. Lodge, who is a gastronomer as well as a bibliographer, would have delighted to recall the low mumbled complainings of that best of panfish, the croaker or grunter (*prionotus triplidis*)—so dearly prized on the middle Atlantic coast—when it is dragged from its selty haunts into the fisherman's boat?

With the severer aspects of the Odes assigned to them, by lot—or was it by Mr. Norman Haskell Dale, the friend of both Oran and Oscar—the bibliophile statesmen could not be supposed to concern themselves. Why does Horace return thanks to Melpomene, the Lady of Sorrows, for his "established fame"? Why in the epilogue to this same Muse of tragedy, of the first part of the Odes, did Horace name the time-worn road pathos as "the dominant note" of the first three books?

An explanation must have been inevitable in the bibliophile comment on Ode VI. of this book, to Apollo, the slayer of Achilles—had not General Patrick Collins's copy been received too late for publication in this edition. The name of Boston's admirable mayor does not appear on the bibliophile editor's list, but the writer has personal knowledge of the great Bay State Democrat's love for the poet philosopher of Rome. Collins's comments on the Apollo Ode would have cleared up the Melpomene mystery, and indicated the pervading shadow of the tragedy of Murem. It is a grave pity that General Collins's commentaries have not been published.

Of Mr. Lodge's criticism on "the one lyric in which the poet brings his real self and the real Cesar into personal communion," it is to be said that it is thoughtful and dignified. The essay of the Massachusetts statesman on "Phœbe volucribus prælia mælogus" is worthy of the author of *Cæsar's Accepted Heroes and Other Essays*. The bibliophile editor erroneously took on a little cheap erudition to Mr. Lodge's copy, but the effect of the Senator's virile English is unpolished.

John Morley said, "I have strayed from literature into the region of politics, and I am not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects." The bibliophile statesmen have not strayed from politics into the region of literature; they evidently divide their time between the two regions. If in the next Senate debates there is not immediate improvement over the repairs of fatigues and the wit of slang, it ought not to be the fault of Senator Lodge, or of his fellow-bibliophile, Senator Perkins. And shall we not all welcome Horace to an honorary membership in the American Constitution?

Is England a Democracy?

By Sydney Brooke

LONDON, June 4, 1922.

There have been many names given to the British form of government. As a rule, people speak of it as a "constitutional monarchy." Some have called it a "voiced republic"; others, a "kingly commonwealth"; and at least one not unambiguously guided writer has made so bold as to describe it as an "elective monarchy"—on the doubtful ground that "the Act of Settlement itself would scarcely avail to secure the undisputed accession of a thoroughly unpopular and distrusted prince." There is something to be said for all these definitions, but I have long thought a more accurate one might be found. If I were asked to sum up the British system in a sentence, it would run something like this: "England is a democracy, presided over by a monarchy, and governed by an oligarchy." That sounds a paradox, but it is, I believe, a fact, and a fact that can be proved. "Governed by an oligarchy." Few Englishmen realize this. You will not find it in any of the constitutional text-books. It is not a part of the theory of the British frame-work. Those who are better acquainted with the theory than with the daily working realities of the English Constitution will probably deny that an oligarchy finds any place in it. But the point may easily be made good. Leaving out the House of Lords, which is patently and of set purpose oligarchical, let us look at the House of Commons. It consists of six hundred and seventy members. There is one feature which nearly all these members, except the Irish Nationalists, have in common. They are rich men. It has often been said there is no place where a poor man feels so isolated as in the English House of Commons. No legislature in the world can show so overwhelming a majority of wealthy members as the British Parliament. In theory, there is nothing to prevent any Englishman from being elected to the national assembly and rising to the premiership. But in practice it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Englishmen are rather suspicious of the poor man in politics. The Irish demand for home rule would have found a far readier hearing had the men behind it been men of means and established position. There are a few M. P.'s who have been sent to Westminster to represent special causes, and whose election expenses are paid for them by interested societies. Practically they are salaried delegates. The Independent Labor party has at least one such representative in the House; the teachers in the Board Schools have another. There is nothing dishonorable in their position; many of the M. P.'s who have found their way into the legislature by these means have proved themselves valuable and efficient members. Nevertheless, they stand in a class apart from their colleagues; very few constituencies can be found to return them; and the country, as a whole, rather looks down on them than otherwise, fights suspiciously shy of them, and would never dream of accepting a leader from their ranks. The sort of candidates that the average Englishman likes to vote for must first of all be a "gentleman," in the technical, if in no other sense. That is to say, he must have money, and be ready to spend it; he must have position, both social and commercial; and he must have received the imprimatur of one of the great public schools, like Eton or Rugby, or, at any rate, of Oxford or Cambridge. If in addition there stands to his credit a useful record of municipal service, if he is known as a generous employer of labor or as a large landowner or as the relative of a

peer; above all, if he is a sportsman and plays cricket, or better still, race and hunts—then there is no constituency in the land that will not be glad to get him as its representative. Unlike the American, the average Englishman does not believe that his next-door neighbor is only a little less qualified than himself to govern the nation. The candidate that most appeals to him is not a member of his own but of a higher standing—the great merchant, the aristocrat, the son of the old country family, the famous lawyer, the business man who has made his pile. This attitude, a relic, of course, of the old feudalism, is stronger, possibly, in the country than in the towns; but it is still immensely strong in the towns, and until Englishmen get rid of all that makes them so English, seems likely to remain so. One result of it is that practically it is only the wealthy and successful, the men of birth and the men of leisure who get into Parliament.

This, to begin with, if it does not absolutely spell oligarchy, shows at least a pretty obvious tendency that way. But the House of Commons is not the real governing factor of England. It is ruled in its turn by the cabinet. Every student of English politics knows that year by year the power of the cabinet grows greater and more irresponsible, and that Parliament's control over it is continually dwindling. So long as he keeps his majority an aridus sounding too violently the feelings of his followers, an English premier may do pretty much as he pleases. If, therefore, England is really governed by an oligarchy, the proof of it must be looked for in the composition of the cabinet. Now, how is the cabinet composed? What qualifies a man for admission into the sacred circle? Theoretically, any Englishman may become a cabinet minister, just as any American may rise to the Presidency; but actually the door is open to very few of the multitude who knock. In the first place, a custom which has now pretty much the force of law—at any rate, it is never violated—prescribes that only members of Parliament, members, that is, of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, shall be eligible to the cabinet. That narrows the choice at once. Secondly, a would-be cabinet minister must belong to the "governing class." What is this "governing class?" One of the shiest and most careful of English publicists, Mr. Sidney Low, has described it with precision. "It consists, roughly speaking, of the peerage and its offshoots, the great landowners, and country families, and the comparatively limited number of wealthy persons of the mercantile, manufacturing, and professional classes, who are admitted to what is called 'society.' In fact, society, in this sense of the word, is almost synonymous with the governing class. It would be difficult to say what constitutes exactly the qualifications for membership of this select body. Birth, wealth, leisure, are no doubt the main requisites. Without at least one, or preferably more than one, of the three, it is difficult to enter the circle." Again, "It is rare, and always has been rare, for a man, not a member of one of the aristocratic or territorial families, nor closely associated with wealth, education, and social connections with the circle that includes those families, to enter the cabinet of Great Britain." Let us guard against one misapprehension. The governing order is not a caste. It is mainly aristocratic in ideas and instincts, but only partially so by origin. It is continually being recruited from below. The wealthy manufacturer, say of the second or third generation, marries into one of the territorial families, enters Parliament, and becomes forthwith assimilated to the governing class. Some men, like Disraeli, have forced their

way into it by sheer wright of genius. Others, like John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, have won a foothold by impressing their personality upon the masses of their fellow-citizens. But all these cases were those of rich men, who, before they entered the cabinet, had been distinctly accepted by society. What you will never come across in England is a poor man in a high political position, without influential connections and without the backing of society. The governing centre of the British Empire is the West End of London.

You have, then, these few thousand noble-men, landowners, capitalists, merchants, and successful professional men, who make up the governing class—a class, as I have said, that is neither an aristocracy nor a plutocracy, nor merely "society," but a mixture of all three. It is from them, or, at least, from some of them as being to the Lords or Commons, that the Prime Minister inevitably chooses his colleagues. Invariably, because together they are noblemen, like Lord Salisbury, or the Duke of Devonshire, or a distinguished commoner, like Mr. Asquith, he is certain to have passed most of his life in the innermost recesses of London society, and to be closely connected, if not by ties of blood or marriage, at least by long and intimate association with the most exclusive sets in the capital. It is difficult, almost impossible, for him to break away from the circle. His opportunities do not allow him to consort much with people who are poor, unknown, and obscure. When he has to make up his ministry, he naturally consults his own little coterie of friends, followers, and allies; and they, as naturally, press the claims of their own associates—the men whom they meet at London luncheons and dinners and fashionable country-house parties, who call each other by their Christian names, who have been educated at the same little group of public schools and colleges, and have pretty freely intermarried with each other's relatives. The system leads at times to curious results, but on the whole it works fairly well. The country finds its affairs always honestly and usually efficiently administered, with men of good breeding, upright character, and a certain impressive staidness at the helm. Perhaps it does not altogether realize how much favoritism and private influence and the accident of being known in the right quarters have to do with their selection. Perhaps, too, it would not be greatly perturbed even if it did. The process is not one of jobbery; for it does not happen that bad or incapable men are corruptly given posts for which they are unfit; but oligarchical, in its essence, it certainly is.

The system has its good as well as its bad side. "Its strong point," says the writer I have already quoted, "is that it provides a class of public men, taken altogether, are very adequately equipped for their business. Their wealth and standing places them beyond all suspicion of the coarser kind of corruption; they are sufficiently above the need of earning a livelihood to be able to enter active politics in the prime of life; and from their position in society they grow early accustomed to deal with affairs in the spirit of men of the world. . . . The difficulty of a democracy lies in inducing a sufficient number of fairly honest and fairly capable men to undertake public duties without the temptation or the hope of unlimited spoils. The English system at least goes some way toward overcoming this difficulty." That is true. On the other hand, this oligarchical way of doing things takes the seriousness out of politics, and seems at times to reduce it to "an affair of friends," a game of wealthy amateurs, a field for the display of charming manners and the small arts of conciliation.

Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

World-Power Weather

At the height of the late untimely heat the Applied Psychologist came snoring his forehead, and said to the Higher Journalist, who was napping his forehead, "Do you see that tens of thousands of young lambs have lost their lives in the blizzard which is still raging in Montana?"

The higher journalist explored his consciousness for an antithetical pleantry, but could not get into form a joke about young lambs perishing by hundreds in Wall Street from sunstroke at the same moment. The best he could do was to allow that he had seen the report, and to add, "I should like to see a few feet of snow in New York. Why should it all be wasted on Montana, where they don't want it?"

"Well," the applied psychologist returned, "you may, before you get this conversation under the eye of your readers. Thunderstorms are promised this afternoon, and there is no telling how soon snow-storms may follow. I have been studying this matter of the weather, and I am prepared to make you observe some very curious facts concerning it. One is that our weather, which we now export to all the European countries, is becoming more and more aggressive."

"Is that one of your facts?"

"Well, call it a conviction. You must have noticed that ever since the triumphant close of the Cuban war, and the assimilation of the Philippines, our thermometer has been behaving with unbearable arrogance. The changes have been more violent and precipitate than ever before, and the West, which has long preponderated politically, has asserted its meteorological primacy in weather which the East has had to submit to almost as lamely as Europe. The West has a monopoly of weather-breeding, and while sending abroad only such varieties as it chooses, it compels the seaboard to accept hot, cold, wet, and dry weather of any quality it pleases. In fact, it often seems to lay down a better article of weather in Europe than it gives the Eastern States, and we have no recourse. There have been large areas of rain in the farther Middle West and in Europe, but we have not had a drop for the last five weeks. I note the fact, or the conviction, if you prefer to call it so, and I am not proposing any uprising against the dominant meteorological section. If it will, it can cut off our weather altogether, and as we have no weather-breeding plant of our own, it could reduce us to submission in forty-eight hours, just as it could bring us to terms by withholding our supplies of roots and breadstuffs."

"There is something in what you say," the higher journalist assented.

"There is a great deal more in what I am going to say," the applied psychologist resumed. "The fact that I have noted, or the conviction, if you still insist, is by no means so interesting as something which I will now bring to your attention, and that is that Western weather is of late entirely dominated by the spirit of Western humor. This humor, which has got itself called American humor, because the Eastern sources have been exhausted, is, as you will know if you have studied the English analysis of it, characterized by a wild exaggeration. The unexpected on a colossal scale, the grotesque in mammoth proportions, the extravagant of gigantic stature, are its unflinching traits. When the spirit of Western humor began to make its way over the first transcontinental

railroads, into the great weather-breeding areas of the Middle West, that section played a joke on the Pacific slope by sending its thunder-storms of the most destructive character, and a region which had been practically free from lightning before had to begin putting up rods everywhere. Of course, an isolated instance of humor like this could not hold the public attention long, but I remember that it was very much remarked at the time, and in the East we were in some dread lest the weather-breeding sections should import the earthquakes so abundant in California, and send them to us in exchange for our thunder-storms."

"This is all very remarkable," the higher journalist said, taking up the only fan in the place. "Go on."

"Thank you," the psychologist answered, reaching for the fan. "I will take it, if you please. That," he continued, "would have been a tremendous job on us, but earthquakes are not, strictly speaking, weather, and the notion, if it ever was entertained, was relinquished. Still, the Western weather has become more and more imbued with the spirit of Western humor. Take the weather of the actual year, for example. January was so mild that we all went about saying the back of the winter was broken, and we should have no more cold till next Christmas. Then the Western humorists sprang the nastiest, snowiest, meanest February on us that I can remember; and then just as we had resigned ourselves to the inevitable, such came to us like a lamb as any of those men perishing in Montana by sunstroke—if they are; I doubt it, in the face of your thermometer. It was so soft and warm that I went to Atlantic City to enjoy the cooling sea breezes, and all the way down we ran past pear-orchards in bloom. What was April! March went out, roaring and ramping, and April was one half the wettest and coldest, and one half the driest and coldest April I ever saw. May—but you know what May has been: a May that kept us in winter funnels till the week ago, and now rushes us long for gossamer underwear and no overcoat."

"That is true," the higher journalist said, trying to possess himself of the fan, which the applied psychologist had unwarily put down.

But the applied psychologist was too quick for him, and he continued, as he caught up the fan, "I will tell that sort of thing no weather at all, or weather imbued with the spirit of Western humor, which is to enjoy itself, as often as not, at the expense of the witness."

"And what do you propose to do about it?" the higher journalist asked. "You have acknowledged that we have no facilities for weather-breeding here, and you have said that even our supply of humor is running low."

"I was coming to that point," his visitor said. "Western weather is now known the world over as American weather, just as Western humor has come to be accepted as American humor. Then the question is whether, with our tremendous monopoly of weather-breeding, we have not assumed responsibilities of corresponding gravity. As a meteorological world-power of unrivaled proportions, are we bound to regard the preferences and necessities of other nations in such an important matter? We cannot enforce a sort of meteorological Mon-

roe Doctrina as respects their small provincial weather, and yet insist upon their accepting our continental article whether they like it or not. There is such a thing as international comity, and we ought to respect it."

"Well, in the East we might be willing to do so," the higher journalist agreed. "But in the weather-breeding West they do not care for Europe. If they can send us such weather as they have been sending lately, in a spirit of humorous exaggeration, do you suppose they are going to forego their joke with the rest of the world?"

"That is a point which hadn't occurred to me," the applied psychologist answered. "I must think it over," and he went out, taking the fan with him.

Some Celtic Poetry and Music

No artistic event of the season just past has been more complete in its excellence, and more rare and appealing in the spirit with which it was animated, than the recent production by the Irish Literary Society of three of the poetic dramas of Mr. W. B. Yeats, with incidental music. The extraordinary beauty and distinction of the plays themselves would alone have been enough to make the occasion quite uncommonly notable.

It is difficult to convey to those who do not know Mr. Yeats's work a sense of the curious and haunting charm of such a play as "The Land of Heart's Desire,"—the first and most important of the three plays produced by the Society. Not only is there nothing in the least like it in modern dramatic literature, but its loveliness is so unique and subtle, its final appeal is so intimately spiritual, so remotely accountable to the conventions of the modern stage, that the conventional currency of critical appreciation is altogether inadequate as a medium of valuation. It is pretty generally conceded, we imagine, that Mr. Yeats is the most richly gifted of those who to-day are continuing the formorably poetic tradition of the English tongue. No other living poet of his race has so complete a mastery of the sheer beauty of words; none other has his reach of imagination, his spiritual intensity, his continuity of inspiration; and nowhere in his work are the qualities of his genius more clearly evident than in "The Land of Heart's Desire." The two other plays produced were quite new to America: "The Pot of Broth," a delightfully adroit and humorous little comedy of Irish peasant life; and "Cathleen ni Houlihan," a powerful and moving drama of impassioned patriotism, with a strain of noble poetic allegory.

The acting throughout was admirable, although we could wish that the highly important role of the *Fairy Child* in "The Land of Heart's Desire" might have been played by a manner somewhat less conspicuous and studied than Miss Mabel Taliferro brought to it, even if one cannot easily imagine a more lovely material embodiment of the part. The incidental music arranged by Mr. Henry S. Gilbert for the two latter plays was entirely adequate and effective; but that which Mr. Julian Edwards has related to "The Land of Heart's Desire," and which we have before heard with a considerable measure of dissatisfaction, seemed less happy in the association than ever.

Books and Bookmen

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the young English critic who has been spoken of as the successor of Stevenson the essayist—since Stevenson was certainly has proved so worthy the title—has stirred up things considerably by his volume on Browning, recently contributed to the English "Man of Letters" series. Mr. Chesterton is not a writer to be taken tamely or merely tolerated. He is an intellectual force, and in his service to letters, certainly in his work on Browning, he has shown that he possesses that gift of criticism which is not journalism, the true criticism that is in its nature creative. The business of the critic is to understand and interpret genius. One of the sanest and most clear-sighted critics in London declares that Mr. Chesterton's volume announces a new era in British criticism. "The new era is a reversion to the old, a return to the better and deeper methods of Coleridge and Carlyle."

There are two points in Browning's life and work which test the critic and have primary interest for the reader when he takes up a new work on the poet: the question of his obscurity and his marriage. Claudius Clair, in a singularly lucid and comprehensive article on "Mr. Chesterton on Browning," seems to us to have said the right thing on both points. When he deals with the critic's treatment of Browning's obscurity and grotesqueness, and the inevitable comparison with Meredith, he has this to say which is worth while remembering: "Mr. Chesterton's view is that Browning loved the grotesque, that he turned out a grotesque lyric, and liked it just as he might have liked a grotesque jar and executed it if he had been a potter. There is a sense in which it may be said that Browning cared very much for form. Few of our poets have made more restrictions to form in the way of rhythms and rhymes. As Mr. Chesterton says, Browning's dark and elliptical mode of speech was simply himself. It was characteristic, and there is no use quarrelling with it. But when Mr. Chesterton ingeniously maintains that there is an essential difference between the obscurity of Browning and the obscurity of Meredith, I cannot quite follow him. He says that Meredith deals with nameless emotions, fugitive sensations, sub-conscious certainties and uncertainties, and it really requires a somewhat curious and unfamiliar mode of speech to indicate the presence of these. On the other hand, a great part of Browning's actual sentiments, and almost all the finest and most literary of them, are perfectly plain and popular and elemental sentiments. There is much truth in this, but not the whole truth. If it were completely true Meredith would be vindicated. But let Mr. Chesterton read over again *Diana of the Crossways* from the beginning to the end with pencil in hand, and then let him say whether he can unreservedly maintain his thesis. Further, there is another question. Tennyson wrote of the poet, 'His worst he kept, his best he gave.' Is it not true that the law which governs publication need not govern writing? A poet may write many things, but unless he feels that he has said what he meant to say well, he should keep it. For my part I wish to spare nothing of Browning, and can read anything he has ever written. It has all its own interest. Nevertheless, his reputation would have been higher and surer if he had blotted out much. It is here that the ordinary critic may come in with his common sense, but there is so much common sense in current criticism and so little creative appreciation that on this score I cannot quarrel with Mr. Chesterton."

Speaking of the connection of Browning's life with his writings, and especially in signaling his marriage as the great determining event of the poet's life, Claudius Clair (Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll) finds Mr. Chesterton more penetrating and more suggestive than most critics. "That so conventional a man as Browning should have taken the terrible risk of sleeping with a sick woman, who might very well have died in the first days of her honeymoon, was an action which must necessarily color the whole afterthought. As things turned out it was successful, but it might have been otherwise, and Browning never ceased to think of what would have happened then. 'There always remained upon him something which was felt by all who knew him in after years—the spirit of a man who had been ready when his time came, and had walked in his own devotion and certainty to a position routed indefensible, and almost along the brink of murder. This great moral of Browning, which may be called roughly the doctrine of the great hour, enters, of course, into many poems besides the *Ring and the Book*, and is indeed the mainspring of a great part of his poetry taken as a whole.' As at present advised I do not go so far as Mr. Chesterton, and I think I could show that in poems before his marriage the doctrine of the great hour turns up. But, on the whole, the suggestion is valuable and true. There are others like it. For example, nothing could be better than Mr. Chesterton's treatment of the FitzGerald incident."

It was not to be expected that Claudius Clair, who is first and foremost a Christian thinker in letters and life, could pass by Mr. Chesterton's volume without a word on the problem of Browning's relation to Christianity. "I have no thought," he says, "of dismissing the Christianity of Browning, but one thing must be pointed out. Mr. Chesterton ignores the fact that both Browning and his wife were convinced Dissectors," that is, they were not members of the Church of England. "Browning was brought up in Congregationalism. He was for a time at Florence a deacon in the Presbyterian Church; when he returned to London after his wife's death he worshipped in a Congregational Chapel. The fact is of moment in this way. The Christianity of Browning and his wife was a Christianity which could only have grown up at that time in Non-conformity. It had very little in common with the Low Church, and less in common with the High Church. I am sure that if ever Mr. Chesterton goes into the problem of Browning's faith, he will recognize the value of this. For the rest, the reader may be referred to the masterly volume of Professor Henry Jones, in which almost everything is said rightly, as it seems to me. But Mr. Chesterton is quite entitled to say that in a book like this, where the theme could not be handled adequately, it was better to pass it by."

There is about genius always something exclusive and limited, and the great critic is he who can pursue the comparative method and is able to rank a great book, to place it in its class, and to assign to it its order in that class. In noting this fact, we concur with Claudius Clair when he says that in this, as in many other respects, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is by far the most instructive critic of our time; he is, indeed, almost the only one who in conversation with the spirit of the great world of literature. Mr. Watts-Dunton was the intimate friend of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, Meredith, the housemate of Russett as he has been for years the housemate of Schweburne. He was editorially associated with

the *Examiner* and the *Athenaeum*, and is the author of *Astoria* and a volume of poems. He has contributed a number of brilliant essays, especially that on *Poetry*, to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which it is hoped will one day be gathered into a volume of criticism. His literary reminiscences, which he has been urged to write for many years past, has been long expected, and will be one of the most valuable contributions of its kind to the comparative literature of the nineteenth century when it appears.

There is a brief paper on "A Defence of Fine Writing," by Mrs. Ella W. Peattie, in the *June Critic*, which is worthy of consideration. "I saw recently," Mrs. Peattie begins her defence, "in an article by a popular critic, a rebuke for a young novelist because of 'fine writing.' The critic said the one fault of the novelist was his fondness for that sort of thing, and expressed the hope that he would sooner or later become conscious of his mistake. I have not read the books of the writer to whom reference was made, but as he was named with George Meredith I imagine that his work must have been really literary, and I am willing to admit—without undue urging—that I am not one of those who shy at beauty, even when I see it lying right beside the road." The book in question which serves Mrs. Peattie for her spirited defence is, we believe, *The Triumph of Life*, by Mr. William Farragher Payne, a fine piece of modern fiction which is calculated to be a stumbling-block to those whom Mrs. Peattie styles as having got into the way of considering matter-of-factness commensurate good form. "They cannot tolerate anything pronounced" these good folk, "and would no more indulge in a passionate or exceedingly pictorial sentence than they would drive down Fifth Avenue in a surtlet and gold coach drawn by minked quaters. The critic abhors in cramped quarters and is allowed but one activity—that of throwing cold water. The average instructor in English is likewise the Discourager of Genius, the Slayer of Talent. It is a common thing for originality to be held up to ridicule before a class, and anything like passion of utterance would be considered fit subject for mirth. It is not in such places, surely, that inspiration will be found. It is not here that the writer will learn to express himself with unreserve and delight." The question which all this raises in Mrs. Peattie's mind is: How is the Anglo-Saxon to accustom himself to beauty? It is an idealist in morals, a literalist in art. His imagination is fired by the wizards of modern mechanics, the practical masters of physics, the captains of commerce, but untroubled by the possibilities of the scientific artist. "Must the delimitator of life forever feign that he finds the mortal experiences of men and women commonplace, snug, snug, and trivial? If the geographer is permitted to tell tremendous tales, may not the poet be permitted to do as much? If the machinist sets the pulses throbbing with his colossal engines, may not the novelist be allowed to rival him?" There is one tremendous combat, concludes this defender of fine writing, so-called, the real genius does not bother very much with the ideas of other men. Mr. Watts-Dunton, he has to wait until the public come round to him, while the writers who defer to public opinion truckle to it, and fit themselves into the lustreless mosaic of the common scheme. But in the end, genius has its revenge.

An English edition of *The Triumph of Life* has been called for, and will shortly be published in London. This author's previous novel, *John Fystal*, published two years ago, was very kindly received in England, and highly esteemed by the critics.

Finance

THE course of the stock-market of late has been not only a disappointment to many optimistic speculators, but a surprise to no small number of dispassionate observers of speculative movements. In view of a variety of circumstances it is not wondered at that security prices should have fallen. In fact, there is a widespread belief that we are in a bear market, and that no news is headed unless it is bad news, just as in a bull market, nothing that is not favorable is regarded. In bull markets, moreover, prices rise almost continuously, discounting time and again those shrewd professionals who insist upon "playing for a reaction." But even though it be admitted that the present is a bear market, such an admission does not explain satisfactorily why values have sustained such great declines and yet show much little rallying power. The downward movement has been gradual rather than violent, great though the loss is, after several weeks of decline.

Several mistakes, or rather erroneous assumptions, have been responsible for the failure to explain the course of the securities market lately. To begin with, one must go back more than a few weeks for the real reasons of the liquidation to which the decline has been due. To put it in a sentence, it all comes from the over-production of securities; and that is an old story. Then there is the mistake of thinking it is a typical bear market. That is exactly what it is not. It is or has been a declining market. The distinction is not at all subtle. In a bear market of the usual kind, we find that owing to a turn in the value-creating tide or as a result of overvaluation by the public, there is what is termed forced or involuntary liquidation—selling of stocks at the best obtainable price by speculators whose resources are exhausted, and have no option but to sell, since they can no longer carry their stocks.

As prices go down the volume of such involuntary sales increases, and, aided by bear manipulation, the decline becomes rapid until it culminates in a sharp break, during which prices are apt to touch a level lower than is justified by general business conditions. It has been the experience of the past to expect prices to rebound about one-half of the extent of the drop; that is, after a sharp five-point fall look for a two or three point rally. This has been a law almost as fixed as the physical law of action and reaction. It is therefore not surprising that Wall Street should ask why after such extensive declines as have taken place lately the market should not rally at all. Because there have not been the usual rallies, disquietude has filled many minds usually alert. It may be doubted if, in the event of a "slump" of a panicky character, we should see the disconcerting bargain-hunter which in the past has never been absent, sentiment having been so thoroughly chilled by the continuous decline.

In explanation of the absence of the expected rallies, it is well to bear in mind the character of the liquidation which has reared the steady fall. The operations of professional speculators on the bear side have been aggressive and skilful, and there has been much selling by small speculators who have been either discouraged or ruined by the steady fall. But all the bears in the Street could not have effected the decline had they not found genuine selling in large volume, and it is no secret that the public at large of late has been carrying, speculatively, fewer stocks than is a long time. The trouble has been that the principal liquidation has come from so-called strong men, who by reason of their extended commitments in connection with some of the later promotions and under-

writings, have had to sell the stocks for which there was a market and keep those which were not readily vendible. The banks, to strengthen their own position, notified several of these industrial financiers that loans maturing June 1, and later, could not be renewed. This necessitated liquidation. It was punishment for mistakes of judgment or for excessive cupidity or for the crime of deriding the public presumably gullible, or whatever one chooses to call it. But they had to sell stocks they probably never thought they would have to sell on a declining market. Their selling differed from that of the small speculator whose nerve is exhausted and is "sold out" by his broker, in that it was gradual. The flow from the strong boxes could be regulated—reduced when not to have done so would have meant a panic, and increased when the lower level reached tempted hardy investors to buy or led shorts to cover. Prices have fallen practically to a panic level, but there has been no panic. But also there has been no rally. The greatest losses, it is well to note, have been sustained by rich rather than poor speculators, and why the rich sold good stocks is by now pretty clearly realized by the community at large.

At the lower price level now prevailing it is a question of buying only after studying real values rather than of buying to make a "ture." Much, and in many cases, all of the inflation prevailing last fall, has disappeared. Business generally continues good. The two things to watch are the labor troubles and the crops.

Correspondence

CONCERNING PIONEERS

New York June 6, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—As a reader of editorials I have endeavored to train myself not to get "worked up" over opinions that impress me as being devoid of common sense, but my forbearance has encountered that "last straw" that put the camel's back out of business, in "Are Pioneers Our Chief Benefactors?" appearing in the last edition of the WEEKLY, in which the author has allowed his anxiety to find fault, to lead him into the grave error of making serious reflection upon thousands of the nation's best citizens. According to reliable authorities, "pioneers" and "trail-

blazers" are those who go before and open up the way, an occupation in which "cowboys" and "brown-busters" take little part, if any whatsoever. Surely the author must be one of the "wild makers of our civilization" who has resented at some "back East," "among the haunts of men," and who, imagining the vast territory of the West thoroughly infested with "bar-rooms, bow-knives, revolvers, and savage whoops," has not investigated the matter, and learned that "colleges, schools, studies, newspaper offices, and pulpits" are quite as common in proportion to the population as when he is pleased to describe as the "outskirts of civilization" as they are throughout New England. I even know of professors and educators there "who are elevating the moral and the intellectual standards of the country."

If history is to be credited, George Washington was something of a "trail-blazer" himself; his ability in that direction was, in fact, quite valuable to the country; he was also a "man of blood and muscle, a man of iron nerve." Otherwise he never could have held the army together at Valley Forge during those long winter months while the "philanthropists" of his day were so busy "at home" working out the moral and intellectual problems of the age, that they had no time to aid in the provision of decent sustenance and clothing for the starving and half-naked soldiers—(or did they "hate war"?)

If our friend would really like to know the facts, I would repeat Mr. Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West," and he will learn that the pioneers and settlers were and are one and the same, instead of being entirely different; also, that the blazers of trails did not and do not have "an undue proportion of tough characters among them" except, of course, as "tough" means strong and hardy, and that the hundreds of thousands of citizens to whom Frontier Roosevelt has been speaking during the past few weeks are, "generally" speaking, about on a par with their fellow-countrymen "back East." I ask the indulgence of Westerners for the use of the adverb "almost," but I do not want to lay myself open to the accusation of being carried away by enthusiasm. In fact I wish to write as if I had "slayed my wild prejudice, had dismounted, and sat under the shade of a wide-spreading tree-trunk."

I am, sir,
T. C. M.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

OUR special correspondent in Japan sends an interesting letter, illustrated from photographs, on "Japan of To-day and Tomorrow," apropos of the World's Fair at Osaka, the first Fair in which Japan has invited competition with the world powers in invention and manufactures; another special feature will be the first article and pictures published of an American inventor's plan for doing away with railway accidents; the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club tells what has to be done to get ready for an International Cup Race; Mary Cadwalader Jones writes on the "Society Woman" in the series now running in the WEEKLY on "Ideals of American Womanhood."

Your newsdealer will have the next WEEKLY on sale June 24.

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(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

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Banking House	545,796.92
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



JUNE

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1903

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Drawn by Seafson-Clark

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Sir Thomas has just arrived in this country to superintend the management of his new challenger, "Shamrock III," in American waters, and to take part in the "America's" Cup races.



View looking North from the East End of the Eads Bridge, showing the Extent of the Territory Submerged



The Steamer "Corwin H. Spencer" used as temporary Refuge for several Hundreds of those made Homeless by the Floods



Relief Trains at the Crossing of Missouri Avenue. The Tracks are entirely under Water



A Scene on Missouri Avenue, near the Relay Depot, at the Time when the Waters began to Enroach on the City Streets

THE FLOODS IN EAST ST. LOUIS

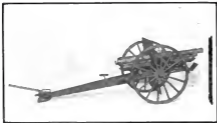


A Mill in the Town of Clifton, South Carolina, as it looked before the Flood



A Photograph taken on the same Spot immediately after the Flood. The Mill, which stood beside the Trolley Tracks, has been entirely destroyed, and the Water flows over the Site of the Building

RUINS OF THE FLOOD IN SOUTH CAROLINA



Miniature Model of New Type of Artillery Rifle



Seven-inch Model of Horse used in U. S. A. Artillery Service

Our New Field-Artillery

By George F. Summers, M.E.

WE hear a great deal about our army because it is peculiar, but in a quiet way the army is also keeping pace with American progress, and in its new equipment will hold the same place among other armies that all American machinery holds with that of foreign make. It is simple, direct and efficient.

A battle-slip of to-day is no longer merely a boat mounting guns. It is a vessel filled with complicated machinery of which the guns form only an incidental part. In the same way a piece of field-artillery is not to-day a ransom mounted on wheels, but a high type of mechanism comprising some thousand machine parts, each finished accurately to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

While our manufacturers have been busy perfecting bicycles, watches and locomotives, the Ordnance Department of the army has had its officers and engineers engaged on the problem of making a light field-artillery that would fire, with great rapidity, a shell large enough to be destructive. The outcome of their efforts is a field-battery for which eighty-four carriages are now being built at the government's big machine-shops at Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois, and probably a thousand will be made in the next few years.

This equipment consists of a three-inch nickel-steel, breech-loading rifle with suitable machinery for loading, aiming, and taking up the recoil, all arranged on wheels, to be cradled from place to place by means of horses and accompanied by similar equipments containing ammunition and a portable machine-shop.

The gun will very effectively shoot three miles, and the extreme rapidity of fire will permit of a shot once in two seconds, or about as fast as an ordinary Winchester repeating-rifle. As it takes about seventeen seconds for a shell to go three miles, it will be possible to keep eight fifteen-pound shrapnel in the air at once. The enemy might then receive seven shots after it had surrendered!

As a matter of fact the guns will not be fired this fast, for a supply of ammunition capable of being rapidly carried on the march would thus last not quite ten minutes, but instead, for general use, each shot will be carefully placed with about thirty seconds between shots.

In firing with shells it is desirable that the shell should travel slowly, as this gives the gunner a better chance to have it burst at the right place by means of the time fuse.

At the time of the civil war, field-cannon were "muzzle-loaders," and when the piece was discharged every one stood clear to let the gun "kick" back some six or seven feet. Then it would be

run forward by the gun crew, snubbed out and reloaded. This all took time.

The modern gun-carriage is firmly held by a spade on the end of the trail. The spade embeds itself in the ground at the first shot, the gun itself recoiling some three feet on the carriage against an oil buffer, and being returned to position by means of a powerful spring.

The soldiers do not leave their seats during the engagement—except when it is necessary to reset the entire carriage to keep the enemy within the limits of the pointing mechanism—but sit snugly on their round seats behind the Harveyized armor-plate shield, working the machinery.

The one on the left seat keeps his right hand on the elevating crank and his left on the traversing-wheel, and, with either open sights or a powerful telescope, holds the gun on the enemy.

The soldier sitting on the right seat keeps the lanyard in his right hand and manipulates the breech-mechanism with his left.

The ammunition is no longer "loose" but "fixed"; that is, the powder and bullet are held in a brass case looking exactly like a Winchester rifle-cartridge of common size.

The bullet generally used, and dignified by the name of "shell," is a "shrapnel," composed of a thin-walled projectile containing a bursting charge and grids of cast iron, the latter breaking up when the shell explodes, making a whirlwind of small scorpions in the face of the enemy.

The nose of the shell has a time-fuse which is set for a certain number of seconds before loading, is ignited by the pull of starting, and bursts the shrapnel a few feet above and ahead of the enemy.

There is one item worthy of remark in the manufacture of these carriages, and that is the apparent inability of the American spring manufacturers to furnish large helical springs of rectangular section. As a consequence the Ordnance Department is preparing to make these springs at one of its arsenals.

The photographs show a model made at the Rock Island Arsenal, which is a credit to the machinists who made it.

Each little bolt and nut is faithfully reproduced on a microscope scale, and even the spokes on the seats are filed with real hair, and the little wheels have as many pieces as the real article.

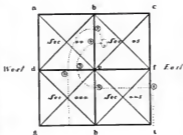
The horses are of bronze, oxidized to represent iron-gray. The little horse-shoes are made separately, and are faithful reproductions even to the exact number of nails. The buckles on the harness and the strap-hooks are all "real," and are fastened in place just the same as those in actual service.



Model of a Team of Artillery Horses in Harness, showing the Equipment of the Horses for the New Field-Artillery



Baron Darbolet in Hunting Costume



Four Sections of the Forest



Antoine, the first Huntsman in France

Wild-Boar Hunting in France

By Frank Sherman Peer

IN the forest of Sennecha in France at his hunting-lodge—the Château Jardais—lives the best pistol and pigeon-shot in Europe, and one of the greatest sportsmen in the world—the Baron de Darbolet. Between the months of November and April of each year he hunts the wild boar on his own property for three, four, and even five days a week. He has himself killed nearly a thousand boars. He has his own famous pack of boar-hounds, in charge of the best huntsman in France, a man called Antoine, and only guests invited by himself may join his hunt. It was a good fortune to be numbered among those guests not long ago.

The wild boar, like the fox, seeks their food during the night and sleep during the day. They kennel most anywhere that they happen to be when morning begins to break. Sometimes they go in small drives—that is, the younger ones, accompanied by some of the older females—but the males, except in the rutting season, seem to prefer to travel and kennel alone. By daybreak the huntsman with a well-trained hound goes out into the forest to locate a boar. The 20,000 acres owned by the baron are forest land laid out in triangle roads crossing each other at right angles, and cut diagonally by lanes. The diagram shows four sections of the forest.

We will, for the sake of illustration, start with the huntsman and his one hound led by a line along the road beginning at the southeast corner of section No. 445. When half way or more across the east side of the section the hound, who is carefully hunting every yard of the way, halts and begins to "feather." His harkles stand on end. Without giving tongue he makes a sharp turn to the left at (1). The huntsman now examines the road carefully, and finds the shot (foot-marks) of a boar that has crossed the road (they seldom follow along in or beside the road). He breaks some bushes, and lays them in the road to mark the spot where the boar entered the section at 1. The huntsman and hound then move on to *e*, and turn west to *e*, then south when part of the way from *e* to *h*; the hound again hits and "feathers" in the line of a boar that has crossed there from section 445 to section 444 at (2). The footprints are again carefully examined, and noticed to be the same as were first met with. This place is also marked, and the huntsman and hound surge on to *h*, then to *g*, and *d*. On the way from *d* to *e* the hound again hits off the line, showing the boar to have left section 444 and crossed into section 44 at (3); then on they go to *e*, and turn north until it is found that the boar has crossed the road *e*—*b* into section 45. The huntsman goes on around section 45 to *e*, the hound having found no track going out of section 45, the game is located as to

section. The huntsman now goes down the lane from *e* towards *c*; until he meets the lane from *f* to *h*, he follows this lane from where they cross each other to *h*. The hound having found no trace of a boar having crossed the lane, the huntsman returns about nine or ten o'clock, and reports to the master that he has located a boar in the west quarter of section 45, that he is a five or six-year old, etc., etc. The master consults a map of the forest, and determines the method of attack and where to station the riders and hounds.

Breakfast is over by eleven thirty, and at twelve everything is in readiness to start; the huntsman and whips are waiting on the lawn with the hounds; the master's hunter and the carriage that is to conduct madame is waiting at the door. Friends and guests are walking their horses about until the moment when the baron and the lacrosse come out to the carriage. When headed by the huntsman and hounds, followed by the riders and carriages, the "equipment" moves on towards section 45.

The master and huntsman and riders are halted at *f*. The boar's kennel has been approached in a way so that hounds do not cross the trail he made when going to kennel, as they might break away. The hounds are now put in slips, three or four couple, with a short line attached to one long line, one bunch of hounds with a servant is left at *f*, another is located at *e*, another lot is sent on to *h*, and possibly another lot at *a* and *d*, etc. The master then directs a certain number of riders—men to whom he has presented the hunt tickets and wear the hunt uniform, and are therefore entitled to carry the horn,—to station themselves at *f*, *e*, *h*, *a*, and *d*.

It must be remembered that the forest is covered in this part with thick undergrowth, so that it is impossible to ride anywhere in it except in the roads and lanes. When time has been given for the hunt members and hounds to have reached their assigned places, and the latter made fast to a tree by the lead line, the master and huntsman and three or four hounds move on via *e* to (4), two or three riders accompanying them the instant they arrive at the spot where the bushes lay in the road, at (4), to mark the spot where the boar crossed the road, then two couples of hounds are slipped at the same time the huntsman rushes in after them on foot, and every one at this point begins to shout or blow horns in order to set the boar on foot.

As before stated, the boars are so concealed as to their own process that they disdain to move, especially after they are four or five years old, and will stand in their tracks and kill or wound every hound that comes near them. Therefore all this noise and



The Boar's Last Stand

This photograph was taken just as the Baron was about to dispatch a boar, which had led the pack a chase of over forty miles

machines the engineer and fireman are far apart and cannot see each other when at their respective posts, so that the duty of watching the track ahead devolves entirely upon the engineer. Professor Sedgwick was riding upon one of these locomotives one night, sitting on the left side of the cab. The height of the boiler prevented him from seeing the engineer, who was, of course, upon the right side. The train was an Erie fast freight, and was rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour, with orders to take the siding at a station ahead for No. 4, the last night express, going in the opposite direction, on a single-track division of the line. Professor Sedgwick was deep in the study of the problem which had occupied his thoughts for years, when he was startled by the crash of breaking glass and the cry of a man evidently in need of assistance. Jumping to the deck of the locomotive, so that he could see around the head of the boiler, he beheld a sight which made his heart cease beating for a moment. The engineer was hanging out of the side-window of the cab—the glass in which had been smashed by his fall—and was saved from being dashed to the ground or under the train only by the fact that

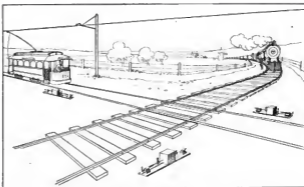
one of his feet had caught beneath a pipe on the boiler. He had got upon the seat to correct a slight trouble in the lubricator; the seat had given way, and he had fallen backward through the cab-window.

"After I had closed the throttle and pulled the engineer back into the cab," the professor relates, "I said to him, 'It was a lucky thing that I was in the cab tonight. What would have happened if I hadn't heard your cry, or if you had been alone, as you are generally?'"

"It would never have taken the siding for No. 4, and nothing could have prevented a smash between us and her."

"It was then that I derived," says the professor, "that no scheme that had to depend upon any human agency alone would prove an effective safeguard against railway accidents." His "Train-stop," therefore, operates automatically, compelling action by the engineer or stopping his train in advance of a danger point, whether he sees the warning or not, and even if he should be stricken by blindness or death at his post.

The working of Professor Sedgwick's system may be explained by a description of the working model which he has constructed. In a large room in the Astor House he had set up a miniature railway track, with rails, ties, switches and bridges just like an ordinary railway in all except size. The piece of track was thirty-six feet in length, and was elevated at each end so as to make a grade of 300 feet to the mile. Midway between the two ends of the track there was a curve describing 180 degrees. On the side of the track were four iron boxes, placed far enough one from the other to divide the little railway about equally. Two of the boxes represented the single-track railway and two the double-track system. The single-track boxes were so placed as to show the action of the system going each way. The double-track boxes were "companion boxes," placed one ahead of the other. The reader will understand that on a double-track railway each train has only to guard its rear, while on a single-track system there is as great, if not greater, danger ahead than in the rear, so that safety from collisions can be secured only by guards both in front and



How Accidents at Trolley Crossings would be prevented. A Train wearing a Crossing would set a Box at each of the other Approaches, invariably stopping the Car

behind. Professor Sedgwick's "Train-stop" is the first serious attempt to do this by one and the same system of signalling. On each of the boxes a red target was shown when there was danger to an approaching train, and to indicate that the box was in action to stop the train. When the box was restored to its normal condition the red target disappeared. On one side of each box was a "tell-tale," which invariably told why the train was stopped. In actual service cars of these boxes will stop a train by automatically setting the brakes, and when the engineer gets off his locomotive and looks at the "tell-tale," he will know why he was stopped, whether by a train on the track ahead, an open switch, a washed-out bridge, or a wild car loose on the track. The iron-boxes hold the mechanism which performs the surprising feats of the "Train-stop," the nature of which the public is not permitted to know, because patents are pending in several foreign countries.

The rolling stock of the miniature railway consisted of several coal-cars loaded with lead, constructed in every particular as are the cars upon full-sized railways, and fitted with spring brakes. The professor started one of the trains, which set the box it passed in its flight; it was then purposely stopped by the professor and left standing on the curve in the track. The other train was then sent down the grade, but as it passed the box set in action by the preceding train the brakes were applied by the mechanism of the box, and the train came to a full stop before it had gone its own length beyond the box, and the "tell-tale" said "Train ahead."

The professor then demonstrated the working of his apparatus on a single-track road. A train was set going, and as it passed a box it caused a red target to be exposed, and put in motion the mechanism that would give protection from trains following, and at the same time set another box at the station ahead, thus completely blocking the road in both directions. When the train passed the second box it restored the first one to normal. This setting and restoring of boxes would be continuous from the beginning to the end of a train's run with the "Train-stop" system in operation.



The boxes beside the miniature Track shown in the Photograph are the important Features of the System. In actual Service one of these Boxes will stop a Train by automatically setting the Brakes, and will also display a Sign indicating the Danger ahead—whether a Train on the Track, an open Switch, or a washed-out Bridge



The American and Canadian Machinery Buildings, with the Austrian Pavilion in the Background



The Entrance Gate, with General View of the Exposition Grounds



The Grounds at Night, showing the Plan of Illumination similar to that used at the Buffalo Exposition

A RIVAL WORLD'S FAIR IN JAPAN

At the World's Fair in Osaka, Japan, opened in March, the Japanese invited competition for the first time in their history with the products and industries of the foreign powers. The exhibition, which is described by our correspondent in Japan in this issue of the Weekly, has not only attracted the attention of the world to Japan's progress, but is one of the few expositions which are reported to be financially successful

IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD



THE SOCIETY WOMAN BY MARY CADWALADER JONES

An *proof* is gradually evolved from conflicting statements, I must begin by trying to refute the popular opinion as to the ideals of women who are *society*. If they were what common report and belief would make them, there would be but little reason for this or any other article concerning such frivolous and harmful creatures.

They are supposed to be a selfish, vain, and silly lot, who begin their day by slipping rheumatic in bed at noon, and end it at a ball about four the next morning. Milliners die of overwork to gratify the ambition of these latter-day to be more gorgeously and variously dressed than others of their set; coachmen die of exposure from waiting in the cold while their mistresses dance or gossip for hours; they are supposed to have no patience with the rest of the world, no interest in the perpetual struggle of their fellow-creatures, no sympathy with suffering, no compassion for failure. Their husbands are kept at work like slaves, early and late, that they may enjoy a perpetual holiday in laborious idleness. Newspapers print columns about their entertainments, their jewels, their clothes, their supposed occupations, while most of the scandals in any community are promptly laid to the score of men and women who are immediately called "society leaders," in order that a moral may be more sharply pointed.

Unfortunately, this misconception is as old as society itself; the fashionable woman was berated and abused before the days of Juvenal, and in this country the "society women" of New York are supposed to be, above all others, frivolous and selfish.

There are, of course, silly and useless and vulgar people in society, just as there are scheming hypocrites in religious organizations, but, on the whole, these latter are chiefly made up of respectable people, and so is the social world.

As a matter of fact, any woman who is at all prominent in society has no easy time of it, and needs not only energy and decision of character, but very definite ideals, which are by no means incompatible with fashionable life. She may go out and entertain a great deal, and yet be an excellent housekeeper and bring up her children creditably, as her own fashionable mother did before her. Indeed, her home is probably governed with exceptional efficiency, which is the fulfillment of one important ideal.

As charity is always largely dependent upon what the public is pleased to call the leisure class, it represents in most cases a considerable share in the life of a society woman. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely any philanthropic movement, either in public or private charity, which has not been organized and supported by men and women having every claim to be considered fashionable. Each woman has one or more charities in which she is personally interested, and this does not mean that she occasionally sends a check towards their maintenance, but that she gives her own time and attention, sometimes several hours out of each week. To give one instance out of many, twice a week several girls and married women meet at the rooms of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, and there work for two or three hours sorting and packing newspapers and periodicals for the inmates of many charitable institutions,—and very dirty and fatiguing work it is. Then, many women regularly visit the wards of the different hospitals, and report systematically as to their condition, to some recognized authority. All this patient and continuous effort means in most cases devotion to an ideal, and that a high one.

The rich woman has her full share of responsibility which she rarely shirks. Her daily mail is something appalling; requests and demands are made on her, from all over the country, by people she has never known, for objects of which she has never heard. Many of these requests are simply impudent, but others are worthy of being investigated, and most rich women employ at least one secretary or almoner, whose business it is to inquire into all deserving cases, whether near at hand or distant, and to report as to the best way of relieving them. The moral of all this is that one should not conclude, because a woman appears at a large luncheon in a smart frock, and then goes on to a "bridge" party, that her existence is useless, and only pleasure-seeking. She may have spent her whole morning in downright hard work of one sort or



Mary Cadwalader Jones

another, and her ideals are none the less present to her than if she were always talking about them.

As the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link, it is but natural that those who have not given much thought to the subject should judge the women whose names appear with tireless iteration in the newspapers by the follies and vulgarities of a few among them, but by far the larger number have ideals, sometimes very definite, sometimes rather vague, but, at all events, important enough in advantage to the community to exempt the class to which their possessors belong from wholesale condemnation.





"Gales Ferry," the Quarters of the Yale Oarsmen at New London





Watching the Race from the Observation Train



"Red Top," the Quarters of the Harvard Oarsmen at New London

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT RACE AT NEW LONDON

Drawn by Howard Giles

A Forecast of the "Fourth"

In which the Child is Father to the Man

By Albert Levering



1. "Go ahead! That thing will go off as long as that boy's eyes are in another second—"



2. "Here! Don't you see that thing is just ready to explode?"



3. "Get it here! You don't realize the damage one of these—"

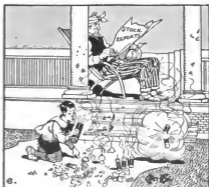


4. "Great crackers—"



5.

||||



6.

"Can do?"



THE LONE COMMANDO

BY
James Barnes

HE leaned back against the wire fence, his elbows on the top strand, his hands hanging straight out like the paws of a begging dog. The heel of his worn felt shoe rested on the lower wire and swung it to and fro. He had not joined the crowd of men and women who stood about the gate. As usual he sought to be alone.

An excited group of voices down the fence line in the opposite direction caused him to turn his head slowly. There stood, aloof from the other group, a little mob that pointed and gesticulated wildly, with a clamor of coarse gutturals and singsong intonations. They were ragged and dingy with an occasional bright color in the head-dresses of the women; their faces, such as could be seen, were dull black, red black, or dusty sodden brown. Their speech, part taal, part kaffir, part clicking with the aboriginal trane of the great ancient Bush jarred discordantly on the morning stillness—for the people at the gate, whose backs were to him, spoke in whispers or at most in undertones.

All eyes were in one direction, following the edge of the level highland that cut the sky to the east and south. Above it hung a stretching cloud of dust, and drawn against the strip of blue below was a moving, undulating line of men and horses. Where it pointed over the farthest eastern hill and disappeared, it glinted occasionally in the great blaze of the sun. On a tall pointed kopje, which stood out from the highlands on the west, a point of light flashed, blazed, stopped,—blazed again, then flickered intermittently. From that direction there broke suddenly a distant patting sound that faded but a minute and died away.

The big man leaning against the wire fence straightened himself. "Almiricht! They are everywhere!" he groaned. Then, sinking to the ground he spat with his elbows on his knees and his head bowed down between them. For some minutes he did not move.

How impatient he felt! how he hated these cursed invaders who had come to despoil the land that, despite everything, he loved so dearly! He forgot the sunb pain that were on him in this sharp anguish of his soul—again he groaned and was silent.

"Sierlach! they have all the wagons in South Africa—all in the world!" said a voice above him, speaking in Dutch.

The seated one looked up. A little old man lame, bent, and leaning on a heavy stick, stood over him.

"See, man;—man! look!" he repeated—"more have gone by already than we had in the great trek!—more than the wagon-makers of the Paarl could build in twenty years!"

Against the sky above the black cliff, only two miles away, they streamed along; span after span of oxen, team after team of straining, stumbling mules. The first long column of mounted men and trailing infantry had moved silently, but now the air was filled with the distant clucking of great wheels, the lit of the vorticoopers, and the cries of the drivers.

Piet Van Rooy could hear it no longer. With a lurch of his great frame he stood erect and, dismounting to answer old Oos David, turned and walked up the wide grass-grown street that separated the lines of little houses.

Odd little houses they were, each like the other, built on one plan,—corrugated iron roofs and sides, with narrow wooden stoops and a water barrel at the drip of the eaves. He left the dusty foot-path at the fourth house on the left, and striding up the steps seated himself in a great, roughly-made chair.

He looked off to the eastward. Soon he expected to see smoke and flames rising, miles away beyond the hills, where lay the capital. The invaders must be swarming there by now, for the hoisted forts had not stopped them.

The nearby scene was the same as he had known it for the last few years. There, outside the wire fence, was the house of the Russian doctor on the side of the barra kopje; down at the corner of the street was the large cottage of the rich family from the colony—they had a basin garden with flowers and vines. Directly in front of him, standing alone, was the church—the strangest church in all the world—built like a great bishop's cote, with both halves free to the air. The visiting Protestant preached to his congregation across so open space through which one might drive an ox team.

Two little children, a boy and a girl, came walking down the roadway head to head. As they passed by the house where Piet Van Rooy sat they nodded to him. There was no smile on their little gnomish faces; they looked dulled by old age, their features set and mided by premature despair. A short distance behind them walked a woman haltingly. The lower half of her face was concealed by a cloth worn like the Egyptian fellahs—only her eyes shone.

Piet Van Rooy stretched out his great hands and looked at the huge swelled knuckles—he felt carefully at his throat under his straggly beard. A voice called to him.

There in the doorway stood a woman, face hidden like the other. He answered the hoarse whimpering question:

"Ja, the Roinks have gone," he said. "They will not harm us, Ma. Free nothing!"

Then he turned again. There was the sky—there was God—there was the universe! And there about him was his world and they that dwelt therein—Lepera; lepera;—every man!

In the garden of the doctor's home a little figure was working with a hoe. Piet Van Rooy strode up the street to the boundary line, and attracting the worker's attention beckoned him with a sweep of his arm.

It was a clear sparkling night, so still that one could hear the trickle of the tiny stream that flowed through the washed-out den,



The head and shoulders of a man appeared above the rocks less than fifty paces to his right

over a mile away; so still, that Piet Van Rooy standing outside the flimsy gate could hear the hoof-falls of a horse approaching along the sandy road. Nearer they came. Slowly and painfully he beat, lifting something from the ground. It was a gaudy blanket, rolled tight and tied up for the saddle bow.

"Kleinboy!"
"Hass!"
"You did not fail me!"
"Nin, Hass."

There stood a thin, yellow horse, and at his head a thinner, yellow human being. Over the high-cheeked face the skin was stretched mummy-wise. The rags scarcely concealed the skeleton figure. Only a glance was needed to tell him, lowest of all, last of the lowest, the pariah of the world—the hunchback! His age no one might guess without trousers.

"Did you get everything, Kleinboy; all your master left?"
"Ja, Hass, and the blitting and two boxes of bread."

As the bushman spoke he began to unfasten a strap at the saddle, something heavy fell to the ground, he picked it up. It was a Mauser rifle that topped him by an inch or two. Propping it against him he extended a heavy strip of canvas with little leather pockets.

Piet Van Rooy slipped it over his shoulders.

"There are more in the bag, Hass," said the yellow skeleton, as he made fast the blanket across the horse's withers.

"Good."
The big man took the bridle and, balancing the rifle in his free hand as a counterpoise, swung himself into the saddle.

"You are a good kerl, Kleinboy, God bless you."

"Master is kind."
From the direction of the town—so far away—there sounded the faint staccato whistle of a locomotive. The road to the cursed gold fields was open! The invaders had full possession!

The leper raised in his stirrups and shook his great gnarled fist. Then he headed the overburdened horse towards the dark western hills, and, with a thump of his heels, urged him into a swift stumbling walk.

II

It was an exceedingly long shot. If it had come from the distant river-bend, and surely it must have, for there was not enough cover on the open plain to hide the movements of a man-out. A straight shot it was, for a man had tumbled off his horse, with a jangle of his accoutrements, dead as dead could be.

The incident had thrown the whole column into confusion. A moment before the men had been laughing and talking as they came down the rocky road from the highland. There had come the swift, short song of the bullet, and there lay the dead man.

"A lot of twenty-six hundred yards," said a young officer, with glasses in his eyes; "a chance shot and an unlucky one."

"The best man in my company, sir," put in a young subaltern. "Coming in his name. I've detailed two men to bury him."

Perhaps there was going to be an action,

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perhaps they would have to fight their way across the drift! Already at intervals little flocks of about seven jumping here and there amid the spruce and fir. It appeared as if the innocent-looking bushes between hid the enemy in force.

One of the group of officers—all were watching intently, without removing their glasses from their eyes—suddenly exclaimed, aloud:

"By gad! There he goes, just in the line of that depression in the hills. See the dust rising,—back of those bushes! One man, by jove!"

Toward the low line of broken hills, north of the river, rode a big man on a yellow horse; he paused as he entered the shadow of a steep-sided knoll, and turning, brandished his rifle with a triumphant gesture—a gesture that suggested the laugh or shout that might accompany it. Then he disappeared in the shadow.

They finished burying the dead man, the sergeant making notes of the contents of his pockets, and soon the column was moving again, jangling and rattle-ding, sliding and stumbling along the rough road to the drift. They splashed through the stream unnoted, and only the little mound on the hillside was left to mark one of the soon-to-be-forgotten incidents of war.

It began to be monotonous; it grew more than irritating; it became a source of menacing discontent. No officer with a small escort could ride out ten miles from town in search of butter, chickens, or eggs, without being sniped at, and very often hit. Sometimes it was from behind, and the fatal wounds were from a black, smoke-stained bullet; the bullet came sometimes it was from a deserted farmhouse. It might be a poor dispatch-rider, or a wandering correspondent. Yet, again, it might have been a major or a colonel, for that matter, that was the sniper's object. Already two good officers had fallen victims to the aim of the lone sharp-shooter, and there were three or four in hospital.

It had been pretty well settled by this time that he was alone. His locality and habitat were known, and so it happened one early morning before sunrise that three hundred mounted men, a galleon of Colt battery, and two guns of the, and leading out from out from the conquered capital, and led by two kaffir scouts, threaded their way through the forest, and headed for a barren bit of broken country that lay on the edge of the great bushveldt.

At the same time that this detachment left the town, a smaller one left post some miles to the westward and was advancing to meet the first. They deployed as the daylight widened and as they approached one another, the two half segments of a circle extended until, in the center, lay the few hundred acres of broken table land.

The ground had never been fought over twice before. A roving command had once loitered in the kloof near a little grey farm-house. They had slaughtered some bees there, and two rotting heads decorated the stone posts of the brack gate, where some playful hunter had placed them. The farm had also been visited by the British, that was evident. The little house had been ransacked, the doors had been chipped away for firewood, the interior was a chaos.

From out of the rained doorway three stepped a tall, slouching figure—a big, bearded man, who limped painfully as he walked. As he turned to go to the stable he stopped, and, pushing the ragged flap of his hat up from his forehead, gazed out into the plain.

A curse, in Dutch, broke from his lips. There, he could see them now! A long line of mounted men, swinging in towards his rocky fastness! He shambled hurriedly to the stable, and leading out the yellow horse, tossed the saddle on his back. Scarcely stopping to make fast the buckles, he flung himself into the saddle and rode straight up among the rocks to the highest point.

There he paused and dismounted. He cursed again. To the west stretched another line of oncoming men; to the north the same, and to the south they hemmed him in! Those to the eastward were the nearest now. He looked the horse from the crest of the hill and settled himself among the rocks.

A quick glance out on the plain and he shored the sights of the rifle up to eighteen hundred yards. His elbow sunk to the stock, his lower eye gleamed along the barrel, he pressed the trigger quickly. He could hear his own bullet as it sped away. The line stopped. He grunted with satisfaction, for a rider and horse, among the most advanced, race down together. The men dismounted now, but they did not reply to his hail, they only yelped.

The horses were being led back now, and the firing commenced. It came from all round. The bullets splattered in among the rocks, swept up the kloof and fell about the little farmhouse one hundred feet below him. As yet they had not found his hiding place. The leper laughed! One man against four hundred! He opened up now and fired quickly. In five minutes he had taken twenty sighted shots and then they spotted him. The detachment to the south had called up the Colt battery, and soon the rhythmic thumping of the guns pressed the broken stream which swept up the hillside until it found its hiding place.

He must change his position! That was his first thought. He half raised himself on his elbow, and, as he did so, the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the rocks less than fifty paces to his right. They both fired at once. The leper's hat was dashed from his head and the bullet cut a furrow through his hair, but the khaki man had caught it fair between the eyes, and never even quivered when he fell.

Piet Van Rooy scrambled to his feet and dashed down the kloof, heading for the farmhouse. A score of bullets followed him as he half fell through the doorway. He gained a window, his rifle began coughing hoarsely. But his aim was deadly, two men who had exposed themselves on the crest of the hill fell wounded, the rest took cover hurriedly. They were all about him now, and he had but ten cartridges left!

Then, all at once the marksmen, on the hills about, heard a weak, strange sound! Piet Van Rooy had broken into song! He chanted an old psalm of David, not by foghorn, but in a voice more above the crackling and pattering of the rifles. It challenged and impressed, it waited and trumpeted, the men on the hills stopped firing.

There was a lull; and out of this silence there came the screaming crescendo of an incoming shell. Fair at the heart of the dose it fell and burst. A tongue of flame leaped from the eyes, another from the edge where the chimney jangled the rough thatched roof, a moment more, and the grey farm-house was one red smudge of flame. The men from the hills came down and gathered close.

Suddenly there came about a figure with clothes smoking and singed clinched through a window and fell outside. Some men rushed forward. The faithful apartment half rose to its feet and waved them away, shouting some words in Dutch. A colonial who had started with the first, laid back the men on either side of him.

"He's a leper!" he cried. "Leave him alone! Don't touch him!"

"What of that!" answered a young officer, excitedly. "Here, some of you!"

He hastened to the rescue, calling the others on. Before he could reach him, however, Piet Van Rooy tottered like a reeled tower and fell back through the blazing window.

Down the side of the hill slouched a thin, yellow horse. No one hindered him. Before he had gone half-way the old worn saddle fell from his back. Then like a seagull he trotted out into the wilderness.

Getting Ready for a Cup Race

By George A. Curnack
Secretary of the New York Yacht Club

THE RYER has always been a popular belief to the effect that it is individuals who challenge for and defend the America's Cup. This is, of course, a misapprehension. It is a yacht club that challenges, and another yacht club that defends—it is not Sir Thomas Lipton, but the Royal Ulster Yacht Club which challenges for the America's Cup; and it is not Mr. Morgan or Mr. Iselin, but the New York Yacht Club which defends it. The New York Yacht Club has always been the challenger, and it was presented with the trophy by the original winners of the prize, and it accordingly remains under their control until their representative is defeated in a race. Individuals may, however, and usually do, own the yachts which are selected to defend the Cup, but the races are sailed under the name of the New York Yacht Club. In the same race the *Satanstoe II.*, represented the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, although the boat was owned by Sir Thomas Lipton.

The whole matter of arranging for a Cup race is quite simple and uncomplicated. To take the last challenge as an example: When it was determined to make another try for the Cup this year, the secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club sent a communication to the secretary of the New York Yacht Club concerning the challenge. The secretary of the New York Yacht Club immediately notified the commodore. The commodore then called a special meeting to consider conditions and terms, and a Challenge Committee was appointed with power to arrange the conditions of a match with the challenging club. This Committee on Challenge is identical with the one known to the newspapers and the general public as the Cup Committee. The Challenge Committee of the New York Yacht Club and a challenge committee appointed by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club then made arrangements which constitute virtually the match agreement between the two clubs. After these preliminary matters had been satisfactorily arranged, the whole matter was then submitted back to the respective clubs for ratification, after which the committees signed the terms of agreement. This concluded the only preliminary formalities necessary for the arrangement of an international match.

After the challenge is received comes the question of arranging for the actual defense of the Cup. The defender may be built either by a single member or by a syndicate composed of members of the club. An individual or syndicate may build a yacht to compete in the trial races, and, if the power herself the best of the contestants, to defend the Cup. Her length and general dimensions are determined by those of the challenger, subject, of course, to certain restrictions imposed in the Deed of Gift. The fixing of the date and the number of races to be sailed is the work of the Challenge Committee, while the Regatta Committee takes charge of the actual sailing of the races. The Challenge Committee always requests the Regatta Committee to take charge of the trial races as well.

The New York Yacht Club has always felt obliged to use a boat of the same rig as the challenger, although there is no rule which requires it to do so. In case, however, our club should decide to use a sloop and the other a schooner, or in case the two parties were unable to agree on terms, the situation would be governed by certain fixed rules which are laid down for a match without time allowance.

There are no regulations governing the nationality of the crews of the boats. It is purely a matter of sentimental consideration which requires that the American flag shall be manned by Americans sailing. The one requirement of the Deed of Gift is contained in the Deed of Gift is that the vessels shall be constructed in the country to which the challenging or defending club belongs. This does not, however, apply to the sails or spars, but only to the hulls.

Mascagni at Rehearsal

During the last dress rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera-house of Mascagni's Japanese opera, "Iris," which was produced last autumn for the first time in America, Mascagni, who was conducting the orchestra, was greatly annoyed by the ineffective performance of one of the singers in a particular scene. The passage was a very intense one—a love scene between the chief reproductive and the heroine.

"Do not move so timidly! stand further to the right! play with more vigor! more color! more variety!" shouted the composer above the surge of the music.

The unfortunate actor, thoroughly disconcerted, went from bad to worse in his impersonation, and soon was slugging almost continually out of tune. The exasperated composer could stand it no longer. He stopped the orchestra and beckoned the singer down to the footlights.

"Since all other methods for making the passage effective seem to have failed," he remarked scathingly, in his most scrupulous Italian, "suppose you try singing it on the key!"

June and December

THAT youth of this, Dear love, I do remember,

Though thy blue eyes no longer shine With June's delight, and pale December Hath heaped her snows upon thee:

But still thou dost remember The gentleness that was in me.

Thus art the snow As when I first beheld thee,

For youth, forsooth, is but a name; And all the graces that sufficed thee Have so exalted thy,

That youth hath never exelled thee In perfectness of beauty.

LOUISE MORGAN SULL.

Japan of To-Day and To-Morrow

By George Lynch
See page 1070

In this my latest visit to Japan I have been more than ever struck with the alertness, progress, and pushfulness of the people. During the couple of months I have been here I have had opportunity of seeing two celebrations which were jubilant of what the country had accomplished, making for war or peace, since it adopted Western ideas.

The review of the fleet held by the Emperor at Kobe seemed to equal in popularity with the masses the opening of the exhibition at Osaka.

It appeared to the deep-seated warlike spirit of the people and to their pride, or vanity as those who are not their admirers call it. The clerk of the weather stage-managed it with dramatic effect. A thick fog lay over the bay of Kobe until the Emperor stepped on board the Junosa, and so sooner had he done so and the imperial standard with the gold chrysanthemum on a crimson ground was unfurled than the fog lifted like a curtain and showed the immense fleet of forty-five vessels, not counting the foreign war-ships, drawn up in five lines. His Majesty stood upon the bridge as the *Amats* steamed slowly through the fleet taking evidently a keen interest in the proceedings, and asking frequent questions of the naval officers surrounding him.

The Emperor on View

There was something impressive in the dead silence, which is considered the most respectful greeting for him, with which he was received by the dense crowd on shore

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through which he passed coming to and returning from the review, the fluff of small boats full of sightseers in the bay, on the crowded deck of the *Asama*, or when passing through the fleet itself, the salutation as he passed each ship of "Ho-Hai" repeated three times serving only to accentuate the profound silence. After the review there was a banquet on the *Asama*, and the Emperor spoke a few words to each of us foreigners who had the honor to be present. He is tall for a Japanese, and when sitting down looks among Europeans about their ordinary size, but gives out the idea that he suffers from leading a sedentary a life. The prince imperial did not attend the review, and it is an open secret that his health is so delicate that it is very doubtful if he will ever occupy the throne. The fleet represented 220,000 tons, and the government policy of naval expansion seems bound to be carried out by whatever measure of increased taxation the money is to be found for it.

The Osaka Exhibition

There is more real matter of congratulation in the industrial review of the country to be seen at the Osaka Exhibition; there even more than on the placid waters of the bay of Kobe was one filled with astonishment at what this people had accomplished in little over thirty years. The locomotives, the embankments, and the various branches of manufacture where they bring the feeling of the true artist into the making of articles for every-day life are distinctively and characteristically their own, but their recent progress is more forcibly shown in such things as their machinery, the exhibits of electrical appliances, the ship-building section and such like. They are great imitators of everything from heavily to bicycles, and do not stop short even of imitating the labels. There is one section to which their imitative genius is a ghastly failure—in the picture gallery. There are some delightful Kakemonos on the walls, and as long as they have painted in their own style the work is good, but some of their artists have evidently been to study in Paris, and the result is a hideous hybrid product not Japanese and not French, and the pictures so poor that no restaurant-keeper in the Quartier Latin would give a meal in exchange for the best of them. It would be far better if they had remained true to themselves, and did not imagine that a foreign style of painting can be adopted with the facility of putting on a silk hat and European clothes. There is an interesting section containing the Formosa exhibits, and the whole exhibition gives an excellent synopsis of Japanese industrial progress.

A Bloodless Invasion

From Japan I crossed to Korea, with which in no many ways it was closely connected, being dependent on it for a great portion of its food supply, and being the ground where a most curious bloodless invasion may be seen in course of progress. We hear a lot about the Russian occupation of Manchuria, but here on every side signs of the Japanese occupation of Korea and invasion by railway are forced on one's notice. Fusan is likely to become a most important city within a very few years. The harbor, which is perfectly landlocked, is large enough to accommodate the entire Japanese fleet; already the Japanese own all the best sites, and whole streets of Japanese houses can be seen in course of erection; it is almost impossible to buy a site, as the Japanese will not sell. As a matter of fact the Japanese, despite numerous edicts forbidding it, now own one-third of the city of Seoul, and close on one-half of the next largest city in the kingdom. They have an imposing post-office building of their own in Seoul, and a telephone line from there to Chemsu and Fusan running side by side with the Korean.

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In fact, there is hardly any department of civil life or industry in which one does not see the quiet Japanese absorption in progress. The native villages were in striking contrast to that laid out and occupied by the Japanese. The thatched cottages and hovels with mud walls are huddled together anyhow with no streets between them; one gets along by devious narrow paths skirting the stone walls that enclose small yards in which the women are constantly to be seen pounding rice, while their better halves recline on mats on the floor, apparently doing their parts by smoking their long pipes.

The Japanese Military

Beyond the southern village there is a large Japanese military barracks; on the parade-ground in front the soldiers were drilling with a smartness which could not be surpassed in any parade-ground in Berlin, adjoining groups of white-robed Koreans were standing around, from little children who, to be accurate, wore robes in nothing, to aristocratic individuals perched on the smallest ponies I have ever seen which were led by attendants. The Japs were going through the maneuvers of an attack, deploying and firing in open order, and advancing with that wonderful quickness which characterizes their movements when in action, until the attack developed and ended in the bayonet charge with the bugles blowing, and the cheering which I had heard when under a hot fire they charged to the assault at the East gate of Peking.

The whole of this place reminds me very much of Koio-chou, the Japanese doing here what the Germans are doing or attempting to do there, road-making, harbor works, improvements of all sorts, and the military were very much in evidence. The Japs have their own policemen also, in all instances and purposes it appears to be in reality owned by Japanese, the occupations of brewers of wood and drawers of water being, however, still the monopoly of the natives, and I hear, by the way, that the Japs are pretty hard on *skuas* from men who have opportunity of observing them both here and in Formosa. These placid white-robed people are probably the most peaceful on the face of the earth, and therefore are naturally having an extremely bad time of it. They are bullied and robbed by everybody, and their only safeguard against having everything taken from them is the jealousy existing among their despoilers.

Unhappy Korea

The following are a few of the things at present current in process of being wrung from them. Japan wants to have the notes of the First National Bank of Japan float on them and has just succeeded. She also wants a grant to the Japanese at Cheongampo of the right to catch fish. The United States want the purchase of the Seoul Electric railway and an extension of the conceded territory within which the gold mine at Nal-sun is to be worked. France, the payment of an indemnity of 10,000,000 yen and the settlement of the missionary affair at Hwang-hat-do. Belgium, the engagement of a Belgian as the highest foreign adviser to the court. Japan, by the way, wants their Mr. Kato put in that position. Great Britain wants permission to mine in the district where the Kansu mine is situated. Germany, an indemnity for damages done to a German's house. Russia demands the connection of the Russian and Korean telegraph systems. Italy wants permission to open a mine, and China has a bill for them. Their principal domestic trouble arises from the extrajurisdictional rights exercised by the followers of missionaries, and there is a conflict going on at present in the province of Whang-hai between the Protestants and Catholics, so it is not all peace and happiness and goodwill in this floruit kingdom—the Land of the Morning Calm.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending June 27, 1903

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COMMENT

BEFORE this number of the WEEKLY meets the reader's eye two candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency will have visited the Southern States, and the measure of welcome given them will have been carefully noted. Chief Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, is to keep his promise to deliver an address before the Georgia State Bar Association, a promise made last autumn, before he was suggested as a nominee for the Presidency. The invitation, it may be remembered, was communicated in a letter from a brother of Mr. Hoke Smith, formerly Secretary of the Interior. During the same week Mr. Edward M. Shepard is to deliver the Commencement address at the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia; and, subsequently, an address before the Alabama State Bar Association at Montgomery. This is the first, and, probably, will be the only, opportunity that Southern Democrats, and, for that matter, Northern Democrats as well, will have of learning Judge Parker's political views before the assembling of the Democratic national convention. It is true that he may, with technical propriety, restrict himself to purely legal subjects, but it is improbable that he will do so. He can scarcely avoid referring to the bearing of the recent refusal of the United States Supreme Court to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment on the political, social, and industrial future of the Southern States.

So far as Judge Parker's personal fortunes are concerned, much will depend on the conclusions at which the able lawyers of the South shall arrive concerning his political principles, intellectual ability, and firmness of character. That Mr. Shepard will make an extremely favorable impression on all those grounds may be taken for granted. The question of availability also is certain to be gravely pondered, for the thinking men of the South are well aware how much their section may have at stake in the course of the next few years. Now Chief Judge Parker carried the State of New York in 1897, only a year after McKinley obtained the unparalleled plurality of 268,469 in that State. Mr. Shepard, on the other hand, failed to carry the city of New York in his contest for the Mayoralty in 1901. It is believed, however, by well-informed politicians that, had he been nominated for Governor in 1902 instead of Coler, he would have beaten Odell, whose plurality, as it was, sank below 9000. The belief is founded on the fact that Mr. Shepard would have received in Albany, Rensselaer, and other counties many votes

which were withheld from Coler as being the candidate of ex-Governor Hill. It is probable enough that the apprehension of such an outcome of the election caused Mr. Hill to withhold the nomination from Mr. Shepard, who, if elected, would have distanced other candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. As it is, Mr. Hill retains a strong hold on the Democratic machine in the State outside of the city of New York, and hopes to be able to dictate the nomination if he cannot secure it for himself.

A new candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1904 has been put forward by Mr. Henry Watterson and endorsed by Mr. Bryan. The gentleman whom they suggest is Mr. Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, who has acquired a national reputation by his relentless exposure of corrupt bootlers in that city, and of bribe-takers in the Missouri Legislature. It may be said with perfect truth that Mr. Folk, in his city and State, has played a part strikingly similar to that played by Samuel J. Tilden in the city and State of New York. There is this difference, however: Mr. Tilden so thoroughly exterminated the corrupt element in his party that he gained absolute control of the machinery in his State, secured the Governorship by a large plurality, and controlled the larger part of the New York delegation in the ensuing Democratic national convention. Mr. Folk may have deserved similar success, but he cannot be said to have attained it. The corruptionists in the Missouri Democracy have the party machinery of their State so absolutely in their hands that it is doubtful whether Mr. Folk could secure any considerable part of the Missouri delegation. It is true that if, in spite of his lack of support from his own State, the national convention should give him the nomination, he would undoubtedly carry Missouri, for under no circumstances would that State reject the nominee of the Democracy.

For that very reason the nomination of Mr. Folk would be inexpedient. Democratic leaders at the South and at the North are well aware that for them the coming campaign will be one of extreme difficulty, as well as of vital moment. Their Republican opponents feel sure of victory, and, on the surface of things, there is ample ground for their confidence. As against Mr. Roosevelt, the Democrats cannot afford to waste an atom of their materials for gaining the good-will of the electors. Of those materials, one of the most effective is an appeal to State pride, which over and over again in our political history has availed to turn the scale. Now Missouri being one of the States which the Democrats are certain of carrying under any circumstances, it would be almost suicidal to take from it the nominee of the party for either the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency. At this crisis those nominations must go to the doubtful States. The nominee for the Presidency should be a man who has at least a fair chance of regaining New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; and the nominee for the Vice-Presidency should be selected from one of the States of the central West which Mr. Cleveland carried in 1892. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Henry Watterson, and for that reason we can hardly believe him to have been serious in putting forward Mr. Folk, who would make an ideal Attorney-General of the United States under a Democratic Administration, but who, from considerations of locality, is not qualified at the present time to lead the Democratic hosts to victory.

We are glad to see that our view of the issue upon which the Democratic party should go to the country in the next Democratic campaign meets with the approval of Mr. James

II. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency under President Cleveland, and now at the head of some of the largest financial institutions of Chicago. In a published statement of his views he agrees with us that the free-silver question is dead, or, not to quarrel for a phrase, in a state of suspended animation; and that the expansion question has been eliminated from the canvass by repeated decisions of the United States Supreme Court. According to the latest pronouncement of that tribunal, the Constitution did not follow the flag into Hawaii any more than it did into Porto Rico or the Philippines. It is true that we have since organized Hawaii as a Territory, and admitted her delegate to the House of Representatives. No doubt we shall do as much for Porto Rico by and by, and eventually for the more civilized sections of the Philippines. Republicans and Democrats now only differ as to the date when such a Territorial organization would be expedient in the case of the last-named islands. Under the circumstances, the expansion question can play no considerable part in the campaign.

So far as the trust issue is concerned, Mr. Eckels concedes that Mr. Roosevelt has temporarily spiked the Democratic gun. The only material step taken in a dozen years to enforce the anti-trust act has been taken under the Roosevelt Administration. If, indeed, he should refrain from using the additional powers of enforcing the anti-trust act which recent acts of Congress and the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case have given him, it will be possible for the Democrats to train new artillery upon him. We add, what Mr. Eckels evidently sees, that by his unconstitutional interposition in the anthracite-coal strike Mr. Roosevelt has temporarily outbid Democrats of Mr. Bryan's type for the labor vote. That demonstration of personal sympathy might not weigh against the tidal wave of dislike of Republican administration which would sweep over the country should an industrial crisis occur before November, 1904. Of a prostration of the national industries there are, as yet, however, but few, if any, indications. What issue, then, is there left upon which, with any reasonable hope of success, the Democracy can force the campaign to turn? Mr. Eckels concurs with us in thinking that such an issue can nowhere be found except in the demand for an immediate and thorough revision of the Dingley tariff. Experience has shown that there is absolutely no chance of securing such a revision from the Republicans, and that the people must look for it exclusively to the Democracy. On no other issue can the Democratic party hope to secure considerable accessions in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and other States deeply permeated with the "Iowa idea."

It is amusing to hear some of the Republican organs asserting that the frauds which have been exposed in the Washington post-office, and which are threatened with exposure in the post-office of New York city, date back to the second Cleveland Administration. As a matter of fact, the acts of corruption brought to light by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol were, every one of them, committed during the last six years, and have been brought home to members of the "new crowd," the name which, according to ex-Cashier Tulloch, was boastfully applied to themselves by the men who took possession of the offices after March 4, 1897. Moreover, the report of the Civil Service Commission, which was made public on Saturday, June 13, declares, as a result of a recent investigation of the state of things in the Washington post-office, that under Postmaster-General Smith and First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath that office was unlawfully used for political and personal purposes. Mr. Procter, the president of the commission, says that as early as February 9, 1898, he called the attention of the department to the illegal practices in the Washington post-office, and secured a promise from Heath that they should be discontinued. The promise was not kept. Mr. Procter says further that, while Postmaster Merritt did not initiate the improper practices except in eleven cases, he did not protest against the unlawful orders of his official superiors.

We are glad, and not surprised, to learn that, when the violations of the civil-service law were called to Mr. Roosevelt's attention, he forthwith put an end to them. We have no

doubt that he will pursue an equally summary course with the bribe-takers and blackmailers in the Washington city post-office, and in the post-office of New York city, which is believed to be equally honeycombed with fraud. As we write, it is reported that a Federal grand jury will be called upon to investigate some of the employees in the last-named office. Postmaster-General Payne is acquitted by the Civil Service Commission of personal responsibility for violations of the civil-service law. It did not enter within the province of the commission to examine charges of bribe-taking and blackmail, and, therefore, Postmaster-General Payne stands precisely where he did as regards the imputation of doing his utmost to crush up and derive the accusations of corruption in the Postal Department and in the Washington post-office. Since Mr. Roosevelt's return to the Federal capital, Mr. Payne has ceased to describe the specific charges of fraud brought against favorite employees as "lancombe" and "hot air," but First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol must, if they have any sense of humor, smile when they hear their official chief vociferate "turn the rascals out." It begins to look as if the Post-office Department were an Augustan stable, but the President is just the man to clean it.

Both the War Department and the Navy Department have made public the draughts of regulations devised for the reorganization of our military and naval services. To begin with the army, we observe that the adoption of the plan proposed will make the chief of staff all-powerful. He will unite in himself all the authority theoretically exercised by the commanding general under the present law, and all the power that has been practically, though unofficially, vested in the Adjutant-General. The new regulations will reduce the Adjutant-General to a mere keeper of records, though, of course, he will also officiate as the speaking-trumpet of the chief of staff, by whom all orders will be issued. All staff bureaus will receive instruction directly from the chief of staff in the name of the Secretary of War. Not only is the control in military matters now nominally vested in the commanding general transferred to the chief of staff, but supplies and equipments will also be ordered and supervised by him. We note, further, that an officer detailed from the general staff to either a department, a division, or a brigade in the field, is to become the chief of staff of the commanding officer of the department, division, or brigade, no matter how much he may be outranked by other staff-officers in the command. In other words, efficiency instead of seniority is to qualify for command under the new system, and the chief of staff himself will be the most powerful officer that has ever held a position in the United States army in times of peace.

Turning to the navy, we find that the proposed reorganization will place under the control of the Assistant Secretary all the bureaus of the department except the Bureau of Navigation, the duties of which are to be performed by the general staff. The senior naval officer on duty at the department is to be chief of the general staff, and it is planned that he shall have the high rank of vice-admiral. Under him will be three divisions of the staff—the divisions of the personnel, of the fleet, and of war plans, respectively—and the heads of at least two or three divisions will rank as rear-admirals. In the absence of the chief of the general staff, the head of the personnel division will have general supervision over the entire organization. We add that the scheme here outlined, which has been submitted to Secretary Moody, and which Congress will be asked to adopt, contemplates the creation of an executive committee for the specific purpose of formulating war plans and directing the work of all the branches of the general staff. Whether this projected reorganization of the navy will be sanctioned in all its details may be doubted, but it is believed that the general principles on which it is framed will be accepted.

There will be no new coal strike. Delegates representing the United Mine Workers in the three anthracite districts met in evacuation on June 15 at Scranton, with the determination to either endorse or elect the presidents of the three district unions who had previously been appointed representatives of the miners on the Conciliation Board. The delegates, apparently, were willing either to endorse the three

representatives by a collective act of the convention, or to resolve themselves into three district conventions, and proceed to elections of the same representatives. Yielding to the objection raised by the operators, they did both, and their action was accepted by President Barr. We are again constrained to say that the objection was merely technical, and that, even considered as a technicality, it was not well founded. A clause of the award rendered by the Coal Strike Commission provided that in any district where a majority of the miners were organized the representative of that district on the Conciliation Board should be appointed by such organization. The word "appoint" is used twice in the clause, and the word "elect" not once. Judge Gray, the chairman of the Strike Commission, having been requested to give his view of the way in which the clause should be interpreted, confined himself to pointing out that "appoint" and "elect" were not synonymous terms. Nevertheless, the operators refused to recognize the three representatives of the miners, on the plea that they had not been elected each in his own district. They have never alleged that a majority of the miners in each district are not organized. Under the circumstances, if the position taken by the operators had caused the miners to strike, the latter would have commanded the sympathy of the community.

We find it difficult to believe the report which comes to us from Washington, that President Roosevelt has decided to invite Senator Quay to supersede Senator Hanna as chairman of the next Republican national committee, and consequently, to assume the management of the campaign in 1904. It is said that Senator Platt of New York has strongly recommended the change, and that his advice will be heeded. No sincere, well-informed, and far-sighted friend of the President's can wish to see the funds and the fortunes of the Republican party intrusted to Mr. Quay. Has Mr. Roosevelt forgotten that the Senator from Pennsylvania narrowly escaped the penitentiary? Does he not know that there is no other conspicuous member of the Republican party who would be so likely to repel the support of reputable men? Does he imagine that bankers and manufacturers would cheerfully make large contributions to a campaign chest controlled by Mr. Quay? Even Mr. Hanna found it very difficult to extract from business men the funds urgently needed for campaign purposes in 1900, and would have failed to secure the necessary supply of money had he not circulated alarmist rumors. In view of that fact, it may be plausibly argued that Mr. Hanna's day of usefulness is over, but to replace him with Senator Quay would be a fatal blunder.

Fancy Mr. Quay applying to New York bankers for funds to be used against Mr. Cleveland! The subject suggests cartoons. We warn the Republicans that, if their Democratic opponents nominate, as we believe they will, a man of flawless reputation who commands universal respect, they will need to push the better element of their party to the front, and keep it there. There will be no "burrak" campaign in 1904, no rough-riding into the White House. The business community is by no means convinced that the Presidency can be safely intrusted to Mr. Roosevelt for seven years, and, if its confidence is desired, prudence would dictate the relegation of Mr. Quay to a back seat. To see him chosen for the rôle of standard-bearer—such is practically the function of the chairman of a national committee—might please the people responsible for the post-office scandals in Cuba and Washington, but it would not rouse pulpits to enthusiasm, nor call out the vest-pocket vote. Still, it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt next year will exemplify the saying that whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad, in which event, of course, dismay and sorrow will cloud the countenance of Senator Platt. There are as many ways of injuring a candidate as there are of killing a cat, but the most effective of all methods would be the selection of Mr. Quay for the chairmanship of the Republican national committee.

Those who take it for granted, in view of the recent unfavorable reports from Bogota, that the canal treaty will be rejected by Colombia, are reckoning without the French Canal Company, or rather without the principal stockholders or bondholders therein. In its collective capacity, the company can neither bribe nor intimidate, but the large holders

of its securities are in a different position. They are well aware that their investments will be worthless unless the property of the company can be sold to the United States. Their agents, therefore, at Bogota, are likely to subject the members of the Colombian Congress to a pressure that they will be unable to resist. They will be unable because the pressure will not take the form of appeals to their immediate pecuniary interests exclusively. It will be pointed out that, unless the canal treaty is ratified, it would be worth while for the large holders of the Canal Company's securities to bring about a secession of Panama, and perhaps, of the adjoining province of Cauca, and to convert their territory into an independent republic. There is no doubt that a revolution with such an end in view could easily be started, and it is probable that, owing to the utter destitution of the Bogota government, it would be successful, provided the revolutionists could prudently secure from France war vessels, cannon, rifles, and ammunition. Our own position, of course, pending the revolution would be one of neutrality, so long as order should be maintained on the line of the Panama Railway, which we are bound by treaty to protect.

But the revolution once triumphant, and independence re-established, we should be bound by precedents to recognize the new republic, and to acknowledge that the treaty rights relating to the isthmus guaranteed by us to New Granada in 1846 had passed to the Republic of Panama. We should then be at liberty to enter into a canal convention with the new republic, which, on its part, would receive the whole of the ten million dollars in gold accruing by way of purchase money under the existing treaty, as well as the annual subvention to be ultimately paid. As things are now, the province of Panama, or, for that matter, the adjacent province of Cauca, which stretches along the Pacific coast from Panama to Ecuador, is unlikely to receive a penny of the price to be paid by us for the canal franchise. If the present treaty is ratified, the whole of the purchase money will be divided among the Bogota politicians. That is one of the two reasons why many citizens of Panama would like to see the present treaty rejected. The other reason is that, as the treaty guarantees the sovereignty of Colombia over the zone through which the canal is to run, the province of Panama would, should the treaty be ratified, be deprived of a recourse to revolution hereafter, no matter what oppression she might suffer at the hands of the Bogota government. What the natives of Panama want is not only a portion of the purchase money, but a guarantee of their own sovereignty over the canal zone. With these objects in view, they will be tempted to begin a revolution within a week after the rejection of the treaty at Bogota. Such a movement is dreaded by President Marroquin, and for that reason he will strive to get the present treaty ratified.

The amazing improvement of Porto Rico in material well-being during the short period which has elapsed since that island acquired free trade with the United States is an impressive object-lesson, not only to Cuba, but to Canada, now that the latter country has seen her dream of a preference in the British market dispelled. Moreover, the advance already made by Porto Rico is but a forerunner of the unexampled prosperity to which she may now look forward. This will be evident if we glance at some statistics just published in Washington, and consider them in connection with the information furnished by Governor W. H. Hunt, who is now on a visit to his native land. It appears that in the ten months ending with April the total shipments of merchandise from the United States to Porto Rico were valued at \$10,082,594. During the same ten months the aggregate shipments of merchandise from Porto Rico to the United States amounted to \$4,535,364. In the single month of April the shipments from this country to the island were valued at nearly a million dollars, and those from Porto Rico to the United States at almost two millions. From these figures it is a fair deduction that during the fiscal year which ends June 30 the total shipments from the United States to Porto Rico will reach \$12,000,000, and those from Porto Rico to the United States about an equal sum.

To appreciate these statistics, we should recall that in the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1898, immediately preceding our

acquisition of the island, our exports to Porto Rico were valued at \$1,506,000, and in the next fiscal year at \$2,086,000. Thus our shipments to the island to-day are eight times as great as they were in 1898. On the other hand, shipments from Porto Rico to the United States have increased during the same short interval from less than \$2,615,000 to about \$12,000,000, or almost fivefold. It may be remembered that, after the transfer of the island from Spain to the United States, Porto Rico was threatened with industrial depression, owing to her loss of the Spanish market for her principal export staple, coffee, a loss not counter-balanced by the gain of a market in the United States, where, as yet, there was no demand for the Porto Rico berry, though this is of admirable quality, and has always commanded a high price. There are now signs of a change in this respect. We learn from Governor Hunt that from January to June of the current year more than five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Porto Rico coffee was exported to the United States, as against only \$21,000 worth during the same period in 1902. Again, over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Porto Rico sugar has been sent to the United States since January 1; this also represents a heavy increase over last year. We add that the tobacco manufacturers of the United States are at last beginning to import the leaf from Porto Rico, where a great deal of tobacco is now being cultivated under canvas. Such facts warrant the belief that within a decade the island is likely to attain a surprising level of prosperity.

At the hour when we write it seems improbable that our Federal government will comply with the request of our Jewish fellow citizens, and express regret at the failure to avert the massacre of Jews in Kishinef. It is understood that the Russian ambassador at Washington has been instructed to intimate in a private interview with President Roosevelt that the Czar's government, while deploring the atrocities perpetrated at Kishinef, and having taken measures to punish the authors of them, as well as the functionaries responsible for a failure to avert them, could not brook, even from the United States, an official expression of criticism on its management of its own affairs. That was precisely the position taken by the Bucharest government with reference to the treatment of Jews in Rumania, but it did not prevent Secretary Hay from requesting the signatory powers to enforce the Treaty of Berlin, which, as he pointed out, was violated by the anti-Semitic legislation in Rumania. Has our State Department one rule for weak powers and another rule for strong powers? Secretary Blaine recognized no such distinction when, about a dozen years ago, a ukase was issued at St. Petersburg rigorously confining Russian Jews to certain specified provinces, and subjecting them, even there, to regulations and privations that rendered life almost intolerable. It was foreseen that the outcome of the ukase would be a signally increased emigration of Russian Jews to the United States, and Mr. Blaine pointed out that this country, being injuriously affected by the act of a foreign ruler, had a moral, if not a legal, right to protest against it. It was on this precedent that Secretary Hay's remonstrance against the disabilities suffered by Jews in Rumania was mainly based. Now, no wrong ever experienced by Jews in Rumania is comparable with the massacre of which they were the victims in Kishinef. Neither is there the slightest doubt that the terror caused by the outbreak of race hatred in Bessarabia and the adjoining provinces will cause an even greater outflow of Jewish fugitives to the United States than was occasioned by the ukase to which we have referred. It may, indeed, be too early to trace in the emigration statistics any marked effect of the Kishinef massacre, but, just as soon as such an effect shall be clearly traceable, we do not see how our State Department, with any show of consistency or decency, can ignore the two precedents which we have named, and omit to repeat the protest which it uttered not long ago in the case of Rumania, and, under the Harrison Administration, in the case of Russia herself.

An interesting and very important side of the Servian revolution is the question of dynastic connections which will be secured to the little Balkan state by the accession of the Karageorgevitch family. It is well known that Peter

Karageorgevitch married a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, who, however, died some years ago. She was the mother of two sons, however, who are therefore in the line of succession for the Servian throne. These two boys are nephews of Queen Helena of Italy, the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and sister-in-law of the now Servian King; they are also, needless to say, the grandsons of the ruler of Montenegro, whom Alexander III., of Russia, used to call his only friend in Europe. The relations between the little principality of Montenegro and Russia have been of the closest, and the two sons of the new Servian monarch are being educated in Russia, under the auspices of the imperial family, and in close touch with the court. It is evident that this close alliance with the royal house of Italy and the equally close friendship with Russia are elements of stability in favor of the new Servian dynasty. It is well for us to remember that the bond of language between Servia and Russia is also very strong, each being able easily to understand the speech of the other, and both using the same Slavonic alphabet. Servian is simply antiquated Russian, and is identical with Croatian, the Slavonic tongue of southern Austria and Hungary. All this has a bearing on the politics of the Near East, which will reinforce the tendencies of the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding between Russia and Austria, for a powerful solution of the Balkan question. The present overtures which Bulgaria is making to the Porte are in the same direction, though we must remember the deep and bitter jealousy which has for centuries existed between Bulgaria and Servia, and which broke out into open war in 1885, when Rumelia was added to the Bulgarian principality.

Do the United States owe no duty to humanity in the matter of the Belgrade massacre? Queen Victoria caused the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office for hastily recognizing the usurped authority of Prince Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, because he seemed thus to condone the wanton slaughter of bystanders on the Paris boulevards, which was one of the incidents of that revolution. The Queen desired to withhold such recognition, and thus to signify her abhorrence of the atrocious methods by which the French Constitution had been subverted. Are civilized peoples to leave unrebuked the palace tragedy at Belgrade, many of whose hideous details are probably as yet unrevealed? We fear that the question must be answered in the affirmative, so far as most of the European powers are concerned. They seem disposed to regard the massacre as a merely domestic incident of which they can take no official cognizance. That is the position which they took with respect to the persecution of the Armenians, and which they are now taking with reference to the sufferings of which Christians are the victims in Macedonia, and Jews in Bessarabia.

Señor Matos, sometime called "General" Matos, ex-candidate for the Venezuelan Presidency, is holding up his hands, promising to be good, and begging that great and good man, Don General Cipriano Castro, not to shoot. So it is all over with the Venezuelan revolution. A few days ago Señor Matos turned up in Curaçao, begged for a good draught of the eponymous liqueur, and announced that he was dead beat. The Dutch government, evidently unwilling to incur the enmity of that powerful ruler and progressive statesman, Don Cipriano Castro, told Mr. Matos to move on; he is still moving on, and is now expected in New York, where he will explain how it was that his revolution failed. We are happily, however, already informed as to the reason his enterprise proved abortive,—he was foolish enough to go into the fighting business without knowing how to fight, and this against a remarkable man who seemingly knows nothing else, unless it be the arts of irregular finance. While temporarily enjoying the unwilling hospitality of Curaçao, Mr. Matos published a manifesto, addressed to the Venezuelan people, confessing that his revolution had petered out, and announcing that he would ask the great and good man whom we have already named to guarantee the safety of himself and all his followers, so that they may be able to return to their homes, and work for the consolidation and peace and prosperity of Venezuela. It is all very beautiful and idyllic, but for our own part, were we Mr. Matos, we should consider

the advantages of foreign travel and the improvement of our minds as against the cloying delights of languorous Venezuelan life, which cannot be really healthy for the ex-revolutionist, fresh from the scenes of stirring activity. In a word, we should be somewhat unwilling to expose ourselves to the climate of Caracas until the long-promised change of dynasty had materialized.

Premier Combes evidently has the bulk of the French voters at his back, even with all the eruditions and excesses of his recent anti-clerical campaign fresh in all minds. All the recent by-elections have gone to the Ministry, including five the week before last, so that the Premier feels that he has a mandate to carry his crusade farther. He has, therefore, proposed to the Chamber to pass at once on eighty-one applications, made by various orders of sisters, for permission to remain in France, continuing their work as teachers. M. Combes asks the Chamber to refuse all these applications by a single vote. Meanwhile, two other measures, even more radical, and even socialistic in a certain degree, have been passed by the French Senate. The first of these reduces the term of military service in France from three to two years, the socialistic character of the measure being emphasized by the greatly increased stringency in the curtailment of exemptions, by which it is intended in part to make up for the reduced term of training. Even more striking is the establishment of old-age pensions, on which the Chamber has for some time been at work. This bill provides that old, incurable, and infirm people, who are aided in their homes, will have the right to receive a sum not less than two dollars a month, to be voted by the Municipal Council, and of which the commune, the department, and the nation, each of which has its own treasury, shall each pay one-third. This new and, from one point of view, very admirable law is the work of M. Millerand, the socialist so warmly commended by Kaiser Wilhelm, and M. Henri Monod, Director of Public Assistance. It is doubly interesting to find France realizing this plan, while Secretary Chamberlain is dangling it before the eyes of the British electorate as the bait for his imperial sullivanism.

The German elections show great gains for the Social Democrats, who are gradually taking their place among the stronger parties in the medley of groups which make up the Reichstag. At the same time, prosperity is evidently having its effect on them, for they have gradually become transformed into something hardly distinguishable from advanced Radicalism, as unlike as possible to the militant and revolutionary socialists like Hertzen and Bakunin and the Geneva group. The evidence all over the Continent, and in this country also, goes to show that, while we are seeing more and more socialistic measures becoming law, we are at the same time drifting farther and farther from the prospect of a general socialistic polity, in the sense desired by extreme theorists like Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. We may confidently expect the Kaiser presently to discover that the German socialists are less black than they have been painted, a discovery for which he has already paved the way by his praises of M. Millerand. He will then proceed to appropriate and father the best of their measures, perhaps following France in reducing the term of military service, and establishing old-age pensions. Thus the best elements of the socialistic programme will gradually be woven into the laws of the nation, without any of those extreme revolutionary movements which the enemies of socialism have so much dreaded.

The grotesque ignorance of the average Briton, no matter what his claim to education, regarding the United States, has long been notorious. Every American visitor to London is amazed and amused at it. We do not expect such ineptitude to be betrayed, however, on the part of distinguished British statesmen, who have been, now are, or are likely to be, called upon to shape the policies by which the relations of Great Britain and the United States are determined. Yet, within the last week, we have had two memorable exhibitions of ignorance with regard to matters about which the exhibitors should have found it easy to procure correct information. In a letter to a working-man friend, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of the Colonies, and formerly president of the

Board of Trade, alleged the other day that the registration fee on grain and flour, reimposed in April, 1902, in Great Britain, was paid, not by the British consumer, but by the American railways, who were compelled to transport the food products of the West to the seaboard at a lower rate. Now the fact is that, during the summer of 1902, the cost of carrying grain from the Middle West to the seaboard increased from ten to twenty per cent. over what it had been the previous season. A little later grain rates were advanced still farther from two to five cents per one hundred pounds. That is to say, during the very period when, according to Mr. Chamberlain, the British bread-eater was relieved from the onus of the registration duty on imported breadstuffs by the American railways, those common carriers were getting far more for transportation than they had previously received.

So much for Mr. Chamberlain's competence to discuss a politico-economical question of the most vital moment to his countrymen. Next to the Colonial Secretary, no member of the House of Commons ought to be better informed regarding things American than Sir Charles Dilke, who has been repeatedly a globe-trotter, and who is well known to us, not only by his former relation to the British Foreign Office, but as the author of *Greater Britain*. Now, according to a telegram, which has not been contradicted, Sir Charles Dilke, speaking in Parliament on Wednesday, June 10, asserted that Great Britain had not been injured by free trade, for the reason that her foreign exports were still equal to the combined exports of the United States, Germany, and France. As a matter of fact, in 1901 the British exports were valued at \$1,362,728,899; or, in other words, they fell more than \$75,000,000 short of the exports of the United States alone, which, in the year named, were valued at \$1,438,078,651. It is true that in 1902 the British exports amounted in the aggregate to \$1,379,847,315, or some \$16,000,000 more than those of the United States, which last year were \$1,233,288,491. In 1902, however, Germany's exports were valued at more than \$856,000,000, and those of France at upwards of \$741,000,000. It follows that the combined exports of the United States, Germany, and France last year were very much more than double those of the United Kingdom. Such was the monumental blunder of a statesman who, when the Liberals return to power, will co-operate in determining the politico-economical future of the British Islands.

There is the authority of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* for the declaration that the commonwealth's attorney, Byrd, of Kentucky, who has undertaken to secure the conviction and punishment of the chief assassins in Breathitt County, in that State, "is the only official in Breathitt County whose desire to vindicate the law at all hazards is not under suspicion." Not even the judges are exempt from the accusation of indifference or cowardice or implication in the crimes. This is a charge which a non-resident of the State might well hesitate to make, for indirectly it is an accusation against the honor of all the inhabitants. These assassinations in Kentucky are attributed by some observers to the system of county politics in Kentucky. The struggle for the county offices is so intense that rival politicians and their partisans are led to murder to attain their ends, and assassination is further fostered by the spirit of the vendetta which prevails in the mountainous regions of the State. Under the circumstances, a county attorney who enters upon the task of punishing the criminals, with a sincere purpose to secure punishment, comes so near to being a hero that he deserves as much glory as if he undertook to charge a Spanish fortress. He takes as much physical risk, and he seeks an accomplishment as well worth while. Not all prosecuting attorneys have the opportunity to exhibit courage as Mr. Byrd has, but all his professional brethren all over the country must be proud of him, as an example of how a lawyer can exhibit a high type of heroism in the discharge of a patriotic duty.

The retirement of the Knisel Quartette from the Boston Symphony Orchestra doubtless will compel that unexcelled organization's wealthy and beneficently inclined backer—Major Higginson—to search Europe thoroughly this summer for men to take their places and that of Mr. Loeffler, who also leaves the orchestra, and it will be some time before Mr. Gerlicke can expect to have under his control again quite as perfect an

orchestra as he has had of late. But it had become quite impossible for the members of this quartette to stand longer the double strain involved in their own organization's tours and in those of the larger body of musicians. One or the other had to be given up. Moreover, they cherished the natural ambition to see Europe again, to display their skill there, and enter into competition with the best that the Continent has. Therefore, the severance of relations, which, by their own confession, is "difficult and painful," but imperative. The fame of both the orchestra and the quartette is so much more than local, or national even, that this sudden alteration in long-standing relations has peculiar interest to lovers of music throughout this country.

A not uncommon intellectual diversion in Boston is the construction of definitions of drunkenness. One or two of the municipal-court justices have heretofore gained fleeting fame by devising meanings which were calculated to make easy the escape of offenders who came before them. Perhaps this is what induced Mr. John E. Macy, an instructor at the Boston University Law School, to give his attention to the subject, and to declare that any person "is guilty of the offense who is found in a public place so influenced by liquor as to be an example demoralizing to the public and subversive of good-citizenship." As a comprehensive definition, this leaves nothing to be desired. Under its rigid application, no guilty man could escape, and the duties of petty judges would be confined to the imposition of fines and costs. However, as Mr. Macy is not a justice, but only an instructor of possible justices, who are yet in the chrysalis stage, and in whom the experiences of life will tend to promote leniency of judgment long before they are recognized as fit to sit on even the lowest bench, it is to be presumed that the criminal jurisprudence of the State will adopt his decision as a most admirable statement of a solemnly correct principle rather than as a rule to be uncompromisingly followed.

Just as a man has precisely the friends that he deserves, a nation undoubtedly possesses the literature that it is fairly entitled to. The ordinary American will not take much interest in the discussion in the literary journals of the questions whether the present literary output of the United States is unworthy of the country, and whether the public taste is degenerating. The tree bears just such fruit as its seed, the soil in which it grows, the winds, the rains, and the birds and insects make it bear or let it bear; and though much of its fruit may be blighted and rotten, and though the crop occasionally is very light, there is assurance that the well-watered, well-nourished, and well-pedigreed tree will turn out its due proportion of good fruit in the long run. The orchardist's safest policy is to let it go on producing the kind of fruit that it was designed by nature to bear. As to our American literature, there has been rather too much of the endeavor to engraft nectarines, pomegranates, and other impossible Old World fruit upon it. The grafting process is all right, but in order that the stock shall support and nourish it it is necessary that the scion shall be akin to the tree, after all. Exotic and alien branches will only wither away, no matter how smoothly they are waxed to our tree. Also the tree must get its growth before it can realize its possibilities. Our greatest present real trouble is that the gatherers of our national literary fruit are so numerous and so zealous that they pick far too much of it before it is ripe.

There has been much thought and much talk about the possibility of ex-President Cleveland's running again for the Presidency, and much speculation about Mr. Cleveland's desires in the matter. After all, his preferences are not of so very much consequence. If he wanted ever so much to be renominated, he is not in a position where his own activities could very greatly improve his chances, and if he were ever so loath to be President again, he is hardly in a position to refuse if the people's call to him should be sufficiently urgent. Perhaps his sentiments in the matter are not yet formulated. And why should they be? For him the strenuous period of life seems to have passed. It may recur again, but he has worked through it once, and is surely under no obligation

to chase around after it. His intentions or desires he makes no effort to disclose, but something has transpired that throws some light on his general state of mind. It is "A Word to Fishermen," which he contributed to a recent number of the *Independent*. Adverting to the different kinds of fishermen that there are—though one name has to do for all of them—he writes:

"We who claim to represent the highest fishing aspirations are sometimes inclined to complain on days when the fish refuse to bite. There can be no worse exhibition than this of an entire misconception of a wise arrangement for our benefit. We should always remember that we have about us on every side thousands of those who claim membership in the fishing fraternity, because, in a way, they love to fish, when the fish bite—and only then. These are contented only when captures is constant, and their only conception of the pleasures of fishing rests upon uninterrupted slaughter. If we reflect for a moment upon the consequences of turning an army of fishermen like these loose upon fish that would bite every day and every hour, we should see how nicely the vicissitudes of fishing have been adjusted, and how precisely and usefully the fatal attack of discouraging bad luck selects its victims. If on days when we catch few or no fish we feel symptoms of disappointment, these should immediately give way to satisfaction when we remember how many spurious and discouraged fishermen are spending their time in hammocks or under trees or on golf-fields instead of with fishing outfits, solely on account of just such unfavorable days. We have no assurance that if fish could be easily taken at all times the fishing waters within our reach would not be depopulated, a horrible thing to contemplate. . . . What has been said naturally leads to the suggestion that consistency requires those of us who are right-minded fishermen to reasonably limit ourselves as to the number of fish we should take on favorable days. On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to bear the fall between what we may determine upon as decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and we make ourselves at all points better men and better fishermen. We ought not to forget these things as we enter upon the pleasures of our summer's fishing. But in any event let us take with us when we go out good tackle, good bait, and plenty of patience. If the wind is in the south or west, so much the better, but let's go, wherever the wind may be. If we catch fish, we shall add zest to our recreation. If we catch none, we shall still have the outing and the recreation—more healthful and more enjoyable than can be gained in any other way."

Any one who is anxious for fear that Mr. Cleveland is losing sleep over the chance of being nominated for President again may surely find abundant reassurance in the tone of philosophy that pervades this piscatory discourse. He certainly is not fishing for the Presidency, but as a fisherman he must notice a constant nibbling at his hook to see if it has Presidential bait on it. As a fisherman he must be amused by these attentions, for they make for sport, but as a philosopher he sits imperturbable, secure in his recreation, whether the nibbles develop into actual bites or not. Let us have no concern about his peace of mind. He is not greedy; he is not hustling; and whether the wind is in the south or the west, or even in the east, he doubtless finds sport pretty good.

We print on another page an article by Mr. George F. Summers, M. E., on "Our New Field-Artillery." The article has been examined and its publication authorized by the Secretary of War, so that it may be considered authentic, and, in effect, official, in point of substance. While seemingly a casual description, the article contains considerable food for thought. Mr. Summers believes that, as the distance necessary for effectual warfare between combatants in a field engagement is constantly increasing, it is probable that future land battles will be fought, not with small arms, but with sharpshooters, and at a distance of from two to three miles. The subject invites speculation.

What does the Fourth of July really Mean?

IMMEDIATELY, the Fourth of July is solemnly observed to celebrate the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Essentially, the celebration has a deeper significance, and one which the Americans ought to know more about than they do. It recalls not only our own independence, but the triumph of the English people over the crown, and the relegation of the king to his true place in the English system of government. By the English system of government we mean not only the system in England, but the system obtaining in the United States, the systems of Canada, of Australia, of all the truly independent powers which have grown up as a result of the great English movements of adventure and of colonization which, from time to time, expressed English energy, or the English spirit of revolt, or that of unrest, from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria.

To those who know the development of English popular government, the Fourth of July marks the time since when no English monarch has dared to demand the right to tax English people, at home or in distant colonies, without their consent. The struggle was long, and the crown fought hard for its prerogative, but, despite this, the principle of English liberty of taxation which was apparently most untoward circumstances, the crown became what it is, and a republic was established which has become the strongest nation in the world. The story is a romance, and it cannot be told too often, or read too many times. For those who have not the time for special investigation, it is best told in Green's *History of the English People*. For those who have more leisure or a greater interest, there is a score of books, and no inspiring is the tale that the style of nearly every writer on English constitutional law is affected by it, and is marked by that nervous energy which makes Green one of the most intensely interesting of historians.

The movement began far back in the shadowy times even before an indefinite number of kingdoms were united under a West Saxon overlord, or were called the heptarchy. Even in those early days we find the money needed by the king going to him from the local government freely, not as a tax, but as a gift. At last we find the king putting his hand out and taking money for the purpose of keeping off the Danes, or of confining them in that northern and eastern part of the island which, in later times, became the home of a real English nobility, moved by real national passion, and the birthplace of popular power. Even then the money, as it was called, was not given, but was levied against the taxpayer, and the tax was levied against angry protests. Later kings, recognizing its unpopularity, promised to do away with it.

It was a happy fact in English history that when the Normans came the kings had need of the English people. The question which confronted William the Conqueror after he had taken away the lands of the Anglo-Saxon thegnhood was presented by the feudalism which he was bound to set up in his new realm. The issue was whether the newly and greatly enriched Norman baronage, or the king, should rule the land. The great vassals ruled France. The king there was at the mercy of his feudatories. William himself was not loyal to his master at Paris. Should it be the same in England? It never was the same in England, because the Norman kings made even their feudatories, and, with their aid, kept down the barons.

It is not a simple story. The conflict was

full of ups and downs. The Normans and Plantagenets were not only absolute, but tyrannical. The power of the people developed slowly and against much kingly opposition. It was because Henry II. possessed, in France, a realm vaster in extent, and of greater importance, than England, that he was forced to be absent most of his time. It was because of his absence that he was compelled to build up an administrative machine which made the law permanent in the island, and gave to the ministers of law opportunities which, on the whole, worked for the advantage of the people. It was mainly a matter of bargaining. The king gave to the people in order that they might help him to prevent the loss of royal power and dignity, and the reign of anarchy, which prevailed in France. They got from him the right of trial by jury and the administration of justice at home, because juries and judges were first used for taxing purposes. They received the gift of king's justice to do away with the oppression of the courts of the barons. They were relieved of the oppression of venal judges. They were protected by the king against their immediate lords, and these lords were compelled to promise to do to their men as the king did to them. But at the bottom of the fabric was the king's acceptance of the principle that the king should have no money except by the consent of the Great Council, and this Great Council was always, in theory at least, representative of the nation. It was variously called Witenagemot, Common Council, Parliament. It was first, in theory, democratic, for all freeholders had the right to attend. Then it became representative, composed entirely of the lords, the bishops, and the other tenants-in-chief. Then the Commons were invited to send their knights, and finally, we had the two Houses of Parliament as we have them today. There was never a time when the nation did not believe that the king's revenue was a free gift from it, given by the county courts or by the Great Council. Kings demanded concessions, and the nation, through their representatives, assented. The crown took money to which the law and the ancient customs did not entitle it, and the people rebelled. Parliament, giving the money, finally insisted upon determining the manner in which it should be expended, made appropriations. Making appropriations, the question arose as to which body should originate money bills. The claim of the right to originate by the Commons was admitted by king and lords. Then followed the demand that the Commons had the right to examine into the accounts of the king's officers, then the right to impeach the king's ministers. While these demands were under discussion, the king undertook to secure money without consent, heaving his claims on ancient customs. He insisted on rights of prerogative which would have enabled him to do without Parliament, as Charles I. tried to do without one for eleven years, as other kings before and after him undertook to govern despotically. The king construed his rights in such a way that the Tudors repealed statutes by the acquiescence of subservient Parliaments. The Stuarts undertook to play the same royal game, and the second lost his head and the last his crown. Sometimes the king seemed to win, but invariably each epoch was closed with the gain of the people fixed in a charter or in a statute.

When the last Stuart was declared to have abdicated because he left the kingdom, England had seen the last king who ever dared in England, to try to tax Englishmen without their consent, or to overturn English laws by the exercise of his prerogative. But the Englishmen on this side of

the water were obliged to carry on the conflict, and they carried it on for English-speaking people everywhere, as well as for themselves. When George III. came to the throne he intended to follow his mother's urging, and to be king. He undertook to overthrow the responsible ministers by his "kitchen cabinet," and to defeat the will of the constituents by corrupting the House of Commons. This was his home policy. Some of the American colonies had royal charters, and he undertook to govern them despotically. He was beaten by a union of the colonies. The Parliament, with its corrupted House of Commons, forgot that we were English too, and undertook to tax us as if we were dependents. So the old fight, which had endured since the days when Norman kings began to try to cheat the people of their right to consent to the amount of money which they would give to the crown, was finished on this side of the water. No English king since George III. has tried to circumvent the majority which represents the majority of the House of Commons. Victoria insisted that the Queen had the supreme power over foreign affairs, and both Palmerston and Gladstone ignored her, while Disraeli and Salisbury did what seemed good to them, although they disappointed her more politely than did her Liberal ministers. She insisted that a member of the royal family should always command the army, and that the crown should be real head, and, before her death, she saw the army itself entirely under the control of the Commons. On this side of the water, George III. first, and Parliament after him, undertook to govern colonies as dependencies, and lost this country. The consequence of this is not only a great republic, but some strong and independent English-speaking colonies. The Fourth of July is the day on which we have won the right of the people here and abroad, the growth of individual liberty, and the absolute independence of the crown in English lands.

Whom Will the Republicans Nominate for Vice-President?

SINCE the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy by the Ohio State convention, and the renouncement of Senator Fairbank's candidacy by Indiana politicians, it is taken for granted by Republican leaders and Republican newspapers that their national convention will nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency—and probably by acclamation. They are now discussing candidates for the Vice-Presidency. Messrs. La Follette, Yates, Cummins, and Van Sant have been put forward by Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, respectively, but, as the choice of any one of these would be likely to excite factional discontent within the party in his State, the national convention will doubtless look elsewhere. Mr. Myron T. Herrick, Senator Hanna's lieutenant, and candidate this year for the Governorship of Ohio, is also talked of, but it is doubtful whether Senator Foraker's friends would like to see him in the Vice-Presidential chair. The same thing may be said of Senator Hanna himself. Ohio, however, might present a candidate to whom there ought to be no objection. We refer, of course, to Judge Taft, now Governor-General of the Philippines. He has no enemies within his party that we have heard of, and, by his reputation for sound and sober judgment, he would strengthen the Republican ticket. If, however, Republican leaders see reason to fear defeat, they are likely to use the Vice-Presidency as a means of propitiating wavering voters in several States. In that event they will offer the nomination for the

Vice-Presidency to Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, if they are well advised, and if he is willing to accept it. They would thus achieve the double purpose of fortifying their party in a doubtful State and of selecting for the second highest post in the Federal government a man thoroughly qualified to occupy the highest.

We hope that many years will elapse before a national convention shall again nominate for the Vice-Presidency a man whom it would never dream of selecting for the office of Chief Magistrate. We also hope that as long a time will pass before a statesman of the first rank shall again regard the office of Vice-President as unworthy of his acceptance. Two unexpected and three tragical events have brought thinking men to the position with reference to the Vice-Presidency which was occupied by the framers of the Federal Constitution, and which continued to be held by statesmen for a long time after the Twelfth Amendment altered the mode of procedure in the electoral college. It is well known that originally the Presidential electors of each State did not vote for President and Vice-President separately, but for two persons, each of whom they believed to be qualified for the higher office. All the electoral votes having been transmitted to the President of the Senate and counted by him, the person having the largest number of votes became President of the United States, provided the number was a majority of all the Presidential electors. The person having the next largest number of votes for the Presidency became Vice-President. The four Presidential elections up to and including 1800 were conducted in conformity to this provision, and the result was that the Vice-Presidents were never considered by a majority, or nearly half, of the Presidential electors qualified for the highest office in the Union. Thus, under Washington, John Adams was Vice-President, and under Adams, Thomas Jefferson. It may be said that Aaron Burr was an exception to the rule we have laid down, but those who say this allow their judgment to be warped by their knowledge of Burr's subsequent conduct. In 1800 Burr was much more acceptable as a candidate for the Presidency to Anti-Federalists in the North than was Jefferson, and but for the combination of Burr's friends with Jefferson's, the Federalists could not have been beaten. Indeed, the subsequent proceedings in the House of Representatives, which had to choose between them (Jefferson and Burr having received the same number of electoral votes), showed that most of the Federalists preferred Burr for President, and he might have made him President but for the influence exerted by Alexander Hamilton. In 1805 and 1808—that is to say, for Jefferson's second term and Madison's first term—George Clinton was Vice-President. Now there is no doubt that, although Clinton was specifically chosen Vice-President by the Presidential electors under the Twelfth Amendment, he was deemed by his party in the State of New York, and generally in the North, to be of full Presidential status. Before being nominated for the Vice-Presidency, George Clinton had been elected and re-elected Governor of New York from 1780 to 1795, and again in 1801. Elbridge Gerry, who became Vice-President in 1813, had been long the most distinguished member of his party in New England. He had been a member of the Continental Congress, of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, and of the first Congress under the Constitution, an envoy to France, and Governor of Massachusetts. Daniel D. Tompkins, who was Vice-President during both of Monroe's terms, had been Governor of New York from 1807 to 1817, and had acquired great distinction

by the energy of his administration during the War of 1812-16. The Vice-President under John Quincy Adams, and during Jackson's first term, was one of the most remarkable and influential statesmen that this country has produced; we refer, of course, to John C. Calhoun. He was succeeded in 1833 by Martin Van Buren, who, at the time, was the most conspicuous Democrat in the Northern States, and who retained enormous influence over his party in New York for fifteen years. We scarcely need point out that, with the exception of Adams and Jefferson, we have in Martin Van Buren the only example of a Vice-President who ever became by election a President.

Since Van Buren's time the office of Vice-President has generally been looked upon as less desirable than that of Secretary of State. It has been rejected by men who would gladly have accepted the latter post, and it has usually been conferred on men not regarded at the time as of Presidential calibre. It is a fact sometimes overlooked that in 1840 and 1848 the Vice-Presidency would willingly have been conceded by the Whig convention to Daniel Webster, and had he not rejected the office as beneath him, he must have become President through the death of his official superior. He accepted the post of Secretary of State under Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore. It is even less generally known that, in 1864, the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which eventually fell to Andrew Johnson, might probably have been secured by Benjamin F. Butler, had he thought it worthy of his tenacity. Who now remembers the name of Richard M. Johnson and William B. King, respectively chosen Vice-President in 1836 and 1852? How long are the names of John C. Breckinridge, Hamiel Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, and William A. Wheeler likely to be remembered? Not any one of those men would have been selected for the office of Secretary of State in the days when it was held only by a man next in party eminence to the President himself. Everybody knows that in 1860 Conkling, by lifting a finger, might have secured the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which was given to Chester A. Arthur in the hope of conciliating the Senator from New York. It is well known that Arthur never held an elective office, and that from the appointive Federal office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York he was dismissed by a Republican administration. It would be absurd to say that Levi P. Morton, Adlai E. Stevenson, and Garret A. Hobart were men of national reputation when they received the nomination for Vice-President. On two occasions, however, namely, in 1884 and 1888, Democratic national conventions resorted to the practice of an elder time, and named for Vice-President one of the men whom, next to Mr. Cleveland, it would have wished to see President. We allude, of course, to Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and to Judge Thurman of Ohio. We scarcely need recall the fact that in 1900, had the Republican leaders foreseen Mr. McKinley's tragic death, they would not for a moment have considered Mr. Roosevelt's name for the Vice-Presidency. Had Mr. Hobart lived, he would no doubt have been selected.

We believe that the national conventions in 1904 will take warning by former overlooks, and will nominate for the Vice-Presidency men, in their judgment, thoroughly qualified for the higher office of Chief Magistrate. This consideration, operating in conjunction with the desire to carry a pivotal State, will probably cause the Republicans to select for Vice-President Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, and we opine that he, taught by the past, is unlikely to repeat Daniel Webster's blunder.

Will Canadian Liberals Turn to the United States?

The outcome of the memorable debate in the House of Commons on June 9 and 10 must have convinced all intelligent inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada that the present generation will not witness the grant of a preferential tariff on food products by the United Kingdom to the Colonies. In other words, the Canadian Conservatives were right when they insisted that the gratuitous concession of a preference of 23 1-3 per cent. to British manufactures in certain schedules of the Dominion tariff should not have been made, but that such concession should have been conditioned on the simultaneous reception of a *quid pro quo*. Magnanimity, they said, might be magnificent, but it was not politics or political economy. The Liberals, on their part, denied that they were actuated by magnanimous motives alone, but said that they had given the tariff preference to the mother country in the firm belief that, ultimately, their generosity would be appreciated, and would be rewarded with an equivalent concession. They will now recognize that the hope must be renounced, not only for the present hour, but, so far as we can forecast the future, forever. With every year, the numerical superiority of the non-agricultural to the agricultural section of the British population is increasing, and that the former section will not bear of today it cannot be expected to tolerate a decade hence. What course, then, is left to Canadian Liberals, if they desire to promote the prosperity of their native country, the rapid growth of the Dominion in wealth and population? There is absolutely no alternative but to revert to the programme of 1891, when the Canadian Liberals advocated unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Let us remind them of the aims and views which at that time they proclaimed when they were confronted by a far more formidable opponent, Sir John Macdonald, than they would now have to face.

Sir Richard Cartwright was the first of the active political leaders of the Dominion to declare for commercial union with the United States. He made the declaration at a time when he was the most influential personality in the Liberal party, at least in the Federal arena, and his words had an authority with the Liberals in Ontario which Mr. Laurier's could not as yet command. In a public speech made on October 15, 1887, Sir Richard Cartwright said: "I have an aversion as my men can be no annexation, or to resign our political independence, but I cannot shut my eyes to the facts. We have hereby misused our advantage. We have been most foolish and most wasteful in our expenditures. We have no means of satisfying the just demands of large portions of the Dominion, except through such an arrangement as commercial union with the United States." Subsequently the programme of commercial union was abandoned by the Liberals in favor of a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, or Continental free trade, each of the parties to the compact retaining its own tariff system as against other foreign countries. In the autumn of 1887 the interprovincial conference which met at Quebec, and which included representatives not only of the Liberal governments of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, but also of the Canadian government of New Brunswick, and of the Conservative government of Manitoba agreed unanimously on a resolution to the following effect: that, having reference to the agitation on the subject of

the trade relations between the Dominion and the United States, the interprovincial conference, consisting of representatives of all political parties, desired to record its opinion that unrestricted reciprocity would be of advantage to all the provinces of the Dominion. Thus the controversy stood when the Ottawa Parliament assembled for the session of 1888, and the Liberal members came together in caucus to define the policy of their party on the subject which for many months had engrossed the attention of the Dominion. The caucus authorized Sir Richard Cartwright to introduce a resolution setting forth that it was highly desirable that the largest possible freedom of commercial intercourse should obtain between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and that it was expedient that all articles manufactured in, or the natural products of, either country should be admitted free of duty into the other, articles subject to duties of excise or of internal revenue alone excepted. The policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States was thus definitely adopted, and in the next three years all the energies of the Liberal press and of the Liberal leaders were devoted to educating the country to an acceptance of the proposal. On February 3, 1891, the Ottawa Parliament was dissolved, and there is but little doubt that in the ensuing campaign the Liberals would have been triumphant but for Sir John Macdonald's success in stalling their announcement by requesting the British government to transmit to Washington a proposal for a renewal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, with the modifications required by the altered circumstances of both countries, and with the extensions deemed by a joint commission to be in the interests of Canada and the United States. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues argued that, as they only desired the sanction of the country to conclude a reciprocity treaty, it would be rash and untimely to disturb the negotiations by a change of government in Canada. Events were soon to prove that Sir John Macdonald and his Conservative friends were not sincere in their professed desire for reciprocity, but the pretence of such a desire, together with fervent appeals to Canadian loyalty, sufficed to carry the general election, though the Liberal party broke even in Ontario and Quebec. It is now interesting to recall that in the course of the campaign of 1891 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Premier of the Dominion, declared that the reform suggested by the Liberals was absolute reciprocal freedom of trade between Canada and the United States. The advantages of such a policy he placed upon the one controlling consideration that the political power of the Dominion was vastly in excess of its consuming power; that, as a consequence, new markets had to be found abroad, and that its geographical position made the great neighboring nation of 63,000,000 (now upwards of 80,000,000) people of hithered origin the best market obtainable by Canada. To the charge that unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would involve discrimination against England, he answered that it could not be expected, would indeed be folly to expect, that the interests of a colony must always be identical with the interests of the motherland. He recognized that the day must come when, from no other cause than the development of national life in the colony, there must be a clash of interests with the mother country, and in any such case, such as he would regard as inevitable, he [Laurier] would stand by his native land. Mr. Edward Blake, the former official chief of the Canadian Liberals, had remained silent throughout the contest of 1891, but, after the election was over, he published a

letter in which he admitted that he had viewed with personal disapproval the programme of unrestricted reciprocity largely because he could not see how, under such a fiscal system, revenue needed for the expenditures of the Dominion could be raised. He insisted that direct taxation would be out of the question, and, therefore, of the financial problem presented by unrestricted reciprocity he could see no solution which would not leave the Dominion embarrassed by a great deficit. In the same letter, however, he admitted that unrestricted free trade with the United States, secured for a long term of years, would greatly advance the most material interests of the Canadians, and help their national, their largest, their most substantial and promising industries; would create an influx of population and capital, and promote a rapid development of forces and materials as yet unused. In three words, unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would give the Dominion what it imperatively needed, to wit—men, money, and markets.

For some years, the Canadian Liberals have abandoned the policy which they advocated in 1891, and have pursued an *ignis fatuus*. They have fondly cherished a hope that, if they were very, very good, and gratuitously gave to British manufactures a preference in the Dominion's markets, they would eventually gain a corresponding preference for their food products in the market of the mother country. That hope is gone. They must now recognize that the interests of Great Britain and the interests of the Dominion are not only not identical, but are growing more divergent every year. Under the circumstances, what remains for them but to own frankly that they have been misguided, and to recur to the wiser policy of a dozen years ago?

The Servian Tragedy

For their dramatic effect, the fall of the Obrenovitch dynasty through the assassination at Belgrade is equal to the catastrophe of Macbeth, the death scene in "Hamlet," or the murder of Julius Cæsar. It was the instinctive recognition of the element of drama in real life which lent such tremendous interest to the events in Servia, a country of small weight in world politics, and of which even the location was hardly known to one in a hundred readers who were thrilled by the horrors surrounding the death of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

For any adequate parallel we have to go back to the Middle Ages, the days when wars raged all over Europe for decades and generations, when dynasties rose and fell by armed might, when assassination was a recognized form of statecraft. That such a grim medieval tragedy should unfold itself before us in the twentieth century is a forcible reminder that the heart of man is little changed by all our boasted progress; that the same passions work themselves out in the same ways as of old; that vast masses of mankind are still inspired by the primitive forces of hatred and revenge, the bloodthirstiness of the enraged animal.

But to gaze the full dramatic effect of the Belgrade catastrophe we must have the perspective of the events which led up to it, the sense of the earlier acts of the drama, which began about a century ago; and in a tremendous stage-setting of oak forests and mountains, we must watch the first rivalry over the throne between the descendants of Kara George and the descendants of Obren, the final struggle between whom has just terminated in the utter extinction of the latter. Strictly speaking, the struggle which made the name of Black George Petrétitch,

or, in Turkish, Kara George, a household word in Servia, was not directed against the Sultan or the principle of Turkish rule. It was a fight against the abuses and atrocities of the Janizaries, who, like the "Fetretarian Guard" in the declining Roman Empire, grew overbearing and insolent and turned their power against the throne itself. The Janizaries carried on the work of butchery and outrage which has made the Turkish name infamous through the annals of Europe, and the Sultan Selim fought against their power and their abuses only less determinedly than did their Servian victims. For those helping unbelievers against the faithful, Selim was slain—Mourad Sultan, the Infidel Emperor, and many attempts were made by the Janizaries to kill him.

It was in the midst of this storm and strife that Black George emerged into fame and national celebrity. A giant in strength, fierce, rude, illiterate, he is something like a reprobate of Hercules or Achilles, in these latter days, a man who agita and agita was better; agita—increased by sheer force of personal valor and personal muscular force. He was passionate and moody, utterly unable to bear opposition, and had that disregard of human life which gives the Balkans such an evil name. Black George was once in flight from the Janizaries, with his aged father and family. His father refused to cross the Danube and become a voluntary exile. Black George promptly shot him, saying afterwards that this was a better fate than falling into the hands of the enemy. Another time, having a quarrel with his mother, who was holding a hive of bees in her hands, Black George seized the hive and crushed it on her head, like a cap, leaving her to the horrible torture of the bee-stings, which nearly brought about her death. In like manner he ended a dispute by hanging his own brother to a neighboring tree, drawing the same tight with his own hands. Need it be said that his methods of warfare against the Turks were not marked by gentleness and humanity? He was rather a survival of the warrior types of ancient days, having something of the spirit of a Neolithic cavewalker, a rude quality of aboriginal force, marvellous enough in our modern days. When he finally raised himself to the highest power in the Servian nation, he manifested, as a ruler, the same character that made him great as a warrior, the cunning of the hunt, the keen sense of the peasant, the passionate temper and despotic will which gave him such heroic force to last.

His eclipse was as sudden as his rise. Though he had the grand lineaments, showed himself absolutely dauntless in face, of seemingly certain death, he finally gave way to panic and fled to the Austrian dominions, carrying nothing with him but a personal hoard of money and valuables. He drifted eastward to Bessarabia, and there passed several years of exile.

The despotic power which had slipped from the hands of Kara George was seized by Milosh Obrenovitch, a former soldier, who had fought his way to prominence along with George Petrétitch. Milosh was, if possible, even more despotic than his predecessor, and his reign is a record of arbitrary and tyrannous acts, his opponents being punished with rigors that recall the Inquisition,—impaled, broken on the rack, mutilated, and mercilessly hustled down or driven into exile. After Milosh had held the throne for some years, Black George brought him to that he should return to his native forests and hills and make one more bid for supreme power. He set out, but was met on the way by two emissaries of Milosh Obrenovitch, who, failing to persuade him, took the Balkan way of settling matters and

cut off the old man's head. It was afterwards exposed by the Turkish authorities, stuck on a stake, in the grim way that things are done in those realistic lands.

The struggle between the two houses went on. After a few years the descendants of Kara George, the Kara-georgievichs, got the upper hand, but they once more succumbed to Balkan methods of statecraft, and the Obrenovitch family had another innings, which has just closed as we have seen. The sordid tragedy which gave at least the pretext for this last act of violence is too well known to need much description. Alexander, son of the de throne and divorced royal and gambler, while a mere boy of fifteen plunged into an intrigue with a married woman twice his age. Her husband finally divorced her, and this worthy daughter of a Serbian estate-holder saw her way clear to a throne. She gained absolute control over her youthful slave, and ruled Serbia even more despotically, with even greater disregard for the liberty and rights of others, than Milosh the tyrant or Black George the warrior. How her victims paid their scores, and, incidentally, set the descendant of Black George once more on the throne, is now a matter of universal knowledge.

A Wedding in the First Circles

SEXTON MARK HANNA'S family enjoyed a wedding some days ago. There was nothing strange in the fact of the wedding. It was one of those inevitable things to which families are liable. Families with daughters in them are often thus deranged, and families with nothing but sons are prone to be recipients of new members. Mr. Hanna's wedding for his daughter showed the best side of him, and it prospered him in reputation, as fathers are in the habit of winning commendation when there comes to them the opportunity of revealing what they think of daughters. Mr. Hanna's wedding, however, had a national aspect, and it is from the public point of view that we wish to consider it for a moment.

For the wedding was a great political event. Somehow the bride and the bridegroom disappear, and we see the President arriving, walking with Mr. Hanna in the cool of the morning, hear him call the statesman of Cleveland "Uncle Mark," and watch him, on his return, join with "Uncle Mark," Senators Hale and Keen, and other gentlemen of good political fortunes, on the back piazza. The occasion was nothing; the event was everything. The pilgrimage of the President and of the other mighty men was the recognition of the festivity as that of the leader of the party.

It was natural that Republican politics should drift into society, and it was appropriate that the Hanna wedding should be a political affair. It is doubtless a pity, and it will be exceedingly regretted, that the blushing bride and the strong bridegroom should so completely disappear. What was obvious was the gathering of the politicians, and the character of the event became of secondary importance. It might as well have been a convention or a "reorganization plot" as a wedding. However that may be, the conclusion is clear that, at least, the Republican leaders stand apart as a class, and that their social functions are among the most important functions of the party. Mr. Hanna is not only the political but he is the social leader of his party. The President ought to be, but as yet he has not been, and probably will not be, for the simple reason that he is not as rich as the practical leaders of his party. Mr. Roosevelt comes nearer to social leadership than any other President, but that is because, unlike most Presidents, he is used to the ways of society.

The new phase is, in the end, that a Republican society has grown up with non-archival initiations. It was certain that this would be one of the consequences of the fostering of a class. It has been the aim of the Republican party, of late years, to breed and maintain a class interest, and, in turn, it has depended for its political fortunes on that interest. In its early days the Republican party was an organization with a distinct moral purpose, and very soon its leaders and its politicians were at the front in the great civil war. Its idealists died or separated from it, and its selfish self-seekers remained. Reconstruction days bred vice enough for any two parties, but the tariff bred even greater vice, and, besides, built up a class. This class, starting from the foundations, became rich, and was then ambitions of splendor. The war with Spain, the terror with which we inspired the monarchical continent of Europe, gave to this class new impulses, encouraged half-concealed desires, bred a love of splendor in its members; and so we have a new uniform for the army, precedence for civilians, and a politico-social life which is a reminder of the ways of Mother England. Perhaps the fashion starts a little late on this side of the water, and perhaps the Republican leaders are a little too much like the useless and impotent "Old Whigs" of George III.'s time, but we have the initiation, for good or ill, and the class which the Republican party has constructed with money favors from the public treasury is now entering upon that social course which is still a reminiscence on the other side of the water.

In time, we may see the President making the rounds of the country houses of his party's social and political leaders, just as the Queen used to pay visits to the Whig nobility when she wanted to show her sympathy with Melbourne, or to the Tory nobility when she was exerting her royal influence for Peel when he was trying to repeal the corn laws, or against Gladstone when he was intent upon looking after the affairs of England and upon leaving liberty to have her sweet way among foreign countries.

In Washington already we have the royal rules of etiquette. At the most business-like of the President's luncheons, when the political drummer is most in evidence, and at the most intimate and non-political affairs, the President receives the first attention, as becomes his rank. Society generally in Washington is taking on more and more of a political hue. The leaders of the party in power stick closer and closer together, stuff one another with good food, and encourage one another to deeds of party enterprise, complete the political solidarity by adding the social customs. The times when the closer friendships, because they were freed from personal jealousy, were the strongest, when Edmunds and Thurman were the Dromedaries of the Senate, seem to have passed away. Society is more official, as well as stiffer, since it became political. Women who are accustomed to the capital say that of late society there is not so pleasant as it used to be before party took possession of it. Society having thus been seized upon by party leaders, the members of the diplomatic corps court the official entertainments, to the neglect of the others and of the entertainers. To cross the new social structure, which is composed, as we have tried to describe, of the political chiefs of a party and of their insouffler followers, is the wedding of the "big chief." A distinguished scientist, a sprightly wit, a modest accomplished man of the world, once returned from glorious social triumphs in Europe to taste the joys of his familiar New York, and was ungrateful enough, and witty enough, to say that it was Simian.

"Roman Generals"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Army and Navy Journal* takes exception to a statement of ours in an editorial comment on the comparative forwardness of young men in modern and ancient times. The statement was that "by law a Roman had to be well advanced in middle life before he was eligible for the consulship. There was no such thing as a young military commander. The career of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Bonaparte would have been impossible under the Roman Republic." What we should have said is that by law there was no such thing as a young proconsular commander. The critic of this statement goes on to say that "three of the greatest of Rome's generals were Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Scipio Africanus. Cæsar was prætor in Spain, had attained military distinction before the age of thirty-eight, and began his magnificent campaign in Gaul when forty. Pompey held high military command at the age of twenty-five, was accorded a triumph at thirty, had chief command in Spain before thirty-five. Scipio Africanus commanded in chief in Spain at the age of twenty-five, was elected consul at thirty, and at the age of thirty-three defeated Hannibal in the great battle of Zama. Either HARPER'S or history must be at fault." HARPER'S WEEKLY is not at fault, but the critic's history is. In the paragraph to which we have referred we were not presenting a dissertation on the laws of the Roman Republic respecting the age required for the consulship and the military command thereto attached. We alluded cursorily to the rule which prevailed in the Roman Republic under normal conditions.

There is no doubt that during the civil war which preceded Sulla's dictatorship, and that under the triumvirate of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, the laws were suspended or temporarily overridden. The fact nevertheless remains that under the republic, while a republic it was, the legal age for enjoying the consulship was forty-five. By law, also, an one could be made consul a second time only after the lapse of ten years. These laws were very rarely broken. It is true that about the middle of the fourth century B.C., M. Valerius Corvus was made consul at the age of twenty-three, and that in 198 B.C. T. Quintus Flaminius obtained the office when he was thirty, against the vehement opposition of the tribunes, who insisted that the law should be observed. There are two genuine exceptions. It is true, also, that when Rome was fighting for her life against Hannibal, Scipio Africanus the Elder was elected consul at the age of twenty-eight (not thirty); in the last war with Carthage, Scipio Africanus the Younger became consul at thirty-eight.

The last-mentioned case may also be deemed a genuine exception. Pœmpius Magnus was made consul in his thirty-sixth year. With regard to Julius Cæsar, he went to Spain, not as prætor but as Proprætor, in 61 B.C., being then either forty-one or forty-nine, according as we take the date of his birth to be 102 or 100 B.C. He was consul in 57 B.C., being then either forty-five or forty-three. The popular vote by which he obtained as proconsul the command in Cisalpine Gaul for five years (to which the Senate added Transalpine Gaul) was a violation of Rome's organic law, and born witness to the extrajural power of the triumvirate. We repeat that, so long as the laws of the Roman Republic were observed, the career of Alexander or of Hannibal or of Napoleon Bonaparte would have been impossible. The republic was already moribund when Julius Cæsar dealt it a death-blow.

Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

A Grain of Wheat in the Heap of Chaff

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, with a book bearing the ostentatious evidence of a Franklin Square publication in his hand, took the tattered and decrepit chair which the Higher Journalist keeps for the discouragement of visitors and, "You Americans are a most amusing lot," he said.

"Why do you say you Americans?" the higher journalist demanded. "Aren't you an American yourself?"

"Yes, but I have lived abroad so long that in coming back I am able to bring the alien eye of Europe to bear on American conditions; and I find nothing more striking from a psychological point of view than the unanimity with which you Americans have lately resolved to rehabilitate the South in the glamour of romance which used to hang about it in the days before the South tried to destroy the Americans as a nation. It's quite without parallel in history. I was at a play—one of half a dozen like it—in New York last winter where the Confederate gray bore the palm from the Union blue in the applause of the audience, and the strains of ' Dixie Land ' roused the theatre to a frenzy of cheers which ' Yankee Doodle ' quite failed to inspire. In your popular fiction I find the same anomalous acceptance of the Lost Cause, as the highest and best cause that ever was lost. When I went to live at Paris, in the middle eighteen-seventies, we were still in the belief that it was a cause in which men mistakenly fought against the notion of American nationality, in order to help some millions of other men in slavery. We were wrong, and if so, why were you so long in finding it out?"

"I think," the higher journalist suggested, "that you mistake our position somewhat. We do not applaud the Lost Cause, for we still believe it was lost, but we sympathize with the brave men who lost it, no matter how bad it was."

"Well, that sounds fine—finer, perhaps, than it really is. But we will pass that, and get down to business."

"Ah, there is some business, then?" the higher journalist inquired, with the irony he is endeavoring to make his specialty.

"Of course there is!" his visitor retorted. "I might waste your time—which is apparently of the value of a setting-lead—but I have some conscience about my own. Have you seen this book?" he abruptly demanded, holding the volume he had brought with him.

The higher journalist glanced at the title. "Of course I have! Are you trying to argue yourself unknown? Or have you read it so mistakenly as to suppose it is one of our instruments for 'the rehabilitation of the South in the glamour of romance'?"

"It is exactly so that!" the mysterious stranger excited, "and for that reason I rejoice in it. For the first time—or say, the second; for the other book by the same authors was of the same good sense and good art—the South seems to be getting it well written about as it really is. At its rate, it was an entirely intelligible and imaginable South that I found in 'East-Over Court House,' and that I find again in 'The Redfields Succession.' And it is here a charming South, a South that I should like to live in, whereas the South of the Lost Cause would have bored me to death—or to extinction, as I heard a lively lady phrase it, the other day. What interesting, probable, and delightful people these 'Red-

fields Succession' people are! The women seem to me particularly good, and they are the life of the story, as the women are of every novel worth reading. There are two or three among them—Nannie Carrington, and 'Miss Beesie'—Taylor, Southern types unimpaired by the North, and Virginia Sanford, characterized but not corrupted by New York—who are women it has done me one of the greatest pleasures to know. I not only personally like them, because they are so good and agreeable, but because they are so well and agreeably portrayed by the authors. I am getting rather too romantic for a gallop across country with them at the fox-hunts, but I have set out a great many dances with them at the hops and balls they seem to be always having down there in that post-bellum Virginia of theirs. The whole atmosphere of the book is of the quality of the air one breathes; the light is not "the light that never was on land or sea," but much better—the familiar sunlight and moonlight of our every-day money-making and love-making. The good sense and the good-will that these Southern women have are in keeping with the common sense of their environment. Life there seems to be business as well as pleasure. The men work hard, as well as drink hard and ride hard; sometimes they do all three; but they are honest, and if they are not so amusing to me as the women, they would probably be more amusing to a woman reader. I'm very glad to have the authors—why do they write in couples? I wish they would write separately, for then we should have twice as many novels from them—make their best behavior so magnanimously, and at the same time so creditably; and I'm glad to have them make him a New York newspaper man by training, though a Virginian by blood. It is not often, I suppose, that a New York reporter gives up a minor of two thousand acres when he finds that his uncle meant to leave it to a lady—even such a lady as 'Miss Beesie'!"

"Well, I don't know," the higher journalist answered. "The newspaper is trying hard to be a school of morals, now that the theatre has gone to the bed."

"Well if it graduates such fellows as Trueman Gault, I congratulate it on its success. He is a genuine man, whereas that St. Clair, who marries Miss Beesie, and incidentally the manor, rips a little romantic, and is more of the old-style Southern-fiction convention. He is quite as selfish as Gault, and not nearly so noble. But what I like most in the work of your Mr. Henry B. Brown and your Mr. Kenneth Brown is their self-evident accuracy in rendering the Virginia accent; not in speech only, that would be easy, but in conduct, in ideal, in character. From high to low, their people are the creatures of their environment, with reaches beyond it, which best attest their truth to it. 'Miss Beesie' is as conscientious as any New England woman, but with what other than a New England conscience! Tell me," the mysterious stranger broke off, "how does this grain of wheat in that heap of chaff which your popular fiction seems to be, succeed with your imbecile public generally?"

"Is that important, or pertinent even?" the higher journalist warily parried.

"It isn't of the big-sounding stamp, then?"

"It will be of the long-lasting, I think. And I am glad you appreciate it even if you are not so numerous as our imbecile

public. A student of our conditions could hardly leave their books out hereafter, and the lover of good literature will like to take them in now. As you say, they are not only delightful, but lifelike."

"Why, my feet is hot and my back cold yet with standing before their big wood fires in their vast rooms down there, and I am still stifling in the heat of their country fields! Those fellows know how to give the sense of things physical as well as aerial in their scenes. And I like the simple, unbragging courage with which they paint the modern Virginians' struggle against the odds of adversity, and his willingness to work as well as play. That is much kinder and truer than feasting the South on perpetual fatted calf, which, in worshipers of the golden calf like you of the North, here, is a sort of continuous deceit. The old South you are making-believe in was, as you seem to have forgotten, an agricultural community, with little urban civilization, in which the aristocratic virtues and the aristocratic vices flourished equally at the expense of the plebeian virtues and vices. It was a patriarchy founded on the subjection of the poor whites and the slave blacks. Its impulses were sometimes generous, its passions were violent, its native force was great, its education either stolid or provincial. It was medieval in the structure of its society, or, if you prefer, it was antique. In some respects it was better, and it was certainly shrewder than the North. When you now look back on the old South, and feel a lump of pathos rise in your throat for the Lost Cause, you think of the South as all patriotic, and you behold it bathed in the light of an idyllic beauty, mixed with the glow of a picturesque chivalry. You must feed your fancy somewhere, and you prefer to pasture it, just now, in the Southern swamps, and hills, and pine barrens. You tried for a while to make an ideal of the humorous backguard of the Western frontier, but he could not last; he had his little day, with his joke, and his slang, and his gas, but he could not last. You are a lot of snobs, you poor, later Americans, and you must somehow have your superiors. You have tried feeding them among your new rich, but the life of your millionaires forbids anything like romantic association. It is too obviously vulgar, too openly and hopelessly dull, for the vise of sentiment to cling to, or the flower of poetry to perfume. So you turn, not unaturally, to the old South, and look for your superiors there: men all courage and love, women all tenderness and daring self-sacrifices. I don't blame you; I try to account for you, to define you. You are sick and ashamed of your getting and having, and you yearn for social conditions in which these shall not be the highest things. But you are looking in the wrong place, when you look toward the past anywhere, and especially the past of our South. The present there, in the Virginia portrayed by the authors of 'The Redfields Succession,' has something worth while. They don't pretend that their Virginians are conquerors; but they show you in them an indigenous American life which has not only grand and charming, but has a claim, by its strength, and repose, and dignity amidst the toil of rebuilding the commonwealth on a sounder basis than the old, upon your honor and respect."

With these words the mysterious stranger effected a mysterious disappearance.

England and Protection

By Sydney Brooks

London, June 22, 1905.

"A severer against free trade! There is just as likely to be a revolt against the rule of three." That is what the Cobdenites have been confidently repeating for the last thirty years. They are repeating it still, but not quite so confidently. The truth is that England, while not actually reopening the question of protection or free trade, is coming to have an open mind about it. She is beginning, that is, to see that free trade is not an absolute law of nature, but an economic policy which may be discussed without sacrilege. That in itself is an immense step—whether backwards or forwards depends upon your point of view. But one must be careful—a good deal more careful than the out-and-out English protectionists have the sense to be—not to exaggerate its importance. It does not mean that the country is reverting to the principles of protection either now or in the not distant future. So far as I can see, there is not the smallest chance that England will ever turn her back on the policy which gave her her phenomenal start in the 'forties, and enabled her for a time to become the workshop of the world. Nothing of that kind is to be anticipated. An English version of the McKisley and Dingley tariff acts is just as unthinkable to-day as it has been any time during the last half-century.

Nevertheless, a change is undoubtedly at work, and the general trend of events favors rather than fights it. The old fanatical devotion to free trade has, to begin with, almost entirely worn itself out. For this the astounding successes which America and Germany have built up on the opposite system are largely to be thanked. The bright dreams of the Cobdenites have turned visibly to dust and ashes. Immensely justified as they were by the circumstances of the time, their enthusiasm made them regard the peculiar and accidental issue as a law of the universe. They were optimists, as all reformers must be, and they did not spare the paint in picturing the halcyon future of commercial peace that was to follow England's adoption of the principles they advocated. England listened, believed, and tried the experiment—to find herself, at the end of fifty years, even more isolated than when she began it. So far from making a single disciple, she has intensified her rivals in their adhesion to the ancient faith. Both as a system and as an idea protection is never stronger throughout the world, free trade never weaker, than to-day. This is a development the mere possibility of which was flatly scouted by the Cobdenites. The cornerstone of their whole argument was that when once England set the example, did the pioneering work, all Christendom would be bound to follow. The weakening from all such golden expectations has been wonderfully complete. England to-day no more expects the rest of the world to take to free trade than to disarmament.

Again, the country has several times of late been sharply reminded of the political drawbacks to free trade, and of the rebuffs to which she exposes herself by having nothing to give and no weapon to strike back with. The helplessness to which free trade condemns England is a direct incentive to Continental Anglophobia. The Germans or French politicians who are looking round for something to bring him into notice, attack England all the more readily because he knows that nothing he can say will affect the material interests of his country. He need not measure his words nor in any way curb his indignation. At the worst there will be but a growl from the English press.

The persuasive deterrent of a tariff duty England has long since agreed to forego. Her hands are therefore tied; she has given all she can; and, short of war, no method of retaliation lies open to her. In almost every conceivable case, when it comes to a matter of political bargaining, this puts her at an enormous disadvantage. From the Continental point of view, an anti-British policy is, therefore, the safest of all moves. It has the vital merit of impunity, and may be prosecuted not only without any fear of immediate consequences, but with a lively consciousness that nothing can be lost by it and that something substantial may be gained. Except in the last resort, England is virtually impotent. She can hot grin and bear it; and there is always the chance, as the Wilhelmstrasse has proved more than once, that if only the pressure is kept up long enough, England may be induced to make terms with it by a "graceful concession." In the modern world of competing empires and warring "spheres of influence," when government and diplomacy are feelings more complicated and difficult than they used to be before commerce and the earth-hunger reached their present height, Englishmen are painfully realizing that free trade is a severe and entangling handicap on their freedom of negotiation. They find that, voluntarily but inadvertently, they have pushed all the counters over to their opponents' side of the table.

Agriculture is still the greatest of British industries, and free trade, by universal admission, has dealt it a staggering blow. Nobody, not even the most rigid Cobdenite, pretends to deny that. But is agriculture the only industry that has suffered? That is what a good many Englishmen, watching the tremendous advances made by Germany and the United States, are beginning to ask themselves. The "decline of British commerce," which is, of course, only a relative decline, and means nothing more than that the old days of England's monopoly have made a bit of a badly frightened them. They realize that the inventiveness, the adaptability, the energy, the imagination, necessary for commercial success under present-day conditions are ten times more necessary for a free-trade than for a protectionist country; that England has virtually challenged the world and needs business qualities of a superlative order to hold her own. The growing sense that she does not possess these qualities has led—unjustly, I think, because the right solution is to be found in a better educational system and a wider mental horizon among both employers and employed—to a certain querulousness and despair under the extremes of competition that free trade has brought upon her, and to a desire to equalize matters of artificial means. That of course tells against the strict doctrines of the Manchester school; and the revolt is further aided by two movements of whose influence one can at present predict nothing except that it will certainly be great and may conceivably be overwhelming. One of these movements is based on the conviction that the national revenue, as now raised, grows less and less able to keep pace with the enormous expansion of national expenditure; that the "area of taxation" is dangerously narrow and, merely as a matter of sound finance, ought to be enlarged. The other movement, led by far the more important of the two, is the impulse, that every year grows stronger, towards an imperial colossus, or at least towards closer fiscal relations with the colonies on a preferential basis.

All these influences, then, point, not necessarily to protection, but assuredly to a modification of the old free-trade ideal, and to an increase in the number of tariff schedules. Nevertheless, anything in the na-

ture of a fresh return to protection is impossible in England. The masses have been long accustomed to cheap food to tolerate anything of the kind; I believe they would fight to prevent it. The cry that a government is "taxing the poor man's bread" is the most fatal charge that can be brought against any ministry in England. On this point the history of the famous corn tax is wonderfully illuminating. It was a small tax of six cents a hundredweight on corn and ten cents on flour imposed last year by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach "for revenue only." The most vehement protestations were made that it was not intended to be protective in any shape or form. Sir Michael claimed that it would neither raise the price of bread nor benefit the British farmer, but would simply confine itself to bringing in the required revenue. He added that it was to be a permanent part of the fiscal system. Since then a year has gone by; the expected revenue has been raised from the tax; the price of bread, if it has gone up at all, has increased so imperceptibly that no one has noticed it; and the miller, and perhaps the farmer, too, have benefited by it. Now comes Mr. Ritchie, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, and abolishes it at a stroke. All the arguments by which it was defended a year ago are now coolly thrown overboard.

Sir Michael put it on "because it will hurt nobody"; Mr. Ritchie takes it off "because it hurts everybody"; and Mr. Balfour, with infinite subtlety, maintains that it neither hurts nor benefits anybody, and therefore should be abandoned. The agriculturists in and out of the House are furious, and threatening revolt; and one cannot blame them. But the real reason for the abolition of the tax is neither fiscal nor economic, but purely tactical. It was unpopular, lent itself to misrepresentation, smacked too suggestively of protection—in short, the people would not stand it. Therefore it is abandoned and the country diagnoses the process as about as good a bit of cleverness as any one ever perpetrated. The truth probably is that neither the moderate free-traders nor the moderate protectionists have the courage of their opinions or even of their hopes.

But there is one man who has both—Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. Chamberlain has come out fat-footed in favor of preferential treatment of the colonies. Unless I am wholly out of my reckoning, his speech of last Saturday turns a tremendous page not only in British fiscal policy, but in imperial relations. In it he spoke with all his usual lucidity, and more than his usual feeling of the problems that lie ahead of the British Empire, and particularly of this problem of an imperial customs union. There were, he said, two alternatives, either (1) "to maintain in all its severity the interpretation of my mind as entirely artificial and wrong interpretation—which has been placed upon the doctrine of free trade by a small remnant of Little-Englanders in the Manchester school in which case we shall be absolutely precluded from giving any kind of preference or favor to our colonies"; or (2) "to insist that we will not be bound by any purely technical definition of free trade, that we will recover our freedom, resume our power of negotiation, and, if necessary, retaliation, whenever our own interests or our relations between our colonies and ourselves are threatened by other people." It was on this issue, he hinted, that the government would appeal to the country at the next general election. If so, there cannot, in the present fever of imperialism, be much doubt as to the result. There is a good deal of virtue in a phrase; and England, though she may never abandon free trade in name, will quite readily adopt "preferential treatment" in fact.

The Battle of Monmouth

By Will Carleton

June 28, 1778

From a Poem read at the Celebration of the 125th Anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, held on the Field, at Freehold, N. J., June 27, 1903

June 28, 1903

AGAIN to-day are the Jersey pines
Made dark by the glitter of Clinton's lines;
Through marsh and valley, o'er hill and plain,
And green-daggered meadow and waving grain,
From southern river to northern bay,
Twelve miles of soldiery winds its way.
Heroes of many a conquered elme;
Cavalry, cannon, and grenadiers;
Their general strong in his hardy prime—
A veteran, even at forty years.

Another line—a patriot band—
Have waited for sunrise to storm the land;
Not men who with mischief only to do,
Have fed and fattened the winter through;
Not men who have lounged on flowery tasks—
A rich old nation behind their backs;
But men who have frozen and starved their way
Through many a winter night and day;
And men who suffered that those at home
Might live in peace through the years to come;
And men that would die with a cheerful smile,
If but their country could live meanwhile.
No ribbons nor orders nor medals have they;
No tinsel to capture the dazzled sight;
Their flag is their pillar of cloud by day,
Their faith is their pillar of fire by night.

The lines have met!—the duel is on,
Ere high in the sky is the Sabbath sun!
And Dickinson's guns, no longer mute,
Have given the victors rough salute.
They fell on the foe with patriot zeal,
And bullet to helmet and steel to steel,
Took place of the morning bells of prayer
On the startled bush of the sacred air.

But what e'en a band of true men do,
If he who commands them prove untrue?
And how can a loyal fight be made,
If under the rule of a renegade?
O wise psychologists, picture me
The heart, that day, of General Lee!
Patriot or hireling, or hero, or knave?
American warrior, or British slave?
Or did his strangeness, leaping design,
Pass o'er insanity's border-line?

But students of souls, waste not an hour,
Waste not a minute, in telling me
The heart of that man, of godlike power,
Who met and swore at General Lee!
He met that breeder of dangerous fight,
Who held that Americans could not fight,
Leading the legions toward despair,
And cursed him handsomely then and there.
The scolding angel was not loath
To take heaven's chancery that honest oath:
He did not blush as he gave it in:
The godly purpose wiped out the sin.
Perhaps when his ear a moment caught
That solemn outburst of heart and brain,
The recording angel simply thought
That not to have sworn would have been profane.
O fields of battle, by patriots' blood
Made bright on this happy summer day,
You gleam still brighter in glory's flood
Because our Washington passed this way!

No longer led by a uniformed doubt,
But a man they love and know,
The patriot columns wheel about,
And savagely face the foe.
Now unto the monster Strife again
This Sabbath day is wed,
And churches are full of wounded men,
And pale unsmiling dead;
Now, women with homes from tyrants free,
And angels in homes above,

Look sharp through the smoke-stained air, and see
Men fight for the homes they love!

What boy is this—with a face as bright
As the morning's freshly opened flowers,
Who fought with Lee for a chance to fight,
Through all those terrible morning hours?
Oh, who, as our hosts once more advance,
For a moment can forget
The lad that came from the land of France—
The marvellous La Fayette!
Right well did the fates his mission know:
He was born a noble and dashing son!
He left his wife and fortune and kin,
For that which he deemed the right;
He followed the banner and helped it win,
Through many a glorious fight.
Not yet at manhood's earliest age
He turned this history's glowing page;
For half a century still was he

To live for his race: with heart and hands,
Both sides of the proud applauding sea,
He fought for the two republic lands—
France and America: now the ones
Under the eastern and western seas,
Which still are striving to teem the world
That men with liberty's flag unfurled
Can govern themselves, with no such thing
As feeble aid from an unsought king.

What woman is this of the saving craft,
With flashing and handsome eyes?
She brings to the soldiers the cooling draught,
Till her husband falls and dies,
And she, with sorrow and rage and pride,
She loads the cannon, that course beside,
And she, the woman of loving heart,
Who, acting a woman's gentler part,
Brought fragments of heaven from the brook's clear well,
New turns and gives the enemy—shell
And shot, and powder, and all the woe
That woman can fling at a hated foe.

Mad Anthony Wayne, to judge by the way
You fought, you were mad indeed, that day:
Foaming to fight when once let free
From the prison-squad of the laggard Lee,
Though happily under that same pilotoon
You did good work in the afternoon!
Agais in the hot strife you are seen,
Brave Knox and Hamilton—Scott and Green;
And Monckton—bravest of honest foes—
Shall still on the field of his fame repose;
Again we meet you with tearful smile,
O men of the patriot rank and file,
That carved for their country a bloody track,
And beat the army of Clinton back,
And pounded him all the afternoon.
Until he "skipped by the light of the moon,"
And after that few moons long had set,
Was skipping away from danger yet!

Our army slept in the sultry air;
And the crescent moon looked on them there,
Emblem of growth—and prophesied
The growth of our nation yet to be—
For which those patriots fought and died—
The nation they made for you and me.
Oh, long shall this shaft of glory tell
The deeds of the men who fought so well!
And long may it mark the friendship taught
'Twixt two great nations that twice have fought,
And felt a truth that has oft been shown—
That each is safer if left alone.

O dead of the nations, doubly blessed,
Reach upward and clasp your spectre hands,
And pray that God's good blessings rest
On both of the English-speaking lands!

Books and Bookmen

There was when the literature of America was the literature of New England. Even to-day the writers in America work more in distinctive are of New England, with the exception of Mr. James Lane Allen, whose name might add, Mr. H. B. Fuller if he were still writing. There never was a period of greater literary activity and intellectual stir than the present; from all quarters of the United States authors are busy in the making, and the "noise of pens writing" fills the air like the sound of a buzz-saw. But when we look for that note of distinction in our literature which is the mark of the master, the counterpoint of the artist, with few exceptions we shall find it only in the writing of New England writers. Tally to English critics about American authors, and the names that come most readily to their lips are William Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins, Sara Orne Jewett and James Lane Allen among the living. In this respect New England shares with old England the classic spirit and form of literary art. The greatest American novel yet written is *The Scarlet Letter*, measured by the English perspective, and next to that comes Miss Wilkins's *Pensacola* and Mr. Howells's *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *The Rise of Sino Lapham*, and *A Modern Instance*. It takes a long time before the impulse that is behind expression resolves itself into perfect artistic form. It is a style that gives the final touch to literary art, and stamps it with immortality.

Of living New England writers it seems to us that the work of Miss Alice Brown has not yet been fully appreciated and recognized. First of all, poetry, tingling with the rapture and lyric joy of the country, she came to the writing of prose by devious ways. *The Road to Castille* gave her high rank among American poets. *Meadow-Green* was her first attempt in fiction, and, like *Tiverton Tales*, is a volume of short stories which let in more sunshine and happy humor into the grim lives of the New England folk as Miss Wilkins had portrayed them. *By Oak and Fern* was a series of charming papers on English outdoor life, the fruit of a tramp-tour through English byways and hedgerows in the company of her intimate friend, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Her first novel, *The Day of His Youth*, was a poetic fancy wrought out with distinctive grace and literary power, but infirm and unconvincing in psychology and creative imagination. It was, at best, the novel of a graceful writer and a poetic mind. Two novels followed, in which Miss Brown strengthened her slender and pathos-laden and grasp in creating character and welding it to the destined ends of the story—dramatic power and execution subordinating picturesque writing and poetic fancy to the more immediate and essential needs of the novel.

In *The Mosserings*, her latest novel, recently published, she has given us her best work, and a glance back at *Meadow-Green* will show her observant and critical reason how far she has travelled since then. In some of her novels she has reached such a height of imagination; into none has she breathed such a power of vital intensity, such a sense of reality and impending drama. One reads for the sake of the deep human interest of the story, and again for the poetic feeling and noble distinction of style that dwell in an air of quiet beauty. There are the aloofness, the restraint, the austerity that belong to the impersonal quality of genius, a quality that isolates her work only to bring it the closer, more in-

timately within the ken of the initiate. Miss Brown has shown a wonderful divination of woman's nature in *The Mosserings*, and the disclosure is so poignant and penetrating as life itself. It is full of a wise and discerning sympathy and understanding of a woman's heart, the tragedy of her history is little. There are three women in the book, diverse in temperament and feeling, seeking after the ideal, as such women do, with passionate and unfulfilled longing, each to the end chastened to the practical level upon which alone the soul with its hunger and striving after the unattainable can mount with sight and reach of human realization of the ideal. In Katharine's case it is the rebellious straining of a proud and independent spirit at the bonds of an uncongenial marriage; in Natalie's it is the heartbreak of a tender, ill-loving nature that hides itself like a wounded creature of the woods when love has deserted her; in Elinor's it is the struggle against giving her love to a man who cannot love her to the height and fulness of her dream. There is a passage to which Madam Walsingham, the grandmother of Natalie,—a brave old figure who has weathered the storm, but wears the heaviest of it—philosophizes in grim retrospection, and epitomizes the tragic elements of the story:

Madam Walsingham got up, and pushed back her chair. "I am tired of the hunger of women," she said, still as if she had no mother. "They agonize and dream and agonize again for one thing—to be loved. They dream a dream about love, and they find it, and it is never like the dream. And then they go to sleep, and dream the dream all over."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Natalie, in a voice that held a cry. "I want you to take the world as men take it; see how good it is, work a little, play a little, and keep down hunger. . . . You are to be wise. We live like children until it is too late. We are at the mercy of our emotions, and we call our emotions sacred. We might as well call a drifting leaf sacred because the wind carries it. When you feel, my dear, is the actual remnant of strength you were meant to put into bearing children and being patient with them. Put it into other things. Work, play. When you come to my time, don't be burnt out with futile fire. . . . And yet there is something better. The merest thing is always true. *Credo quia impossibile est*. The one way is the way that woman Elinor has found."

"What is the way?" "It is the way that has given that woman her look, as if she wore a halo. She is starved, like the rest of you, but she feeds on something else. She has submitted to something, and it feeds her."

The hidden tragedy of womanhood enters into the very fibre of the book, but we would not have the reader understand that this is a sad or tragic tale. It has a spirit of companionship, a joy in human life, a pleasure in nature, a large compassion, and a belief in human happiness in spite of human weakness and errancy which comfort and inspire and yield the deepest satisfaction. *The Mosserings* deserves a wide reading, and we heartily and unreservedly recommend it to all readers who want a strong absorbing love-story and who care for genuine literature. Miss Brown's next novel, by the way, will begin to appear serially in the August number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is entitled *Judgement*, the scene is New England, and curiously enough this story also is concerned with three women. It is the most dramatic work Miss Brown has done, and will probably do more to strengthen her reputation than anything she has yet written, as it is of a nature to widen her audience and increase her popularity.

It must be six years ago that we read *Mademoiselle de Berwy*, and since then we have followed the career of the author with interest through her successive books, *Ye Little Salem Maid*, *A Georgian Actress*, *The Washingtons*, and now *The Voice in the Desert*. Her latest book, which is her best, and was but recently published, was not inappropriately named by her at first *The Everetts*. Nowhere, perhaps, do the eternal verities press on human consciousness as in the vast spaces that lie between earth and sky in the solitudes of the desert, and the scene of this story is laid in the little town of Saluara, where "the desert air, wonderful, dry, life-giving, swayed the palms and pepper-trees" and "stirred the sand into miniature sand-whirls, and blew soft into the faces of the people." Twice a day the great Overland arrived, "rushing into the little station like a black monster, puffing and steaming, its red eye blazing," then swept on "from out the warily pulsating little town into the desolate wastes of sand, of cacti, of barren mountains." Here the lonely drama of a woman's pent-up passionate life is lived, gathering into its vortex the lives of the shy reclusive and scholarly clergyman, her husband, of Trent, her former lover in the years gone by, and the beautiful girl, Yucca. Nothing Pauline Bradford Mackie has written is at once so ambitious and so high and noble an achievement as *The Voice in the Desert*. Gifted with fine sensibilities and quick sympathy, she always invents whatever story she may write with a warm feeling of life and a rare human interest. Her sympathy, indeed, is her most vital gift. So intense and alive is this quality in her that it is apt to make a portion of her soul to blind her to reality when the issue of life is ruled by an insensible fate that can only lead to tragic results—an errant tendency in fiction as is biography when truth to life is sacrificed for dramatic effect. There is so much of sincerity in this, as a rule, when the writer is a woman; it is the natural shrinking of the feminine mind from the irrevocable and cruelty of life. So naked and aware are the sincerity and simplicity of purpose in *The Voice in the Desert*, so vivid and appealing its sense of reality as imagined forth by the author that almost she persuades us of the truth of her story. At least half of the book goes unflinching and you can foresee the end: it must end in catastrophe. But no, the author has professed her characters to happiness, and so she plays with them to fashion them to her ends, and while the story goes on and closes as agreeably as a fairy-tale, and no doubt pleases the majority of readers, it does not ring true to life as we have observed and learned it. But there is unmistakably a voice in the desert as we hear it, ominous and sad and tragic; it has not escaped the author's imagination, for she makes us feel it—something beautiful and terrible, something that lingers like a haunting dream. The book has power and vision and a sense of life's tragedy, and in turning these to ends of peace and happiness that seem alien to the drama and its inherent consequences the author has not obeyed her impulses and, one must confess, contributed to the pleasure of the greater number. The author who still retains her maiden name on the title-page is the wife of Mr. Herbert Miller Hopkins, whose first novel, *The Fighting Bishop* made an impression when it was published a year ago. For some years his name has been familiar to magazine readers as a poet of exquisite lyric beauty and feeling. Both these young authors gave around the hope and expectation that they will do stronger and more mature work as their gifts ripen and an experience fortifies and enriches their intellectual resources.

Correspondence

THE OSAKA EXHIBITION

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—With the St. Louis Exposition nearing completion, it would be doubtful to be of unusual interest, to those who have heard so much of Japan and its progressive people, to learn something of the Osaka Exhibition, which was opened to the public on March 1 of this year. To those who have visited the Paris, Chicago, and Buffalo exhibitions the Osaka Exhibition will appear extremely small, but when it is taken into consideration that Japan is comparatively very young in the line of industries and manufactures, the extent of the undertaking and the undoubted success of the exhibition are most surprising, and a credit to all concerned.

The site of the exhibition is Inamiya, on the outskirts of Osaka city, being considerably over 100,000 (one hundred equals 36 square feet), fully double the size of the best exhibition at Kyoto in 1893. Osaka was shyly chosen for the exhibition, not only for its accessible position, but because the city is, and will always be, with its enterprise and its population of nearly a million people, the most important business and manufacturing centre of Japan.

The exhibition was supposed to have been completed on March 1, but what exhibition is on time? To those who visited the grounds a week before the date set for the opening it would have appeared impossible, but the manner in which at the last moment matters were rushed to some sort of completion was little short of marvellous. The Emperor opened the exhibition in person on April 20, before the ministers of state, governors, foreign representatives, commissioners, exhibitors, and a large concourse of prominent people. Although the ceremony was well arranged and impressive, the Emperor from his throne in the Ceremonial Hall, built specially for the occasion, expressing his satisfaction at the wonderful progress made, the success of the undertaking, and the presence, for the first time, of exhibits from foreign countries. In erecting a special building for the foreign exhibitors, the people seem to imagine that it is the first step towards a universal fair which they are aspiring to here at some future day, though whether this hope in this respect will ever be realized is rather open to doubt.

The visitor from abroad will perhaps expect to see on all sides quaint gardens, specimens of so-called Japanese architecture everywhere, berries of beautiful girls in the artistic kimono, and, in the way of amusements, jugglers and conjurers. If this is the expectation, and a natural one, the visitor will be sadly disappointed. In the first place, the buildings are all of foreign architecture, of the wood-and-plaster temporary type seen at all exhibitions, though there are a few native restaurants and one typical tea house and garden. But you would have to hunt for these, as the whole aspect is foreign from the time you enter the huge and artistically foreign entrance gate. The Japanese crave after foreign ideas, and to those naive buildings would have been disappointing and non-progressive. Even the girls in the different buildings wear different, attempts at modernizing in a way the national dress making it anything but artistic. If the buildings for the Japanese exhibits had been purely Japanese, and foreign architecture been confined to the special buildings for foreign exhibitors, the whole would have appeared far more effective and typical of the country, although one cannot help but recognize and admire the progress which is shown by their desire to emulate foreign ideas. Even the amusements are new and non-Japanese, with the

exception, perhaps, of one native theatre. A water-chute is taking immensely with the people, as is an American merry-go-round, while the enthusiasm shown over a specially imported American serpentine dance (Carmenella) is fast putting money into the pockets of the syndicate that was clever enough to think of amusing the novel-loving Oriental with foreign dancing. This is all there is in the way of side-shows, for, unlike the Buffalo and other exhibitions with their superabundance of amusements, the Osaka Exhibition is purely and simply an exhibition, and not a conglomeration of frivolity.

The ticket of admission is only five sen (2½ cents of our money), an exceedingly low price; two tickets are required on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. The prospect from the entrance is a fine one, and could have been even beautiful had there been more attempts to beautify the grounds with gardens and trees. The exhibition buildings are ranged around the four sides of a sort of quadrangle, in the centre of which is an electric fountain,—pretty to see especially at night, but, as a source of the scarcity of water, not entirely a success. The main buildings comprise the Fine Arts, crowning the hill at the head of the quadrangle; the Industries and Educational on one side; the Agricultural, Fichery, Machinery, Commission and Transportation, and what is peculiarly called the Foreign Samples Building. These, of course, there are a good many special structures of different native and foreign firms who could not be accommodated with space in the main buildings, restaurants and beer-halls galore, besides other smaller money-making ventures too numerous to mention. The grounds at first were rather in an impossible condition, but the ample covering of loose gravel, when worn in by the daily thousands, gave the grounds a neat appearance,—a creditable transformation from former pebbly fields. In the buildings there has been no visible attempt at classification, the exhibits of the different industries in the Japanese portions being arranged in a bewildering mass. It is the

same in the Foreign Samples Building, where the latest in collar buttons is exhibited next to a piece of machinery, and so on. The Osaka Exhibition is entirely a government affair, the construction amounting to over 1,000,000, considerably more than was granted for the last Kyoto exhibition, which was over 443,303. The forty-seven prefectures of Japan represented in the different buildings have each contributed over 20,000. The Japanese exhibits in the huge main building are so numerous that it would take fully a week to view them with any degree of thoroughness. Each one shows clearly what are (provisionally) the exhibits are from, while banners and flags of varied hues are hung from every available space. Some of the interior decorations are most unique and artistic. Samples of Japanese rice, silk, and every other conceivable article of her industries are displayed in one endless array. It is impossible to describe the countless articles or even give one an idea of the display. Porcelains, satsumas, silks and velvets, an infinite variety of metal ware, lacquer, ivory, from sardines in tins to Japanese-made cigars and sporting rifles—all form part of a bewildering mass of Japan's industries that may confuse the visitor from abroad. Every bit of the exhibition is interesting, but the interest is hard to maintain, owing to the unsystematic arrangement.

The Osaka Exhibition is a little world in itself, and the Japanese are justly proud of its undoubted success. The average number of visitors daily ranges from thirty to forty thousand. On certain nights in the week the main buildings are illuminated with hundreds of electric lights, and, with bands playing, the scene is brilliant and gay. The Japanese government is intending to have an elaborate display at the St. Louis Exposition, without question the best Japan has ever made at an international fair. The government has decided upon an appropriation of about \$50,000, which will enable the country to make a most comprehensive and interesting exhibit.

I AM, SIR,

CHARLES HASTINGS THOMAS.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

THIS issue will be dated July 4, and will be on the news-stands July 1. One of the important features will be the reproduction of a hitherto unpublished miniature of George Washington, painted from life by John Trumbull, whose "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" and "Surrender of Cornwallis," now in the Capitol at Washington, are among the best-known Colonial paintings. W. D. Howells writes on the "Divisions of the Higher Journalist"; Morgan Robertson contributes a short story called the "Sleep-walker"; Sydney Brooks sends an entertaining letter on Americans in London, showing how they are really Americanizing the city.

These are only a few of the features of an interesting number.

ON THE NEWS-STANDS JULY 1

Finance

It was natural that after an almost uninterrupted decline for weeks, security prices should break sharply, and that with the break the downward movement should culminate, at least for the time being. It was a long time in coming, so long, indeed, that the financial community was alarmed. A wave of pessimism swept over the entire body of "ticker-watchers" and the violent break merely reflected their feelings which, as usual, became gloomier as prices touched lower levels. The decline, however, attracted investment-buying by the shrewder or the more courageous part of the public, as well as by those strong financial interests whose non-resistance to the fall in values for weeks past had awakened widespread suspicion of their inability to check the decline. Their indisposition to do so had been evident throughout. It may be true, as reported, that certain "financial troubles" known to Wall Street's inner circle were settled on the very day the market was weakest. It is far likelier that prices were so low as to invite discriminating buying, or that had the movement not been checked by heavy purchases a serious panic could not have been averted. At all events, with the heavy buying came the cessation of the liquidation and the downward movement ended. From the very low level reached a rebound in prices was inevitable. They rallied sharply. At this writing, however, the market has developed the "drooping" tendency that is noted after the first sharp break and the ensuing recoil.

Railroad earnings, it must be admitted, keep up amazingly. Even the wretchedly heavy flood damage thus far has been unable to keep the earnings from showing increases over last year. The government report showed a better outlook, for very large winter and spring wheat crops than had been expected, but corn is so late in the planting that estimates are impossible; and the country must wait some months before it can judge whether the general prosperity is to last another year. There are not lacking indications that the trade expansion is fading, contributory causes being the labor troubles, higher wages and increased cost of commodities and materials. But, obviously, there is nothing in the commercial or industrial situation at the moment, or distinctly in sight, to justify a bear market in stocks which have fallen from 20 to 100 points in a few months.

At the same time, the recent talk, notwithstanding that it may have been, of this or the other great operator being in financial straits, and the acknowledgment now-current of several of the later promotions and underwriting syndicates have not been calculated to inspire confidence to a public already suffering from an excess of securities new and old. Such disclosures, for example, as have been made in connection with the "Shipyard Combine" are bound to affect sentiment unfavorably. The questions which the public at large asks are precisely the questions which promoters will be the last to answer. Break sins have been committed, and the day of reckoning cannot be put off forever by the financial sinners. The public, made enormously rich by the amazing prosperity and development of the country, went stock-mad two years ago. Advantage was taken of the clamoring demand for securities by great financiers. At first the promotions were not glaringly wicked. But it was too rich a mine not to tempt less scrupulous "plungers," and the overcreation of securities and insecurities followed. One firm stands out prominently. In nearly all cases, the promoters depended upon the public's speculative proclivities for their market. Stocks have been brought out which represented little or no real value, and by skillful manipulation in

the stock-market have been unloaded on the public. The later enterprise being confronted by the condition of excessive supply of new and inflated securities, came a cropper, deservedly. The arguments once so potent to make buyers, were unavailing. The colossal "paper profits" of underwriters and wholesale vendors vanished, just as two years ago their predecessors grew rich over night.

A condition of affairs has been created for which these excesses of promotion are responsible. The money of the country is held by the people of moderate means. They have deposited it in savings-banks and trust companies, getting a low rate of interest on it, because they are mortally afraid of securities paying dividends amounting to twice or three times what the savings-bank deposit yields. The "rich men" have property and securities, but very little cash. The effect of this virtual locking up of money by the people at large is bad. It retards the legitimate development of the country, which would be greater did it have the aid of the public's capital. The trouble has been that too much of the public's money has gone into the pockets of the original vendors, the promoters, and the underwriters, instead of going into the properties itself. It would, therefore, seem as though the time had come for the exercise of financial virtue. It will pay to be honest with the public. An interesting departure has been made by an industrial company. There is not the slightest intimation of "booming" the enterprise in question, whose success depends upon the skill and commercial sagacity of the managers, and the quality of the goods manufactured by them. But there is no question that the method of organizing and financing has in every way commendable, and that a personal profit can be made by the promoters, unless the public investing in it have first profited. The company was organized by the Corporations' Organization. It was done legally, in conformity with existing laws, without the necessity of securing new legislation. Then the stock which the public was asked to buy was placed under the trusteeship of a reputable trust company. Every cent paid in money is upon the property, and the stockholders are protected by a contract between the company and each of them—individual contracts which can not be overthrown by any court or legislative body. They are enforceable. The money goes direct from the public to the trust company to be used as stated. There is no unloading to do, no buying of stock from promoters, no "watering" and triplicate profits. The Audit Company is auditor, and must audit all accounts and prepare statements that go to all the stockholders from time to time, showing exactly how the directors are spending the money deposited by the public with the trust company.

Every protection has been secured for the investing public. Only the preferred stock is sold. The common is held by the promoters of the company. The president and vice-president receive no salaries until the preferred has paid dividends at the rate fixed, and all net earnings will be equally divided between the preferred and common stocks, the former, which the public has bought, having priority of lien and preferential claims upon the company's assets. The profits of the promoters are absolutely dependent upon the success of the enterprise. There is a premium placed upon intelligence, and there can be no question as to honesty, since nothing else is possible under the safeguards provided. Theft by individual employees is possible. But it is possible in banks, in government departments, and in every institution in which human beings are employed. But there can be no financial excesses, no juggling of capital. "Honest promotion" sounds curious in Wall Street just now. But it ought to pay well.

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ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,702.49
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Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
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A Question of Profit!

IT is related in an English paper that some years ago a gentleman wagered a friend a considerable sum that he could stand at one of the entrances to London Bridge an hour and offer gold guineas for sale at a shilling each, and not find more than a dozen purchasers the while.



He won his wager, for in that vast, hurrying throng there were less than a dozen who in the course of an hour heard the voice of the salesman offering gold guineas at a shilling apiece who did not at once put him down as a swindler, and those who ventured to buy wouldn't risk more than a shilling each.

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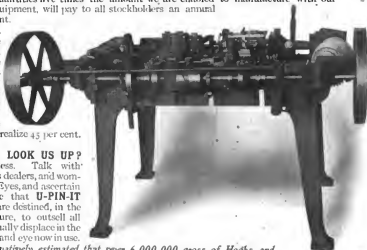
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